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T O R O N T O











View the Author's Design;  
 His Book is laid, his Tapers shine;  
 Is Athenian Bird, & Dog, and Cat,  
 Which watchful Study intimate -  
 THEOPHILA doth before Him stand  
 A Muse with erect'd Hand;  
 And, like an Eagle, upward flies,  
 Capt by bright ANGELS to the SKIES.

# MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL. I CONTAINING

CHAMBERLAYNE'S PHARONNIDA  
AND ENGLAND'S JUBILEE  
BENLOWES' THEOPHILA  
AND THE POEMS OF  
KATHERINE PHILIPS AND  
PATRICK HANNAY

EDITED BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A.





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v. I

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

A GREAT English critic, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and a great French man of letters, Mérimée, though they might not agree in all points agreed in one—in disparaging and discountenancing the study of minor literature. Mr. Arnold's utterances on the subject (or some of them, for they are numerous and sometimes inconsistent) are probably well known to most readers of this book ; of Mérimée's, his qualification of the praise which it was impossible for him to refuse to Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, with blame for the inclusion of the *numerus*, may serve as a sufficient example. Both are formidable antagonists : and Goethe, from whom it is not improbable that both derived at least support for their opinion, and who notoriously, in his later days at any rate, held it himself, will seem to most people, no doubt, an antagonist more formidable still. But one of the cardinal principles of literary as of other knight-errantry is that the adventurer is not to be too careful—if he is to be careful at all—of the number, or of the individual prowess and reputation, of his adversaries. The greater and the more they are, the greater his success if he triumphs, the less his discredit if he succumbs—when his case is the right and theirs is the wrong. I have no doubt that in this respect Goethe and Mérimée and Mr. Arnold were wrong. It is not difficult to trace various causes of their error, the chief of which are that all three were in a certain sense disenchanted lovers of Romanticism ; that Romanticism, as it was bound to do by mere filial piety, enjoined the study of *all* literature ; and (further) that none of them had any special bent towards literary history. Mr. Arnold regarded all history with an impartial dislike ; Goethe probably did not find this kind scientific enough : and Mérimée, though no mean historical student in his own way, was a student of manners, of politics, of archaeology rather than of literature.

Yet there can be no doubt that from the point of view of literary history, and not from that point only, the neglect of minorities is a serious, and may be a fatal mistake. It is a mistake which used to prevail in the elder offspring of Clio herself ; but in most of her family it has been long outgrown. There is even at the present day, perhaps, a danger of too much attention being paid to small things—the complaint is all but unanimous that the document is killing the historian. Literary history, however, is a very youthful member of the historical household : it is not, in any fully developed condition, much more than two hundred years old, and its classics are few and disputed. Most of those which could pretend to the

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position have been constructed on the very principle here attacked ; such a book as Taine's, for instance, deliberately ignores whole schools, whole periods, whole departments, and is even extremely eclectic and anomalous in its treatment of principals. Yet it surely should not require much argument to show that this proceeding is not only absolutely unscientific, but inartistic in the last degree from one point of view, and perilous to the last degree from another. Even in the sphere of inorganic or inanimate or irrational things no reasonable physicist would care to generalize from a single example, or a few, leaving many unexamined. And the expressions of the human mind and sense in art are infinitely more individual and individually differentiated than chunks of the same rock, or blooms of the same flower, or specimens of the same animal race. Every fresh example *may*—it may almost be asserted that every fresh example *does*—give the rule with a difference ; and by far the larger number of these differences are at least illustrative. From the confinement of the attention to a few examples, however brilliant and famous, come hasty generalizations, insufficient exposition, not seldom downright errors. Nor is it enough that the historian, as he too seldom does, should have made an examination, more or less exhaustive, for himself ; it is desirable that the opportunity of controlling, checking, illustrating that examination should be in the hands of the student.

This opportunity, in regard to the poets now collected, few students who have not easy access to the very largest libraries can possibly have enjoyed. The invaluable collection of Chalmers—which ought long ago to have been supplemented by a similar *corpus* for the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—contains a very fair number of mid-seventeenth century poets, but not one of those here presented. Nor has any one of them enjoyed the good fortune—I do not for a moment insinuate that any one has deserved it—of Herrick, who was himself omitted by Chalmers. The best and largest thing here given, Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, was indeed reprinted by Singer eighty years ago : but his edition is now scarce and dear. Very few of the others have been reprinted at all, and in every case the familiar adjectives just used apply to the reprints where they exist. As for the originals, though the extreme collector's mania point has not been yet reached in their case, as in that of the books of the period immediately preceding and some (especially first editions of plays) of a later time, yet most of them are excessively costly—twenty or thirty shillings, or two or three pounds having to be given for small duodecimos of large print. And what is more, copies are not to be obtained on the asking even at these fancy prices. To collect the texts which we here propose to give would cost anything from twenty to fifty pounds in money, and I really do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that it might cost from twenty to fifty weeks, if not months, in



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time. And while it is certainly not extravagant to say that most students have neither too much time nor too much money at command, it is not, I think, illiberal to say that at least some collectors who have plenty of both do not exactly collect for the purposes of study.

So far, little answer is likely to be attempted; but there remains a different set of objections to face. 'Are these things *worth* collecting and reprinting?' it may be asked—'Is either the *prodesse* or the *delectare* likely to be got from them?' Nor do I propose to answer this in the lofty manner of some, by saying that knowledge is knowledge, and to be striven for, and imparted, putting all questions of profit or of delectation aside. This (to split the old commendation) may be 'the most orgilous' fashion of defence; but it is not 'the best,' perhaps, and it is certainly not the most prudent, especially as there are divers others. The importance of the matter here given for the proper comprehension of English literary history is really great. It may be best classed and indicated under three heads, those of Versification, Diction, and Subject.

In Versification, the poems here set before the reader, being mostly in rhyme, do not illustrate one of the main features of their period, that disintegration or disvertebration of blank verse which the contemporary plays display so remarkably. But their exposition of the rhymed couplet of the period comes very close to this: and indeed, as contrast-pendant, practically forms part of the same subject. We give here, in the forefront of the book, the greatest poem, in bulk and merit alike, which was ever written in this particular form of heroic: and the special *Introduction to Pharonnida* will be found to contain some further remarks on the matter. It is sufficient here to say that what this poem shows on the great scale many others show more or less:—the conflict of the two principles of 'stop' and *enjambement* which goes on everlastingly in this province of English Prosody. When the couplet<sup>1</sup> first 'emerges from the heap' (to use Guest's excellent but for himself rather damaging phrase on a more general point) its examples are almost necessarily 'stopped'—as in the *Orison of Our Lady*, in Hampole and elsewhere—because the fact of the writer having no more to say in the space almost of itself determined his limitation to ten feet. But when Chaucer first took it up as a poetic medium and vehicle on the great scale, his genius could not fail, whether consciously or not, to discover the double capacity of the metre. He has sometimes been claimed as a great exemplar of *enjambement*; but as a matter of fact he is quite as great a one of the stopped couplet when he chooses: and neither Dryden nor

<sup>1</sup> These remarks, necessarily made here *obiter*, the writer hopes to develop in a *History of English Prosody*, on which he has been for some time engaged. The observation is made simply to guard them against the supposition of being idle or random *dicta*.

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Leigh Hunt could have been under the slightest difficulty in learning from him and quoting from him examples of the form which each preferred. The remarkable instances of 'clench' and 'stop' which are found in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* could escape no careful reader of Spenser: and those who like to discover literary anticipations and 'false dawns' have had no difficulty in finding many others in Elizabethan poetry. In particular, those final couplets of Fairfax's stanzas which had such a great influence on Waller and his followers, necessarily take the stopped form as a rule, and sometimes equal in emphasis anything in Pope himself.

But the dramatic model of the rhymed couplet, very frequently used and never quite expelled by blank verse in its palmiest days, as necessarily inclined to overlapping: and both the pregnancy of thought and the rather undisciplined exuberance of Jacobean and Caroline times favoured the same tendency. This, undoubtedly, caught or lent contagion from or to the other tendency to licence in blank verse itself. The sliding, slipping flow of Wither and Browne was consequently most alluring, in decasyllables and octosyllables alike: and for some time very few writers even tried to resist the allurements. Chamberlayne himself, and Shakerley Marmion earlier, are the chief of not a few who have displayed the sin and its solace. There is indeed no doubt of either. Hardly any metrical device so well deserves the hackneyed praise of 'linked sweetness long drawn out' as these verse-paragraphs, punctuated by rhyme as well as pause, when they are successful. Nothing so well enables us to understand Milton's otherwise almost unintelligible wrath with the rhyme he had managed so exquisitely as the same paragraphs, or rather paragraph-heaps, when they are not successful. And the odds are undoubtedly rather against their succeeding. Even Keats, a greater poet by far than any one here presented, and endowed with a miraculous finger for poetic music, cannot always—cannot very often—keep them straight or curl them satisfactorily. They encourage themselves by their own transgression: the poet who drinks of them will almost certainly drink to excess. And there is nothing for it, as Keats himself found, but one or other of the astringent antidotes which Milton and Dryden respectively applied. Yet, as we have seen in the nineteenth century, from Keats himself to Mr. William Morris, poetry will turn to them, and will not be denied the indulgence. Nay, there is the curious fact that, after Keats had discarded the decasyllabic *enjambement* of *Endymion*, he fell back upon the octosyllabic *enjambement* of the *Eve of St. Mark*, and would obviously have done great things in it had he had time.

It is, therefore, by no means an unimportant thing, in the interests of the history of English Prosody and of English Literature, that the documents of this period of unbridled overlapping should be put completely within the reach of the student and reader:—first, that



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he may understand and appreciate them in themselves; secondly, that he may understand and appreciate the reaction against them; thirdly, that he may understand and appreciate the new reaction to something like them more than a century later. They have a great deal to teach us; they are a 'source' or a main part of one; they cannot be dismissed, except by the most short-sighted impatience, as things dead and obsolete. The newer tendency to extend the view of literature laterally, and take in what other nations and other languages are doing, is valuable and to be encouraged, but not at the expense of retrospection and of the maintenance of continuity in the study of particular literatures. Nowhere is it truer that the thing that hath been shall be than in this field: nowhere are the ancestral heirlooms—less as well as more precious—to be more carefully treasured and looked up from time to time.

The other points chiefly noticeable in regard to Versification are two—the practice of irregular 'Pindaric' metres, and the peculiar tone and colour of the 'common measure' and the quatrain of eights. The popularity of Cowley was sure to encourage the practice of the first, but Cowley's own addiction to it was, of course, only an instance, not a cause, of the general fondness for it. This fondness was also itself, no doubt, but a sort of evidence of discontent or want of skill with previously popular metrical arrangements, like the restless liberties taken with the Spenserian stanza by poets from the Fletchers to Prior. We have nothing of the very first excellence to promise in this form—nothing like the best of Crashaw or of Vaughan—certainly nothing equal to that splendid anonymous piece<sup>1</sup> which Mr. Bullen discovered in the Christ Church Library. But it must be remembered that Cowley himself is by no means invariably or even very often successful with it, and that its apparent promise of *numeros lege solutos* is the most treacherous and dangerous of deceptions. The poet (or perhaps hardly the poet but the verse-writer) thinks he has got rid of an incumbrance, when he has in reality thrown away the staff that supports his steps and the girdle that strengthens his loins. Only masters of euphony and harmony can really triumph with these irregular arrangements which require such a transcendental regularity. Nay more, we know from the remarkable example of Tennyson's early verse, and its effect on Coleridge, that the very masters themselves cannot always appreciate others' mastery in it. So that, in our range of sixty years and more from Patrick Hannay to Ayres, we shall not see many successes here: yet the lesson of their absence will not be idle or superfluous.

But the third and last general metrical 'colour' of this verse is the most satisfactory; it is indeed one of the principal evidences in English poetry of the almost incomprehensible blowing of the wind of the spirit in a particular direction for a certain space of time. Whether it was the special accomplishment of Ben Jonson, the

<sup>1</sup> 'Yet if His Majesty, Our Sovereign Lord,' &c.

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greatest single tutor and teacher of the verse of the mid-seventeenth century, or whether this accomplishment itself was but the first and greatest instance of a prevalent phenomenon, it would be uncritical rashness to attempt to decide. But what is certain is that the new, the wonderful, the delightful cadences which we find in such mere anonymities as—

Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,  
I took it to be thine :  
But when I saw it had a wound  
I knew that heart was mine.  
A bounty of a strange conceit !  
To send mine own to me—  
And send it in a worse estate  
Than when it came to thee !

or in Marvell's magnificent—

My love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis, for object, strange and high—  
It was begotten by Despair  
Upon Impossibility.

meet us often here, even in the warblings of the mild if matchless muse of 'Orinda.' Some of course will say, according to their usual saying, that it is the thought which is charming in both these—that it is the Caroline conceit, not the Caroline cadence, which is so bewitching. Let us distinguish. The thought, the conceit, is caressing: but it would be perfectly possible so to put it that it should not have this rushing soar, this dying fall; and it would not be very hard to get the soar and fall with much less fantastically gracious fancies. In fact, we should have to go to these very Carolines to borrow them. Nobody, except by imitation, has got it since; nobody had it before. It is only when one appreciates it that it becomes evident how some of those thus gifted managed also to strike out (quite casually it would seem) the matchless *In Memoriam* variation of eights, which also dates from this time, and which carries its own music so indissolubly bound up in it that only violence, or dulness unspeakable, can effect a divorce between them. If these notes—not exactly wood-notes but notes of a slightly sophisticated yet exquisitely tempered society—came first into existence a little before the accession of the first Charles, they hardly survived the death of the second, under whom very worthless and unpoetical persons still, in some strange fashion, were able to produce them, while later, very respectable and even poetical persons were unable to produce them at all. We shall not, indeed, find any of the very best examples of them here; those very best examples are so irresistibly and so universally charming that they have, in almost all cases, long ago served as passports to at least the modified general knowledge given by anthologies. I can promise



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my readers no Herrick, nor even any Sedley or Aphra Behn. But the purpose of the collection will be fully attained by showing that in lesser degree, the gift prevailed:—that even the minor poet had it, that it was an appanage and a privilege not of the individual but of the time. Not until such points as these have been mastered—with the result and reward of being able to distinguish what is of the time and what of the individual—is a real grasp of the history of literature and especially of poetry possible. The process corrects at once the extreme determinism of the Taine school, and the extreme individualism which will not look at filiations and groups and *milieux* at all; it turns the student, if he will be turned, into a scholar who can appreciate, and a lover who can understand.

In point of Diction the authors here given add a good deal to the word- and phrase-book of the period; and I have thought it worth while to draw attention to some of these additions in the several Introductions, and to all the more remarkable ones in the glossarial notes. The general tendency is double: and the evidences of this duplicity are perhaps more striking than those in most of the better known poetry of the time, though not more so than those in its slightly more accessible, but not really much more generally read, drama. One set is in the direction of a sort of new ‘aureate’ diction—of ‘inkhorn terms’ corresponding to those of which the mighty chief of contemporary prose-writers, Sir Thomas Browne, is so prodigal. Chamberlayne, though not quite so lavish of them, is a thorough contemporary of Browne’s in his ‘enthean’ and his ‘astracisms.’ But, as is well known, all Jacobean and Caroline writers, from Bacon and Greville to Thomas Burnet, succumb to this temptation, the indulgence in which was no doubt a main cause of the imminent reaction to ‘a naked natural way of speaking,’ though some of the greatest men on that side, notably Dryden, never quite relinquished their fondness for ‘traduction’ and the like. This indulgence is certainly more pardonable in poetry than in prose, where also it is not unpardonable to some tastes; it only becomes so when (as, it must be confessed, often happens) it is either pushed to the verge of the burlesque in itself or associated with grotesque and vernacular locutions. Benlowes is a particular offender in this way; but it can hardly be said that any one of the Caroline minors is entirely to be trusted to escape the danger and the offence. Yet the better of these *inusitata* may be regarded with a little affectionate regret by those who hold that in language, as elsewhere, the old motto ‘keep a thing, its use will come’ has its value; and that it is hardly possible for any tongue to be too rich or too hospitable provided only its treasures or its guests do not underlie the reproach of barbarism. There is a charm in such a phrase as ‘the epact of the heart’<sup>1</sup> which none but word-lovers and thought-lovers know.

The other tendency connects itself forwards rather than backwards

<sup>1</sup> In the anonymous song, ‘Why should I wrong my judgement so?’

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in respect of development, though one of its sources is to be sought in an earlier age. It is the indulgence in familiar and slovenly forms of speech which grew upon writers during the later years of the seventeenth century, and against which Swift, at the beginning of the next, delivered his famous onslaught in the *Tatler*. This, as has been said, is particularly painful when it is found in close proximity to the 'aureate' phrases just discussed; but its worst instances possess an offensiveness which is independent and intrinsic, and which is perhaps the great drawback to the enjoyment of this poetry. These take the most slipshod conversational contractions—not merely such as 'they're' for 'they are,' and 'she's' for 'she is,' but such as the horrors, now luckily obsolete even in conversation, of 'do's,' not for 'does' but for 'do his,' 'th' castle' for 'the castle,' 'b' the' for 'by the,' and the like. In some cases, of course, a mere slur of the voice will get over the difficulty: but in many it will not. And the result is then one of the most jarring grains of sand between the teeth, one of the most loathsome flies in the ointment. Some of the passages where it occurs are utterly ruined by it; there are none, I think, where it is not a more or less serious drawback to the poetic pleasure. It is noticeable more or less in all the poets of the time except Milton, whose ear saved him, almost if not quite invariably, from anything that cannot be resolved into a tolerable trisyllabic foot: and it continued for a long time after our strict period. Even Dryden is not proof against it, in the verse of his plays, though he too was kept by his genius from often (not from sometimes) committing it in his strictly poetic verse. Of the others, persons not represented here as different as Crashaw and Marvell, persons represented here as different as Chamberlayne and Benlowes, are almost indiscriminately guilty of it<sup>1</sup>.

This always uncomely and sometimes hideous and horrible fault was at least partly due to a wrong theory, not of Diction itself but once more of Versification—to the strange delusion (first put into words by Gascoigne, who laments what he thought the fact thirty or forty years before the beginning of our time, and finally formulated by Bysshe twelve or fifteen beyond the end of it) that, either universally or in all but a very few trivial song metres, English prosody admitted of nothing but disyllabic feet. It was to get back the ten syllables into the heroic line, the eight into the 'short' line (as Butler calls it) and no more, that these abominable Procrustean tortures were committed. It is possible—the contrary may seem indeed impossible—that the fantastic combinations of consonants sometimes produced, were not intended to be pronounced as they are printed—that, as was observed above, a saving slur was allowed. But in some cases at least no sleight of tongue with the actual syllables is itself possible: the verse simply cannot be made euphonious by any acrobaticism of

<sup>1</sup> It is to the credit of 'J. D.,' the introducer of Joshua Poole's *English Parnassus*, that he protests against mere 'apostrophation,' as he calls it.



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pronunciation. And it is not surprising that, in order to get rid of it, Dryden tended more and more to the rigid decasyllable, with an occasional indulgence in the complete Alexandrine when he could not suit himself with less room. Never till Shenstone, and then only by a kind of timid suggestion, was the 'dactyl' (of course it was not as a rule a dactyl at all) allowed back into English heroic or blank verse; and during this period of proscription there was practically no alternative between inconvenience and cacophony for those poets who were not consummate masters. Hardly one of ours deserves that grudgingly-to-be-allotted description, and accordingly they nearly all succumb.

Yet again, there is special interest of Subject about not a few of the poets and poems here given; and this has not, like the others, been in any great part anticipated by previous collections and editions. Of the 'Heroic Poem' on which the mind of the late sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century was so much set, only Davenant's *Gondibert*, the most popular example doubtless of the kind at its own time, has been hitherto accessible with any ease; and *Gondibert*, though the most considerable English piece save one in bulk, has the disadvantage of having been written by a man who is not single-minded in his ideas of poetry, who with much of the actual has more of the coming taste and fashion. Here we give, not only *Pharonnida* the queen of the whole bevy, but some others, of much less merit and importance no doubt, but still constituting a body of evidence and not a mere isolated example. Of the kind itself something is said in the *Introduction* to Chamberlayne's romance: but something more may fitly, and almost necessarily must, be said here. It is, for the reasons just now hinted at and others, not at all a well-known kind; and with all the abundance of monographs—German, American, and English—on English Literature which the last few decades have seen, no one has yet summoned up courage to take it with its analogues, the 'Heroic Prose Romance,' and the 'Heroic Play,' for thorough and synoptic treatment. Except in cases which break through and above its limitations, such as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which, be it remembered, takes to itself the actual style and title<sup>1</sup>, or as Cowley's *Dauides*, it is a kind which incurs the familiar dangers of sitting (or attempting to sit) on two stools. Starting from the theory and practice of Tasso, who wished to effect a *modus vivendi* between the Virgilians and the partisans of Ariosto, and from the doctrine of Scaliger that the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus was a perfect prose epic, writers, first in Italy and Spain, then in France, and almost contemporaneously in England, endeavoured to secure the variety, the freedom to some extent, and the sentimental and story-telling attractions of the Romance, with something of the majesty, unity, and prestige of the Epic. They very seldom achieved these

<sup>1</sup> At the close of the prefatory note on 'The Verse.'

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latter; and if like Milton they did, it was almost necessarily at the cost and to the neglect of the former. The smaller 'Heroic' poems are often mere narrative love-pieces, scarcely more than lyric in appeal, though unwisely divesting themselves of the lyric charm in form. But *Pharonnida* is much more than this, and though, no doubt, the versification and the diction subject it to risks which need not necessarily have been run, yet, to some extent, the Heroic Poem might not do unwisely to choose Chamberlayne as its champion.

At any rate, the greater and smaller examples here presented will supply materials for information and judgement on two points of literary history and criticism, neither of which is without very considerable interest and importance. In the first place, we have here a definite species (or chapter) of the general class (or history) of Verse-Narrative. This, even in ancient times, had some difficulty in subjecting itself to the rigid theory of Epic Unity. The *Iliad* obeys this pretty fairly—which is the less wonderful inasmuch as the theory was certainly deduced from the *Iliad*, if not from the *Iliad* alone. But the *Odyssey* and even the *Aeneid* have to take the benefit of all sorts of subterfuges in order to comply with it: and disastrous as is the shipwreck of ancient epic generally, we can see from writers like Nonnus on the one hand and Statius on the other, that orthodoxy was by no means universal if it was even general. Mediaeval verse knew nothing of it, and the mighty genius of Ariosto flouted it unceremoniously not to say wantonly. An intending verse tale-teller, in the middle of the seventeenth century, might well 'not know what to think of it' even in face of Tasso and Spenser, much more of Marini and Chiabrera and the French 'long poem' writers from Ronsard to Chapelain. Either because of such bewilderment, or for other reasons, he generally fortified himself with certain things; a punctilious extravagance of sentimental interest, often suggesting the tone of the *Amadis* cycle; a curious nomenclature of a rococo-Romance kind which has perhaps some indebtedness to the same source; intricately and almost violently entangled adventures, revolutions, discoveries, and the like. In many cases it seems to have been more or less a chance whether he wrote in prose or in verse.

In fact (and this brings us to the second point), the kind supplies another important link or chapter in the history of Fiction generally. Very much of it, one might almost be sure, would not have been written in this form if the prose-novel had taken forms more definite and variously available. And yet it is necessary to repeat the 'almost.' For the verse-novel itself, we must remember, has made its appearance as late as the nineteenth century in some very notable examples in English. It may almost claim *Sordello* and *The Princess*; it may quite claim *Festus*, and *Aurora Leigh*, and *Lucile* and *Glenaveril*. If Mr. William Morris led verse-narrative



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back to more natural ways, it does not follow that it will always abide in them. At any rate, here are examples—little known, not so little worth knowing,—of one of the forms which it has taken in the past of English poetry and English literature. That this form has been much neglected hitherto is certainly not a reason for continuing the neglect. It certainly *is* a reason for repairing it in the most important point, the provision of the actual materials for study.

To these considerations of direct interest and importance, from the point of view of the history of literature, there remain to be added some of an indirect kind.

Most, though not all, of the writers here reprinted were forgotten during the eighteenth century; but some at least of them were of note in the seventeenth, and more than one has been a power of this or that moment during the last hundred years. The influence which they—or rather the spirit which they exhibit—exerted upon Dryden has sometimes been exaggerated, but more generally overlooked: and it is a matter of real and great importance. It is not merely that he mentions 'Orinda' with admiration<sup>1</sup> and Cleveland with contempt<sup>2</sup>; nor that he confesses, in somewhat other but closely allied matter, how conceit and bombast and 'alembicated' metaphysicalities for a long time were the Delilahs of his imagination<sup>3</sup>. It is not merely that the Lines on Lord Hastings are in existence to show that he could as a boy out-Benlowes Benlowes and out-catachresis Cleveland himself. From these first puerilities to those almost last and almost noblest lines where he addresses—

[The] daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite  
The differing titles of the Red and White,

he is the servant of misguiding or rightly guiding fantasy—a fantasy at the worst the by-blow and bastard of older *Furor Poeticus*, at the best its legitimate offspring. It is this quality which differentiates him from the mere prose-and-sense versifiers, and which is so unfortunately missed by those who cannot appreciate him because they appreciate Milton, just as others cannot appreciate Keats because they appreciate Byron. And our poets are almost the last, except a few well-known exceptions, for a hundred years, to show the constant presence of this will-o'-the-wisp which does not always lead astray, and which is at any rate better than darkness, and perhaps than common daylight. So, too, how appreciate the justice (in this case one may be frank enough to say the injustice) of *Mac Flecknoe*, when the songs that Flecknoe actually sang are more unknown than those to which Browne (forgetful of δέῦρ' ἄγε νῦν and its music) made the famous reference? How apportion the

<sup>1</sup> In the 'Anne Killigrew' *Ode*, viii. 162.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

<sup>3</sup> Dedication of *The Spanish Friar*.

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office of the true critic and that of the mere satirist in Butler without having *Theophila* before us? How fully comprehend the to us rather incomprehensible wrath and ridicule with which Addison and others pursue the childish, but not wholly unamiable, practice of making verses in the shape of altars, and candle-sticks, and frying-pans, without a full collection of the original offences?

The other source of interest referred to is less equivocal. There is no doubt that some of these seventeenth-century writers were extremely influential in the Romantic Revolt of the nineteenth. They could not but be so, inasmuch as they were precisely the persons against whom the neoclassic poets—the 'school of prose and sense'—had themselves revolted. The poetic blood of these old martyrs was the necessary seed of the new Church, and not only the seed but the fostering soil and the kindly fertilizer. That Keats must have had direct obligations to *Pharonnida* has never been matter of doubt since people began to study Keats seriously; but there is fair reason to believe that he knew others of our collection. One ceases to think his famous and very ugly rhyme of 'favour' and 'behaviour' a mere cockneyism, when one finds it in Shakerley Marmion. Not, of course, that it may not be found elsewhere, but that both in subject and execution *Cupid and Psyche* is exactly one of the poems which Keats is most likely to have read, enjoyed, and followed. Southey's relish of *Pharonnida* is cited in the proper place, as is Campbell's, which caused, more surprisingly to those who know Jeffrey only at second hand, Jeffrey's. Sir Egerton Brydges, whose influence was much greater than is perhaps now generally appreciated, paid much attention to the writers of this time and class in the *Censura Literaria*: and the invaluable *Retrospective Review* did what it could to reintroduce them, whilst Singer, if he had met with more encouragement, would probably have reprinted more of them than he actually did. No one can mistake—as a result no doubt not of any 'plagiarism' nor even of following in the sense too commonly understood by the collectors of parallel passages, but of kindred in spirit, and perhaps of actual familiarity—the resemblances to the poetry of these, as of other seventeenth-century men, which are found in early nineteenth-century poets like Beddoes and Darley, not to mention the 'Spasmodics' and other outlying groups or individuals. It is impossible to imagine a better antidote or alterative to Blackmore and Glover than Chamberlayne; to the average minor poet of the eighteenth century than Benlowes or Katherine Philips or even Philip Ayres. Even the extremest minority is worn with a difference: and with a difference which is still agreeable and refreshing. 'Agreeable and refreshing.' *Dulce refrigerium!* It sounds better in Latin, though the sense is pretty exactly the same: and the Latin phrase at least expresses the charm of these writers perhaps as well as any that could be



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invented. There is no need to relinquish a jot of the pedagogic or, if the shibboleth of the day be preferred, the 'scientific' arguments and claims just advanced; but in a matter of art, and especially of poetical art, they can never be quite victoriously decisive. 'Is the delight here?' is a question which anybody has the right to ask at any moment, and it moves the case into another court.

But there is no difficulty in giving the affirmative answer though, of course, that answer must itself be subject, like all such, to the yet further, and in this case final tribunal of individual taste. Some people will not like even Chamberlayne, much less Benlowes and the rest; it has even been admitted that they can find reasons for not liking, if they choose to seek them. But it must be remembered that in Art, and especially in Poetry, the potency of the negative and the potency of the affirmative in replies to this question are utterly different in weight and scope. The negative is final as regards the individual; *he* has a right to dislike if he does dislike, though there may be subsequent questions as to his competence. But it is not in the least final as to the work in question. It is (let it be granted) not good for *him*; it does not follow that it is not good in itself. Now the affirmative carries with it results of a very different character. *This* is final in regard to the work as well as to the reader. That which should be delectable has delighted in one proven and existing case: and nothing—not the crash of the world—can alter the fact. It has achieved—though the value of the achievement in different cases may be different.

From this point of view, few of the poets now presented need fall back on the mere scholastic-historic estimate: though one or two may have to do so. Puzzling as it may be to extract and define the essence of the charm which is found in almost every page of Chamberlayne and which is not so rare elsewhere, the examples already referred to will show that that charm itself has been felt by persons whose competence is too certain, and whose idiosyncrasies are too various, to permit the poohpoohing of it as an effect of crotchet, or *engouement*, or simple bad taste. The fact is that it is as genuine as it is elusive, and almost as all-pervading as it is sometimes faint and felt from far. If it can be explained in any way it is by the constant presence of the worship of Imagination, and of the reward which Imagination bestows upon even her most mistaken worshippers. Sometimes they are mistaken enough; they confuse their Goddess with a Fancy which is not even 'Fancy made of golden air' but an earthy Fancy bedizened with tinsel. But the better Fancy is only Imagination a little humanized, and even the worst has something not quite alien from the divine. As we come closer to the confines of the period, it is most curious to see the last flutters and flashes of the wings of this Fancy as she takes her leave in such things as Ayres's *Fair Beggar*, and his *Lydia Distracted*. Earlier, she is always with us,



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and Imagination herself not seldom. There are who like not these for companions, no doubt ; for those who do, let us cut short this ushership at once and allow the music to begin <sup>1</sup>.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

<sup>1</sup> NOTE TO INTRODUCTION. The principles of editing which have been adopted can be very shortly set forth. In all cases, whether the texts have been set up from reprints, as in a few cases, or from the originals, as in most, they have been carefully collated with these originals themselves and all important variations noted, and where necessary explained. The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernization necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible. At this time no texts were printed with very antique spelling, and some present for whole pages nothing that is not modern, except an occasional capital Initial. A very few readers might prefer the reproduction of anomalous and contradictory archaisms ; but these would certainly repel a much larger number, and interfere with the acquaintance which it is desired to bring about. With regard to punctuation, the fantastic and irregular clause- and sentence-architecture of the time hardly admits of a strict application of any system. This is partly remedied, or at least recognized, in the originals by an extremely liberal use of the semicolon, which has been generally retained, except where means of improvement are obvious. Glossarial notes have been added where they seemed necessary or very desirable, but with a sparing hand ; and notes, explanatory of matter, with a hand more sparing still. The object constantly kept in view by the editor has been the provision, not of biographical, bibliographical, or commentatorial minutiae, but of a sufficient and trustworthy text for the student and the lover of literature. (*Unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances have hitherto prevented the accomplishment of the collation of Hamay. I trust to complete it shortly and to give the results, if any, in Vol. II.*—G. S.)

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# Pharonnida: A HEROICK POEM.

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BY  
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE  
*Of Shaftsbury in the County of Dorcet.*

---

Ἰσχεΐ Ψύλας πολλὰ λέγει ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοία.  
*Hom. Odysf. Lib. XIX.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for Robert Clavell, at the Sign of the  
Stags-head near St. Gregories Church in  
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1 6 8 9.

[Two vols. in one of 258 and 215 pp. respectively. The print and leading of these is quite different, the first having small type and thirty-four lines to the page, the second a larger letter and twenty-six or twenty-eight lines.]



# INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

THE extreme scantiness of our biographical knowledge<sup>1</sup> of the author of *Pharonnida* has not, even in recent or comparatively recent years, been compensated by any fullness of critical or general acquaintance with his works. He was even more unfortunate than Herrick as regards the time at which he came and his chances of popularity: and his kind of work was a great deal less likely to recommend itself to future generations. That the original edition is very rare indeed, and that Singer's reprint eighty years ago was published in no very great numbers, and is now far from common or cheap, are facts which no doubt have had a good deal to do with the general neglect: but criticism is not quite blameless in the matter. That Langbaine should have seen nothing in *Pharonnida* is indeed itself nothing; if there ever has been anything which may possibly have ruffled the smoothness of Shakespeare's brow since his death, it must have been Langbaine's admiration. That the eighteenth century should have left our poet not contemptuously but utterly alone is not wonderful: for his system of versification is simply anathema to the orthodoxy of which Bysshe was the lawgiver and which Johnson did not disdain to profess.

Southey, who read *Pharonnida* early and might have been expected to like it, has indeed left a pleasant tribute<sup>2</sup>. But the author of an elaborate and useful argument, with extracts, in the *Retrospective Review*<sup>3</sup>, which no doubt served as shoehorn to draw on Singer's reprint, gives very little criticism, and that little by turns extravagant and grudging. I have myself a very great admiration for Chamberlayne, but I fear I could not, except

<sup>1</sup> It is practically limited to what can be found in the prefatory matter of his poem, with a very few external contributions—as that he was born in 1619; practised as a physician at Shaftesbury; died there on Jan. 11, 1679, and was buried; his son, Valentine, putting up a monument to him. *Pharonnida* appeared (London: R. Clavell), with a portrait (?generally absent), in 1659. The tragi-comedy of *Love's Victory*, which accompanies it in Singer's reprint, but (as a play) is not given here, had been published the year before, and was reprinted in 1678, with alterations, as *Wits Led by the Nose*, a title not obviously applicable. At the Restoration, Chamberlayne published a short poem of some interest, *England's Jubile[e]*, which has never, I think, been reprinted, but which is given at the end of *Pharonnida*.

<sup>2</sup> In a note to *The Vision of the Maid of Orleans* (*Poems*, one vol. edition, p. 79), he gives a considerable extract from *Pharonnida*'s remarkable dream in Book I, Canto v, and speaks of the author as 'a poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight.' But even he, while acknowledging 'an interesting story, sublimity of thought, and beauty of expression,' excepts against 'the uncouth rhymes, the quaintest conceits, and the most awkward inversions.'

<sup>3</sup> I. pp. 21-48, with a further article on *Love's Victory*, pp. 258-71.

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as regards the inequality, say that 'his main story is carried on with deep and varied interest and developed with great but unequal power,' or grant 'individuality' to 'the character of Almanzor.' On the other hand, to speak of the 'involved and inharmonious' diction, and still more of 'the poverty and insignificance of the rhyme,' is as excessive in the other direction, though it may not be utterly untrue: and the remark about the rhyme in particular shows that the critic had not grasped Chamberlayne's system. We can come together again on 'richness of imagery,' 'impassioned and delightful poetry,' &c.

The first person to do some real justice to *Pharonnida* was Campbell in his *Specimens*, which again give not much criticism and chiefly praise the story—the weakest part—but provide admirable selections, the perusal of which stirred Jeffrey himself to admiration and desire for more. Of late years things have been better<sup>1</sup>, but even yet the poem is far too little known, and the hope of extending the knowledge of it was one of my main motives in suggesting and planning this edition.

The points of interest from which *Pharonnida* can be regarded are neither few nor unimportant. In the first place it is, with Davenant's much better known but far inferior *Gondibert*, the chief English example of that curious kind the 'Heroic poem'—the romanticized epic which, after the deliberations of the Italian critics and the example of Tasso, spread itself over Europe in the late sixteenth century and held the field for the greater part of the seventeenth. With something of the late romance of the *Amadis* type in it, this poem had a good deal of intended reference to the *Aeneid*; but perhaps linked itself most of all to the prose *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, which attracted great attention from the Renaissance and had been pronounced by Scaliger himself the model of a prose epic. The resemblance, indeed, between *Pharonnida* and the type of the Greek romance generally is very strong—in the prominence and persistent persecutions of the heroine, in the constant voyages and travels, alarums and excursions, ambushes and abductions, and, it may be added, in the very subordinate position of Character. Indeed Chariclea and some of her sisters are much less open to Pope's libel than the good Pharonnida and the bad Amphibia of our poem.

An even greater attraction to some readers is its position at the very end (indeed, in a sort of appendix to the great volume) of Elizabethan verse, in conception, in versification, and in phrase. Like the whole body of this verse, from Spenser downwards, it is of imagination (or at worst of fancy) all compact: the restraints of prose and common sense are utterly alien to it. Its author has passed from the merely 'conceited'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gosse in *From Shakespeare to Pope* did, perhaps, most to draw attention once more to Chamberlayne.



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to the 'metaphysical' stage; and if his excursions into the *au delà* do not reach the sublimity or the subtlety of Donne, the flaming fantasy and passion of Crashaw, they leave very little to desire in their fidelity to the Gracianic motto *En Nada Vulgar*. The immense length of his verse paragraphs (to be referred to further) is closely connected with this intricacy and excursiveness of thought, and so no doubt, at least according to the present writer's idea, is the 'impassioned and delightful' poetry. But so also is the extreme incoherence not merely of the story as a whole, but, and still more, of its component incidents and episodes. It is, of course, impossible not to think of *Sordello* in reading it: and I should say myself that the poem which has rather absurdly become a proverb for incomprehensibility in the proper sense of the word, is much the more easily comprehensible of the two. Mr. Browning's thought pursues the most astonishing zigzags and whirligigs and shifts, but it is solid: and you can, if you are nimble enough, keep your clutch on it. Chamberlayne's constantly sublimes itself off into a kind of mist before making a fresh start as a solid, at quite a different point from that at which it was last perceived in that condition.

So, too, with the versification. Although it is, of course, quite possible to trace the stopped and stable couplet, not merely in drama but in narrative and miscellaneous poetry, from Spenser and Drayton and Daniel downwards, the general tendency of the Elizabethan distich had been towards an undulating *enjambement*, and this had grown much stronger, both in octosyllable and decasyllable, with strictly Jacobean poets like Wither and Browne. But Chamberlayne serpentines it to a still greater extent. Indeed, it is impossible not to discern in him something akin to that extraordinary *unscrewing* of blank verse itself which is noticeable in his dramatic contemporaries, and which might have disvertebrated English verse altogether if it had not been for the tonic, in different forms, of Milton and Dryden. The 'poverty and insignificance' of rhyme, on which our *Retrospective* friend is so severe, are of course deliberate. The rhymes are intended, not as a stop-signal at the end of the couplet, but as an accompanying music to the run of the paragraph. Unfortunately the possession of this accompaniment is too likely to dispense a poet from that attention to varied pause, and to careful selection of value in individual words, with which the blank verse paragrapher cannot dispense if he is to do anything distinguished. It would be interesting if one could know whether Milton ever heard of *Pharonnida*, but I think I do know what he would have said of it. It is not insignificant that his nephew Phillips, while mentioning the unimportant *Robert* Chamberlain, says nothing about William in a tale of Caroline poets which descends to 'Pagan' Fisher and Robert Gomersal. But, for all its dangers and all its actual lapses, it

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makes a medium frequently delightful even if we had not *Endymion*, and more, not less, seeing that we have that.

It is in his diction, using that word widely to include composition and grammar, that Chamberlayne's state is least gracious. His ugliest fault he shares with most of his contemporaries, even with Dryden occasionally, and it is so ugly that it constitutes perhaps the most serious drawback to the enjoyment of him by modern readers. Partly owing to that gradual vulgarization of the language which Dryden arrested to some extent, but which it is a redeeming merit of the eighteenth century in prose and verse to have cauterized—but partly also to the prevailing critical error as to the strictly syllabic character of English verse, *Pharonnida* swarms with things like 'in's hand,' 't' the coach,' 'Perform't.' These uglinesses cannot always (as, by the way, they generally can in Dryden) be smoothed away by printing in full and allowing trisyllabic feet; they are too often 'in grain.' Very much more tolerable, but occasionally unsatisfactory, is his indulgence, generally a repeated indulgence, in such words as *remora*, *enthean*, *catagraph*, *astracism*. And disapproval must begin again, not so much in regard to the licentiousness of his syntax—for English grammar, after all, is made by good English writers, and not vice versa—as to the extraordinary haphazardness of syntax, phrase, and composition alike. I do not wish to burden this introduction with extracts of any length, but those who turn to the passage about the governor of the fort in Book II, Canto ii, lines 123–132, will find a capital example of our poet at his very worst. It is perhaps well that this worst should be got over beforehand, so that things like it may not possess the additional disgust of surprise. But it must be admitted that the greatest danger in reading him is lest the reader, by too frequent occurrence of these choke-passages, may be tempted to skip, and that in the lack of *ordonnance* which has been noted, he may find himself hopelessly befogged at the point where he alights from his skipping-pole.

As if all this were not enough, Chamberlayne has multiplied his obstacles of commission by an omission which nearly all of his few critics have noticed, but which none of them has fully followed out. We know from his own words at the end of the Second Book that the poem was thus far written, but broken off, at the second battle of Newbury in October, 1644. And whether its author resumed it at once after the complete disaster of the Royal arms next year, or earlier, or later<sup>1</sup>, it was certainly not published for fifteen years afterwards. This would, in itself, render inconsistencies and gaps likely enough: but it would not account for the

<sup>1</sup> It has been thought, from bibliographical peculiarities in the original, that the last part was printed later than the rest. The last volume (see note on reverse of half-title) is certainly quite different in typography and arrangement from the first.

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extraordinary *incuria* which Chamberlayne constantly displays. One would imagine not merely that he had never read his MS. through, but that he had never taken the trouble to read his proofs: a process which could hardly have failed to reveal to the most careless author some, if not all, of the discrepancies of nomenclature, &c. In the first few pages he calls one of his characters indifferently 'Ariamnes' and 'Aminander,' but here this slip of the pen is so glaring that it hardly misleads. A little later he puts the careful (the careless will not mind) hopelessly out, by transferring the name 'Aphron' to one 'Andremon,' both persons having already appeared and being entirely distinct. He never seems to know whether his main scene of action is in the Morea (where it certainly opens) or in Sicily; and there may, perhaps, be corroborative evidence of some passing intention to change the whole *venue* from Greece to Italy in his calling the same person at one time an 'Epirot' and at another a 'Calabrian.' Although the exits and the entrances of his characters are very complicated, and sometimes correspond at long intervals, he will (there is an example at I. iv. 109) omit to name them, and describe them in such a round-about fashion that anybody but a very wary and attentive reader must be, at least for a time, at sea. Finally, as indeed Thackeray and others have done, he will kill and bring alive again with the completest nonchalance. At least, though his phrase is constantly enigmatic, it is hard to understand the lines at IV. i. 192, where, in reference to the wicked Amphibia and her paramour Brumorchus, it is said that the prince

'refers

Their punishment to death's dire messengers,'

in any other sense than that both were executed. Yet at V. iii. 360 Amphibia is still alive, still a lady in waiting to Pharonnida, and in case to execute the crowning treason of the story which kills the princess's father and very nearly brings herself to the scaffold as his murderess.

This being the case and the 'arguments' prefixed by the author being almost useless<sup>1</sup>, it may be well to present a brief analysis, canto by canto, of a poem which one tolerably practised reader had to read three times before its general subject was at all clearly imprinted on his mind.

Book I, Canto i<sup>2</sup>. Aminander [Ariamnes], a Spartan lord, hunting on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, sees a naval combat between Turks and Christians; and when the combatants, wrecked by a squall, are still fighting on the beach, rescues the Christian heroes Argalia and Aphron.

Canto ii. Another lord, Almanzor, the villain of the piece, finds two damsels, Carina and Florenza, in a wood. He offers violence to Florenza,

<sup>1</sup> The abstract in the *Retrospective Review* is a little scrappy and capricious.

<sup>2</sup> Observe the *five* books, and the *five* cantos in each. This was one of the curious 'heroic' punctilios, to bring the construction nearer to the *five* acts of Drama.



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and her lover, Andremon, though coming in time to save her, falls before his sword. But Argalia, who has been sleeping near, is waked by the scuffle, takes her part, and severely wounds Almanzor, despite the succour of his friends. Forces come up, and, appearances being against Argalia, take him into custody.

Canto iii. He is conveyed to the capital, where, according to the custom of the country, it is the duty of the king's daughter, Pharonnida, whose mother is dead, to preside over the tribunal. She falls in love with Argalia at first sight, but he is condemned, receiving three days' respite as an Epirot, a citizen of an allied state, which is confirmed by ambassadors from Epirus then present.

Canto iv. This is however not sufficient to obtain his pardon: and he is about to suffer when Aminander reappears with Florenza herself, who tells the whole story. Argalia is set at liberty and is about to depart with the ambassadors (who have become 'Calabrians' and who have told what they know of his origin) when a fresh adventure happens. Molarchus the Morean (now Sicilian) admiral, who has been charged to convoy the envoys, invites the king, princess and court on board his flag-ship and makes sail, having formed a design to carry off Pharonnida. This he does, though there is a fierce fight on board, by throwing her into a prepared boat and making off, while the crew do the same, having previously scuttled the ship. Argalia, however, with the help of his friend Aphron, though at the cost of the latter's life, secures one of the boats, rescues the king, and lands on a desolate island, where they find that Molarchus has conveyed Pharonnida to a fortress. Argalia, always fertile in resource, makes a ladder of the tackling of some stranded boats, scales the walls, slays Molarchus, and rescues the princess.

Canto v tells of a halcyon time at Corinth, where Pharonnida and Argalia, who is captain of her bodyguard, fall more and more deeply in love with one another, till the usual romance-mischance of a proposed betrothal to a foreign prince interrupts it: and the book finishes with this agony further agonized by Argalia's appointment on the very embassy destined to reply favourably to the Epirot suitor.

In Book II, Canto i we return to Almanzor, who forms a plot to abduct the princess, succeeds at first by turning a masque into a massacre, but is defeated by the rising of the country people, who half ignorantly rescue her. But her ravisher, in

Canto ii, thinking he has gone too far to retreat, sets up a rebellion and garrisons the castle of a city named Alcithius, which the king at first retakes, but which only serves him as a place of refuge when Almanzor has beaten him in the field. He has just time to send to Epirus for help before the place is invested.



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Canto iii. It is almost reduced by famine, and the besieged are meditating the forlorn hope of a sally when Zoranza the Epirot prince arrives with a large army, the vanguard of which, commanded by Argalia and supported from the castle, disperses the rebel forces, though not at first completely. After a glowing interview between the lovers the hero has to expel the remnant of the foe from a strange cavern-fastness where he finds a secret treasury with mysterious inscription.

Canto iv. Another interval of war. The unwelcome suitor is called off by troubles at home: and the lovers (Argalia still commanding the princess's guard) enjoy discreet but delightful hours in an island paradise.

Canto v. Episode of two Platonic-Fantastic lovers, Acretius and Philanta, on whom a practical joke is played. Intrigues of Amphibia, who excites the king's jealousy, and induces him to send Argalia at the head of a contingent to Epirus. After pathetic parting scenes, Argalia leaves Pharonnida, and the poet 'leaves the Muses to converse with men,' that is to say to fight the Roundheads at Newbury.

Book III, Canto i opens with a semi-episode of the rival loves of Euriolus and Mazara for Florenza, and Mazara's consolation with Carina, Florenza's companion at her original appearance. In

Canto ii the princess, unwarily reading aloud a letter from Argalia with her door open, is overheard by her father, who is furiously angry and sends letters of Bellerophon to the Prince of Syracuse [Epirus] as to Argalia. Zoranza, nothing loth, makes Argalia captain of the fortress Ardenna, with a secret commission to the actual governor to make away with him. He is saved from death for the moment by a convenient local superstition, and carried off (still prisoner) by an invading fleet, which fails to capture Ardenna. But Pharonnida is strictly imprisoned in the castle of Gerenza. In

Canto ii Argalia, after a rapid series of adventures at sea and in Rhodes, is captured by the Turkish chief Ammurat and sent to his wife Janusa in Sardinia to be tortured and executed. But Janusa falls in love with him, and this and the next Canto contain the best known and perhaps the most sustained chapter of the poem, Argalia being not merely

'Like Paris handsome and like Hector brave,'

but also like Joseph chaste. The passage having ended happily for him, tragically for Janusa and her husband, he seizes ships, mans them with Christian slaves, rescues the Prince of Cyprus from a new Turkish fleet, returns to the Morea, and after a time resolves, aided by his Cyprian friend, to release Pharonnida. In this, at first, they succeed.

Book IV, Canto i. Episode of Orlinda and the Prince of Cyprus. Pharonnida and Argalia enjoy a new respite in a retired spot, but are

## William Chamberlayne

attacked by outlaws, who wound Argalia and carry off the princess. Their chief is Almanzor, who in

Canto ii tries to force Pharonnida to accept him by threats, and immures her in a living tomb from which she is rescued by Euriolus (mentioned before) and Ismander, on whom and Aminda there is fresh episode continued into

Canto iii by entrances of certain persons named Vanlore<sup>1</sup>, Amarus, and Silvandra, but not concluded. The rest of Canto iii, Canto iv, and

Canto v contain an account of Argalia's recovery, and long conversations, in which he reveals what he knows of his youth to a friendly hermit.

Book V, Canto i. Meanwhile Pharonnida has retired to a monastery and is about to take the veil (has actually done so after a fashion) when Almanzor attacks the convent and once more carries her off, but surrenders her to her father that he may obtain his own pardon and plot further.

Canto ii. Argalia goes to Aetolia, of which he is the rightful heir, and fights his way to his own.

Canto iii. He is however rejected as suitor and attacked by his rival Zoranza. But Almanzor procures both this prince's murder and that of King Cleander (who is never named till very late in the story). Then Pharonnida in Canto iv undergoes her last danger, and in Canto v is finally freed by Argalia as her champion from Almanzor, whom he at last slays, and from all her other ills by marriage with her deliverer.

Now for my part I am entirely unable to pronounce this 'one of the most interesting stories ever told in verse.' As a whole it is romance 'common-form,' of by no means a specially good kind, only heightened by the telling in a few passages—the dream, the story of Janusa, the entombment of the heroine, and two or three others. I would, as Blair's typical person of bad taste said of Homer, 'as soon read any old romance of knight-errantry,' and would a great deal sooner read most of them *for the story*. If anybody agrees with Pope that 'the fable is the soul or immortal part of poetry,' Chamberlayne is not the poet for him. But he is, if not *the* poet, a poet and little less than a great one, for those who enjoy the 'poetic moment,' the 'single-instant pleasure' of image and phrase and musical accompaniment of sound. The extraordinary abundance of these things is the solace of those sins of his in *ordonnance* and versification and diction which have been so frankly and amply acknowledged above. It is hit or miss with him, no doubt: and equally without doubt, he misses too often—far oftener than a poet of the School of Good Sense would do. But he hits not only much oftener than the poet of good sense would do,

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that Chamberlayne's nomenclature, mainly of the odd rococo-romantic type popular in seventeenth-century literature, is still more oddly mixed. This particular name must have been a favourite, for it recurs in *Love's Victory*.

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but also as the poet of good sense rarely does at all. He is far too careless of what he says, and of its exact meaning, and of the concatenation thereof with other meanings. But he always tries, in the great adverb of the Italian Platonist-critic Patrizzi, to say it *poeticamente*, or as Hazlitt (who certainly did not know Patrizzi) unconsciously translates it, 'in a poetical way.' Chamberlayne's sky and landscape are occasionally very dark—it is difficult to find one's way about under the one and across the other: but both are constantly lighted up by splendid shooting-stars. The road through his story is as badly laid, made, and kept, as road can be: but fountains and wildflower banks are never long wanting by its sides, and it occasionally opens prospects of enchanting beauty.

There is at least not disgrace of incongruity in this eulogy, for Chamberlayne's own style is nothing if not starry and flowery. His metaphors and similes and imagery generally for atmospheric phenomena, and especially for Night and Day, are inexhaustible:

'Day's sepulchre, the ebon-archèd night  
Was raised above the battlements of light,'

he writes here; there

'And now the spangled squadrons of the night  
Encountering beams had lost the field to light.'

And again:

'The day was on the glittering wings of light  
Fled to the western wild, and swarthy night  
In her black empire throned.'

And again:

'Now at the great'st antipathy to-day  
The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay,  
Vested in clouds black as they had been sent  
To be the whole world's mourning monument';—

passages which could be added to almost indefinitely. Nor is his imagination limited, according to Addison's rule, to 'ideas furnished by sight': there is more than this in the phrase 'Desire, the shady porch of Love,' analogues of which will be found in almost every page. In fact *Pharonnida* is simply a Sinbad's Valley of poetic jewels, though here as there it may be a little difficult to get at them. The practice of filling Introductions with extracts instead of leaving the reader to find them for himself is, I have said, an objectionable one. But I may take the middle course and instance as more than purple patches:—the picture of Argalia at the bar (I. iii. 165 sq.); Pharonnida's dream, already mentioned (I. v. 153 sq.), one of the longest and finest of the bursts; the mystic chamber in the outlaw's cavern (II. iii. 480 sq.); Pharonnida's island (II. iv. 129 sq.); the close of Book III, Canto i and the beginning of the next Canto where



## William Chamberlayne

she reads the letter ; the valley of Florenza's home, and the lovers' sojourn there. These are but a few, and the reader will find plenty more for himself.

One point, uninteresting to some, will be of the very highest interest to others ; and that is what may be called the Battle of the Couplets in *Pharonnida*. It is, as has been said, the last, and in more senses than one the greatest, of poems written in that 'enjambed' and paragraphed variety of the heroic, which was driven out and replaced by its rival a very few years afterwards, when that rival had secured the assistance of Dryden. But as everybody ought to know, the stopped dissyllabic couplet itself is of an ancient house, though its supremacy was modern. It made perhaps the very first appearance in the scattered couplets of Hampole and others before Chaucer. It is very much less absent from Chaucer himself than those who call the metre of *Endymion* Chaucerian appear to imagine ; Spenser shows himself a master of it in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and it is abundant not merely in the dramatists but in the non-dramatic Elizabethans. Ben Jonson seems to have thought it the best of all metres ; but, above all, the tails of Fairfax's stanzas, from which so many of the later seventeenth-century poets learnt, are full of it. Chamberlayne, who was not much more than ten years older than Dryden, could not miss it unless he had set himself the sternest rules of self-criticism : and, as we have seen, he never criticized himself at all. Even the few examples given in this Introduction will show its presence ; but much more remarkable ones, both of the completed couplet and of the Drydenian single line which helps to constitute and clench it, will be easily found by the inquirer. Just at the beginning such a formation as

'From all the warm society of flesh'

is unmistakable in its tendency, though it actually forms part of a couplet very much 'enjambed.' There is no need to draw the moral of

'Dropt as their foes' victorious fate flew by  
To shew his fortune and their royalty.'

or                    'Rebellion's subtle engineer might sit  
                         To wreck the weakness of a female wit.'

or                    'The vexed Epirots who for comfort saw  
                         Revenge appearing in the form of law.'

These are the single spies which forerun the battalions.

I have no desire to expatiate in these Introductions, or to take up room better occupied by the too long neglected texts ; and there remains little that it is desirable and less that it is necessary to say. Chamberlayne's other work of substance, his play of *Love's Victory*, contains many fine passages in the serious blank verse, most of which will be found extracted in the article upon it in the same volume of the *Retrospective Review* ;



## Introduction

nor is even the comic part, though it shares the ribaldry and the crudity common in such productions, devoid of some of Chamberlayne's audacious felicities of expression. If that supplementary Dodsley, which has long been wanted, should ever appear, the piece should certainly find a place there: but it is out of our way. His poem to the King at the Restoration may be worth subjoining to *Pharonnida*.

On the whole he is not quite so much of an 'awful example' as even his panegyrists, Campbell and others, used to make him. At his date, and with the idiosyncrasy shown by the fact that he spent at least fifteen years over his poem as it was, it was practically impossible that he should in any case have devoted to it the critical Medea-sorcery which made perfect things of such very imperfect ones as the original *Palace of Art* and the original *Lady of Shalott*. He might, of course, not have written it at all, and he might possibly have written it in the other vein of stopped couplet, epigrammatic clench and emphasis, and more suppressed conceit. In either case it would not be what it is. We should have lost (in words of its own) 'acquaintance with *Pharonnida*.' And by some that acquaintance would not willingly be relinquished for the possession not merely of one but of a dozen long poems, written in the strictest and most savourless orthodoxy of Le Bossu and La Harpe<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Most of the few accounts of Chamberlayne mention a prose version of *Pharonnida*, entitled *Eromena, or The Noble Stranger*, which appeared, four years after his death, in 1683 (London: Norris). One naturally imagines—the present editor certainly did so till he read it—a book of length *à la Scudéry*. The actual work is a tiny pamphlet containing some seventy small pages of large print, but adorned with a fresh Pindaric motto (τίνα θεόν, τίν' ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν;) and a dedication to Madam Sarah Monday. The earlier cantos are paraphrased with some fullness; the bulk of the story is altogether omitted. As *Pharonnida* becomes *Eromena*, so does *Argalia* take the alias of *Horatio*. The thing, which acknowledges no indebtedness, is worthless enough; and only curious because of the admixture of Chamberlayne's own original and highly poetic phrases with the flattest prose.

## To the Right Worshipful Sir William Portman, Baronet<sup>1</sup>

HONOURED SIR,

Though, by that splendour<sup>2</sup> with which the bountiful hand of fortune, illustrated by the more excellent gifts of nature, hath adorned you, to the illuminating the hopes of all your expecting friends, I might justly fear these glow-worms of fancy may be outshone, to the obscurity of a contemptible neglect; you being like, ere long, to prove that glorious luminary, to whose ascending brightness the happiest wits that grace the British hemisphere, like Persian priests prostrated to the rising sun, will devote the morning sacrifices of their muses: yet, animated by your late candid reception of my more youthful labours, whose humble flights, having your name to beautify their front, passed the public view unsullied by the cloudy aspect of the most critic spectator, I have once more assumed the boldness to let the infirmities of my fancy take sanctuary under the name of so honoured a patron. Though my abilities could not clothe her in such robes as would render her a fit companion for your serious studies, yet I hope her dress is not so sordid, but she may prove an acceptable attendant on your more vacant hours. For my subject (it being heroic poesy) it is such as the wiser part of the world hath always held in a venerable esteem; the extracts of fancy being that noble elixir, which heaven ordained to immortalize

their memories, whose worthy actions, being the products of that nobler part of man—the soul, are by this made almost commensurate with her eternity; which otherwise, (to the sorrow of succeeding ages, who are in debt for much of their virtue to a noble emulation of their glorious ancestors), had either terminated in a circle of no larger a diameter than life; or, like short-breathed ephemerals, only survived a while in the airy region of discourse.

This, sir, having been the past fortune of our predecessors; and, as the pregnant hopes of your blooming spring promises<sup>3</sup> the world, like to be yours in the future; yours, when both the splendid beauties of your most glorious palace, and the lasting structure of your marble dormitory, time shall have so levigated, that the wanton winds dally with their dust; I doubt not but to find you so much a Mæcenas, as to affect the eternizing of your name, more from the lasting lineaments of learning than those vain phainomena of pleasures, which are the low delights of more vulgar spirits.

Though I confess these papers beneath the serious view, which a wit, acuated with the best adjuncts of art, will, ere long, render the ordinary recreations of your progressive studies, yet, as in relation to the latitude for which they were calculated, I hope they may not appear unworthy a

<sup>1</sup> This was the sixth Baronet (1641?–90), who succeeded to the title in 1648, and matriculated at All Souls in the very year of the appearance of *Pharonmida*. He was a great Tory, and captured Monmouth; but joined William of Orange.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'splendor,' on the strength of which, I suppose, Singer has altered 'honoured' before, and 'labours' just below, to the same form, though they were correct in text. I shall, therefore, print *our* throughout, following the original in almost every case.

<sup>3</sup> Singer altered 'promises' to 'promise' and 'serenities' to 'serenity.' But these false concords are too constant in Chamberlayne, and too often made certain by the rhyme to be mere slips of pen or press. I have therefore restored the original forms: as also in all cases (oversights excepted) where the reprint of 1820 unnecessarily changes 'in' to 'on,' &c.

## Dedication

present supervisal ; it being intended (like the weak productions of the early spring) but for the April of your age ; where, though my hopes tell me it may subsist, whilst irrigated by those balmy dews of passion which are the usual concomitants of youth ; I am not guilty of so unbecoming a boldness, as to think it fit to stand the heat of your more vigorous maturity, when the meridian altitude of your comprehensive judgement shall have attained so near an universality of knowledge, as the sun, when in its apogæum, doth of light ; that being only hindered by a comparatively puntillo of earth, as the powerful energies of noble souls are, by the upper garments of their mortality, from being at once ubiquitous blessings.

*Shaftesbury, May 12, 1659.*

Fortified by these considerations with the hope of your acceptance, and assured that prefixing your name is an amulet of sufficient power to preserve me from the contagion of censure, I have, with an unruffled confidence, given these papers a capacity of being publicly viewed. If their being liked attain but near the dimensions of your being beloved, it will co-equate the knowledge the world shall have of them, that being so universal ; as the serenities<sup>1</sup> of your bliss is the happiness of your nearest relations, so is it much of the hopes of those that only know you at a remoter distance : And shall be still the prayer of,

Sir,  
Your devoted Servant,  
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

## The Epistle to the Reader

SINCE custom obliges me to give a welcome at the gate, I shall not be so irregular as not to meet that common civility with a fair compliance. And though, like the passive elements, I lie open to all the incongruity of aspects, (of which I have some reason to doubt, the most powerful may be found in a disdainful opposition), yet, like the noblest of active creatures—light, I shall not think myself sullied by every vapour ; nor solicit his acquaintance that cannot so long spare his eyes from beholding more active vanities.

I have always held it a solecism for entertainers to be beggars ; and, although by exposing these papers to the public view I must consequently expect variety of censures, should be loath to descend so low to court the applause of every reader ; from whose various genii I am necessitated to take such welcome, as affection in most, though judgement in some, shall incline them to give. For the first of which, as their censures are doubtful, so their calumnies are small—not of weight

sufficient to balance the indifferent temper of my thoughts : but for the latter (since looked upon as competent judges) though their sentence may be formidable, I shall beg no further favour than what their ability thinks fit to bestow ; only, for what they may justly except against, could rather wish that, whilst these papers were private, I had had their advice to reform, than now they are published, their censure to condemn. Fortune hath placed me in too low a sphere to be happy in the acquaintance of the age's more celebrated wits : wherefore, wonder not that I appear ushered in with a train of encomiums, which though, I confess, if from knowing and judicious friends, add a lustre to the author's ensuing labours ; yet the custom of these times often makes them appear as ridiculous as a splendid and beautiful front to an empty and contemptible cottage.

I have made bold with the title of heroic, but have a late example<sup>2</sup> that deters me from disputing upon what grounds I assumed it : if it suits not

<sup>1</sup> See previous note.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt the Preface to *Gondibert*.



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with the abilities of my pen, yet it is no unbecoming epithet for the eminence of those personated in my poem. For the place of my scene, manner of composure, and the like, (though in prefaces they often find an immature discovery, and, perhaps, but acute an appetite to what, on further progress, may prove but a distasteful banquet), I hold them so impertinent, that, if will and leisure serve you to read, you may suddenly, with more advantage, satisfy yourself; if not, omit them as strangers to your other affairs, and not to be understood but in their own dialect.

I have done with all that in probability may prove my readers, and now a word to such, whom I presume will be none; for they are desired to do no more than the epistle, it being fit to serve them. Like vagabonds, let them enter no farther than the gate;—I mean, all squint-eyed sectaries, from the spawn of Geneva to the black brood of Amsterdam; together with some rascals of a lower rank, such as usurp the abused title of Sons of Art, and, with an empty impudence, endeavour to pollute those immaculate virgins; whilst the other, with an exalted villany, sully the celestial beauties of divine truth. For the first of which, the preposterous genius of the times hath so far favoured them, that now nothing is more vendible than the surreptitious offsprings of their imagined wit: every stationer's shop affording pregnant examples of it, in big bulked volumes of physic, astrology, and the like, by these indigent vermin; either to satisfy their clamorous wants, or enhance their esteem in the vulgar opinion, basely prostituted to every illiterate spectator; whilst truth, and a guilty conscience, tells them nought is their own but the hyperbolical titles; which, to discerning eyes, appear but the glorious outsidings to tainted sepulchres, in which their detected villany shall be abominated by more knowing posterity. These cry down all things of this nature for subjects of inutility, not tending to the improvement of

science, which, in the most genuine construction of it, hath no enemy from which her ruin is more formidable than from them.

But for my more dangerous sceptic, (who yet is so much like the foal of an ass, that he appears to the world with his spleen in his mouth), I mean my pretended zealous censor, from whom in me it were an overweening boldness to expect civility; since, (though not for the nature, which he understands not, yet for the name, which he hath only heard of), he is so much an enemy to the muses, that should the seraphic strains of majestic David, or the flaming raptures of elegiac Jeremiah, appear to the world in their pristine and unpolluted purity, his ignorance would extend to so vast an error, to censure them of levity.

But as no man will esteem the sun less glorious, for that the hated owl avoids its sight; so I presume none, except their own deluded followers, will betray so palpable a dearth of judgement, as to bear the less esteem to majestic poetry, for the illiterate scandal of flattering ignorance. Poesy, (if justly meriting to be invested in that glorious title) being so attractive a beauty that it doth rather, like an Orphean harmony, draw that emblem of a beast, the unpolished clown, to a listening civility, than, like Circe's enchantments, change the more happily educated to a swinish and sordid lethargy. But her defence being a burthen which already stands firm on so many noble supporters, whose monuments will remain till time itself shall be lost in eternity, I need not add my weak endeavours to illustrate a Beauty which the wiser world already admires. Now, though she want the applause of some, attribute it not to the defect, either of her excellency, or their judgement; but to that various dress of humours, where-with nature hath chequered the universe. Concluding with that honour of ancient Thebes—

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἔσται οὐδέν.  
*Pindarus in Olympiorum octavo.*

W. C.



# PHARONNIDA

## BOOK I. Canto I<sup>1</sup>

### THE ARGUMENT

From sea's wild fury, and the wilder rage  
Of faithless Turks, two noble strangers freed,  
Let courtesy their grateful souls engage  
To such a debt as doth obstruct their speed:

Where they, to fill those scenes inactive rest  
Would tedious make, in fair description saw,  
How Sparta's Prince, for his queen's loss opprest,  
Found all those ills cured in Pharonnida<sup>2</sup>.

THE earth, which lately lay, like nature's tomb,  
Marbled in frosts, had from her pregnant womb  
Displayed the fragrant spring; when, courted by  
A calm fresh morning, ere heaven's brightest eye  
Adorned the east, a Spartan lord, (whom fame,  
Taught from desert, made glorious by the name  
Of Aminander), with a noble train,  
Whose active youth did sloth, like sin, disdain,  
Attended, had worn out the morning in  
Chase of a stately stag; which, having been  
Forced from the forest's safe protection to  
Discovering plain, his clamorous foes had drew  
Up to a steep cliff's lofty top; where he,  
As if grown proud so sacrificed to be  
To man's delight, 'mongst the pursuing cry,  
Who make the valleys echo victory,  
Sinks weeping; whilst exalted shouts did tell  
The distant herds—their ancient leader fell.  
The half-tired hunters, their swift game stopt here  
By death, like noble conquerors appear  
To give that foe, which now resistless lies,  
With their shrill horns his funeral obsequies;  
Which whilst performing, their diverted sight  
Turns to behold a far more fatal fight—

10

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<sup>1</sup> These headings were in orig. 'The First Book. Canto the First,' &c., in two lines. So, too, each verse paragraph begins with an indented couplet.

<sup>2</sup> This initial passage may deserve a note which I shall not repeat, though it describes a process frequently necessary. Singer read 'Were they' for 'Where they,' but kept the comma of the orig. at 'rest' and inserted none at 'they' or 'make,' while he did insert an apostrophe at 'scenes.' His text thus becomes unintelligible, which mine, I hope, is not.

<sup>3</sup> sloth, like] Orig. 'sloth-like.'

That since-famed gulf, (where the brave Austrian made  
The Turkish crescents an eternal shade  
Beneath dishonour seek) Lepanto, lay  
So near, that from their lofty station they,  
A ship upon whose streamers there were fixt  
The Christian badge, saw in fierce battle mixt  
With a prevailing Turkish squadron, that  
With shouts assault what now lay only at  
That feeble guard, which, under the pretence  
Of injuring others, seeks its own defence.

30

Clear was the day, and calm the sea so long,  
Till now the Turks, whose numbers grew too strong  
For all that could no other help afford  
But human strength, within their view did board  
The wretched Christians; to whose sufferings they  
Can lend no comfort, but what prayers convey  
To helpful heaven; by whose attentive ear,  
Both heard and pitied, mercy did appear  
In this swift change:—A hollow wind proclaims  
Approaching storms, the black clouds burst in flames,  
Imprisoned thunder roars, and in a shower,  
Dark as the night, dull sweaty vapours pour  
Themselves on the earth, to enrich whom nature vents  
The ethereal fabric's useless excrements,  
Whose flatuous pride, as if it did disdain  
Such base descents, rolling the liquid plain  
Into transparent mountains, hurls them at  
The brow of heaven, whose lamps, by vapours that  
Their influence raised, are cramp't; whilst the sick day  
Was languishing to such a night, as lay  
O'er the first matter, when confusion dwelt  
In the vast chaos, ere the rude mass felt  
Heaven's segregating breath—but long this fierce  
Conflict endures not, ere the sun-beams pierce  
The scattered clouds, which, whilst wild winds pursue,  
Through sullied air in reeking vapours flew.

40

50

60

In this encounter of the storm, before  
Its sable veil let them discover more  
Than contained horror, a loud dreadful shriek,  
Piercing the thick air, at their ears did seek  
For trembling entrance: being transported by  
Uncertain drifts, rent sails and tackling fly  
Amongst the towering cliffs,—a sure presage  
That adverse winds did in that storm engage  
Some vessel, which did from her cordage part,  
With such sad pangs—as from the dying heart  
Convulsions tear the fibres. But the day,  
Recovering her lost reign, made clearer way

70

27 seek] Orig. 'seeks.'

For a more sad discovery. They behold  
 The brackish main in funeral pomp unfold  
 The trophies of her cruelty. Her brow,  
 Uncurled with waves, was only spotted now  
 With scattered ruins; here, engaged within  
 The ruffled sails, some sad souls that had been,  
 For life long struggling, tired, at length are forced  
 To sink and die; yonder, a pair, divorced 80  
 From all the warm society of flesh,  
 With cold stiff arms embrace their fate;—the fresh  
 And tender virgin in her lover's sight,  
 The sea-gods ravish, and the enthean light  
 Of those bright orbs, her eyes, which could by nought  
 But seas be quenched, t' eternal darkness brought.

Whilst pitying these, a sudden noise, whose strange  
 Confusion did their passion's object change,  
 Assaults their wonder; which, by this surprise  
 Amazed, persuades them to inform their eyes 90  
 With its obscure original: when, led  
 By sounds that might in baser souls have bred  
 A swift aversion, clashing weapons they  
 Might soon behold—upon the sands that lay  
 Beneath the rock a troop of desperate men,  
 Unstartled with those dangers (which e'en then  
 Their ruined ship and dropping garments showed  
 Heaven freed them from—what mercy had bestowed)  
 Let their own anger loose; which, flaming in  
 A fatal combat, had already been 100  
 In blood disfigured: but when now so near  
 Them drawn, that every object did appear  
 In true distinction, they, with wonder raised  
 To such a height as poets would have praised  
 Their heroes in, a noble Christian saw,  
 Whose sword (as if, by the eternal law  
 Of Providence, to punish infidels,  
 Directed) with each falling stroke expels  
 A Turk's black soul: yet valour, being opprest  
 By multitudes, must have at length sought rest 110  
 From death, had not brave Ariamnes, by  
 His hunters followed, brought him victory;  
 Whilst the approaching danger did exclude  
 E'en hope, the last support of fortitude.

The desperate Turks, that chose the sea to be  
 Their sad redeemer of captivity,  
 Though from that fear they fled to death, had now  
 Upon the shore left none life could allow

<sup>84</sup> enthean] This, a rather favourite word with Chamberlayne and his contemporaries, ought not to have become obsolete; for we have no single equivalent to 'divinely inspired' or 'furnished.'

But motion to ; though, stopped by death such store,  
All the escaped appeared, but such as bore 120  
The fatal story of destruction to  
Their distant friends. When now a serious view,  
By Ariamnes and that noble youth,  
(Whose actions, honoured as authentic truth,  
Made all admire him), of their pitied dead  
With sorrow took, one worthy soul unfled  
From life they found, which, by Argalia seen,  
With joy recalls those spirits that had been  
In busy action lost ; but danger, that  
Toward the throne of life seemed entering at 130  
Too many wounds, denies him to enlarge  
The stream of love, as noble Virtue's charge  
To him, her follower. Ariamnes, by  
His goodness and their sad necessity  
Prompted to pity, fearing slow delays  
As danger's fatal harbinger, conveys  
The wounded strangers to the place where he  
His palace made the throne of charity.  
'Twas the short journey 'twixt the day and night,  
The calm fresh evening, time's hermaphrodite,  
The sun, on light's dilated wings, being fled, 140  
To call the western villagers from bed,  
Ere at his castle they arrive, which stood  
Upon a hill, whose basis, fringed with wood,  
Shadowed the fragrant meadows ; thorough which  
A spacious river, striving to enrich  
The flowery valleys with whatever might  
At home be profit, or abroad delight,  
With parted streams that pleasant islands made,  
Its gentle current to the sea conveyed. 150  
In the composure of this happy place  
Wherein he lived, as if framed to embrace  
So brave a soul as now did animate  
It with his presence, strength and beauty sate  
Combined in one : 'twas not so vastly large,  
But fair convenience countervailed the charge  
Of reparations, all that modest art  
Affords to sober pleasure's every part,  
More for its ornament ; but none were drest  
In robes so rich, but what alone exprest 160  
Their master's providence and care to be,  
A prop to falling hospitality.  
For he, not comet-like, did blaze out in  
This country sphere what had extracted been  
From the court's lazy vapours, but had stood  
There like a star of the first magnitude,  
With a fixed constancy so long, that now,  
Grown old in virtue, he began to bow  
( 20 )



Beneath the weight of time ; and, since the calm  
 Of age had left him nothing to embalm 170  
 His name but virtue, strives in that to be  
 The glorious wonder of posterity :  
 Each of his actions being so truly good,  
 That, like the ground where hallowed temples stood,  
 Although by age the ruins ruined seem,  
 The people bear a reverend esteem  
 Unto the place ; so they preserve his name—  
 A yet unwasted pyramid of fame.

Rich were his public virtues, but the price  
 Of those was but the world to Paradise, 180  
 Compared with that rare harmony that dwells  
 Within his walls ; each servant there excels  
 All but his fellows in desert ; each knew—  
 First, when,—then, how his lord's commands to do ;  
 None more enjoyed than was enough, none less,  
 All did of plenty taste, none of excess ;  
 Riot was here a stranger, but far more,  
 Repining penury ; ne'er from that door  
 The poor man went denied, nor did the rich  
 E'er surfeit there ; 'twas the blest medium which, 190  
 Extracted from all compound virtues, we  
 Make, and then Christian Mediocrity.  
 Within the compass of his spacious hall,  
 Stood no vain pictures to obscure the wall,  
 Which useful arms adorned ; and such as when  
 His prince required assistance, his own men,  
 Valiant and numerous, managed to defend  
 That righteous cause, but never to attend  
 A popular faction, whose corrupted seed  
 Hell did engender, and ambition feed. 200

His judgement, that, like life's attendant—sense,  
 To try each object's various difference,  
 Fit mediums chose, (which he made virtue), here  
 Beholding (though these wandering stars appear  
 Now in their greatest detriment) the rays  
 Of perfect worth, he to that virtue pays  
 Those attributes of honour, which unto  
 Their births, though now in coarse disguise, was due.  
 To Aphron's wounds successful art applies  
 Prevailing medicines, whilst invention flies 210  
 To the aphelion of her orb to seek  
 Such modest pleasures as might smooth the cheek  
 Of ruffled passion ; which, being found, are spent  
 To cure the sad Argalia's discontent :  
 Which, long being lost to all delight, at length  
 Revives again his friend's recovered strength.

192 Christian] This must be in the sense of 'christen' ; so Singer.

They, having now no remora to stay  
Them here but what their gratitude did pay  
To his desires, (whose courtesy had made  
Those bonds of love with as much zeal obeyed 220  
As those which duty locks), preparing are  
To take their leave; even in whose civil war  
Whilst they contend with courtesies, as sent  
To rescue, when his eloquence was spent,  
Brave Aminander, with such haste as shewed  
His speed to some supreme injunction owed  
Such diligence, a messenger brings in  
A packet, which that noble lord had been  
Too frequently acquainted with to fear  
The unseen contents, which opened did appear— 230  
A mandate from his royal master to  
Attend him ere the next day's beauties grew  
Deformed with age; which honoured message read,  
To banish what suspicion might have bred  
In's doubtful friends, he, the enclosed contents,  
With cheerful haste, unto their view presents.

Their fear thus cured by information, he,  
That his appearance in the court might be  
More glorious made by such attendants, to  
Incite in them a strong desire to view 240  
Those royal pastimes, thus relates that story,  
Whose fatal truth transferred the Morea's glory  
So often thither. 'Twas, my honoured friends,  
My fate ('mongst some that yet his court attends)  
Then to be near my prince, when what now draws  
Him to these parts did prove at once the cause  
Of joy and grief. Not far from hence removed  
The vale of Ceres lies, where his beloved  
Pharonnida remains; a lady that 250  
Nature ordained for man to wonder at,  
She not being more the comfort of his age  
Than glory of her sex: but I engage  
Myself to a more large discovery, which  
Thus take in brief—When youth did first enrich  
Beauty with manly strength, his happy bed  
Was with her royal mother blest; who fed  
A flame of virtue in her soul, that lent  
Light to a beauty, which, being excellent,  
In its own sphere by that reflection shone  
So heavenly bright—perfection's height of noon 260  
Dwelt only there. Some years had circled in  
Time's revolutions, since they first had been  
Acquainted with those private pleasures that  
Attend a nuptial bed, ere she did at  
Lucina's temple offer; whose barred gate,  
Once open flow, both their good angels sate

In council for her safety. Hopes of a boy,  
 To be Morea's heir, fill high with joy  
 The ravished parents; subjects did no less,  
 In the loud voice of triumph, theirs express. 270  
 'But when the active pleasures of their love,  
 Which filled her womb, had taught the babe to move  
 Within the morys mount, preceding pains  
 Tell the fair queen, that the dissolving chains,  
 Nature enclosed it in, were grown so weak  
 That the imprisoned infant soon would break  
 Those slender guards. The gravest ladies were  
 Called to assist her, whose industrious care  
 Lend nature all the helps of art, but in  
 Despair of safety send their prayers to win 280  
 Relief from heaven, which swift assistance lent  
 To unload the burthen; but those cordials sent  
 By harbingers, with whom the fair queen fled  
 To deck the silent dwellings of the dead,  
 And lodge in sheets of lead; o'er which were cast  
 A coverlet of the spring's infants past  
 From life like her—e'en whilst Earth's teeming womb,  
 Promised the world, and not a silent tomb,  
 That beauteous issue. But those nymphs, which spun  
 Her thread of life, the slender twine begun 290  
 Too fine to last long, undenied by  
 The ponderous burthen of mortality;  
 Beneath whose weight, she sinking now to death,  
 The unhappy babe was by the mother's breath  
 No sooner welcomed into life before  
 She bids farewell; of power to do no more  
 But, whilst her spirits with each word expires,  
 Thus to her lord express her last desires.—  
 "Receive this infant from thy dying queen,  
 Name her *Pharonnida*."—At which word between 300  
 His trembling arms she sunk; and had e'en then  
 Breathed forth her soul, if not recalled again  
 By their loud mournings from the icy sleep,  
 Which, like a chilling frost, did softly creep  
 Through the cold channels of her blood to bar  
 The springs of life; in which defensive war,  
 The hasty summons, sent by death, allow  
 Her giddy eyes, whose heavy lids did bow  
 Toward everlasting slumber, no more light  
 Than what affords a dim imperfect sight,— 310  
 Such as the troubled optics, being by  
 Dying convulsions wrested, could let fly

273 morys] Orig. 'mory,' qu. 'ivory'? The orig. looks like a misprint, and 'ivory mount' is a favourite Elizabethanism.

278 care] Again, a note on Chamberlayne's singular habit of putting a plural noun to a singular verb may serve once for all.



Thorough their sullied crystals, to behold  
 Her woeful lord, whilst she did thus unfold  
 Her dying thoughts:—"O hear, O hear, (quoth she) I do  
 By all our mutual vows conjure thee to  
 Let this sweet babe—all thou hast left of me,  
 Within thy thoughts preserve my memory.  
 And since, poor infant, she must lose her mother,  
 To beg an entrance here, oh let no other  
 Have more command o'er her than what may bear  
 An equal poise with thy paternal care.  
 This, this is all that I shall leave behind;  
 An earnest of our loves here thou may'st find,  
 Perhaps, my image may'st behold, whilst I,  
 Resolving into dust, embraced do lie  
 By crawling worms—followers that nature gave  
 To attend mortality, whilst the tainted grave  
 Is ripening us for judgement. O my lord,  
 Death were the smile of fate, would it afford  
 Me time to see this infant's growth, but oh!  
 I feel life's cordage crackt, and hence must go  
 From time and flesh,—like a lost feather, fall  
 From th' wings of vanity, forsaking all  
 The various business of the world, to see  
 What wondrous change dwells in eternity."

320

330

'This said, she faintly bids farewell, then darts  
 An eager look on all; but, ere she parts,  
 E'en whilst the breath, with which in thin air slips  
 Departing spirits, on her then cold lips  
 In clammy dews did hang, she of them takes  
 Her last farewell, whilst her pure soul forsakes  
 Its brittle cabinet, and those orbs of light,  
 That swam in death, sunk in eternal night.

340

'Thus died the queen, Pharonnida thus lost,  
 Ere knew, her mother, when her birth had cost  
 A price so great, that brought her infancy  
 In debt to grief, until maturity  
 Ripened her age to pay it. After long  
 And vehement lamentation, such whose strong  
 Assaults had almost shook his soul into  
 A flight from the earth, her father doth renew  
 His long lost mirth, at the delight he took  
 In his soul's darling; whose each cheerful look  
 Crimsoned those sables, which e'en whilst he wore,  
 A flood of woes his head had silvered o'er,  
 Had not this comfort stopt them, which beguiles  
 Sorrow of some few hours; those pretty smiles  
 That drest her fair cheeks, like a gentle thief,  
 Stealing his heart through all the guards of grief.

350

360

315 The first Alexandrine. But the duplication of 'O hear' may be a slip.

'But when that time's expunging hand had more  
 Defaced those sable characters he wore  
 For sorrow's livery o'er his soul, and she,  
 Having out-grown her tender infancy,  
 Did now (her thoughts composed of heavenly seed)  
 To guide her life no other guardian need,  
 But native virtue ; for her calm retreat,  
 When burthened Corinth was with throngs replete,  
 He chose this seat, whose venerable shade,  
 (Waving what blind antiquity had made) 370  
 For sacred held, is not so slighted, but  
 A custom, ancient as our law, hath shut  
 Hence (as the hateful marks of servitude)  
 All that unbounded power did e'er obtrude  
 On suffering subjects ; which this happy place  
 Fits so serene a blessing to embrace  
 As is this lady : whose illustrious court,  
 Though now augmented by the full resort  
 Of her great father's train, doth still appear  
 This happy kingdom's brightest hemisphere. 380  
 'A hundred noble youths in Sparta bred,  
 Of valour high as e'er for beauty bled,  
 All loyal lovers, and that love confined  
 Within the court, are for her guard assigned.  
 But what (if aught in such an orb of all  
 That's great or good may low as censure fall)  
 The court hath questioned, is—the cause that moved  
 The prince to give a party so beloved  
 Into his hands that leads them ; being one,  
 Whose birth excepted, (that being near a throne), 390  
 Those virtues wants, on whose foundation, wise  
 Considerate princes let their favours rise.  
 Like the abortive births of vapours, by  
 Their male-progenitors enforced to fly  
 Above the earth their proper sphere, and there  
 Lurk in imperfect forms, his breast doth bear  
 Some seeds of goodness, which the soil, too hot  
 With rank ambition, doth in ripening rot.  
 Yet, though from those that praise humility  
 He merits not, a dreaded power, (which he 400  
 Far more applauds) raised on the wings of's own  
 Experienced valour, hath so long been known  
 His foes' pale terror, that 'tis feared he bends  
 That engine to the ruin of his friends,  
 Whose equal merits claim as much of fame  
 As e'er was due to proud Almanzor's name.  
 'Yet what may raise more strong desires to see  
 Her court than valour's wished society,  
 Is one unusual custom, which the love  
 Of her kind father hath so far above 410

All past example raised—that, for the time  
He here resides, no cause, although a crime  
Which death attends, but is by her alone  
Both heard and judged, he seeming to unthrone  
His active power, whilst justice doth invest  
His beauteous daughter; which, to the opprest,  
Whose hopes e'en shrunk into despair, hath in  
That harsh extreme their safe asylum been:  
So that e'en those that feared the event could now  
Mix their desires,—the custom would allow  
Her reign a longer date. But that I may  
Illustrate this by a more full survey  
Of her excelling virtues, no pretence  
Of harsh employment shall command you hence,  
Till you have been spectators of that court,  
Whose glories are too spacious for report.'

420

The noble youths, beholding such a flame  
Of virtue shewn them through the glass of Fame,  
First gaze with wonder on it, which ascends  
Into desire, a rivulet which ends  
Not till its swelling streams had drawn them through  
All weak excuses, and engaged them to  
Attend on Ariamnes: when, to show  
How much man's vain intentions fall below  
Mysterious fate, e'en in the height of all  
Their full resolves, her countermands thus call  
Back their intentions, by a summons that  
The uncertain world hath often trembled at.—  
The late recovered Aphron, whether by  
Too swift a cure, life's springs, being raised too high,  
Flowed to a dangerous plethora, or whe'er  
Some cause occult the humours did prepare  
For that malignant ill, did, whilst he lay  
In tedious expectation of the day  
Shook with a shivering numbness, first complain  
Through all his limbs of a diffusive pain:  
Which, searching each to find the fittest part  
For its contagion, on the labouring heart  
Fixes at length; which, being with grief opprest,  
By the extended arteries to the rest  
O' the body sends its flames. The poisoned blood  
Through every vein streams in a burning flood;  
His liver broils, and his scorched stomach turns  
The chyle to cinders; in each cold cell burns  
The humid brains. A violent earthquake shakes  
The crackling nerves, sleep's balmy dew forsakes  
The shrivelled optics; in which trembling fits,  
'Mongst tortured senses, troubled Reason sits  
So long opprest with passion, till at length,  
Her feeble mansion, battered by the strength

430

440

450

460



Of a disease, she leaves to entertain  
 The wild chimeras of a sickly brain.  
 And, what must yet to 's friend's affliction add  
 More weights of grief, their courteous host, which had  
 Stayed to the latest step of time, must now  
 Comply with those commands, which could allow  
 No more delays, and leave Argalia to  
 Be the sole mourner for his friend, which drew  
 (As far as human art could guess) so near  
 His end, that life did only now appear  
 In thick, short sobs,—those frequent summons that  
 Souls oft forsake their ruined mansions at.

470

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Whilst here Argalia in a calm retreat  
 Allays the sorrow felt for 's sickly friend,  
 Two blooming virgins near him take their seat,  
 Whose harmless mirth soon finds a hapless end.

The fairest seized on, and near ruined by  
 Impetuous lust, had not Andremon's speed  
 Protected her, till from his fall drawn nigh  
 The same sad fate the brave Argalia freed.

THAT sad slow hour, which Art e'en thought his last,  
 With the sharp fever's paroxysm past,  
 Sick Aphron's spirits to a cool retreat,  
 Beneath a slumber, life's remotest seat,  
 Was gently stol'n, which did so long endure,  
 Till, in that opiate quenched, the calenture  
 Decayed forsakes him, leaving nought behind,  
 But such faint symptoms as from time might find  
 An easy cure; which, though no perfect end  
 Is lent to th' care of his indulgent friend,  
 Yet gives him so much liberty, that now  
 Fear dares, without his friendship's breach, allow  
 Sometime to leave him slumbering, whilst that he  
 Contemplates nature's fresh variety.

10

The full-blown beauties of the spring were not  
 By summer sun-burnt yet, though Phoebus shot  
 His rays from Cancer, when, prepared to expand  
 Imprisoned thoughts from objects near at hand  
 To eye-shot rovers, freed Argalia takes  
 A noon-tide walk through a fair glade, that makes  
 Her aged ornaments their stubborn head  
 Fold into verdant curtains, which she spread

20

In cooling shadows o'er the bottoms ; where  
 A crystal stream, unfettered by the care  
 Of nicer art, in her own channel played  
 With the embracing banks, until betrayed  
 Into a neighbouring lake ; whose spacious womb  
 Looked at that distance like a crystal tomb  
 Framed to inter the Naiades. Not far  
 From hence an oak, (whose limbs defensive war 30  
 'Gainst all the winds a hundred winters knew,  
 Stoutly maintained), on a small rising grew,  
 Under whose shadow whilst Argalia lies,  
 This object tempts his soul into his eyes—  
 A pair of virgins, fairer than the spring ;  
 Fresher than dews, that, ere the glad birds sing  
 The morning's carols, drop ; with such a pace  
 As in each act showed an unstudied grace,  
 Crossing the neighbouring plain, were now so near 40  
 Argalia drew, that what did first appear  
 But the neglected object of his eye,  
 More strictly viewed, calls fancy to comply  
 With so much love, that, though no wilder fire  
 Ere scorched his breast, he here learnt to admire  
 Love's first of symptoms. To a shady seat,  
 Near that which he had made his cool retreat,  
 Being come, beneath a spreading hawthorn they,  
 Seating themselves, the sliding hours betray  
 From their short lives, by such discourse as might  
 Have made e'en Time, if young, lament his flight. 50  
 Retired Argalia, at the sight of these,  
 Though no obscurer vanity did please  
 His eyes, than anch'rites are possess'd with, when  
 Numb'ring their beads, or from a sacred pen  
 Distilling Heaven's blest oracles, yet he,  
 Wondering to find such sweet civility  
 Mixt with that place's rudeness, long beholds  
 That lovely pair, whose every act unfolds  
 Such linked affections as wise nature weaves  
 In dearest sisters ; but their form bereaves 60  
 That thought ere feathered with belief : although,  
 To admiration, Beauty did bestow  
 Her gifts on both, she had those darlings drest  
 In various colours ;—what could be exprest  
 By objects, fair as new created light ;  
 By roseal mixtures, with immaculate white ;

40 drew, 122 withdrew] Another not-to-be-repeated note may call attention here to Chamberlayne's singular liberties with preterite and past participle. In the first of these two instances one is actually tempted to read 'where' which, as it happens, makes ordinary grammar. But it is evidently not the sense, and 'drew' = 'drawn' as 'withdrew' = 'withdrawn.'

66 roseal] Singer *putidé* 'roseate,' thereby effacing a delightful word and substituting a very inferior one.

By eyes that emblemed heaven's pure azure, in  
 The youngest nymph, Florenza, there was seen ;  
 To which she adds behaviour far more free,  
 Although restrained to strictest modesty, 70  
 Than the more sad Carina, who, if there  
 Were different years in that else equal pair,  
 Something the elder seemed ; her beauty—such  
 As Jove-loved Leda's was, not praised so much  
 For rose' or lily's residence, though they  
 Did both dwell there, as to behold the day  
 Lose its antipathy to night ; such clear  
 And conquering beams, so full of light, to appear  
 Thorough her eyes, showed like a diamond set,  
 To mend its lustre, in a foil of jet. 80  
 Nor doth their dress of nature differ more  
 In colour than the habits which they wore,  
 Though fashioned both alike ; Florenza's, green  
 As the fresh Spring, when her first buds are seen  
 To clothe the naked boughs ; Carina's, white  
 As Innocence, before she takes a flight  
 In thought from cold virginity. Their hair,  
 Wreathed in contracting curls beneath a fair  
 But often parting veil, attempts to hide  
 The naked ivory of their necks—that pride 90  
 Of beauty's frontispiece. On their heads sate  
 Lovely, as if unto a throne of state  
 From their first earth advanced, two flowery wreaths,  
 (From whose choice mixture in close concord breathes  
 The fragrant odour of the fields), placed by  
 Them in such order, as antiquity  
 Mysterious held. Being set, to pass away  
 The inactive heat of the exalted day,  
 They either tell old harmless tales, or read  
 Some story where forsaken lovers plead 100  
 Unpitied causes, then betwixt a smile  
 And tear bewail passion should ere beguile  
 Poor reason so ; at length, as if they meant  
 To charm him who, far from each ill intent,  
 So near them lay, melting the various throng  
 Of their discourse into a well-tuned song ;  
 Whose swift division moulds the air into  
 Such notes, as did the spheres' first tunes out-do,  
 Argalia, in his labyrinth of delight  
 To action lost, had drawn the veil of night, 110  
 In quiet slumbers, o'er his heavy eyes :  
 Locked in whose arms whilst he securely lies,  
 Lest the mistakes of vain mortality  
 The brittle glass of earth should take to be  
 Perfection's lasting adamant, this sad  
 Chance did unravel all their mirth.—There had



Some of the prince's noblest followers, in  
That morning's nonage, led by pleasure been  
Far from their sphere—the court; and now, to shun  
The unhealthy beams of the reflected sun, 120  
Whilst it its shortest shadows made, were to  
The cool protection of the woods withdrew:  
In which retreat, as if conducted by  
Their evil genius, (all his company  
An awful distance keeping) none but proud  
Almanzor, in those guilty groves which shroud  
The hapless virgins, enters; who so near  
Him sitting, that soon his informing ear  
Thither directs his eye. Unto his view  
Ere scarce thought obvious, swiftly they withdrew, 130  
But with untimely haste. His soul, that nurst  
Continual flames within it, at the first  
Sight kindles them, ere he discovers more  
Than difference in the sex; such untried ore,  
Hot heedless lust, when made by practice bold,  
I' th' flame of passion ventures on for gold.  
But when drawn nearer to the place he saw  
Such beauties, whose magnetic force might draw  
Souls steeled with virtue, custom having made  
His impious rhetoric ready to invade, 140  
He towards them hastes, with such a pace as might  
Excuse their judgements, though in open flight  
They strove to shun him, but in vain; so near  
Them now he's drawn, that the effects of fear  
Obscuring reason, as if safety lay  
In separation, each a several way  
From danger flies; but since both could not be  
By that secure, whilst her blest stars do free  
The glad Carina from his reach, the other  
He swiftly seizes on: hot kisses smother 150  
Her out-cries in the embryo, and to death  
Near crushed virginity, ere, from lost breath,  
She could a stock of strength enough recover  
To spend in prayers. The tempting of a lover,  
Mixt with the force of an adulterer, did  
At once assail, and with joined powers forbid  
All hopes of safety; only, whilst Despair  
Looked big in apprehension, whilst the air  
Breathed nought but threatenings; promising him to pay  
For't in her answers, she doth lust betray 160  
Of some few minutes, which, with all the power  
Of prayer, she seeks to lengthen; sheds a shower  
Of tears to quench those flames. But sooner might

122 withdrew] See note on p. 28.

138 force] So Singer for 'form,' which I think quite possible.

Hell's sooty lamp extinguished be ; the sight  
Of such a fair, but pitiful aspect,  
When lust assails, wants power to protect.

By this hot parley, whilst she strove to shun  
His loathed embraces, the thronged spirits run  
To fortify her heart, but vainly seek

For entrance there, being back into her cheek  
Sent in disdainful blushes : now she did  
Entreat civility, then sharply chid

170

His blushless impudence ; but he, whose skill  
In rhetoric was pregnant to all ill,

Though barren else, summons up all the choice  
Of eloquence, that might produce a voice

To win fair virtue's fortress, though her chaste  
Soul, armed against those battering engines, past

That conflict without danger ; when, enraged  
By being denied, with passion that presaged

180

A dangerous consequence, his fierce eyes fixt  
On hers, that, melting with pale terror, mixt

Floods with their former flames, her soul's sad doubt  
He thus resolves—'Unworthy whore, that, out

Of hate to virtue, dost deny me what

Thou freely grant'st to every rude swain that

But courts thee in a dance—think not these tears

Shall make me waive a pleasure, that appears

Worth the receiving. Can your sordid earth

190

Be honoured more than in the noble birth

Of such a son, as, wouldst thou yield to love,

Might call thee mother, and hereafter prove

The glory of your family? From Jove,

The noblest mortals, heretofore that strove

To fetch their pedigree, thought it no stain

So to be illegitimate ; as vain

Is this in thee, there being as great an odds

'Twixt you and us, as betwixt us and gods.'

Trembling Florenza, on her bended knees,

Thus answers him :—'That dreadful power that sees

200

All our disveloped thoughts, my witness be

You wrong my innocence ; I yet am free

From every thought of lust. I do confess

The unfathomed distance 'twixt our births, but less

That will not make my sin ; it may my shame

The more, when my contaminated name

Shall in those ugly characters be shown

To the world's public view, that now is known

B'the blush of honesty ; whose style, though poor,

Exceeds the titles of a glorious whore—

210

Attended, whilst youth doth unwithered last,

With envied greatness ; but, frail beauty past

Into a swift decay, assaulted by

Rottenness within, and black-mouthed calumny  
 Without, cast off, blushing for guilt, the scorn  
 Of all my sex. My mother would unborn  
 Wish her degenerate issue, my father curse  
 The hour he got me. As infection worse  
 Than mortal plagues, each virgin, that hath nought  
 To glory in but what she with her brought  
 Into the world—an unstained soul, would fly  
 The air I breathe; cast whores being company  
 For none but devils, when corrupted vice  
 A wilderness makes Beauty's paradise.  
 To this much ill, dim-eyed mortality  
 A prospect lends; but what, oh! what should be  
 When we must sum up all our time in one  
 Eternal day, since to our thoughts unknown,  
 Is only feared; but if our hallowed laws  
 Are more than fables, the everlasting cause,  
 'Twill of our torment be. If all this breath,  
 Formed into prayers, no entrance finds, my death  
 Shall buy my virgin-freedom, ere I will  
 Consent to that, which, being performed, will kill  
 My honour to preserve my life, and turn  
 The unworthy beauty, which now makes you burn  
 In these unhallowed flames, into a cell  
 Which none but th' black inhabitants of hell  
 Will e'er possess. Those private thoughts, which give,  
 If we continue virtuous whilst we live  
 On earth, our souls commerce with angels, shall  
 Be turned to furies, if we yield to fall  
 Beneath our vices thus. O! then take heed—  
 Do not defile a temple; such a deed  
 Will, when in labour with your latest breath,  
 With horror curtain the black bed of death.'  
 Though prayers in vain strove to divert that crime  
 He prosecutes, yet, to protract the time,  
 She more had said, had not all language been  
 Lost in a storm of's lust; which, raging in  
 His fury, gives a fresh assault unto  
 Weak innocence: for mercy now to sue—  
 To hope—seems vain; robustious strength did bar  
 The use of language, which defensive war  
 Continuing, till the breathless maid was wrought  
 Almost beneath resistance, just heaven brought  
 This unexpected aid. A lowly swain,  
 Whose large possessions in the neighbouring plain  
 Had styled him rich, and powerful which to improve,  
 To that fair stock, his virtue added love;

220

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260

257 lowly] Orig. 'lovely,' which again is quite possible, though the words are often confounded in the very bad printing of the original.



Which, (un)to flattery since it lost its eyes,  
The world but seldom sees without disguise.

This sprightly youth, led by the parallels  
Of birth and fortune—whate'er else excels  
Those fading blessings—to Florenza, in  
His youth's fresh April, had devoted been,  
With so much zeal, that what that heedless age  
But dallied with, (like customs which engage  
Themselves to habits), ere its growth he knew,  
Love, equal with his active manhood, grew; 270  
Which noble plant, though, in the torrid zone  
Of her disdain, 't had ne'er distemper known,  
Yet oft those sad vicissitudes doth find,  
For which none truly loved that ne'er had pined.  
Which pleasing passion, though his judgement knew  
How to divert, ere reason it out-grew,  
It often from important action brought  
Him to those shades, where contemplation sought  
Calm solitude; in whose soft raptures, Love,  
Refining fancy, lifts his thoughts above 280  
Those joys, which, when by trial brought t' the test,  
Prove Thought's bright heaven dull earth, when once possest.

Whilst seated here, his eyes did celebrate,  
As to those shades Florenza oft had sat  
Beneath kind looks; to ravish that delight,  
The tired Carina, in her breathless flight  
Come near the place, assaults his wonder in  
That dreadful sound, which tells him what had been  
Her cause of fear; which doleful story's end,  
Arrived t' the danger of his dearest friend, 290  
Leaves him no time for language, ere, winged by  
Anger and love, his haste strives to outfly  
His eager thoughts. Being now arrived so near  
Unto the place, that his informing ear  
Thither directs his steps, with such a haste,  
As nimble souls, when they are first uncased,  
From bodies fly, he thither speeds; and now  
Being come, where he beheld with horror how  
His better angel injured was, disputes  
Neither with fear nor policy—they're mutes 300  
When anger's thunder roars—but swiftly draws  
His falchion, and the justice of his cause  
Argues with eager strokes, but spent in vain  
'Gainst that unequal strength, which did maintain  
The more unlawful; all his power could do,  
Is but to show the effects of love unto  
Her he adored, few strokes being spent before  
His feeble arm, of power to do no more,

261 (un)to] Altered from 'to' by Singer. I am not sure that Chamberlayne would not have risked the double trochee 'Which, tō | flattē | ry.'

Faints with the loss of blood ; and, letting fall  
The ill-managed weapon, for his death doth call, 310  
By the contempt of mercy, so to prove  
A sacrifice, slain to Florenza's love.  
The cursed steel, by the robustious hand  
Of fierce Almanzor guided, now did stand  
Fixed in his breast, whilst, with a purple flood,  
His life sails forth i' the channel of his blood.  
This remora removed, the impious deed  
No sooner was performed, but, ere the speed  
Florenza made (though to her eager flight  
Fear added wings) conveyed her from his sight, 320  
His rude hand on her seizes. Now in vain  
She lavished prayers, the groans in which her slain  
Friend breathes his soul forth, with her shrieks, did fill  
The ambient air, struck lately with the still  
Voice of harmonious music. But the ear  
Of penetrated heaven not long could hear  
Prayers breathed from so much innocence, yet send  
Them back denied ; white Mercy did attend  
Her swift delivery, when obstructing fear  
Through reason let no ray of hope appear. 330  
Startled Argalia, who was courted by  
Her pleasing voice's milder harmony  
Into restrictive slumbers, wakened at  
Their altered tone, hastes to discover what  
Had caused that change ; and soon the place attains,  
Where, in the exhausted treasure of his veins,  
Andremon wallows, and Florenza lies,  
Bathed in her tears, ready to sacrifice  
Her life with her virginity ; which sight  
Provoked a haste, such as his presence might 340  
Protect the trembling virgin ; which perceived  
By cursed Almanzor, mad to be bereaved  
O' the spoils of such a wicked victory  
As lust had then near conquered, fiercely he  
Assails the noble stranger ; who, detesting  
An act so full of villany, and resting  
On the firm justice of his cause, had made  
His guiltless sword as ready to invade  
As was the other's, that had surfeited  
In blood before. Here equal valour bred 350  
In both a doubtful hope ; Almanzor's lust  
Had fired his courage, which Argalia's just  
Attempts did strive to quench. The thirsty steel  
Had drunk some blood from both, ere fortune's wheel  
Turned to the righteous cause. That vigour which  
Through rivulets of veins spread the salt itch  
Of feverish lust before, was turned into  
A flame of anger ; whilst his hands did do

What rage doth dictate, fury doth assist  
 With flaming paroxysms, and each nerve twist 360  
 Into a double strength: yet not that flood,  
 Which in this ebullition of his blood  
 Did through the channels boil till they run o'er  
 With flaming spirits, could depress that store  
 Of manly worth, which in Argalia's breast  
 Did with a quiet even valour rest;  
 Moving as in its natural orb, unstrained  
 By any violent motion; nor yet chained  
 By lazy damps of faint mistrust, but in  
 Danger's extreme, still confident to win 370  
 A noble victory; or, i' the loss of breath,  
 If his fate frowned, to find an honoured death.

Filled with these brave resolves, until the heat  
 Of their warm fury had alarums beat  
 T' the neighbouring fields, they fought; which tumult, by  
 Such of Almanzor's followers as were nigh  
 The grove reposed, with an astonishment  
 That roused them, heard, they hasten to prevent  
 The sad effects that might this cause ensue,  
 Ere more of danger than their fear they knew. 380  
 Arrived e'en with that fatal minute, he  
 Who against justice strove for victory,  
 With such faint strokes that their descent did give  
 Nought but assurance that his foe must live  
 A happy conqueror, they usurp the power  
 Of Heaven—revenge; and, in a dreadful shower  
 Of danger, with their fury's torrent strive  
 To o'erwhelm the victor: but the foremost drive  
 Their own destruction on, and fall beneath  
 His conquering sword, ere he takes time to breathe 390  
 Those spirits, which, when near with action tired,  
 Valour breathed fresh, fast as the spent expired.

Here rash Araspes and bold Leovine,  
 Two whose descent i' the nearest collateral line  
 Unto Almanzor's stood, beholding how  
 His strength decayed must unto conquest bow  
 In spite of valour, to revenge his fate  
 With so much haste, attempt, as if too late  
 They'd come to rescue, and would now, to shun 400  
 His just reproof, by rashness strive to run  
 To death before him, finding from that sword  
 Their life's discharge; which did to him afford  
 Only those wounds, whose scars must live to be  
 The badges of eternal infamy.

But here, o'erwhelmed by an unequal strength,  
 The noble victor soon to the utmost length  
 Had life's small thread extended, if not in  
 The dawn of hope, some troops, (whose charge had been,



Whilst the active gentry did attend the court,  
 To free the country from the feared resort 410  
 Of wild bandits), these, being directed by  
 Such frightened rurals as employment nigh  
 The grove had led, arriving at that time  
 When his slain foes made the mistaken crime  
 Appear Argalia's, soon by power allay  
 That fatal storm; which done, (a full survey  
 Of them that death freed from distress being took),  
 Them, through whose wounds Life had not yet forsook  
 Her throne, they view; 'mongst whom, through the disguise  
 Of's blood, Almanzor, whose high power they prize 420  
 More than discovered innocence, being found,  
 As Justice had by close decree been bound  
 'To espouse his quarrels; whilst his friends convey  
 Him safely thence, those ponderous crimes they lay  
 Unto Argalia's charge, whose just defence  
 Pleads but in vain for injured innocence.

Now, near departing, whilst his helpful friends  
 Bore off Almanzor, where he long attends  
 The cure of's wounds, though they less torment bred 430  
 Than to behold how his lost honour bled;  
 The sad Florenza comes to take her last  
 Leave of her lost Andremon, ere she past  
 That sad stage o'er. To his cold clammy lips  
 Joining her balmy twins, she from them sips  
 So much of death's oppressing dews, that, by  
 That touch revived, his soul, though winged to fly  
 Her ruined seat, takes time enough to breathe  
 These sad notes forth:—'Farewell, my dear, beneath  
 The ponderous burthen of mortality  
 My fainting spirits sink. Oh! mayest thou be 440  
 Blest in a happier love; all that I crave  
 Is, that my now departing soul may have  
 Thy virgin prayers for her companions, through  
 Those gloomy vaults, which she must pass, unto  
 Eternal shades. Had fate assigned my stay,  
 Till we'd together gone, the horrid way  
 Had then been made delightful; but I must  
 Depart without thee, and convert to dust,  
 Whilst thou art flesh and blood: I in a cold  
 Dark urn must lie, whilst a warm groom doth hold 450  
 Thee in thy nuptial bed; yet there I shall—  
 If fled souls know what doth on earth befall,—  
 Mourn for thy loss, and to eternity  
 Wander alone. The various world shall be  
 Refined in flames; Time shall afford no place  
 For vanity, ere I again embrace  
 Society with flesh; which, ere that, must  
 Change to a thousand forms her varied dust.

What we shall be, or whither we shall go,  
 When gone from hence—whe'er unto flames below, 460  
 Or joys above—or whe'er in death we may  
 Know our departed friends, or tell which way  
 They went before us—these, oh! these are things  
 That pass our divinity. Sceptred kings,  
 And subjects die alike, nor can we tell,  
 Which doth in joy, or which in torments dwell.  
 Oh, sad, sad ignorance! Heaven guide me right,  
 Or I shall wander in eternal night,  
 To whose dark shades my dim eyes sink apace.  
 Farewell, Florenza! when both time and place 470  
 My separated soul hath left, to be  
 A stranger masked in immortality,  
 Think on thy murdered friend; we now must part  
 Eternally! the cordage of my heart  
 That last sigh broke.' With that the breath, that long  
 Had hovered in his breast, flew with a strong  
 Groan from that mortal mansion; which beheld  
 By such of's friends whom courtesy compelled  
 To that sad charge, the bloodless body they  
 With sad slow steps to's father's home convey. 480

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

### Canto III

#### THE ARGUMENT

The brave Argalia, who designed to raise  
 Through all approaching ills his weighty fate,  
 In smooth compliance that harsh guard obeys,  
 Who towards his death did prosecute their hate:  
 To death, which here unluckily had stained  
 Maugre his friends, the ill-directed sword  
 Of justice, had not secret love obtained  
 More mercy than the strict laws dare afford.

Low in a fruitful pasture, where his flocks  
 Cloud with their breath those plains, whose leafy locks  
 Could hardly shadow them—those meadows need  
 No shearing—where in untold droves did feed  
 His bellowing herds, of which enough did come  
 Each day to's yoke to serve a hecatomb,  
 Lay old Andremon's country farm: in which,  
 Happy till now, being made by fortune rich,  
 And goodness honest; from domestic strife  
 Still calm and free; the upper robes of life, 10

466 in joy] Altered by Singer from 'enjoy,' plausibly, but perhaps idly.

Till withered, he had worn; to ease whose sad  
And sullen cares less bounteous nature had  
Lent him no numerous issue—all he'd won  
By prayer, confined unto his murdered son,  
The blasted blossom of whose tender age,  
When blooming first, taught hope how to presage  
Those future virtues, which, interpreted  
By action, had such fruitful branches spread,  
That all indulgent parents wished to be  
Immortalized in blest posterity,  
Had seen in him; who, innocently good,  
Still let his heart by's tongue be understood,  
In such a sacred dialect, that all  
Which verged within deliberate thought did fall,  
Towards heaven was graced, and in descent did prove  
To's parents duty, and to's neighbours love.

20

This hopeful youth, their age's chief support,  
Whose absence, though by's own desires made short,  
Their love thought tedious, having now expired  
His usual hours, the aged couple tired  
With expectation, to anticipate

30

His slow appearance, to their mansion's gate  
Were softly walked, where coolly shadowed by  
An elm, which, planted at his birth, did vie  
Age with his lord; whilst their desires pursue  
Its first design, they with some pleasure view  
Their busy servants, whose industrious pain  
Sweats out diseases in pursuit of gain.  
All which, although the chiefest pleasure that  
Their thoughts contain—whose best are busied at  
The mart o' the world, such small diversion lent  
The aged pair, that his kind mother, spent  
With a too long protracted hope, had let  
E'en that expire, had not his father set  
Props to that weakness, and, that mutual fear  
Which filled their breasts, let his sound judgement clear,  
By the proposing accidents that might,  
Untouched, detain their darling from their sight.

40

But many minutes had not left their seals  
On the records of time, ere truth reveals  
Her horrid secrets.—A confused noise  
First strikes their ears, which suddenly destroys  
Its own imperfect embryocs, to transfer  
Its object to that nearer messenger  
O' the soul—the eyes, whose beamy scouts convey  
A trembling fear into their souls, whilst they,  
That bore their murdered son, arrived to tell  
Their doleful message; which so fierce storm fell

50

33 Were] Singer, officiously, 'Had.'



Not long in those remoter drops, before,  
 Swelled to a deluge, the swift torrent bore  
 The bays of reason down, and in one flood  
 Drowned all their hopes. When purpled in his blood,  
 Yet pale with death—untimely death, she saw  
 Her hopeful son, grief violates the law  
 Of slower nature, and his mother's tears  
 In death congeals to marble: her swoln fears,  
 Grown for her sex a burthen far too great,  
 Had only left death for her dark retreat.

60

Although from grief's so violent effects,  
 Reason, conjoined with manly strength, protects  
 His wretched father, at that stroke his limbs  
 Slack their unwieldy nerves, faint sorrow dims  
 His eyes more than his age, his hands bereft  
 His hoary head of all that time had left  
 Unplucked before; nor had the expecting grave  
 Gaped longer for him, if they then had gave  
 His passion freedom—his own guilty hand  
 Had broke the glass, and shook that little sand  
 That yet remained into thin air, that so,  
 Unclogged with earth, his tortured ghost might go  
 Beyond that orb of atoms that attend  
 Mortality; and at that journey's end  
 Meet theirs, soon as swift Destiny enrolls  
 Those new-come guests within the sphere of souls.  
 By these sad symptoms of infectious grief,  
 Those best of friends that came for the relief  
 Of sorrow's captives, being by that surprised  
 They hoped to conquer, sadly sympathized  
 With him in woe, till the epidemic ill,  
 Stifling each voice, drest sorrow in a still  
 And dismal silence: in which sad aspect,  
 None needing robes or cypress to detect  
 A funeral march, each dolefully attends,  
 To death's dark mansion, their lamented friends.  
 Where, having now the earthy curtain drawn  
 O'er their cold bed, till doomsday's fatal dawn  
 Rally their dust, they leave them; and retire  
 To sorrow, which can ne'er hope to expire  
 In just revenge, since kept by fear in awe—  
 Where power offends, the poor scarce hope for law.

70

80

90

100

By sad example to confirm this truth—  
 From innocent and early hopes of youth  
 Led toward destruction, let's return to see  
 That noble stranger, whose captivity,  
 Like an unlucky accident, depends  
 On this sad subject. By the angry friends  
 Of those accused, which in that fatal strife  
 To death resigned the charter of their life,

He's brought unto the princess' palace ; where  
That age, (whose customs knew not how to bear  
Such sails as these have filled with pride), was placed  
The seat of justice ; whose stern sword defaced  
Not Pleasure's smoothest front, since now 'twas by  
Her fair hand guided, whose commanding eye,  
If armed with anger, seemed more dreadful then  
The harshest law e'er made by wrathful men.

110

Here, strictly guarded, till the important crime,  
Which urged her to anticipate the time  
By custom known, had called her forth to that  
Unwilling office, still unstartled at  
The frowns of danger, did Argalia lie  
An injured captive ; till, commanded by  
The stern reformers of offended law,  
He hastes t' the bar ; where come, though death ne'er saw  
A brow more calm, or breast more confident,  
To meet his darts, yet since the innocent  
Are stained with guilt, when, in contempt of fate,  
They silent fall, he means to meet their hate  
With all that each beholder could expect  
From dying valour, when it had to protect  
An envied stranger, left no more defence  
But what their hate obscures—his innocence.

120

130

The clamorous friends of Aphron, backed by those  
Which knew his death the only mean to close  
Almanzor's bleeding honour, to the fair  
And pitiful Pharonnida repair,  
With cries of vengeance ; whose unwelcome sound  
She by her father's strict command was bound  
To hear, since that those rivulets of law,  
Which from the sea of regal power did draw  
Their several streams, all flowed to her, and in  
That crystal fountain, pure as they had been  
From heaven dispensed ere just Astræa fled  
The earth, remained ; yet such aversion bred  
In her soft soul, that to these causes, where  
The law sought blood, slowly as those that bear  
The weight of guilt, she came ; whose dark text she  
Still comments on with noble charity.

140

High mounted on an ebon throne, in which  
The embellished silver shewed so sadly rich,  
As if its varied form strove to delight  
Those solemn souls which death's pale fear did fright,  
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,  
Between two sterner ministers of fate,  
Impartial judges, whose distinguished tasks  
Their varied habit to the view unmasks.

150

133 Aphron] Mistake for 'Andremon.'

149 in] Singer alters to 'on.'

One, in whose looks, as pity strove to draw  
 Compassion in the tablets of the law,  
 Some softness dwelt, in a majestic vest  
 Of state-like red was clothed; the other, dressed 160  
 In dismal black, whose terrible aspect  
 Declared his office, served but to detect  
 Her slow consent, if, when the first forsook  
 The cause, the law so far as death did look.

Silence proclaimed, a harsh command calls forth  
 The undaunted prisoner, whose excelling worth,  
 In this low ebb of fortune, did appear  
 Such as we fancy virtues that come near  
 The excellence of angels—fear had not  
 Rifled one drop of blood, nor rage begot 170  
 More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state  
 Throned in the medium, constant virtue, sat,  
 Not slighting, with the impious atheists, that  
 Loud storm of danger, but, safe anchored at  
 Religious hope, being firmly confident  
 Heaven would relieve whom earth knew innocent.

All thus prepared, he hears his wrongful charge  
 (Envy disguising injured truth) at large,  
 Before the people, in such language read,  
 As checked their hopes in whom his worth had bred 180  
 Some seeds of pity; and to those, whose hate  
 Pursued him to this precipice of fate,  
 Dead Aphron's friends, such an advantage gave,  
 That Providence appeared too weak to save  
 One so assaulted: yet, though now depressed  
 E'en in opinion, which oft proves the best  
 Support to those whose public virtues we  
 Adore before their private guilt we see,  
 His noble soul still wings itself above  
 Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous dove, 190  
 The world's first pilot for discovery sent,  
 When all the floods that bound the firmament  
 O'erwhelmed the earth, Conscience' calm joys to increase,  
 Returns, fraught with the olive branch of peace.

Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear  
 E'er awed the guilty with, he doth appear  
 The court's just wonder in the brave defence  
 Of what, (though power, armed with the strong pretence  
 Of right, opposed), so prevalent had been,  
 T' have cleared him; if, when near triumphing in 200  
 Victorious truth, to cloud that glorious sun,  
 Some faithless swains, by large rewards being won

162 detect] For the sake of rhyme, no doubt. It can just be interpreted as = 'remove the concealment from,' 'extract.'

183 Aphron] Mistake as before.



To spot their souls, had not, corrupted by  
His foes, been brought, falsely to justify  
Their accusations. Which beheld by him,  
Whose knowledge now did hope's clear optics dim,  
He ceased to plead; justly despairing then,  
That innocence 'mongst mortals rested, when  
Banished her own abode; so thinks it vain  
To let truth's naked arms strive to maintain  
The field 'gainst his more powerful foes. Not all  
His virtues now protect him, he must fall  
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate  
No other crime but their envenomed hate.  
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes  
The fatal sentence—whilst the accuser reads  
His charge, possessed the pitying court, in which  
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich  
In mercy, Heaven's supreme prerogative,  
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive  
So long, till what at first assaulted in  
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been  
For pity cherished, that at length her eyes  
Found there those spirits that did sympathize  
With those that warmed her blood, and, unseen, move  
That engine of the world, mysterious love,  
The way that fate predestinated, when  
'Twas first infused i' the embryo; it being then  
That which espoused the active form unto  
Matter, and from that passive being drew  
Divine ideas; which, subsisting in  
Harmonious Nature's highest sphere, do win,  
In the perfection of our age, a more  
Expansive power; and, nature's common store  
Still to preserve, unites affections by  
The mingled atoms of the serious eye.

Whilst Nature's priest, the cause of each effect,  
Miscalled disease, endeavours to detect

Its unacquainted operations in  
The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been  
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now  
A stranger is to what she doth allow  
Such easy entrance—by those rays that fall  
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal  
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,  
E'en in the grasp of death, his functions melt  
To flames, which on his heart an onset make  
For sadness, such as weaker mortals take  
Eternal farewells in. Yet in this high  
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,  
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet  
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding-sheet.

That fatal doom, which unto heaven affords  
 The sole appeal, one of the assisting lords  
 Had now pronounced, whose horrid thunder could  
 Not strike his laurelled brow ; that voice, which would  
 Have petrified a timorous soul, he hears  
 With calm attention. No disordered fears  
 Ruffled his fancy, nor domestic war  
 Raged in his breast ; his every look, so far 260  
 From vulgar passions, that unless amazed  
 At Beauty's majesty, he sometimes gazed  
 Wildly on that as emblems of more great  
 Glories than earth afforded, from the seat  
 Of resolution his fixed soul had not  
 Been stirred to passion, which had now begot  
 Wonder, not fear, within him. No harsh frown  
 Contracts his brow, nor did his thoughts pull down  
 One fainting spirit, wrapt in smothered groans,  
 To clog his heart. From her most eminent thrones 270  
 Of sense, the eyes, the lightning of his soul  
 Flew with such vigour forth, it did control  
 All weaker passions, and at once include  
 With Roman valour Christian fortitude.

Pharonnida, from whom the rigid law  
 Extorts his fate, being now enforced to draw  
 The longest line she e'er could hope to move  
 Over his face, that beauteous sphere of love,  
 Unto its great'st obliquity, she leaves  
 Him, in his winter solstice, and bereaves 280  
 Love's hemisphere of light, not heat ; yet, oft  
 Retreating, wished those stars, fate placed aloft  
 In the first magnitude of honour, might  
 Prove retrograde ; so their contracted light  
 Might unto him part of their influence  
 In life bestow, passion would fain dispense  
 So far with reason, to recal again  
 The sentence she had past : but hope in vain  
 Those false suggestions moves. His jailors are  
 The undaunted prisoner hurrying from the bar, 290  
 His fair judge rising, the corrupted court  
 Upon removing, all the ruder sort  
 Of hearers rushing out, when, through the throng,  
 Kind Ariamnes (being detained so long  
 By strict employment) comes ; at whose request  
 The court their seats resuming, he address  
 Himself t' the princess in a language that,  
 (Whilst all Argalia's foes were storming at),  
 E'en on her justice so prevails, that he  
 Reprieved till all hope could produce, to free 300

<sup>257</sup> petrified] Orig. 'putrefied,' which I shall not say that Chamberlayne *could* not have meant.

<sup>291</sup> corrupted] Apparently in the derivative sense of 'broken up.'

Her love's new care, might be examined by  
His active friend; who now, being seated nigh  
Pharonnida, whilst all attentive sate,  
The stranger's story doth at large relate.

Pleased at this full relation, near as much  
As grieved to see those jewels placed in such  
A coarse cheap metal, which could never hold  
The least proportion with her regal gold,  
Pharonnida had now removed, if not  
Thus once more stayed:—The rumour, first begot  
From this sad truth, had, with the common haste  
Of ill, arrived where his disease had placed  
Aphron, whose ears, assaulted now with words  
Of more infection than that plague, affords  
Room for the stronger passion: though offended,  
To leave a hold it had at first intended  
To keep till ruined, the imprisoned blood,  
And spirits are unfettered, by that flood  
To wash usurping grief from off that part  
Where most she reigned; but they, drawn near the heart, 310  
And finding enemies too strong to be  
Encountered, mix in their society;  
Which, thus supplied with auxiliaries, in  
Contempt of weakness, (when he long had been  
Languishing, underneath a tedious load  
Of sickness), sends him from his safe abode,  
'Mongst dangers which in death's black shape attend  
His bold design, to seek his honoured friend.

Come on the spur of passion to the court,  
A flux of spirits from all parts resort 330  
To prompt his anger, which abruptly broke  
Forth in this language:—'Do not, sirs, provoke  
A foreign power thus far—I speak to you  
That have condemned this stranger—as to do  
An act so opposite to all the law  
Of nations,—here within your realm to draw  
Blood that's near and allied unto the best  
Of an adjacent state. If this request  
Of mine too full of insolence appear,  
We are spirits nobly born, and we are near 340  
Enough to have't, whatever crime's the cause  
Of this harsh sentence, tried by our own laws.'—

This bold opposer of stern justice (here  
Pausing to see what clouds there did appear

313 Aphron] The real Aphron.

315 offended] Another *exemplary* note may call attention to this characteristic instance of Chamberlayne's syntax. 'Offended' and 'it' can only refer to 'disease,' or 'plague,' though they have not the least grammatical connexion therewith or with anything else. For though grammar permits junction with 'the imprisoned blood,' sense forbids.

337 near] Singer alters to 'so near,' without any need.



In that fair heaven, whose influence only now  
 Could light to's friend's declining stars allow),  
 To free the troubled court, which struggled in  
 A strange dilemma, had commanded been  
 To a more large discovery, if not by  
 His pitying friend discharged in a reply,  
 Doubting how far irregular boldness had  
 Provoked just wrath. Argalia thus unclad  
 Amazement's dark disguise:—'To you that awe  
 This court' (with that kneels to Pharonnida)  
 'I now for mercy flee, that scorn to run  
 From my own doom, so I might have begun  
 The doubtful task alone; but here to leave  
 My friend, from whom your justice did receive  
 This bold affront, in danger, is a crime  
 That not approaching death, which all my time  
 Too little for repentance calls, can be  
 A just excuse for; let me then set free  
 His person with your doubts, and joined to those  
 What both their varied stories may compose.—

350

360

'For what this noble lord, whose goodness we  
 First found in needful hospitality,  
 From him hath differed in, impute it not  
 To either's error; both reports begot  
 From such mistakes, as nature made to be  
 The careful issues of necessity:  
 That fatal difference, whose vestigia stood,  
 When we Epirus left, fresh filled with blood,  
 By league so lately with Calabria made,  
 Being composed, that fame did not invade  
 Our ears with the report, till we had been  
 By a disguise secured; which, shaded in,  
 Whilst fearing danger, we ne'er thought to leave  
 Till safe at home. Thus, what did first deceive  
 Kind Aminander, you have heard; and now,  
 Without the stain of boasting, must allow  
 Me leave to tell you, that we there have friends,  
 On whom the burthen of a state depends.'

370

380

When, to the court's just wonder, thus far he,  
 With such unshaken confidence as we  
 Pray on the expanded wings of faith, displayed  
 His soul's integrity, the royal maid,  
 Whom a repented destiny had made  
 His pitying judge, endeavouring to evade  
 That doom's harsh rigour, grants him a reprieve,  
 Till thrice the sun, returning to relieve

390

352 wrath] I have tried various punctuations for this passage, but it defies all. The sense is clear enough, however. 379 Aminander] i. e. Ariamnes. 383 court's] Orig. 'court,' not quite impossibly.

Night's drooping sentinels, had circled in  
 So many days. In which short time, to win  
 The fair advantage of discovering truth,  
 Old Aminander, active as fresh youth  
 In all attempts of charity, to know  
 From what black spring those troubled streams did flow,  
 Hastes toward Andremon's; whilst Pharonnida,  
 Active as he toward all whence she might draw  
 A consequence of hope, lays speedy hold  
 On this design:—Commissioned to unfold  
 Their master's love toward her, there long had been  
 Ambassadors from the Epirot in  
 Her father's court; whose message, though it might  
 Wear love's pure robes, yet, in her reason's light,  
 Seems so much stained with policy, that all  
 Those blessings, which the wise foresaw to fall  
 As influence from that conjunction, she  
 Opposes as her stars' malignity.

400

Proud of this new command, with such a haste  
 As those that fear more slow delays may waste  
 Their precious time, the ambassadors attain  
 The princess' court; where come, though hoped in vain,  
 Only expect a speedy audience; they,  
 That frustrated, are soon taught to betray  
 More powerful passions:—the first glance o' the eye  
 They on the prisoners cast, kind sympathy  
 Proclaimed,—love gave no leave for time to rust  
 Their memories—both the old lords durst trust  
 Eyes dimmed with tears, whilst their embraces give  
 A sad assurance there did only live  
 Their last and best of comforts. Which beheld  
 By those from whom kind pity had expelled  
 All thoughts of the vindictive law, they strive  
 By all the power of rhetoric to drive  
 Those sad storms over; which good office done,  
 They each inform the prince, which was the son  
 Of nature, which adoption; withal tell how,  
 By their persuasions moved, they did allow  
 Them time to travel, which disasters had  
 So long protracted; for some years, with sad  
 And doubtful hopes, they had in vain expected  
 Their wished return, but that their stars directed  
 Their course so ill, as now near home to be  
 O'ertaken with so sad a destiny.—  
 Since such a sorrow could be cured by none,  
 They sadly crave the time to mourn alone.

410

420

430

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

398 draw] In this rhyme, which is common, it is more likely that 'draw' was pronounced 'dra' than that 'Pharonnida' became 'Pharonnidaw.'

412 hoped] Orig. 'hope.'

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

At length the veil from the deluded law,  
 With active care by Aminander took,  
 The startled court in their own error saw  
 How lovely truth did in Argalia look.

The story of our youth discovered, he,  
 His merits yet in higher pitch to raise,  
 Morea's prince doth from a danger free,  
 Which unto death his noblest lords betrays.

THAT last sad night, the rigid law did give  
 The late reprieved Argalia leave to live,  
 Was now, wrapt in her own obscurity,  
 Stolen from the stage of time, when light, got free  
 From his nocturnal prison, summons all  
 Almanzor's friends to see the longed-for fall  
 Of the envied stranger; whose last hour was now  
 So near arrived, faint hope could not allow  
 So much of comfort to his powerful'st friend  
 As told her fears—she longer might suspend  
 His fatal doom. Mournful attendants on  
 That serene sufferer, all his friends are gone  
 Unto the sable scaffold that's ordained,  
 By the decree of justice, to be stained  
 With guiltless blood; all sunk in grief—but she,  
 Who by inevitable destiny  
 Doomed him to death, most deep. Dull sorrow reigns  
 In her triumphant; sad and alone remains  
 She in a room, whose window's prospect led  
 Her eye to the scaffold, whither, from the bed  
 Where sorrow first had cast her, she did oft  
 Repair to see him; but her passion's soft  
 Temper, soon melting into tears, denies  
 Her soul a passage through o'erflowing eyes.  
 Often she would in vain expostulate  
 With those two subtle sophisters that sate  
 Clothed in the robes of fancy, but they still  
 O'erthrow her weaker arguments, and fill  
 Her breast with love and wonder; passion gave  
 Such fierce assaults, no virgin vow could save  
 Her heart's surrender—she must love and lose  
 In one sad hour; thus grief doth oft infuse  
 Those bitter pills, where hidden poisons dwell,  
 In the smooth pleasures of sweet oxymel.

Argalia's friends, that did this minute use  
 As if the last of mortal interviews,

28 o'erthrow] Orig. 'o'erthrew.'



Had now reversed their eyes, expecting nought  
But that stroke's fall, whose fatal speed had brought  
Him to eternal rest; when by a loud  
And busy tumult, as if death, grown proud,  
Expected triumphs, to divert their sight,  
They from the scaffold's lofty station might,  
Within the reach of an exalted voice,  
Behold a troop, who (as the leader's choice,  
Confined to strait necessity, had there  
Enrolled all comers, if of strength to bear  
Offensive arms) did first appear to be  
Some tumult drest in the variety  
Of sudden rage: for here come headlong in  
A herd of clowns, armed as they then had been  
From labour called; near them, well ordered ride  
(As greatness strove no longer to divide  
Societies) some youths, brave as they had  
Been in the spoils of conquered nations clad.

40

50

This sudden object, first obstructing all  
Their court's proceedings, prompts their doubts to call  
Their absent prince; who, being too wise for fear's  
Uncertain fictions, with such speed appears  
As checks the tumult; when, to tell them who  
Had from their homes the frightened people drew,  
I' the van of a well-ordered troop rides forth  
Loved Aminander, whose unquestioned worth,  
That strong attractive of the people's love,  
Expunged suspicion: whilst his troops did move  
With a commanded slowness to inform  
The expecting prince, from whence this sudden storm  
Contracted clouds, he to his view presents  
Andremon's friends; whose looks—the sad contents  
Of sorrow, with a silent oratory  
Beg pity, whilst he thus relates their story.—

60

70

'That we, great prince, we, whom a loyal fear  
To strict obedience prompts, dare thus appear  
Before your sacred person, were a sin  
Mercy would blush to own, had we not been  
Forced to offensive arms, by such a cause  
As tore the sceptre-regulated laws  
Forth of your royal hand, to vindicate  
This suffering stranger, whom a subtle hate,  
Not solemn law, pursued. I here have brought  
Such witnesses as have their knowledge bought  
At the expense of all their joy, whom I  
Found so confined, as if their misery  
Were in their houses sepulchred; a sad  
And general sorrow in one dress had clad  
So many, that their only sight did prove—  
Lost virtue caused such universal love.

80

To free this noble youth, whose valour lent  
 A late protection to this innocent  
 But injured maid, they, unconstrained, had here  
 Implored your aid, had not too just a fear, 90  
 Caused from some troops, raised by a wronged pretence  
 Of your commands, checked their intelligence,  
 With such illegal violence that I  
 Had shared their sufferings, if not rescued by  
 These following friends, whose rude conjunction shows  
 It was no studied plot did first compose  
 So loose a body. But, lest it appear  
 In me like envy, should I strive to clear  
 This doubtful story, here are those, (with that  
 Calls forth Andremon's friends), instructed at 100  
 The dearest price, which, by discovering truth,  
 Will not alone rescue this noble youth  
 From falling ruin—but, lest he retreat  
 Into rebellion, force before this seat  
 A man, whose power the people thought had been  
 To punish vice, not propagate a sin.'

Having thus far past toward discovery, here  
 The grave lord ceased: and, that truth might appear  
 From its first fair original, to her  
 Whose virtue, Heaven's affected messenger, 110  
 Commands attention, the more horrid part  
 Of his relation leaves. And here, vain Art,  
 Look on and envy, to behold how far  
 Thy strict rules (which our youth's afflictions are)  
 Nature transcends, in a discourse which she,  
 With all the flowers of virgin modesty,  
 Not weeds of rhetoric, strewed; to hear her miss,  
 Or put a blush for a parenthesis,  
 In the relating that uncivil strife,  
 Which her sad subject was—so near the life 120  
 Limns lovely virtue, that, that copy whence  
 Art took those graces, she doth since dispense  
 T' the best of women. Fair Pharonnida,  
 Taught by that sympathy, which first did draw  
 Those lovely transcripts of herself, although  
 Varied as much as humble flowers, that grow  
 Dispersed in shady deserts, are from those  
 That nice art in enamelled gardens shows;  
 Yet, like bright planets which communicate  
 To earth their influence, from exalted state 130  
 She now descends to cherish virtue in  
 Those lovely nymphs, whose beauties, though they'd been  
 Yet in the country clouded from report,  
 Soon grow the praise or envy of the court.

Emboldened by that gracious favour shown  
 To these fair nymphs, to prosecute their own

Most just complaints, Andremon's wretched friends,  
 With prayers perceive that mercy which descends,  
 O'er all their sufferings, on the expanded wings  
 Of noble pity; whose fair hand first brings 140  
 Argalia from the sable scaffold, to  
 Meet those rewards to his high merits due,  
 Not only in what death's dark progress stays,  
 But life's best joy—an universal praise  
 Acquired from just desert. Next she applies  
 Herself to those poor burthened souls, whose eyes  
 Look e'en on comforts through their tears, the dead  
 Andremon's mourners; whose lost joy, though fled  
 For ever from those wintring regions, yet  
 As much received as sorrow would permit 150  
 Souls so opprest; the splendid court they leave  
 With thankful prayers. And now called to receive  
 His sin's reward Almanzor is, whose shame,  
 Its black attendant, when b' his hated name  
 He'd oft been summoned, prompts him to deny  
 That legal call; which being an act too high  
 For a depending power to patronise,  
 To shun feared justice' public doom, he flies  
 His prince's mandates, an affront that sent  
 Him to's desert—perpetual banishment. 160

This comet lost in clouds of infamy,  
 The court, which had too long been burthened by  
 His injured power, with praises entertain  
 Impartial justice; whilst to call again  
 Those pleasures which had in this interval  
 Of law been lost, the prince, convening all  
 That shared those sufferings, as the centre whence  
 Joy spread itself t' the court's circumference,  
 Crowns all their wishes, which, by that bright star  
 In honour's sphere—the auspicious princess, are 170  
 Exalted to their highest orbs. Her love  
 Unto Argalia, though it yet must move  
 As an unnoted constellation, here  
 Begins its era, which, that 't might appear  
 Without suspicion, she disguises in  
 The public joy. Which, 'mongst those that had been  
 His serious mourners, to participate,  
 That kind Epirot, who first taught his fate  
 The way to glory, comes; to whom he now  
 Was on those knees merit had taught to bow, 180  
 With as much humble reverence as if all  
 The weights of nature made those burthens fall  
 A sacrifice to love, fixed to implore  
 Its constant progress, but he needs no more

178 Epirot] Observe the jumble with 'Calabrian,' l. 189.



For confirmation, since his friend could move  
But the like joy, where nature taught to love.

Passion's encounter, which too high to last,  
Into a calm of thankful prayers being past,  
The prince from the Calabrian seeks to know  
By what collateral streams he came to owe  
Such love unto a stranger—one that stood  
Removed from him i' the magnetism of blood ;  
Whom thus the lord resolves:—'When blooming in  
The pride of youth, whose varied scenes did win  
Time on the morning of my days, a while,  
To taste the pleasures of a summer's smile,  
I left the court's tumultuous noise and spent  
Some happy time blest with retired content,  
In the calm country, where Art's curious hand,  
As centre to a spacious round of land,  
Had placed a palace, in whose lovely dress,  
The city might admire the wilderness ;  
Yet, though that ill civility was in  
Her marble circle, Nature's hand had been  
As liberal to the neighbouring fields, and deckt  
Each rural nymph as gaudy, till neglect  
Or slovenly necessity had drawn  
Her canvass furrows o'er their vales of lawn.

190

200

'Near this fair seat, fringed with an ancient wood,  
A fertile valley lay, where scattered stood  
Some homely cottages, the happy seats  
Of labouring swains, whose careful toil completes  
Their wishes in obtaining so much wealth  
To conquer dire necessity ; firm health,  
Calm thoughts, sound sleeps, unstarted innocence,  
Softened their beds, and, when roused up from thence,  
Suppled their limbs for labour. Amongst these,  
My loved Argalia, (for till fate shall please  
His dim stars to uncurtain, and salute  
His better fortune with each attribute  
Due to a nobler birth, his name must be  
Contracted into that stenography)  
Life's scenes began, amongst his fellows that  
There first drew breath, being true heirs to what,  
Whilst all his stars were retrograde and dim,  
Unlucky fortune but adopted him.

210

220

'Whilst there residing, I had oft beheld  
The active boy, whose childhood's bud excelled  
More full-blown youths, gleaning the scattered locks  
Of new-shorn fields amongst the half-clad flocks  
Of their unripe but healthful issue ; by  
Which labour tired, sometimes I see them try  
The strength of their scarce twisted limbs, and run  
A short breathed course ; whose swift contention done,

230

And he (as in each other active sport)  
 With victory crowned, they make their next resort  
 T' the spring's cheap bounties ; but what did of all  
 His first attempts give the most powerful call  
 Both to my love and wonder was, what chanced  
 From one rare act :—The morning had advanced 240  
 Her tempting beauties to assure success  
 To these young huntsmen, who, with labour less  
 Made by the pleasure of their journey, had  
 The forest reached, where, with their limbs unclad  
 For the pursuit, they follow beasts that might  
 Abroad be recreation, and, when night  
 Summoned them home, the welcomest supply  
 Both to their own and parents' quality.  
 An angry boar, chafed with a morning's chase,  
 And now near spent, was come so near the place, 250  
 Where, though secured, on the stupendous height  
 Of a vast rock they stood, that now no flight  
 Could promise safety ; that wild rage, which sent  
 Him from the dogs, his following foes, is spent  
 In the pursuit of them ; which, to my grief,  
 Had suffered ere we could have lent relief,  
 Had not Argalia, e'en when danger drew  
 So near as death, turned on the beast, and threw  
 His happy javelin ; whose well-guided aim,  
 Although success it knew not how to claim 260  
 From strength, yet is so much assisted by  
 Fortune, that, what before had scorned to die  
 By all our power when contending in  
 Nice art, the honour of that day to win  
 To him alone, falls by that feeble stroke  
 From all his speed ; which seen, he, to provoke  
 His hastier death, seconds those wounds which in  
 Their safety are by those with terror seen,  
 That had escaped the danger, and e'en by  
 Us that pursued with such amaze, that I, 270  
 Who had before observed those rays of worth  
 Obscured in clouds, here let my love break forth  
 In useful action, such as from that low  
 Condition brought him where I might bestow  
 On him what art required, to perfect that  
 Rare piece of nature which we wondered at.  
 From those whom I, 'mongst others, thought to be  
 Such whose affection the proximity  
 Of nature claimed, with a regret that showed  
 Their poverty unwillingly bestowed 280

238 give the most powerful call] This is Singer's mending of the orig. repetition  
 'did give the powerful call.'

280 bestowed] This bewildering Chamberlaynean construction seems = 'Of those from  
 whom I, *thinking them* to be, &c., had procured.' But in this as in hundreds of future

So loved a jewel, had procured the youth—  
 His foster father, loath to waive a truth  
 That in the progress of his fate might be  
 Of high account, discovers unto me  
 The world's mistake concerning him, and thus  
 Relates his story:—"He was brought to us,  
 (Quoth the good man) some ten years since, by two  
 Who (could men be discovered to the view  
 Of knowledge by their habits) seemed but such  
 As Fortune's narrow hand had gave not much 290  
 More than necessity requires to be  
 Enjoyed of every man, whom life makes free  
 Of Nature's city; though their bounty showed  
 To our dim judgements, that they only owed  
 Mischance for those coarse habits, which disguised  
 What once the world at higher rates had prized.  
 I' the worst extreme of time, about the birth  
 O' the sluggish morning, when the crusted earth  
 Was tinselled o'er with frost, and each sprig clad  
 With winter's wool, I, whom cross Fortune had 300  
 Destined to early labours, being abroad,  
 Met two benighted men, far from the road,  
 Wandering alone; no skilful guide their way  
 Directing in that infancy of day,  
 But the faint beams of glimmering candles, that  
 Shone from our lowly cottage windows, at  
 Which marks they steered their course: one of them bore  
 This boy, an infant then, which knew no more  
 Than Nature's untrod paths. These, having spied  
 Me through the morning's mists, glad of a guide, 310  
 Though to a place whose superficial view  
 Lent small hopes of relief, went with me to  
 Mine own poor home; where, with such coarse cheap fare  
 As must content us that but eat to bear  
 The burthens of a life, refreshed, they take  
 A short repose; then, being to forsake  
 Their new-found host, desire with us to leave  
 The child, till time should some few days bereave  
 Of the habiliments of light. We stood  
 Not long to parl, but, willing to do good 320  
 To strangers so distressed, were never by  
 Our poverty once tempted to deny.  
 My wife, being then a nurse, upon her takes  
 The pretty charge, and with our own son makes  
 Him fellow-commoner at the full breast,  
 And partner of the cradle's quiet rest.  
 Now to depart, one that did seem to have  
 The near'st relation to the infant gave

instances the reader must take his own choice of several doubtfully possible interpretations.



Him first this jewel, (at which word they showed  
 One which upon Argalia was bestowed 330  
 By those that left him), then, that we might be  
 Not straitened by our former poverty,  
 Leaves us some gold, by which we since have been  
 Enabled to maintain him, though not in  
 That equipage, which we presume unto  
 His birth (although to us unknown) is due.  
 This done, with eyes that lost their light in tears,  
 They take their leaves; since when, those days to years  
 Are grown, in which we did again expect  
 They should return; but whether't be neglect 340  
 Or else impossibility detain  
 Them from his sight, our care hath sought in vain."  
 'Having thus plainly heard as much as Fate  
 Had yet of him discovered, I, that late  
 Desired him for his own, now for the sake  
 Of 's friends, (whate'er they were), resolved to take  
 Him from that barren rudeness, and transplant  
 So choice a slip where he might know no want  
 Of education; with some labour, I  
 Having obtained him, till virility 350  
 Rendered him fit for nobler action, stayed  
 Him always with me, when my love obeyed  
 His reason; and then, in the quest of what  
 Confined domestics do but stumble at—  
 Exotic knowledge, with this noble youth,  
 To whom his love grew linked, like spotless truth  
 To perfect virtue,—sent him to pursue  
 His wished design, from whence this interview  
 First took its fatal rise:—And here the lord,  
 That a more full discovery might afford 360  
 Them yet more wonder, shows the jewel to  
 Sparta's pleased prince; at whose most serious view  
 The skilfullest lapidaries, judging it,  
 Both for its worth and beauty, only fit  
 To sparkle in the glorious cabinet  
 Of some great queen, such value on it set,  
 That all conclude the owner of 't must be  
 Some falling star, i' the night of royalty,  
 From honour's sphere, the glories of a crown  
 To vaunt, the centre of our fears, dropt down. 370  
 And now the court, whose brightest splendour in  
 These fatal changes long eclipsed had been,  
 Resumes its lustre; which to elevate,  
 With all the pleasures of a prosperous state,  
 For that contracted span of time designed  
 For th' prince's stay, fancies are racked to find

367 owner] Orig. 'honour,' a strange mistake elsewhere repeated.

New forms of mirth, such whose invention might  
 Inform the ear, whilst they the eye delight.  
 All which, whilst to the less concerned they lent  
 A flux of joy, yet lost their first intent—  
 To please the princess; who from mirth did move  
 Eccentric, since first inflamed with love,  
 Which did soon from her fancy's embryo grow  
 A large-limbed tyrant; when, prepared to go,  
 She sees Argalia, who, engaged to attend  
 The ambassadors, here soon put an end  
 To what, e'en from those unto love unkind,  
 Must now force tears ere it a period find.

380

That time expired—ordained to terminate  
 Her father's stay, and so that splendid state  
 That yet adorned the princess' court, to show  
 How much he did for 's frontiers' safety owe  
 Unto those moving citadels—a fleet,  
 His mandates call each squadron for to meet  
 Within Lepanto, in whose harbours lay  
 Those ships that were ordained for a convey  
 To the Calabrian's messengers; who now,  
 With all that love or honour could allow  
 To noble strangers, being attended by  
 The brightest glories of two courts, draw nigh  
 A royal fleet, whose glittering streamers lent  
 Dull waves the beauties of a firmament:  
 Amongst which numbers, one, too stately far  
 For rough encounters of defacing war,  
 Whose gilded masts their crimson sails had spread  
 In silken flakes, advanced her stately head,  
 High as where clouds condense, where a light stands,  
 Took for a comet by far distant lands;  
 For cabins—where the imprisoned passenger  
 Wants air to breathe,—she's stored with rooms that were  
 So fair without, and yet so large within,  
 A Persian sophi might have revelled in  
 Their spacious hulks. To this, Molarchus, he  
 Whom greatness, joined to know ability,  
 Had made Sicilia's admiral, invites  
 The royal train; where, with whate'er delights  
 (Although invention all her stock had spent)  
 Could be upon that liquid element  
 Prepared their welcome; whilst, at every bowl  
 A health inters, the full-mouthed cannons troul  
 A peal of thunder, which in white waves drowned,  
 The softer trumpets do their dirges sound.

390

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410

420

Now in the full career of mirth, whilst all  
 Their thoughts in perpendiculars did fall

414 know] One conjectures 'known,' but the other is more like our author.

From honour's zenith, none incurvated  
 With common cares—parents that might have bred  
 A sly suspicion; whilst neglective mirth  
 Keeps all within, from their deep bed of earth  
 Molarchus hoist his anchors, whilst that all  
 The rest lay still, expecting when his call  
 Commands their service: but when they beheld  
 His spread sails with a nimble gale were swelled;  
 An oppressed slave, which lay at rest before,  
 Was, with stretched limbs, tugging his finny oar;  
 Conceiving it but done to show the prince  
 That galley's swiftness, let that thought convince  
 Fear's weak suggestions, and, invited by  
 Their tempting mirth, still safe at anchor lie.

430

But now, when they not only saw the night  
 Draw sadly on, but what did more affright  
 Their loyal souls—the distant vessel, by  
 Doubling a cape, lost to the sharpest eye,  
 For hateful treason taxing their mistake,  
 With anchors cut and sails spread wide they make  
 The lashed waves roar. Whilst those enclosed within  
 The galley, by her unknown speed had been  
 Far more deceived—being so far conveyed,  
 Ere care arrives to tell them they're betrayed  
 Through mirth's neglective guards. Who now, in haste  
 With anger raised, in vain those flames did waste  
 In wild attempts to force a passage to  
 The open decks, whither before withdrew  
 Molarchus was; who now prepared to give  
 That treason birth, whose hated name must live  
 In bloody lines of infamy. Before  
 They could expect it, opening wide the door  
 That led them forth, the noble captives fly  
 To seek revenge; but, being encountered by  
 An armed crew, so fierce a fight begin,  
 That night's black mantle ne'er was lined within  
 With aught more horrid; in which bloody fray,  
 The subtle traitor, valiant to betray—  
 Though abject else, unnoted, seizing on  
 The unguarded princess, from their rage is gone,  
 Through night's black mask, with that rich prize into  
 A boat, that, placed for that design, was drew  
 Near to the galley; whose best wealth being now  
 Thus made their own, no more they study how  
 To save the rest—all which for death designed.  
 The conquered rebels soon their safety find

440

450

460

470

429 hoist] Singer 'hoists,' but it is no doubt preterite.

434 oar] Orig. and Singer 'ore,' which must be wrong. In anybody but Chamberlayne we should expect 'And oppressed slaves' with no 'was.'



From other boats, but first, that all but she  
 O' the royal train secured by death might be,  
 So large a leak in the brave vessel make,  
 That thence her womb soon too much weight did take  
 For her vast bulk to wield, which, sinking now,  
 No safety to her royal guests allow.

The ship thus lost, and now no throne but waves  
 Left the Sicilian prince, just Heaven thus saves  
 His sacred person:—Amongst those that fought  
 For timely safety, nimble strength had brought 480  
 Argalia and his following friend so near  
 One of the boats, in which, secured from fear,  
 The rebels sailed, that now they both had took  
 A hold so sure, that, though their foes forsook  
 Their oars to hinder 't, spite of all their force,  
 Argalia enters; which, a sad divorce  
 From life, as he by strength attempts to rise  
 From falling wounds, unhappily denies  
 The valiant Aphron; who, by death betrayed  
 From time and strength, had now left none to aid 490  
 His friend, but those attending virtues, that,  
 Ne'er more than now, for th' world to wonder at,  
 Brave trophies built. With such a sudden rage,  
 As all his foes did to defence engage,  
 Those bolder souls that durst resist, he had  
 From their disordered robes of flesh unclad;  
 Which horrid sight forced the more fearful to  
 Such swift submission, that, ere fear outgrew  
 His hope, assisted by that strength which bought  
 Their lives' reprieve, their oars reversed had brought 500  
 Him back t' the place, in which the guilty flood  
 Was stained with fair Sicilia's noblest blood.

Assisted by those silver streams of light  
 The full-faced moon shot through the swarthy night  
 On the smooth sea, he first his course directs  
 Toward one, whose robes, studded with gems, reflects  
 Those feeble rays, like new-fallen stars; he there  
 Finds Sparta's prince, then sinking from the sphere  
 Of mortal greatness in the boundless deep,  
 To calm life's cares in an eternal sleep. 510  
 From unexpected death, the grave's most grim  
 And ghastly tyrant, having rescued him—  
 With as much speed, as grief's distractions, joined  
 To night's confusion, could give leave, to find  
 More friends, before that all were swallowed by  
 The sea, he hastes; when, being by chance brought nigh  
 Dead Aphron's father, to be partner in  
 Their cares, who, as they only saved had been

475 bulk] Singer, as elsewhere, arbitrarily prints 'hulk,' which is possible but by no means necessary.

To mourn the rest, he from the rude sea saves  
Him, to be drowned in sorrow's sable waves. 520

Now in the quest of that deserving lord,  
Whose goodness did to's infancy afford  
Life's best of comforts—education, he,  
To balk that needless diligence, might see  
At one large draught the wide waves swallow all  
Who vainly did till that sad minute call  
To Heaven for help; which dismal sight, beheld  
By those that saved by accident, expelled  
Their own just fears—for them to entertain  
As just a grief. Their needful time in vain 530  
They spend no longer in their search, but, though  
Unwieldy grief yet made their motion slow,  
Haste from that horrid place, where each must leave  
Such valued friends. Numbers that did receive  
Their blood, descended to nobility,  
From th' royal spring, here the grieved prince might see  
Interred in the ocean; the Epirot lord,  
His late found son, whom love could scarce afford  
A minute's absence; nor's Argalia less  
Engaged to grief—to leave whom the distress 540  
Of's youth relieved; but what from each of these  
Borrowed some streams of sorrow, to appease  
A grief which since so many floods hath cost—  
The noble Aminander here was lost.

Rowed with such speed as their desire, joined to  
That fear which from the conquered rebels drew  
A swift obedience, being conducted by  
A friendly light, their boat is now drawn nigh  
A rocky island; in whose harbour they  
Found where the boat that had outsailed them lay, 550  
Drawn near the shore: but all the passengers  
Being gone, the sight of that alone confers  
No other comfort than to inform them that  
The ravished princess had been landed at  
That port; which by their sailors they are told  
Belongs unto a castle, kept to hold  
That island, though but one unnoted town,  
T' the scarce known laws of the Sicilian crown.

This heard b' the prince, who formerly had known  
That castle's strength, being vexed (although his own) 560  
That now 'twas such; leaving the vessel, they,  
Protected by night's heaviest shades, convey  
Themselves into a neighbouring cottage, where  
The prince, who now externally did bear  
No forms of greatness, left to his repose.  
Argalia, whilst night's shadows yet did close

558 Sicilian] i. e. Morean.

Discovering eyes, hastes back t' the harbour ; whence,  
 To give the royal fleet intelligence  
 O' the king's distress, he sends forth all but one,  
 Whose stoutness had best made his valour known, 570  
 Of those which, conquered by his sword, are now  
 By bounty made too much his own, to allow  
 E'en slight suspicion room. This being done,  
 That valour, though with love 'twere winged, might run  
 On no rash precipice, assisted by  
 That skilful seaman, from some ships that lie  
 Neglected, 'cause by time decayed, he takes  
 So much o' the tackling, as of that he makes  
 Ladders of length sufficient to ascend  
 The castle walls ; which, having to defend 580  
 Them nought but slave security, is done  
 With so much ease, that what's so well begun  
 They boldly second, and first entering in  
 A tower, (which had b' the prudent founder been  
 Built to command the haven's mouth, which lay  
 Too low for th' castle), where, when come, all they  
 Found to resist, is one poor sentry, bound  
 In sleep, which soon by death is made more sound.

To lodge the prince in that safe place, before  
 His active valour yet attempted more, 590  
 The gate's secured that led t' the castle. He,  
 Protected by that night's obscurity,  
 By a concealed small sally-port is to  
 Its strength soon brought ; when now prepared to view  
 More dreadful dangers, in such habit clad,  
 As by the out-guard's easy error had,  
 Soon as a soldier, gave him entrance, come  
 T' the hall he is : there being informed by some  
 O' the drowsy guards, where his pretended speed  
 Might find Molarchus, to perform a deed, 600  
 That future ages (if that honour's fire  
 Lose not its light), shall worthily admire,  
 His valour hastes :—Within a room,—whose pride  
 Of art, though great, was far more glorified  
 By that bright lustre the spectators saw,  
 Through sorrow's clouds, in fair *Pharonnida*,—  
 He finds the impious villain, heightened in  
 His late success to such rude acts of sin,  
 That servile baseness, the low distance whence  
 He used to look, grew saucy impudence. 610

Inflamed *Argalia*, who at once beholds  
 Objects to which the soul enlarged unfolds  
 Its passions in the various characters  
 Of love and anger, now no more defers  
 The execution of his rage, but in  
 So swift a death, as if his hand had been



Guided by lightning, to Molarchus sent  
His life's discharge; which, with astonishment,  
Great as if by their evil angels all  
Their sins had been displayed, did wildly fall 620  
Upon his followers; whom, ere haste could save,  
Or strength resist, Argalia's sword had gave  
Such sudden deaths, that, whilst amazements reigned  
O'er all, he from the heedless tumult gained  
That glorious prize—the royal lady; who,  
In all assaults of fears, not lost unto  
Her own clear judgement, as a blessing sent  
From Heaven, (whilst her base foes confusion lent  
That action safety), follows that brave friend,  
Whose sword redeemed her, till her journey's end, 630  
Through threatening dangers, brought her to that place  
Where, with such passion as kind wives embrace  
Husbands returned from bondage, she is by  
Her father welcomed into liberty.

Thus rescued, whilst exalted rumours swelled  
To such confusion as from sense expelled  
Reason's safe conduct, whilst each soldier leaves  
His former charge, fear's pale disease receives  
This paroxysm:—The fleet, which yet had in  
A doubtful quest of their surprised prince been, 640  
Directed hither with the new-born day,  
Their streamers round the citadel display;  
Which seen by them that, being deluded by  
The dead Molarchus, to his treachery  
Had joined their strength, guilt, the original  
Of shame, did to defend the platform call  
Their bold endeavour; but, when finding it  
Too strongly manned for undermining wit  
Or open strength to force, despairing to  
Be long secure, prompted by fear, they threw 650  
Themselves on mercy; which calm grace, among  
Heaven's other blessings, whilst it leads along  
The prince toward victory, made his conquest seem—  
Such as came not to punish, but redeem.

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

The grateful prince, to show how much he loved  
 This noble youth, whose merit's just reward  
 Too great for less abilities had proved,  
 Makes him commander of his daughter's guard.

Where seated in the most benign aspect  
 Kind love could grant to fair Pharonnida,  
 A sacred vision doth her hopes detect,  
 Whose waking joys his absence doth withdraw.

FREED from those dangers which this bold attempt  
 Made justly feared, whilst joy did yet exempt  
 Those cares, which, when by time concocted, shall  
 His kingdom to a general mourning call,  
 Sparta's pleased prince, with all the attributes  
 E'er gratitude learned from desert, salutes  
 That noble youth, which, even when hope was spent,  
 Kind Heaven had made his safety's instrument,  
 By acts of such heroic virtue, that,  
 Whilst all the less concerned are wondering at,  
 The grateful prince in all the noble ways  
 Of honour, lasting as his life, repays.  
 By whose example the fair princess taught,  
 To shadow love (her soul's most perfect draught)  
 In friendship's veil, so free a welcome gave  
 The worthy stranger, that all prayer durst crave,  
 Though sacrificed in zeal's most perfect fire,  
 Seemed now from Heaven dropt on his pleased desire.

10

Some days spent here, whilst justice vainly sought  
 That treason's root, whose base production, brought  
 Unto an unexpected period in  
 Molarchus' death, with him had buried been  
 To future knowledge—all confessions, though  
 In torments they extracted were, bestow  
 Upon their knowledge, being the imperfect shade  
 Of supposition, which too weak to invade  
 E'en those whose doubtful loyalty looked dim,  
 The prudent prince, burying mistrust with him,  
 Leaving the island with's triumphant fleet,  
 On the Sicilian shore prepares to meet  
 That joy in triumph which, a blessing brought,  
 His loyal subjects with their prayers had sought.

20

30

To cure those hot distemperatures, which in  
 His absence had the court's quotidian been,  
 The princess' guard (as being an honour due  
 To noble valour) having left unto

That worthy stranger, whose victorious hand  
Declared a soul created for command,  
The prince departs from his loved daughter's court  
To joyful Corinth; where, though the resort  
Of such as by their service strove to express  
An uncorrupted loyalty made less  
That mourning, which the kingdom's general loss  
Claimed from all hearts, yet, like a sable cross,  
Which amongst trophies noble conquerors bear,  
All did some signs o' the public sorrow wear.

But leaving these to rectify that state  
This fever shook, return to whom we late  
Left gently calmed—that happy pair, which in  
Desire, the shady porch of love, begin  
That lasting progress, which ere ended shall  
So oft their fate to strong assistance call.  
Some months in happy free delights—before  
Passion got strength enough to dictate more  
Than Reason could write fair—they'd spent; in which  
Slumber of fancy, popular love grown rich,  
Soon becomes factious, and engages all  
The powers of Nature to procure the fall  
Of the soul's lawful sovereign. Either, in  
Each action of the other's, did begin  
To place an adoration—she doth see  
Whate'er he doth, as shining majesty  
Beneath a cloud, or books, where Heaven transfers  
Their oracles in unknown characters;  
Like gold yet unrefined, or the adamant  
Wrapt up in earth, he only seemed to want  
Knowledge of worth. Her actions in his sight  
Appear like fire's feigned element, with light,  
But not destruction, armed; like the fair sun,  
When through a crystal aqueduct he 'th run  
His piercing beams, until grown temperate by  
That cooling medium, through humility,  
Shuns her majestic worth. In either's eyes,  
The other seemed to wear such a disguise  
As poets clothed their wandering gods in, when  
In forms disguised they here conversed with men.

But long this conflict of their passions, ere  
Resisted, lasts not; when, disdained to bear  
Those leaden fetters, the great princess tries  
To quench that fire i' the embryo, ere it rise  
To unresisted blazes—but in vain;  
What her tears smother are by sighs again  
Blown into flames, such as, since not to be  
By aught extinguished, her sweet modesty  
Strives to conceal, nor did them more betray  
Than by such fugitives as stole away



Through her fair eyes, those sally-ports of love,  
 From her besieged heart, now like to prove  
 (Had not her honour called the act unjust)  
 So feeble to betray her soul's best trust;  
 Her flames being not such as each vulgar breast  
 Feels in the fires of fancy, when oppressed  
 With gloomy discontents; her bright stars sate  
 Enthroned so high, that, like the bays of Fate,  
 It stopped the current of the stream, and, to  
 The sea of honour, love's fresh rivers drew.

90

Thus whilst the royal eaglet doth, i' the high  
 Sublimar region of bright majesty,  
 Upon affection's wings still hover, yet,  
 Loath to descend, on th' humble earth doth sit;  
 Her worthy lover, like that amorous vine,  
 When crawling o'er the weeds, it strives to twine  
 Embraces with the elm, he stands; whilst she  
 Desires to bend, but, like that love-sick tree,  
 By greatness is denied. He that ne'er knew  
 A swelling tumour of conceit, nor flew,  
 Upon the waxen wings of vain ambition,  
 A thought above his own obscure condition,  
 Thinks that the princess, by her large respect  
 Conferred on him, but kindly doth reflect  
 His father's beams; and, with a reverent zeal  
 Sees those descending rays, that did reveal  
 Love's embassies, transported on the quick  
 Wings of that heart-o'ercoming rhetoric,  
 Instructing that the weakness of his eye,  
 Dazzled with beams of shining majesty,  
 Might, for too boldly gazing on a sight  
 So full of glory, be deprived of light—  
 Stifling his fancy, till it turned the air  
 That fanned his heart to flames, which pale despair  
 Chilled into ice soon as he went about  
 With them to breathe a storm of passion out.

100

110

120

But vain are all these fears—his eagle sight  
 Is born to gaze upon no lesser light  
 Than that from whence all other beauties in  
 The same sphere borrow theirs; he else had been  
 Degenerate from that royal eyrie whence  
 He first did spring, although he fell from thence  
 Unfledged, the growing pinions of his fame  
 Wanting the purple tincture of his name  
 And titles—both unknown; yet shall he fly,  
 On his own merit's strength, a pitch as high,  
 Though not so boldly claimed, and such as shall  
 Enhance the blessing, when the dull mists fall

130

95 It] Singer, again arbitrarily, 'They.' For 'bays' in this sense see inf. II. v. 174.

From truth's benighted eyes, whispering in  
His soul's pleased ear—her passion did begin  
Whilst all the constellations of her fate,  
Fixed in the zenith of bright honour, sate ;  
Whilst his, depressed by adverse fortune, in  
Their nadir lay—even to his hopes unseen.

140

Whilst thus enthean fire did lie concealed  
With different curtains, lest, by being revealed,  
Cross fate, which could not quench it, should to death  
Scorch all their hopes, burned in the angry breath  
Of her incensed father—whilst the fair  
Pharonnida was striving to repair

The wakeful ruins of the day, within  
Her bed, whose down of late by love had been  
Converted into thorns, she having paid  
The restless tribute of her sorrow, staid

150

To breathe awhile in broken slumbers, such  
As with short blasts cool feverish brains ; but much  
More was in hers—A strong pathetic dream,  
Diverting by enigmas Nature's stream,  
Long hovering through the portals of her mind  
On vain phantastic wings, at length did find  
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by  
A brighter beam of pure divinity

Led into supernatural light, whose rays  
As much transcended reason's, as the day's  
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be  
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.

160

Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all  
Terrestrial thoughts, like its original  
In heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit  
Companion did for those bright angels sit,  
Which the gods made their messengers to bear  
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,  
Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,  
The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurled  
The spangled curtains of the sky, within  
Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin  
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely  
The ponderous burthens of mortality.

170

An adamant world she sees, more pure,  
More glorious far than this,—framed to endure  
The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains  
The better angels of what earth contains,  
Placed there to govern all our acts, and be  
A medium 'twixt us and eternity.

180

Hence Nature, from a labyrinth half above,  
Half underneath, that sympathetic love,

141 thus] Singer 'this.'

Which warms the world to generation, sends  
 On unseen atoms; each small star attends  
 Here for his message, which received, is by  
 Their influence to the astral faculty  
 That lurks on earth communicated; hence  
 Informing Forma sends intelligence  
 To the material principles of earth—  
 Her upper garments, Nature's second birth.

190

Upon each side of this large frame, a gate  
 Of different use was placed—At one there sate  
 A sprightly youth, whose angel's form delights  
 Eyes dimmed with age, whose blandishments invites  
 Infants i' the womb to court their woe, and be  
 By his false shape tempted to misery.  
 Millions of thousands swarm about him, though  
 Diseases do each minute strive to throw  
 Them from his presence; since, being tempted by  
 His flattering form, all court it, though they lie  
 On beds of thorns to look on't, saving some  
 More wretched malcontents, that hither come  
 With souls so sullen, that, whilst Time invites  
 Them to his joys, they shun those smooth delights.

200

This, the world's favourite, had a younger brother  
 Of different hue, each more unlike the other  
 Than opposite aspects; antipathy  
 Within their breast, though they were forced to be  
 Almost inseparable, dwelt. This fiend  
 A passage guarded, which at the other end  
 O' the spacious structure stood; betwixt each gate  
 Was placed a labyrinth, in whose angles sate  
 The Vanities of life, attempting to  
 Stay death's pale harbingers, but that black clew,  
 Time's dusky girdle, Fate's arithmetic,  
 Grief's slow-paced snail, Joys more than eagle-quick,—  
 That chain whose links composed of hours and days,—  
 Thither at length spite of delay conveys  
 The slow-paced steps of Time. There always stood  
 Near him one of the triple sisterhood,  
 Who, with deformity in love, did send  
 Him troops of servants, hourly to attend  
 Upon his harsh commands, which he, from all  
 Society of flesh, without the wall,  
 Down a dark hill conveyed; at whose foot stood  
 An ugly lake, black as that horrid flood,  
 Gods made by men did fear. Myriads of boats  
 On the dark surface of the water floats,

210

220

216 Grief's slow-paced snail] Singer has altered this to 'Griefs, slow, snail-paced,' which, from what follows, an ordinary writer might more probably have written. But it by no means follows that Chamberlayne did not deliberately write the other.



Containing passengers, whose different hue  
Tell them that from the walls do trembling view 230  
Their course—that there's no age of man to be  
Exempted from that powerful tyranny.

A tide, which ne'er shall know reflux, beyond  
The baleful stream, unto a gloomy strond,  
Circled with black obscurity, conveys  
Each passenger, where their torn chain of days  
Is in eternity peeked-up. Between

These different gates, the princess having seen  
Life's various scenes wrought to a method by  
Disposing angels, on a rock more high 240

Than Nature's common surface, she beholds  
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds  
Its sacred mysteries :—A trine without  
A quadrate placed, both those encompassed in  
A perfect circle, was its form ; but what  
Its matter was—for us to wonder at—

Is undiscovered left ; a tower there stands  
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands,  
The impartial Parcae, dwell.—I' the first she sees  
Clothe, the kindest of the Destinies, 250

From immaterial essences to cull  
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool  
For Lachesis to spin ; about her fly  
Myriads of souls that yet want flesh to lie  
Warmed with their functions in, whose strength bestows  
That power by which man ripe for misery grows.

Her next of objects was that glorious tower,  
Where that swift-fingered nymph that spares no hour  
From mortal's service, draws the various threads  
Of life in several lengths—to weary beds 260

Of age extending some, whilst others in  
Their infancy are broke ; some blacked in sin,  
Others the favourites of heaven, from whence  
Their origin, candid with innocence ;

Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed  
In sanguine pleasures ; some in glittering pride,  
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear  
Rags of deformity ; but knots of care

No thread was wholly freed from. Next to this  
Fair glorious tower was placed that black abyss 270  
Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat

Of death and horror ; in each room replete  
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight  
Of pale grim ghosts—those terrors of the night.

237 peeked] This odd word ('peeckt' in orig.) suggests (1) 'peak' in the Shakespearean sense of 'peak and pine,' (2) the same in that of 'brought to a point,' 'finished off,' (3) 'picked.' It seems to recur below (II. v. 383) in 'night-peeckt,' which Singer has altered to 'specked.'

250 Clothe] *Sic in orig.*

To this, the last stage that the winding clew  
Of life can lead mortality unto,  
Fear was the dreadful porter, which let in  
All guests sent thither by destructive Sin.

As its firm basis, on all these depends  
A lofty pyramid, to which each sends  
Some gift from Nature's treasury to Fame's  
Uncertain hand. The hollow room with names  
And empty sounds was only filled, of those  
For whom the Destinies 'dained to compose  
Their fairest threads; as if but born to die—  
Here all Ephemeras of report did fly  
On feeble wings, till, being like to fall,  
Some faintly stick upon the slimy wall,  
Till the observant antiquary rents  
Them thence to live in paper monuments;  
In whose records they are preserved to be  
The various censures of posterity.

280

290

I' the upper room, as favourites to Fate,  
There only Poets, rich in fancy sate;  
In that beneath—Historians, whose records  
Do themes unto those pregnant wits afford;  
Yet both preparing everlasting bays  
To crown their glorious dust, whose happy days  
Were here spent well. Beneath these, covered o'er  
With dim oblivion's shadows, myriads more,  
Till dooms-day shall the gaudy world undress,  
Lay huddled up in dark forgetfulness.

300

All which, as objects not of worth to cast  
A fixed eye on, the princess' genius past  
In heedless haste, until obstructed by  
Visions, that thus fixed her soul's wandering eye.  
A light, as great as if that dooms-day's flame  
Were for a lamp hung in the court of Fame,  
Directs her—where on a bright throne there sate  
Sicilia's better Genius: her proud state

310

(Courtied by all earth's greatest monarchs) by  
Three valiant knights supported was, whose high  
Merits, disdaining a reward less great,  
With equal hopes aimed at the royal seat;  
Which since all could not gain, betwixt her three  
Fair daughters both her crown and dignity  
Is equally bestowed, by giving one  
To each of them. When the divided throne  
Had on each angle fixed a diadem,

Her vision thus proceeds:—The royal stem

320

<sup>284</sup> 'dained] Orig. 'dained,' which looks like 'deigned.' But the sense shows that Chamberlayne must have further shortened the more usual contraction 'sdained.'

<sup>289</sup> rents] Of course 'rends,' for the sake of rhyme. Chamberlayne interchanges *d* and *t* endings freely, as 'reverend' for 'reverent.'

That bore her father's crown, to view first brings  
Its golden fruit—a glorious race of kings,  
Led by the founder of their fame, their rear  
Brought by her father up; next, those that bear  
Epirus' honoured arms, the royal train  
Concluding in Zoranza; this linked chain  
Drawn to an end, the princes that had swayed  
Argalia's sceptre, fill the scene, till, stayed  
By the Epirot's sword, their conquered crown  
From aged Gelon's hoary head dropt down 330  
At fierce Zoranza's feet. This she beholds  
With admiration, whilst hid truth unfolds  
Itself in plainer objects:—The distressed  
Ætolian prince again appears, but dressed  
In a poor pilgrim's weed; in 's hand he leads  
A lovely boy, in whose sweet look she reads  
Soft Pity's lectures; but whilst gazing on  
This act, till lost in admiration,  
By sudden fate he seemed transformed to what  
She last beheld him, only offering at 340  
Love's shrine his heart to her Idea. There  
Joy had bereaved her slumbers, had not fear  
Clouded the glorious dream—A dreadful mist,  
Black as the steams of hell, seeming to twist  
Its ugly vapours into shades more thick  
Than night-engendering damps, had with a quick  
But horrid darkness veiled the room; to augment  
Whose terror, a cloud's sulphury bosom, rent  
With dreadful thunder-claps, darting a bright  
But fearful blaze through the artificial night, 350  
Lent her so much use of her eyes—to see  
Argalia grovelling in his blood, which she  
Had scarce beheld ere the malignant flame  
Vanished again. She shrieks, and on his name  
Doth passionately call; but here no sound  
Startles her ear but hollow groans, which drowned  
Her soul in a cold sweat of fears. Which ended,  
A second blaze lends her its light, attended  
With objects, whose wild horror did present  
Her father's ghost, then seeming to lament 360  
Her injured honour. In his company  
The slain Laconian's spirit, which, let free  
From the dark prison of the cold grave, where  
In rusty chains he lay, was come to bear  
Her to that sad abode; but, as she now  
Appeared to sink, a golden cloud did bow  
From heaven's fair arch, in which Argalia seemed,  
Clad in bright armour, sitting, who redeemed  
Her from approaching danger; which being done,  
The darkness vanished, and a glorious sun 370

( 68 )



Of welcome light displayed its beams; by which,  
 A throne the first resembling, but more rich  
 In its united glory, to the eye  
 Presents its lustre, where in majesty,  
 The angels that attend their better fate  
 Placed her and brave Argalia.—In which state,  
 The unbarred portals of her soul let fly  
 The golden slumber, whose dear memory  
 Shall live within her noble thoughts, until,  
 Treading o'er all obstructions, fate fulfil  
 These dark predictions, whose obscurity  
 Must often first her soul's affliction be.

380

When now the morning's dew—that cool allay  
 Which cures the fever of the intemperate day,—  
 Were rarified to air, the princess, to  
 Improve her joy in private thoughts, withdrew  
 From burthensome society within

A silent grove's cool shadows—what had been  
 Her midnight's joy to recollect. In which

390

Delightful task, whilst memory did enrich  
 The robes of fancy, to divert the stream  
 Of thoughts, intente only on her dream,  
 Argalia enters, with a speed that showed  
 He unto some supreme commander owed  
 That diligence; but, when arrived so near  
 As to behold, stopped with a reverent fear,  
 Lest this intrusion on her privacies

Might ruffle passion, which now floating lies  
 In a calm stream of thought. He stays till she  
 By her commands gave fresh activity

400

To his desires, then with a lowly grace,  
 Yet such to which Pride's haughty sons gave place  
 For native sweetness, he on 's knee presents  
 A packet from her father, whose contents,  
 If love can groan beneath a greater curse  
 Than desperation, made her sufferings worse  
 Than fear could represent them—'twas expressed  
 In language that not wholly did request,

Nor yet command consent; only declare  
 His royal will, and the paternal care

410

He bore his kingdom's safety, which could be  
 By nought confirmed more than affinity  
 With the Laconian prince, whose big fame stood  
 Exalted in a spacious sea of blood,  
 On honour's highest pyramid. His hand  
 Had made the triple-headed spot of land  
 One of her stately promontories bow  
 Beneath his sword, and with his sceptre now

413 Laconian] This should be 'Epirot,' but Chamberlayne, as the reader has been warned, uses these appellations almost at random.

He at the other reaches ; which, if love  
But gently smile on's new-born hopes, and prove 420  
Propitious as the god of war, his fate  
Climbs equal with his wishes. But too late  
That slow-paced soldier bent his forces to  
Storm that fair virgin citadel, which knew,  
Ere his pretences could a parley call,  
Beneath what force that royal fort must fall.

Enclosed within this rough lord's letter, she  
Received his picture, which informed her he  
Wanted dissimulation (that worst part  
Of courtship) to put complements of art 430  
On his effigies ; his stern brow far more  
Glorying i' the scars, than in the crown he wore,  
His active youth made him retainer to  
The court of Mars, something too long to sue  
For entrance into Love's ; like mornings clad  
In grizzled frosts ere plump-cheeked Autumn had  
Shorn the glebe's golden locks, some silver hairs  
Mixed with his black appeared ; his age despairs  
Not of a hopeful heir, nor could his youth  
Promise much more ; the venerable truth 440  
Of glorious victories, that stuck his name  
For ornament i' the frontispiece of fame,  
Together with his native greatness, were  
His orators to plead for love : but where  
Youth, beauty, valour, and a soul as brave,  
Though not known great as his, before had gave  
Love's pleasing wounds, Fortune's neglected gain  
In fresh assaults but spends her strength in vain.

With as much ease as souls, when ripened by  
A well-spent life, haste to eternity, 450  
She had sustained this harsh encounter, though  
Backed with her father's threats, did it not show  
More dreadful yet—in a command which must  
Call her Argalia from his glorious trust ;  
Her guardian to a separation in  
An embassy to him, whose hopes had been  
Her new-created fears. Which sentence read  
By the wise lady, though her passions bred  
A sudden tumult, yet her reason stays  
The torrent, till Argalia, who obeys 460  
The strictest limits of observance to  
Her he adored, being reverently withdrew,  
Enlarged her sorrows in so loud a tone,  
That ere he's through the winding labyrinth gone  
So far, but that he could distinctly hear  
Her sad complaints, they thus assault his ear :—  
'Unhappy soul ! born only to infuse  
Pearls of delight with vinegar, and lose

Content for honour; is't a sin to be  
 Born high, that robs me of my liberty? 470  
 Or is't the curse of greatness to behold  
 Virtue through such false optics as unfold  
 No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?  
 What heaven made free, ambitious men confine  
 In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell  
 Within no climate but what's parallel  
 Unto our honoured births; the envied fate  
 Of princes oft these burthens finds from state,  
 When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice  
 A negative, make a free happy choice.'— 480  
 And here she sighed; then with some drops, distilled  
 From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled  
 The crystal fountains of her eyes, which e'er  
 Dropped down, she thus recalls again—'But ne'er,  
 Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy  
 My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy  
 So much of all those blessings, which their birth  
 Can take from frail mortality; and earth,  
 Contracting all her curses, cannot make  
 A storm of danger loud enough to shake 490  
 Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,  
 To make the horror of my suffering worse,  
 Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell  
 From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell  
 In an eternal stain; my honoured name  
 With pale disgrace may languish; busy fame  
 My reputation spot; affection be  
 Termed uncommanded lust; sharp poverty,  
 That weed which kills the gentle flower of love,  
 As the result of all these ills, may prove 500  
 My greatest misery,—unless to find  
 Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind  
 Would I esteem this mercenary band,  
 As those far more malignant powers that stand,  
 Armed with dissuasions, to obstruct the way  
 Fancy directs; but let those souls obey  
 Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed  
 Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread  
 These doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear  
 That now benight them. Love! with pity hear 510  
 Thy suppliant's prayers, and when my clouded eyes  
 Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice  
 To thee such offerings, that the utmost date  
 Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

Whilst our fair virgin sufferer was in  
 This agony, Argalia, that had been  
 Attentive as an envied tyrant to  
 Suspected counsels, from her language drew



## *William Chamberlayne*

So much, that that pure essence, which informs  
His knowledge, shall in all the future storms  
Of fate protect him, from a fear that did  
Far more than death afflict, whilst love lay hid  
In honour's upper region. Now, whilst she  
Calmly withdraws, to let her comforts be  
Hopes of 's return, his latest view forsook  
His soul's best comfort, who hath now betook  
Herself to private thoughts; where, with what rest  
Love can admit, I leave her, and him blest  
In a most prosperous voyage, but happier far  
In being directed by so bright a star.

520

530

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## BOOK II. Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Still wakeful guilt, Almanzor's rebel sin,  
Taking advantage of unguarded mirth,  
Which now without mistrust did revel in  
The princess' court, gives thence new treason birth.

By treachery seized, and through night's shades conveyed,  
She had for ever in this storm been lost,  
Had not its rage by such rude hands been staid,  
That safety near as much as danger cost.

THESE hell-engendered embryos, which had long  
Lay hid within Almanzor's breast, grown strong,  
Now for delivery strive; clandestine plots,  
Ripened with age and lust, dissolve the knots  
Wherein his fear had fettered them, and fly  
Beyond the circle of his loyalty.

Since his deserts made him a stranger to  
His princess' court, he'd lived like those that do  
Fly that pursuing vengeance which attends  
A rebel's acts, seen only to such friends,  
Whose blemished honour suffering in his fall,  
Assist his rising, though they venture all  
By that unlawful act, on paths that may  
Precipitate to ruin. The dark way  
Had long been sought for, consultations did  
Whisper rebellion in soft airs, forbid  
To live in louder language, until, like  
Inevitable thunder, it could strike  
As swift, as secret, and as sure as those,  
Heaven's anger hurls through all that durst oppose.

10

20

In all the progress of that dark design,  
Whose unseen engines strove to undermine  
That power, which since Heaven doth in kings infuse,  
None but unhallowed rebels durst abuse,  
Time, treason's secret midwife, did produce  
No birth like this.—Such friends, as often use  
Had taught him their soul's characters, he makes  
Sharers of 's guilt; but, whilst he troubled takes  
A care to fit each smaller wheel unto  
This fatal engine, those black powers, that do  
Assist such dark designs, a moving spirit  
Supply it with. Although Almanzor's merit  
Purchased few friends, yet had his tempting gold  
Corrupted some, 'mongst which it surest hold

30

Upon Amphibia took; a lady who,  
Before Florenza's sweeter virtues drew  
Her favour to a better object, swayed  
The princess' choice affections; she, betrayed  
By glittering charms, persuades her thoughts—no deed  
For guilt is branded, whose attempts may feed  
Ambition's malice, and at one blow give  
Envy and avarice a hope to live,  
Pleased with their ruin, whose fair merits dwell  
High in those thoughts from whence she justly fell.

40

To rack revenge unto as large extent  
As hate could wish, what hell could ne'er invent  
Without assistance of a female wit—  
Man's first betrayer—all that seemed but fit  
From treason's close embrace to propagate  
Revenge, she lights him. What, though close as Fate  
When parling with the Destinies, is by  
Her counsel acted, swift as stories fly  
From vulgar tongues, her treachery makes known  
To the bold rebel; whose intentions grown  
Hence ripe for action, when his secret guilt  
A strong retreat had for rebellion built,  
By laying the foundation on 't in those  
Who, since by want or envy made the foes  
T' the public peace, are soon persuaded by  
Their princess' fall to cure that malady.

50

60

This platform laid—some, whose wise valour he  
By practice knew adorned with secrecy,  
Amongst the number of his guilty friends,  
Selected in its first attempt, attends  
Treason's dark walks, which, now more secret by  
Night's dismal shadows made, had brought them nigh  
The princess' palace. Through the hemisphere's  
Dark curtain now the big-bulked roof appears,  
And dappled windows showed their several light,  
Like rich enamel in the jet of night.

70

All rocked in sweet security they found  
By Fate's false smiles, triumphant mirth had crowned  
The glorious train, whose height of joy could taste  
No poison of suspicion, each embraced  
His free delights, yet feared no snake should lie  
Lurking within those flowers. Amidst which high  
Divine flames of enthean joy, to her  
That levelled had their way, a messenger  
Makes known their near approach; for which before  
She had prepared, and veiled the pavement o'er  
In thin, but candid innocence. Accurst  
By all that e'er knew virtue! oh, how durst

80

45 rack] Singer 'wreak,' which seems unnecessary.

57 on 't] Singer 'of 't,' which loses an idiom.



Thy envy turn these comic scenes into  
 So red a tragedy as must ensue  
 Thy guilt's stenography, which thus writes fate  
 In characters of blood! But now too late  
 'Tis to repent; when punishment wrought fair  
 Shows thy foul crimes, thou only may'st despair.

Leaving this fiend to hatch her vipers here,  
 Let's breathe awhile, although in full career, 90  
 Stay on the brow o' the precipice to view  
 The court's full joys; which, being arrived unto  
 Their zenith, seemed, to fate-discerning eyes,  
 Like garlands wore before a sacrifice.  
 The cornucopiae, from the tables now  
 Removed by full-fed rurals, did allow  
 Time for discourse, as much as modest mirth  
 Durst stretch her wings; crowned cups gave lusty birth  
 To active sports; the hearth's warm bounties flame  
 From lofty piles, and in their pride became 100  
 The lustre of the roof. To glorify  
 Which yet imperfect festival, the eye  
 That lent to this large body light divine,  
 Pharonnida, at whose adorèd shrine  
 These sacrifices offered were, appears  
 Within the hall, and with her presence clears  
 Each supercilious brow,—if hopes to see  
 What's now enjoyed suffered such there to be.  
 The princess on her honoured throne reposed,  
 A fancy-tempting music first unclosed 110  
 The winding portals of the soul; which done,  
 Four swains, whose time-directed knowledge won  
 Attention with credulity, by turn  
 Sicilia's annals sung, and from the urn  
 Of now almost forgotten truth did raise  
 Their fame—those branches of eternal bays:  
 Which sober mirth, preparatives unto  
 More active sports, continuing, whilst the new  
 Model of treason was disguising in  
 A mask ordained to candy o'er their sin, 120  
 To gild those pills of poison with delight,  
 And strew with roses deadly aconite,  
 Was now drawn near an end, when from without  
 A murmuring noise of several sounds about  
 The palace gates was heard; which suddenly,  
 Dissolving to an antic harmony,  
 Proclaims their entrance, whose first solemn sight,  
 In dreadful shapes, mixed terror with delight.

In the black front of that slow march appears  
 A train, whose difference both in sex and years 130

94 wore] Orig. 'were.'

99 hearth's] Orig. 'hearts.'

Had spoke confusion, if agreement in  
 Their acclamation had no prologue been.  
 A dance, where method in disorder lay,  
 Where each seemed out, though all their rules obey,  
 Was first in different measures trod ; which done,  
 Twelve armed viragoes, whose strange habit won  
 More admiration than their beauty, led  
 As many captive satyrs ; in the head  
 O' the Amazonian troop, a matron, by  
 Two younger nymphs supported till come nigh  
 Pharonnida's bright throne, presents the rest—  
 Her issue ; who externally exprest  
 So many fair-souled virtues, born to be  
 Protectors of their mother—Chastity,  
 Who wants their help, although supported by  
 Her weaker daughters—Fear and Modesty.

140

Those obscene vices, whose rude hands betray  
 Nature's deformities forced to obey  
 Their brave opposing virtues, did appear  
 I' the captive satyrs ; who being now brought near,  
 A dreadful music's heard without, whose sound  
 Did gentler airs in their first births confound.  
 Which being a signal to that act of blood  
 That soon ensues, whilst all expecting stood  
 Some happier change, the false viragoes drew  
 Their swords, and with a speedy fury slew  
 The struggling knights, who thus disguised had been,  
 With the more horror to be murdered in  
 Their royal mistress' sight, whose shrieks did tell  
 What trembling guests within her breast did dwell.

150

160

Sudden and cruel was the act ; yet stands  
 Not treason here ; but whilst their purpled hands  
 Yet reeked in blood, their guilty souls to stain  
 With blacker sins, her weak defenders slain,  
 Rush toward the trembling princess, who now lies  
 Betrayed by the soul's janitors—her eyes,  
 To passions insupportable, which grown  
 A burthen to her spirits, all were flown  
 T' the porch of death for rest. If souls new fled  
 From tainted bodies, that have surfeited  
 On studied sins, could be discerned when they,  
 Unarmed with penitence, are hurled away  
 By long-armed fiends—less pale, less horrid would  
 Their guilty looks appear. Confusion could  
 Not live in livelier emblem ; each appears  
 To fly the danger, but about him bears  
 Its pale effects—so passengers forsake  
 A sinking ship ; such strong convulsions shake

170

172 hurled] Another would probably have written 'whirled' or 'haled.'

Surprised forts; so dooms-day's trumpet shall  
 Startle the unprepared world, when all  
 Her atoms in their then worn robes shall be  
 Ravished in flames to meet eternity.

180

The unguarded princess, being by all forsook  
 But poor Florenza, both from thence are took,  
 Whilst neither in that horrid agony  
 Beheld their danger, and transported by  
 Almanzor to his coach, which near attended  
 On his assured success; who now, befriended  
 With the protecting darkness, hastes away,  
 Swift as desire, with the fair trembling prey.  
 Those few opposing friends, whose will was more  
 Than power to relieve her, overbore  
 By the victorious rebels, did in vain  
 Attempt her rescue; which, since fruitless slain,  
 Her martyrs fall leaving their lives to be  
 An evidence of dying loyalty,  
 Success attends thus far; but Fortune now  
 Left off to smile on villany, her brow  
 Contracted into frowns, she swiftly sent  
 This countermand:—Her followers, having spent  
 Their own endeavours to no purpose, raise  
 In haste the neighbouring villages; nor stays  
 The swift alarum, till it had outfled  
 The speed Almanzor made. Roused from his bed,  
 And warm embraces of his wife, by those  
 Which had outrun the danger of their foes,  
 The drowsy villager in trembling haste  
 Snatches such arms as former fear had placed  
 Fit to defend; with which, whilst horn-pipes call  
 In tones more frantic than a bacchinal,  
 They stumble to their rendezvous, which none  
 But only by the louder cries had known.

190

200

210

This giddy multitude, which no command  
 Knew, but what rage did dictate, hovering stand,  
 Like big swoln clouds drove by a doubtful wind,  
 Uncertain where to fall: one cries 'Behind  
 The greatest danger lies'; some like his choice,  
 And speedily retreat, until a voice  
 More powerful, though from the like judgement sprung,  
 Persuades them on again; some madly rung  
 The jarring bells—as far from harmony  
 As their opinions; all which disagree  
 About the place whence the alarums come:  
 One cries—the princess' court; until struck dumb  
 By a more terrifying fool that swears  
 The next port is surprised, toward which he stares,

220

209 horn-pipes] Orig. 'horn-pies.'



To see the beacon's blaze, but is from far  
 Deceived b' the light of an ascending star.  
 So many shapes bear their weak fancies, that  
 All would do something, but there's none knows what. 230  
 In this strange medley of confusion, they  
 That could command, want such as would obey,  
 To exercise their power; each thinks his own  
 Opinion best, so must perform't alone,  
 Or else remain, as hitherto they had,  
 Busy in doing nothing. In which mad  
 Fit of distracted fury, like to fight,  
 For want of foes, amongst themselves, the night,  
 Grown grey with age, foreshowed her death; when each,  
 Thinking that now he'd done enough to teach 240  
 An active soldier vigilance in spending  
 A night abroad, which they will call defending  
 Their prince and country from a danger, but  
 What't was they know not, swearing't shall be put  
 In the next chronicle, they disunite  
 Their ne'er well-jointed forces, and a flight,  
 Rather than march t' the several hamlets take,  
 From whence at first, being scarce half awake,  
 Not so much clothed, their heedless haste had sent  
 Them only noise and number to augment. 250

One troop of this disbanded company,  
 Which, though but few, more than could well agree  
 To march together, by mistake being cast  
 Into a narrow strait, met, as they past,  
 The coach that bore the princess, being by those  
 That stole her guarded: the mad rout oppose  
 Their further passage, not because they thought  
 Them to be those their ignorance had sought  
 In their late meeting—the antipathy  
 'Twixt them and th' gentry is enough to be 260  
 That quarrel's parent, whose event shall make  
 Their prince and country blessed in their mistake.

Startled from all his temperate joys with this  
 Unlooked-for remora i' the road of bliss,  
 Enraged Almanzor vows to ford the flood  
 O' the present danger, or with his own blood  
 Augment the stream. With that he flies among  
 Those that are nearest of the numerous throng,  
 Who, when they found what difference was between  
 Their clubs (blunt as their valours) and the keen 270  
 Edge of his sword, would have fell back, but are  
 Forced on by those behind, who, being far

256 oppose] Orig. 't' oppose.'

262 mistake] One suspects, in this and other passages, satire on the very ineffectual  
 'Clubmen' of the Western counties in the Rebellion.

265 vows] Orig. 'rows.'

From danger, fear it not. Thus some are forced  
 To fight, till their unwilling souls, divorced  
 From their cold lodgings, made their peace. But here,  
 Whilst he a conqueror reigns, ingenious fear  
 Taught them that durst no nearer come, to do  
 Most mischief at a distance; climbed unto  
 The rock's inequitable cliffs, from thence  
 They shower down stones that equally dispense 280  
 Danger 'mongst friends and foes. Had she not been  
 Defended by her coach, their princess in  
 This storm had perished; or, had fear of death  
 Unfixed her thoughts, she'd spent that precious breath  
 Now sacrificing in her prayers to be  
 From their wild rage delivered safe; but she,  
 Oppressed with lethargies of sorrow, lends  
 No ear to this rude fight, on which depend  
 So much of fate,—danger appears to lie  
 Not more in the disease than remedy. 290

Whilst the opposed Almanzor now had near  
 Hewed forth his way through all of them, appear  
 More company by their loud clamours drew  
 Unto their timely aid. Now danger grew  
 Horrid and threatening, till the impetuous shower,  
 Wetting the wings of the fierce rebel's power,  
 Clog all his hopes of flight, unless he leave  
 His trembling prey behind him. To bereave  
 Him of his last of hopes, he sees his train  
 Begin to droop. With those that yet remain 300  
 He thinks it time, whilst undiscovered, to  
 Secure himself; which difficult to do,  
 At length (though not unwounded) he alone  
 Breaks through their forces, blest in being unknown;  
 Else had their battered weapons spared to shed  
 The blood of others, and had surfeited  
 On his, which, adding knowledge to the fire  
 Of rage, they had most reason to desire.

The unsuccessful rebel thus secured  
 By speedy flight, his train not long endured 310  
 The circling danger, which from each side sends  
 Symptoms so deadly, all their strength defends  
 Not the rude torrent, nor their prayers could calm  
 Their foes' stern rage. Sweet mercy's healing balm  
 Is the extraction of brave spirits, which,  
 By innate valour rarified, enrich  
 With that fair gem the triumphs of success,  
 Whilst cowards make the victors' glory less—  
 Their highest flame of rage being but dull earth  
 Fired into tyranny, the spurious birth 320

279 cliffs] This word does double duty for 'cliff' and 'cleft.'

Of a precedent fear, whose baseness knows  
No calm, but what from others' danger grows.

And now the field, scoured by the beastly rage  
O' the savage clowns, had left no foe to engage  
A life, nor could their policy persuade  
Them to let one survive, till he had made  
The plot discovered. With rude haste they crush  
Their trembling souls out, and all weapons blush  
In part o' the blood; so many hands had gave  
Them hurtless wounds, that the expecting grave  
Needs only take their bones, for madly they  
Had minced their flesh for the vulture's easier prey.

330

This victory gained, they haste t' the coach, and thence  
The unknown princess take, no large expense  
Of prayers, poured from Florenza's fears, could be  
So powerful to obtain civility.

She tells them whom their rage profanes, and by  
Their princess' name conjures them; but the high  
Exalted outcries drown her voice, till one,  
Who had the rape of the sad lady known,  
When first performed, did with a louder voice  
Proclaim her there; and, having first made choice  
Of a more civil company to oppose  
The uncivil clowns, rescues her; and then shows  
How near their heedless rage had cast away  
The glorious prize of that victorious day.

340

From fainting slumbers raised, the princess, now  
Secure in their discovery, taught them how  
To turn their fury into zeal, and show,  
By serving her, the allegiance that they owe  
Her royal father. To the palace come,  
Rewarding all, she there commands that some  
Stay for her guard; but soon that order grew  
A troublesome obedience, none would to  
His cottage whilst that any staid within  
The palace gates. But long they had not been  
Thus burthensomely diligent, ere, on

350

A new design, each struggles to be gone  
From 's former charge; a messenger is sought,  
Who to the court must post, but each one thought  
Himself of most ability, so all

360

Or none must go; yet, ere the difference fall  
Into a near approaching quarrel, he  
Who rescued her, the princess chose to be  
Her messenger. Euriolus, (for so  
The youth was called), disdaining to be slow  
Where such commands gave wings, with speed unto  
The court was come; but busy fame outflow

349 their] Orig. 'her.'



His eager haste, and ere's arrival spread  
 Some scattered fragments of the news, which bred  
 Suspicion of that doubtful truth, from whence  
 His message leads to doleful confidence.

370

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Freed from suspicion by a cause that tells  
 His injured prince, Almanzor's guilt exceeds  
 His great'st mistrust—from thence just anger swells,  
 Till for that fever the whole nation bleeds.

Armies united in a dreadful haste  
 From distant places sad spectators bring,  
 To see by fortune justice so defaced,  
 The subjects here pursue a conquered king.

MOREA's prudent prince, whose fears had been  
 Before this message but like truths wrapped in  
 Dark oracles, now, with a sense enlarged  
 Beyond imperfect doubts, no longer charged  
 His judgement with dilemmas, but, in all  
 The haste indulgent love, when by the call  
 Of danger frightened, could procure, without  
 Staying to let slow counsel urge a doubt  
 Which might but seem a remora unto  
 His fixed desires, having together drew  
 His guard, was marching; when, in such a haste  
 As breathless speed foreshowed they had been chased  
 By some approaching danger, such as were  
 Too full of truth and loyalty to bear  
 Rebellion longer than their thoughts could be  
 Eased of the burthen by discovery,  
 Arrive at th' court with this sad news—that by  
 Almanzor, who, forgetting loyalty,  
 Had seized Alcithius' castle, they were drove  
 To fly their country, since that there he strove  
 To raise an army, by whose strength he might  
 To the sword's power subject the sceptre's right.

10

20

By this sad news startled out of his late  
 Fixed resolutions, the vexed prince, whose fate  
 Had not through all the progress of his reign  
 Darted so many plagues, to entertain  
 Them now with strength unballast, calls in haste  
 His late neglected council, and embraced

i Morea's] 'Morea' again: it was Sicilia at II. i. 114.

This sudden, but mature advice—that he  
Should with such forces as could soonest be 30  
Prepared for service, having only seen  
Pharonnida, possess that strait between  
The castle and the mountains; from whose rude  
Inhabitants, which Nature did include  
Within those rocks, rebellion soonest might  
Grow to a dangerous tumour: the dim light  
Of scarce discernèd majesty, so far  
Being from them removed, that, lest a war  
Enforced him to command their aid, they ne'er  
Heard of his mandates; being more fit to bear 40  
The weight of armour on their bodies, than  
Of taxes on estates—so small that, when  
With all the art of industry improved,  
For want were kept, but not for ease beloved.

Through paths that no vestigia showed, to these,  
As being retained or lost with greatest ease,  
Since naturally unconstant, comes the king.  
Not much too late, majestic rays did bring  
Props to their wavering faith that yet remained  
Unclad in lawless arms; some being gained 50  
Unto Almanzor, whose revolt had brought  
That freedom, those, whose subtle plots long sought  
For innovations, wished. The sickly state,  
In sad irruptions—such as future fate,  
From sacred truths, speaks deadly symptoms in—  
Relaxes all that order which had been  
Till now her cement; the soft harmony  
Of peaceful contracts, sadly silenced by  
That discord in whose flames the kingdom burned,  
Had all their measures into marches turned. 60

Through't his dominions speedy orders flew  
For raising troops; whilst, with such haste as new-  
Shorn meadows, when approaching storms are nigh,  
Tired labourers huddle up, both parties try  
To levy armies. The sad scholar throws  
His books aside, and now in practice shows  
His studied theorics; the stiff labourer leaves  
I' the half-shorn fields the uncollected sheaves  
To female taskers, and exchanged his hook  
Into a sword; each busy trade, that took 70  
Pains in the nicer ornaments of peace,  
Sit idle till want forced them to increase  
The new-raised troops; that ornament o' the hall,  
Old armours, which had nothing but a wall  
Of long time saved from the invading dust,  
From cobwebs swept, though its enamel rust  
Stick close, and on the unpractised soldier put,  
Forth of their breasts, nor fear, nor danger shut.

Yet, with an army of this temper in  
 Haste huddled up, the wandering prince had been 80  
 Enforced to fight, had not his just cause brought  
 Some loyal gentry, such whose virtue sought  
 Truth for reward, unto his side; with which  
 He now advances, more completely rich  
 In noble valour, than's rebellious foes  
 In numerous troops. No enemies oppose  
 His speedy march, till being now come near  
 Alcithius' fort, Almanzor's timely fear  
 Hurries him thence. His better fate depends  
 On larger hopes: unto such constant friends 90  
 As equal guilt by sympathy secured,  
 To them he leaves the castle; and assured  
 Them of relief, with what convenient speed  
 Those of his faction (which did only need  
 His presence to confirm rebellion by  
 An injured power) could draw their armies nigh.

As hence he marches, each successful hour  
 Augments his strength, till the unlawful power  
 Trebled his injured prince's. But as they  
 Who carry Guilt about them, do betray 100  
 Her by her sister, Fear, so these, whose crimes  
 Detected, durst not, in more peaceful times,  
 Look justice in the face, and therefore now  
 Stood veiled in arms against her, fearing how  
 She might prevail 'gainst power, march not till  
 A greater strength their empty bosoms fill  
 With hope—a tumour which doth oft dilate  
 The narrow souls of cowards, till their fate  
 Flatter them into ruin, then forsakes  
 Them in an earthquake, whose pale terror shakes 110  
 Base souls to flight, whilst noble valour dies  
 Adorned with wounds, fame's bleeding sacrifice.

Almanzor's doubtful army, since that here  
 The threatening storm at distance did appear  
 Locked in a calm, possessed with confidence,  
 Slowly their squadrons moves; but had from thence  
 Not a day's journey marched, before the sad  
 News of Alcithius' desperate danger had  
 Paled o'er their camp; which whilst the leaders strove  
 To animate, Almanzor faster drove 120  
 On those designs, which, prospering, might prevent  
 It from surrender; but the time was spent  
 Too far before. The governor that kept  
 It now against his prince, too long had slept  
 In the preceding down of peace, to be  
 Awakened into valour. Only he  
 Had seen't kept clean from cobwebs, and perhaps  
 The guns shot off, when those loud thunderclaps



Proclaimed a storm of healths ; yet, till he saw  
The threatening danger circularly draw  
An armed line about him, in as high  
A voice as valour could a foe defy,  
He clothes his fears, which shook the false disguise  
Off with the first assault, and swiftly flies  
To's prince's mercy ; whose pleased soul he found  
Heightened to have his first attempt thus crowned  
With victory, which nor made his army less,  
Nor steeped in blood, though travailed to success.

130

To this new conquest, as a place whose strength  
He best might trust, if, to a tedious length,  
Or black misfortune, the ensuing war  
His fate should spin, his choicest treasures are,  
Together with her in whose safety he  
Placed life itself, brought for security.

140

This done, that now no slow delays might look  
Like fear, he with his loyal army took  
The field ; in which he'd scarce a level chose  
To rally's army, ere his numerous foes  
Appear o' the tops of the adjacent hill,  
Like clouds, which, when presaging storms, do fill  
Dark southern regions. In a plain that lay

150

So near that both the armies' full survey  
Might from the cliffs on which Alcithius stands  
Be safely viewed, were the rebellious bands  
Of's enemies descending, on each side  
Flanked by a river which did yet divide  
Him from the prince ; who, having time to choose  
What ground to fight on, did that blessing use  
To's best advantage. On a bridge, which by  
Boards closely linked had forced an unity  
Betwixt the banks, his army passed. He now  
Within a plain, whose spacious bounds allow,  
Together with a large extension, all  
An ancient leader could convenient call.

160

Removed no tedious distance from his rear  
Stood a small town, which, as the place took care  
How to advance so just an interest, might  
Be useful—when, tired in the heat of fight,  
Strength lost in wounds should force some thither by  
Wants which a camp's unfurnished to supply.  
More near his front, betwixt him and the plain  
Through which Almanzor led his spacious train,  
On a small hill, which gently rose as though

170

137 nor] Orig. 'nere,' which for 'never,' is not impossible. In the next line one suspects 'excess': but with Chamberlayne, more than with others, the least probable is the most likely.

149 tops] Singer 'top,' which seems unnecessary.

Its eminence but only strove to show  
 The fragrant vale, how much nice art outwent  
 Her beauties in her brow's fair ornament,  
 A splendid palace stood; which, having been  
 Built but for wanton peace to revel in,  
 Was as unfit for the rough hand of war  
 As boisterous arms for tender virgins are.

180

To this, since now of consequence unto  
 The first possessor, had both armies drew.  
 Commanded parties, which ere night shut in  
 Light's latest rays, did furiously begin  
 The first hot skirmish; which, continuing till  
 Dark shadows all the hemisphere did fill,  
 To such as fear or novelty had sent  
 T' the hills' safe tops, such dreadful prospect lent.  
 By the swift rising of those sudden fires,  
 In whose short close that fatal sound expires,  
 Which tells each timorous auditor—its breath,  
 To distant breasts, bears unexpected death,  
 That, whilst their eyes direct their thoughts unto  
 Their danger whom reward or honour drew  
 To the encounter, all the uncouth sight  
 Affords—to horror turns that strange delight.

190

These circling fires drawn near their centre, in  
 Such tumult as armies engaged begin  
 Death's fatal task, a dreadful sound surprised  
 The distant ear. Danger, that lay disguised  
 In darkness yet, now, as if wakened by  
 The conquerors' shouts, so general and so high,  
 That it e'en drowned the clamorous instruments  
 Of fatal war, her veil of sables rents  
 From round the palace, by that horrid light  
 Which her own turrets through the steams of night  
 In dreadful blazes sent, discovering both  
 The shadowed armies; who, like mourners loath  
 To draw too near their sorrow's centre, while  
 Their friends consume, surround the blazing pile,  
 In such a sad and terrible aspect,  
 That those engaged in action could neglect  
 Approaching danger, to behold how they  
 Like woods grown near the foot of *Ætna* lay,  
 Whilst the proud palace from her sinking walls  
 In this sharp fever's fiery crisis falls.

200

210

But now the night, as wearied with a reign  
 So full of trouble, had resigned again  
 The earth's divided empire, and the day,  
 Grown strong in light, both armies did display

220

203 it] Singer 'they,' as he usually reads in such cases. But 'it' is idiomatic and probable.

To their full view, who to the mountain (in  
Sad expectation of the event) had been  
Early spectators called. Here, seated nigh  
Their female friends, old men, exempted by  
Weakness from war's too rough encounters, show  
Those colours which their active youth did know  
Adorn the field, when those that now engage,  
Like tender plants kept for the future age,  
In blooming childhood were; 'mongst this they tell  
What heroes in preceding battles fell, 230  
Where victory stooped to valour, and where rent  
From brave desert by fatal accident;  
Then, ere their story can a period have,  
Show wounds they took, and tell of some they gave.

This sad prelude to an action far  
More dismal past, the unveiled face of War  
Looks big with horror: now both armies draw  
So near, that their divided brothers saw  
Each other's guilt—that too too common sin  
Of civil war. Rebellious sons stood in 240  
Arms 'gainst their fathers clad; friends, that no cross  
Could disunite, here found the fatal loss  
Of amity, and as presaging blood  
I' the worst aspect, sad opposition, stood:  
One was their fashion, form, and discipline;  
Strict heralds in one scutcheon did combine  
The arms of both armies—yet all this must be  
By war's wild rage robbed of its unity.

Whilst like sad Saturn, ominous and slow,  
Each army moved, some youths, set here to grow, 250  
By forward actions, stately cedars to  
Adorn Fame's court, like shooting stars were flew,  
So bright, so glittering, from the unwieldy throng  
Of either army; which, being mixed among  
Each other, in a swift Numidian fight,  
Like air's small atoms when discovering light  
Betrays their motions, show; some hours had past  
In this light skirmish—till now, near war's last  
Sad scene arrived, as the distressed heart calls,  
Before the body death's pale victim falls, 260  
Those spirits that dispersed by actions were,  
Back to their centre, their commander's care  
Summons these in; that so united strength  
Might swiftly end—or else sustain the length  
Of that black storm, where yet that danger stood,  
Which must ere long fall in a shower of blood.

A dismal silence, such as oft attends  
Those that surround the death-beds of their friends

240 Rebellious] Orig. 'Rebellion's,' *nescio an recte*.

In the departing minute, reigns throughout  
 Both armies' troops; who, gathered now about 270  
 Their several standards, and distinguished by  
 Their several colours, such variety  
 Presents the eye with, that, whilst the sad thought  
 Beholds them but as fallen branches brought  
 To the decay of time, their view did bring  
 In all the pleasures of the checkered spring;  
 Like a large field, where being confined unto  
 Their several squares—here blushing roses grew,  
 There purpled hyacinths, and, near to them,  
 The yellow cowslip bends its tender stem, 280  
 T' the mountain's tops, the army, marching low  
 Within the vale, their several squadrons show.

This silent time, which by command was set  
 Aside to pay confession's needful debt  
 To oft-offended Heaven, whose aid, though gave  
 Ere asked, yet, since our duty is to crave,  
 Expects our prayers. The armies, from their still  
 Devotion raised, declare what spirits fill  
 Their breast, by such an universal joy,  
 As, to get young, and not the old destroy, 290  
 Each had by beauteous paranympths been led,  
 Not to rough war, but a soft nuptial bed.

That fatal hour, by time, which, though it last  
 Till fixed stars have a perfect circle past,  
 We still think short, to action brought; which now  
 So near approached, it could no more allow  
 The generals to consult, although there need  
 Nought to augment, when valour's flame doth feed  
 High on the hopes of victory, the rage  
 Of eager armies. Ere their troops engage, 300  
 Their several leaders all that art did use,  
 By which loud war's rough rhetoric doth infuse  
 Into those bodies, on whose strength consists  
 Their safety, souls whose brave resolves might twist  
 Them into chains of valour, which no force,  
 Than death less powerful, ever should divorce.

The prince, as more depending on the just  
 Cause that had drawn his sword, which to distrust  
 Looks like a crime, soonest commits the day  
 To Fate's arbitrement. No more delay 310  
 Comforts the fainting coward,—a sad sound  
 Of cannon gave the signal, and had drowned  
 The murmuring drum in silence; Earth did groan  
 In trembling echoes; on her sanguine throne,  
 High mounted, Horror sits; wild Rage doth fill  
 Each breast with fury, whose fierce flames distil

273 presents] Singer, as always where he notices, 'present.' I think it well to draw occasional but not constant attention to this.



Life through the alembics of their veins : that cloud  
 Of dust, which, when they first did move, a shroud  
 Of darkness veiled them in, allayed with blood,  
 Fell to the earth ; whose clefts a crimson flood 320  
 Filled to the brim, and, when it could contain  
 No more, let forth those purple streams to stain  
 The blushing fields, which being made slippery by  
 The unnatural shower, there lets them sink and die ;  
 Whose empty veins rent in this fatal strife,  
 Here dropped the treasure of exhausted life.  
 In sad exchange of wounds, whilst the last breath,  
 E'en flying forth to give another death,  
 Supports the fainting spirits, all were now  
 Sadly employed ; armed Danger could allow 330  
 In this loud storm of action, none to stand  
 Idle spectators ; but each busy hand  
 Labours, in death's great work, his life to sell  
 At rates so dear—that foe by which he fell,  
 To boast his gain, survives not. But now, in  
 This mart of death, blind Fortune doth begin  
 To show herself antagonist unto  
 Less powerful Justice. In the common view  
 Of Reason, which by the external shape  
 Of actions only judges, no escape 340  
 From their desert—captivity, was left  
 The rebels' army, but the unmanly theft  
 Of secret flight to some, protected by  
 Their fellows' loss ; when, in a rage as high  
 As if it had attempted to outroar  
 The battle's thunder, a rude tempest, bore  
 From southern climates on the exalted wings  
 Of new-raised winds, a change so fatal brings  
 T' the royal army, that from victory's near  
 Successful pride, unto extremes which fear 350  
 Did ne'er suggest, it brought them back to view  
 Their glorious hopes thus sadly overthrew.—  
 A strong reserve, raised by his friends to be  
 Almanzor's rescue, if that victory  
 Seemed to assist the juster part, was now  
 Brought near the river ; which endeavouring how  
 To ford, they there unwillingly had been  
 Detained, till strength had proved but useless in  
 The prince's conquest, if the swelling flood,  
 Whose added streams, too strong to be withstood, 360  
 Had not in that impetuous torrent tore  
 That bridge which passed the royal army o'er ;  
 Whose severed boats born down the river made  
 So sad a change, that, whilst their foes invade

317 veins] Orig. 'reins' which, again, is quite possibly not wrong.

Their rear on them, the late lamented loss  
 Forbid the others when dispersed to cross  
 The waves by dangers, which in each breast bred  
 Terrors as great as those from whence they fled.

The valiant army, like life's citadel—

The heart, when nought but poisonous vapours swell 370  
 Every adjacent part, long struggling in  
 Death's sharp convulsions, out of hopes to win  
 Aught there but what buys the uncertain breath  
 Of future fame at the high price of death;  
 At length, not conquered, but o'erburthened by  
 A flood of power, in night's obscurity,  
 When dreadful shadows had the field o'erspread,  
 As darkness were a herse-cloth for the dead,  
 That this day's losses might not grow too great  
 For reparation, by a hard retreat, 380  
 Attempt to save such of their strengths, as, since  
 Enforced to fly, might safely guard the prince  
 From dangers; which could but his foes have viewed,  
 Their motions all had unto death pursued.

In this distress, from that vast sea of blood—

The field where late his army marshalled stood—  
 The wretched prince retires; but with a train  
 So small, they seemed like those that did remain  
 After a deluge. Where the river's course,  
 Stopped with dead bodies, ran with smallest force, 390  
 He ventures o'er the flood, whose guilty waves  
 Blushes in blood. Some few, whom Fortune saves  
 To attend on him, alike successful by  
 That bold adventure, whilst the prince doth fly  
 To guard Alcithius, by his mandates are,  
 Since the disasters of this fatal war  
 Forced him to seek for more assistance, sent  
 To the Epirot. Striving to prevent  
 Those wild reports, that, on the quick belief  
 Of female fear, might be imposed by grief, 400  
 He hastes to bear the sad report to her,  
 Whose sorrow's lost to see the messenger.

368 whence] Singer, in an arbitrary mood of book-grammar, 'which.'

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

Through the dark terrors of a dreadful night,  
The prince to's daughter comes with flying speed;  
From dangers, great as those he feared in flight,  
Is by Argalia's forward valour freed.

Who having with successful fortune gave  
His master freedom, their joint strength pursue  
Their flying foes unto an uncouth cave,  
In whose vast womb Fate's dark decrees they view.

THIS last retreat, which seemed but to defer  
Danger by being Honour's sepulchre,  
Attained in haste; there, calming all the strife  
Of various passion, since her father's life  
Paid all the tears she owed his losses, he  
His virtuous daughter found, prepared to be  
No sad addition to his sorrow by  
The faults of female imbecility—  
Untimely tears; but with a confidence  
High as e'er taught brave valour to dispense  
With sad disasters, armed to entertain  
The worst of ills: to ease the wounded's pain,  
Or stop their blood, those hands which once she thought  
Should have to victors Triumph's garlands brought,  
Are now employed; yet, that her acts may be  
The best examples to posterity,  
Her present ill, she with such strength withstood—  
Its power was lost in hopes of future good.

10

Precipitated from a throne to be  
Subjected by a subject's tyranny;  
To want their pity—who of late did know  
No peace, but what his influence did bestow;  
With sad presaging fears, to think his fair,  
His virtuous daughter, his rich kingdom's heir,  
Like to be ravished from his baffled power—  
A trophy to a rebel conqueror;  
With such afflicting griefs as did exclude  
The comforts of his passive fortitude,  
Oppressed the prince: when now an army, led  
By their pursuing enemies, o'erspread  
The circling fields, and brings their fear within  
The reach o' the eye. Heightened with hope to win  
That now by parl, which, ere the sad success  
Of battle made their conquered numbers less,  
He feared in fight; the confidently bold  
Almanzor, in a scroll that did unfold

20

30

A language, whose irreverent style affords  
 Far more of anger than his soldiers' swords  
 Had ere stirred fear within his prince's breast,  
 His fixed intentions thus in brief exprest :—

40

—GREAT SIR,

No airy tumour of untamed desire,  
 Nursed my ambition, prompts me to aspire  
 To any action that may soar above  
 My birth or loyalty ;—it was the love  
 I bore your virtuous daughter that first clad  
 Me in defensive arms, which never had  
 Been else unsheathed, though't had been to defend  
 Me from injustice—should your sword extend  
 Its power to tyranny ; but, failing in  
 That first attempt, ere streams of blood had been  
 Shed in addition to those drops, my hand  
 Had broke my sword as guilty, had this land  
 To whom I owe for the first air I breathed,  
 Not washed the stain in tears, and since unsheathed  
 It in the name of Justice. To their good,  
 Which trembling on uncertain hopes hath stood,  
 Whilst fearing foreign governors, I have  
 Added my love, and satisfaction crave  
 For both, before a greater ill may fall,  
 To make our sufferings epidemical—  
 By being slaves to some proud tyrant, that  
 In politic ambition reaches at  
 A kingdom by professed affection, and  
 Marries your daughter, to command your land.

50

60

This scroll, spotted with impudence, received  
 By the vexed prince, whom passion had bereaved  
 Of politic evasions, he returns  
 A swift defiance ; but his high rage burns  
 Nought but his own scorched breast—the fainting fire,  
 Quenched by constraint, wants fuel to blaze higher,  
 Than flashy threatenings, which, since proved a folly,  
 Sink in the ashes of melancholy ;  
 For which his ablest council could prepare  
 No cordial of advice—they rather share  
 With him in sorrow, whose harsh burthen grows  
 Not lighter by the company of those  
 That now lend hearts to bear it. Only in  
 This sullen cloud's obscurity, this sin  
 Of their nativity, the noble soul  
 Of the undaunted princess did control

70

80

37 irreverent] Orig. 'irreverend.'

43 my] 'by'?

73 Singer inserts 'his' before melancholy, but Chamberlayne may have accented e antepenultimate, without scruple as to the rhyme.



The harshest lectures of her stars, and sate  
Unshaken in this hurricane of fate;  
Calming her father's hot adversity  
With dews of comfort, taught him how to be  
Prince of his passions—a command more great  
Than his that trembles in a regal seat.

The enemy, that vainly had till now  
Toiled forth their strength, no more endeavours how  
By force to conquer; some small time, they knew, 90  
Would, with the bloodless sword of famine, do  
More than their cannon could.—The meagre fen  
Already grew tyrannical, his men,  
Like walking ghosts, wait on their prince, and stand  
For shadows on their platforms; not a hand,  
But was unnerved with want; yet, whilst each part  
Languished toward death, each bosom held a heart,  
Which, though most large, could never empty be,  
Being doubly filled with grief and loyalty;  
Amongst both which, hope for a part puts in— 100  
As the supporter of what else had been  
A burthen insupportable, and spoke  
This pleasing language—That the royal oak,  
Beneath whose winter fortune now they stood,  
Pining for want—the withered underwood  
That all his miseries dropped on—yet they shall,  
Whene'er his brighter stars again do call  
His fortune into light, be comforted  
By his kind shadow; which shall those, that fled  
Him in this sad extreme, then leave to be 110  
Scorched in the rays of angry majesty.

Reduced unto this pitied exigence,  
Yet, by his honour, which could not dispense  
With aught that like suspicion looked, detained  
From what by parl might have their freedom gained,  
The loyal sufferers, to declare how far  
They fear declined; those mourning weeds of war,  
Whose sight a desperate valour doth betray,  
Black ensigns, on their guarded walls display.  
When to augment their high resolves, with what 120  
Their valour was to pity softened at,  
After, with all those coarse, though scarce cates, they  
By sparing, first attempted to betray  
Time till relief with, they'd been fed till now  
There nought remained, that longer could allow  
Life further hopes of sustenance, to do  
An act so great, all ages to ensue,  
Shall more admire than imitate; within  
The hall appears their sovereign, leading in  
His hand the princess; whose first view, though drest 130  
In robes as sad as sorrows e'er exprest,

Was but the frontiers of their grief to what,  
 When nearer seen, whilst sorrow silenced at  
 So sad an object, might for death be took,  
 Made solemn grief like grave religion look.

Whilst all thus in sad expectation stand  
 Of future fate, disdaining to command  
 Those whom an equal sorrow seemed to make  
 His fellow sufferers, the sad prince thus spake  
 His fixed resolves :—' Brave souls, whose loyal love, 140  
 Oppressed by my unhappy woes, must prove  
 Part of my grief, since by my wretched fate  
 Forced with my own life to precipitate  
 Your's into danger; from whose reach, (since by  
 No crime—until the love of loyalty  
 Become a sin—you are called guilty), yet  
 Seek some evasion: 'tis not you that sit  
 Upon the throne he aims at, nor doth here  
 A rival in Pharonnida appear.

No, 'tis our lives, our lives, brave subjects, that 150  
 His bold ambition only reaches at;  
 By this pretence—what to my daughter, love,  
 To 's country, 's pity called,—could he remove  
 Those now but small obstructions soon would grow,  
 To 's pride united, till it overflow  
 All limits of a subject's duty by  
 Rebellious reach, usurp'd tyranny.

'Go then, and let not my unhappiness  
 Afflict you more i' the shadow of distress:  
 'Twill like warm comfort swell my soul, to know 160  
 That to his favour you for safety owe.  
 Did not those sacred canons, that include  
 All virtue in a Christian's fortitude,  
 Obstruct our passion's progress, we, ere this,  
 In death had made the haughty rebel miss  
 The glory of his conquest; which since now  
 Denied, although unwieldly age allow  
 Not strength to sell my life at such a rate  
 Honour aims at, yet shall the slow debate,  
 E'en in my fall, let the world know I died, 170  
 Scorning his pity, as they hate his pride.'

Here stopped the prince; when, as if every breast  
 One universal sorrow had possest,  
 Grief (grown into more noble passion) broke  
 The attentive silence, and thus swiftly spoke  
 Their resolutions :—' On, on, and lead  
 Us unto death, no critic eye shall read  
 Fear through the optics of our souls; but give  
 Command to act—here's not a heart durst live  
 Without obedience.' Comforted with this 180  
 Rich cordial, from his sorrow's dark abyss

Raised to resolves, whose greatness equalled all  
His former glory, by their fatal fall  
To darken the ensuing day, the prince  
Gives a command to all his train—that since  
Their own free votes elected death, they now  
With souls that no terrestrial thought allow  
A residence, 'gainst the next morn prepare  
That wished-for freedom with himself to share.

All sadly sat, expecting but that light  
Whose near approach must to eternal night  
Their last conductor be. A sudden, still,  
And doleful silence, such as oft doth fill  
The room where sick men slumber, when their friends  
Stand weeping by, to contemplation bends  
Their busy thoughts; within each troubled breast,  
Being to leave the mansion she'd possessed  
So long, yet with so short a warning, all  
Her faculties the frightened soul did call  
Forth of the bosom of those causes, in  
Whose form they'd fettered to their crasis been,  
To join those powers (yet strong in living breath)  
For her assistance in the grasp of death.

The whispering trumpet having called them by  
Such sharp notes, as, when powerful foes are nigh  
Retreating, parties use, all swiftly rise  
From bended knees, and the last sacrifice  
They e'er expect to pay to Heaven, until  
Their soul's last gasp the vocal organs fill.  
Concluded was the last sad interview,  
The prince was marched, Pharonnida withdrew.  
And now, all from the opened ports were in  
A swift march sallying, had their speed not been  
Thus swifter stopped:—Those scattered horse that fled  
The battle to the Epirot's court had sped  
So well in their embassy, that the prince,  
Whom the least negligence might now convince  
Of want of love, proud of so fair a chance  
To show's affection, swiftly doth advance  
With a vast army toward them. Lest the fear  
Prevailing danger, ere their strength come near  
To their necessitated friends, might force  
Them to unworthy articles, some horse  
Selected are, whose swifter speed might, by  
A desperate charge broke through their foes, supply  
Their fainting friends. The much desired command  
Of these few men, committed to the hand  
Of brave Argalia, (ne'er more blest than now  
In serving the fair princess), did allow  
His sword so fair a field to write the story  
Of honour in, that his unblasted glory

Beyond this day shall live—outlive the reach  
Of long-armed envy, and those weak souls teach,  
That fear the frowns of Fate, in spite of all,  
Heroic Virtue sits too high to fall.

With the day's close they take their march, and, ere  
The silver morning on her brow did bear  
The burnished guilt o' the sun's warm rays, arrive  
In view o' the place. When Fortune, that did strive  
To crown their hopes, had wrapped the earth in thick 240  
And heavy mists, the sluggish morning, sick  
Of midnight surfeits, from her dewy bed  
Pale and discoloured rose. This curtain spread  
To veil their plot in, they assault their foes ;  
Which when surprised could not themselves dispose  
Fit for resistance, but whilst some did fly  
From the distracting danger, others die  
To their neglect a sacrifice. The swift  
Alarum, like a rude wind's circling drift,  
Hurries confusion through the field, and shook 250  
The trembling soldier ; some unclad forsook  
Their half-fired cabins ; death's large gripe did take  
Whole troops that destiny ordained to wake  
No more till dooms-day, and in 's march prevents  
The union of unrallied regiments.

This frightened language of confusion heard  
By those o' the castle, which were now prepared  
For their last desperate sally, swiftly draws  
Them to assist their friends ; and though the cause,  
Being yet unknown, was only thought to be 260  
Some private jar grown to a mutiny ;  
Or else the noise the enemy had made,  
When all their force was drawing to invade  
Them in their works : howe'er they stand not to  
Consult with reason, but, as striving who  
Shall first encounter death, each several hand  
Sought for his own from those that did withstand  
His rage-directed strength. Their cannon in  
A funeral peal went off, whose steam had been  
Their covert to the camp ; where finding such 270  
A wild confusion, they assisted much  
The fortune of the day, which now was grown  
Indubitable—they might call their own  
A glorious conquest. The thick sulphury cloud,  
Whose dismal shade did that destruction shroud,  
Rent with those thunder claps, dissolved into  
A shower of blood ; what she vouchsafed to do,  
Fortune lends light to show them. Having left  
Their camp, whilst darkness did protect a theft

255 union] Singer 'union,' which seems to me rather a bad emendation.



That only stole dishonour, which they were 280  
 Now in an open flight enforced to bear,  
 They see Almanzor's broken troops o'erspread  
 The neighbouring fields: those clouds of men that fled,  
 Being pursued by companies so small,  
 That they appeared but like those drops that fall  
 After a storm. Yet, as the labouring heart  
 Long struggles for that life, which doth depart  
 From the less noble members to lend aid  
 To her in death's pale conflict, having staid  
 Some of his best commanders, hoping by 290  
 Their valour to recall the rest, with high  
 Undaunted force, Almanzor doth oppose  
 His enemy's pursuit, till like to enclose  
 Him in, disdain the reproachful end  
 He must expect, no longer stands to attend  
 The glimmering light of hope: the field he leaves  
 To conquering Argalia, but deceives  
 Him of himself—the prize most sought for; which  
 When lost beyond recovery, he grown rich 300  
 In shining honour, that, like sun-beams placed  
 Within a field of gules, by being defaced,  
 Had beautified his armour. That dark mist,  
 Which did at first such contradictions twist,  
 That he both curst, and blest it—one, 'cause 't did  
 Aid his design, the other, 'cause it hid.  
 His heaven of beauty in their dewy bed  
 Had left the blushing roses, and was fled  
 Upon the wings o' the wind. With wonder now  
 Discovered colours taught each party how  
 To know their friends. The royal standard in 310  
 The prince's party had developed been,  
 By that fair signal to discover who  
 Was present there. But ere Argalia to  
 That place arrived, Pharonnida, who had,  
 Whilst desperation all her beauties clad  
 In the pale robes of fear, heard all the loud  
 Shock of the conflict; but, until the cloud  
 Removed his fatal curtain, never knew  
 How near the hour of her delivery drew;  
 That being dissolved, through those which grief had raised 320  
 In her fair eyes, did see, and seeing praised  
 Just Heaven which sent it. Each of those that  
 Fought for her she commends; but wonders at,  
 Although unknown, the lightning valour she  
 Saw in Argalia, whilst with just rage he  
 Unravels nature's workmanship—a rent  
 Which were a sin, if not a punishment,

304 did] The text, which is probable and characteristic enough, is Singer's. Orig.  
 one cause did' and in next line 'cause' without apostrophe.

And from the slender web of life did send  
 Forth rebels' souls, fast as each busy fiend  
 That wait their fall transport them. Fain she would, 330  
 Ere known, conceit 'twere he, but how he should  
 Come there, and so attended, did exceed  
 Imagination. Thus whilst her hopes feed  
 On strange desires, being come near unto  
 The coach wherein she sat, prepared to do  
 His love's oblations, he that face disarms;  
 Which, when beheld, by those attractive charms,  
 Within the centre of her best desires,  
 Contracted all her hopes, whose life expires  
 Soon as they're crowned with wished success. Too great 340  
 A distance parts them yet—she leaves her seat,  
 And flies to his embraces, but concealed  
 Her passion in his merit, being revealed  
 To him alone, whose better judgement knew,  
 That, in those spirit-breathing beams that flew  
 Through the fair casements of her eyes, did move  
 The secret language of an ardent love.

This conflict of her passions, which had been  
 Fought betwixt fear and hope, was settled in  
 A silent joy, that from her noble breast 350  
 Struggled for passage; whilst Argalia, blest  
 Above his hopes, in burning kisses seals  
 His service on her virgin hand, that steals  
 From thence new flames into her heart; which ere  
 Fed with desire, e'en whilst she did prepare  
 To entertain those welcome guests, appears  
 The prince, who now, thawed from the icy fears  
 Of desperation, was come there to give  
 Thanks to his unknown friends; but words did live  
 Within a place too barren to bestow 360  
 That fruitful zeal, whose plenty did o'erflow  
 His eyes, those clouded orators, which till  
 Disburthened did capacious passion fill.

This moist gale o'er, when now they had awhile  
 Melted in joy, clothing it with a smile,  
 He thus unfolds his comfort: 'Blessed Fates,  
 You have out-tried my charity, he hates  
 All real virtue, that confesses not  
 My care of thee was but an unknown spot  
 To this large world of satisfaction.'—Here 370  
 Kind sorrow stopped his voice again. When fear  
 Their enemies might rally, and i' the bud  
 Blast all their blooming joys, even whilst the blood  
 Reeked on his sword, leaving their eyes to pay  
 Pursuing prayers, Argalia posts away,

330 wait, transport] Singer, with his usual well-intentioned officiousness, 'waite' and 'transports.'

But finds his foes dispersed, excepting one  
Stout regiment, whose desperation, grown  
To valour, spite of all pursuers, made  
Good their retreat; till forced at length to shade  
Themselves from the pursuing danger in  
A deep dark cave, whose spacious womb had been  
Their receptacle, when unlawful theft  
Was their profession. In this place they'd left  
Their dearest pledges, as most confident  
Those dark meanders would their loss prevent.

380

These stout opposers being protected here,  
Before Argalia brought his army near,  
Had fortified the narrow pass, and now  
Presume of safety, since none else knew how  
Without their leave to enter. Hemmed about  
With all the castle foot, his horse sent out  
To clear the field, the careful general sees;  
Then every quarter made secure, he frees  
His own from all suspected danger. While  
This busy siege did better things beguile  
Of some few steps of time, the prince arrives,  
To see the leaguer, where each captain strives  
With entrance to be honoured: but in vain  
The subtle engineer here racks his brain;  
The mountains yield not to their cannon shock,  
Nor mine could pierce the marble-breasted rock.

390

400

Thus whilst they lay despairing e'er to force  
A place so difficult, with some few horse  
Only attended, the vexed prince surrounds  
The spacious hill, whose uncouth sight confounds  
His ablest guides; making a stand to view  
A promontory, on whose brow there grew  
A grove of stately cedars, from a dark  
And hidden cleft, proud of so rich a mark,  
Some muskets are discharged; which missing, by  
A desperate sally's seconded. To fly  
The danger thorough such a dreadful way  
As now they were to pass, was not to stay—  
But hasten ruin; though too weak, in fight  
More safety lay, than an unworthy flight.

410

But valour, like the royal eagle by  
A cloud of crows o'ermastered, less to die  
With honour, had no refuge left; and that  
Here each plebeian gains. When, frightened at  
The unusual clamour, with such troops as were  
Most fit for speed, Argalia was come there—  
Arrived even with that minute which first saw  
His prince a captive. Now the rebels draw  
Back to their private sally-port, but are

420

415 an] Singer 'in' perhaps unnecessarily.



Too speedily pursued to enter far  
 Within their dark meanders, ere o'ertook  
 By their enraged foes, who had forsook  
 Their other stations, and to this alone  
 Drew all their forces, entering the unknown  
 And horrid cave, whose troubled womb till then 430  
 Ne'er such a colic felt. Argalia's men,  
 Following so brave a leader, boldly tread  
 Through the rock's rugged entrails; those that fled,  
 Though better skilled in their obscure retreat,  
 No safety find. The cave's remotest seat  
 Was now the stage of death; together thronged,  
 After their swords had life's last step prolonged,  
 There all the villains in despair had died,  
 Had not the fear their prince in such a tide  
 Of blood might have been shipwrecked; whom to save, 440  
 A general pardon to the rest is gave.

And now the dreadful earthquake, which had turned  
 The rock to *Ætna*, could its top have burned  
 With subterranean fires, being ceased; the prince,  
 Desirous by his knowledge to convince  
 Those word-deep wonders, which report had spread  
 Of that strange cave, commands some to be led  
 By an old outlaw, whose experience knew  
 The uncouth vault's remotest corners, to  
 Those seats of horror. Which performed, and word 450  
 Returned again, the danger did afford  
 Subject for nobler spirits; forthwith he,  
 Attended by Argalia, goes to see  
 What had affrighted them. The dreadful way  
 Through which he passed, being steep and rugged, lay  
 Between two black and troubled streams, that through  
 The cleft rock rolled with horrid noise, till to  
 An ugly lake, whose heavy streams did lie  
 Unstirred with air, they come, and there are by  
 That black asphaltos swallowed. A strange sound 460  
 Of yelling dragons, hissing snakes, confound  
 Each trembling auditor; till comforted  
 By bold Argalia venturing first to tread  
 On stones, which did like ruined arches lie  
 Above the surface of the lake, he's by  
 Their aid brought to an ancient tower, that stood  
 Fixed in the centre of the lazy flood:—  
 Its basis founded on a rock, whose brow,  
 With age disfigured into clefts, did now  
 With loud and speedy ruin threaten to 470  
 Crush all beneath it; round about it flew  
 On sooty wings such ominous birds as hate  
 The cheerful day; vipers and scorpions sate  
 Circled in darkness, till the cold damp breath



Of near concreted vapours, singed to death  
B' the numerous light of torches, which did shine  
Through the whole mountain's convex, and refine  
Air with restraint corrupted, forcing way  
By conquering flames recalls the banished day.

Come now to a black tower, which seemed to be

480

The throne of some infernal deity,  
That his extended laws reaches unto  
The brazen gate, whose folded leaves withdrew  
Assaults their eyes with such a flux of light,  
That, as the dim attendants of the night  
In bashful duty shun the prince of day,  
So their lost tapers unto this give way ;  
Whilst it, with wonder that belief outgrew,  
Transports their sights to the amazing view  
Of so much beauty, that the use of sense  
Was lost in more than human excellence.

490

A glorious room, so elegantly fair  
In 'ts various structure, that the riotous heir  
O' the eastern crescent that might choose to be  
The theatre of shining majesty,  
They now behold ; yet than its mighty strength,  
Which had preserved such beauty from the length  
Of Age's iron talons, there appear  
More rare perfections—the large floor, of clear  
Transparent emeralds, lent a lustre to  
The oval roof ; whose scarce seen ground was blue,  
Studded with sparkling gems, whose brightness lent  
The beauties of the vaulted firmament  
To all beneath their beams ; the figured walls,  
Embossed with rare and antic sculptury, calls  
For th' next observance : though the serious eye,  
The way to truth in secret mystery  
Here having lost, lets the dark text alone,  
To view the beauties of a glorious throne,  
Which, placed within the splendid room, did stand  
Beneath an ivory arch, o'er which the hand  
Of art, in golden hieroglyphics, had  
The story of ensuing fate unclad,  
But vainly, since the art-defective times  
Struck nought but discords on those well-tuned chimes.

500

510

Upon the throne, in such a glorious state  
As earth's adorèd favourites, there sate  
The image of a monarch, vested in  
The spoils of nature's robes, whose price had been  
A diadem's redemption ; his large size,  
Beyond this pigmy age, did equalize  
The admired proportion of those mighty men,  
Whose cast-up bones, grown modern wonders, when  
Found out, are carefully preserved to tell

520

( 100 )

Posterity—how much these times are fell  
 From Nature's youthful strength; if ['t] be not worse,  
 Our sin's stenography, the dwarfish curse  
 Ordained for large-sized luxury. Before  
 The throne, a lamp, whose fragrant oils had more  
 Perfumed the room than all the balmy wealth 530  
 Of rich Arabia, stood; light, life, and health,  
 Dwelt in its odours, but what more contents  
 The pleased spectators, that fair hand presents  
 The rest t' the view:—the image to declare  
 Of whom the effigies was, on's front did bear  
 A regal crown, and in his hand sustained  
 A threatening sceptre; but what more explained  
 Antiquity's mysterious dress was seen  
 In a small tablet; which, as if 't had been  
 Worth more observance than what Fate exprest 540  
 In unknown figures, he did gently rest  
 His left hand on, as if endeavouring by  
 That index to direct posterity,  
 How in their wonder's altitude to praise  
 The deeper knowledge of those wiser days,  
 By reading in such characters as Time  
 Learned in her nonage—this—in antic rhyme,

When striving to remove this light,  
 It princes leaves involved to night,  
 The time draws near, that shall pull down 550  
 My old Morea's triple crown;  
 Uniting, on one royal head,  
 What to disjoin such discord bred:  
 But let the more remote take heed,  
 For there's a third ordained to bleed;  
 For when I'm read, not understood,  
 Then shall Epirus' royal blood,  
 By ways no mortal yet must know,  
 Within the Aetolian channel flow.

This strange inscription read, not only by 560  
 The prince, but those whom wonder had drawn nigh  
 The sacred room, their fancies' civil war  
 Grows full of trouble; 'tis a text so far  
 Beyond a comment, that their judgements, in  
 Enigmas mazed, had long let motion been  
 In epileptic wonder lost, until  
 (As that alone contained their dreaded ill)  
 The greater part with joined consents advise  
 To have the lamp removed, since in it lies,  
 If those lines prove prophetic, the linked fate 570  
 Of all Ietian princes. Which debate

549 to] Singer 'in,' 571 Ietian] In the extraordinary confusion of proper names,  
 which has been already noticed, it would probably be quite vain to guess at this.

Being carried in the affirmative, the rest  
Drew back, whilst bold Argalia forward prest;  
But's thus soon staid;—the stone, on which he stept  
Next, was by art so framed, that it had kept  
Concealed an engine's chiefest spring, which, by  
The least weight touched, in furious haste let fly  
Unpractised wheels, and with such vigour strook  
The sceptre on the long-lived lamp—it shook  
Its crystal walls to dust;—not thunder's strong  
Exagitations, when it roars among  
Heaps of congested elements, a sound  
More dreadful makes. But what did most confound  
Weak trembling souls, was the thick darkness that  
Succeeds the dying flame; which wondering at,  
Whilst all remain, art's feeble aids supply  
The lamp's lost virtue with new lights, but by  
Cold damps so darkened, that contracted night  
Scorned their weak flames, showing that hallowed light  
Contained more sacred virtues. Now, as Fate  
Had only to that hour prolonged the date  
Of all within, a sudden change, to dust  
The mighty body turns; consuming rust  
Had ate the brazen imagery, and left  
No sign of what till then safe from the theft  
Of time remained; darkness had repossessed  
The sullen cave to an eternal rest;  
In the rude chaos of their ashes, all  
Art's lively figures in an instant fall.

580

590

Pleased with the sight of these strange objects more  
Than with war's dangers he was vexed before,  
The prince with all his train of conquerors now  
Is gone to teach the expecting army how  
To share their wonder; but not far from thence  
Removes, before confirmed intelligence  
Acquaints him with the Epirot's march; who in  
His swift advance so fortunate had been,  
That falling on such as the morning's flight  
Flattered with hope, they there met endless night  
At unawares: but of these added numbers  
Was cursed Almanzor none; yet Justice slumbers  
I' the prosecution of his unripe fate,  
Which must more horrid sins accumulate:  
Before cut off, his clamorous guilt must call  
For vengeance louder, and grow hectical  
With custom, till the tables of his shame  
Into oblivion rot his loathèd name.

600

610

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

From war's wide breaches, whence his brave friends had  
 With victory brought him, the old prince arrived  
 In safety, whilst fear punishes the bad,  
 Rewards that virtue which his cause revived.

In which brave act, Argalia's merits met  
 With a reward that e'en desert outgrew,  
 Whilst him it the fair princess' guardian set,  
 The root on which love's fruit to ripeness grew.

THAT too inferior branch, which strove to rise  
 With the basilic to anastomize,  
 Thus drained, the state's plethoric humours are  
 Reduced to harmony; that blazing star,  
 Which had been lifted by rebellious breath  
 To's exaltation, in the House of Death  
 Now lay oppressed. Which victory complete,  
 Leaving his army where before the seat  
 O' the rebels was, his entertainment by  
 The welcome harbinger of victory  
 Before prepared, the pleased Epirot goes  
 With an exalted joy to visit those  
 His goodness, whilst unknown, relieved; where he  
 Such noble welcome finds, as not to be  
 Imagined but by grateful souls that know  
 The strength of courtesy, when 'twould o'erflow  
 Those merits, which, whilst love incites to praise  
 Our friend's deserts, to pyramids we raise.

The narrow confines of Alcithius' wall,  
 Which kept them safe from dangers past, too small  
 Grows for that present triumph, that blots out  
 All thoughts of grief, but what are spent about  
 Thanksgiving for delivery; which they do  
 Perform in sports, whose choice delights might woo  
 Cold anchorites from their sullen cells. The earth,  
 The air, the sea, all, in a plenteous birth,  
 Exhausted their rich treasuries to pay  
 Tribute to their desires; which, could Time stay  
 Her chariot wheels from hurrying down the hill  
 Of feeble nature, man's vain thoughts would fill  
 With subaltern delights, most highly prized,  
 Till the conclusion, Death, hath annalized  
 The doubtful text with what lets mortals know  
 Their blooming joys must drop to shades below.

29 Her] Singer alters, on general principles, to 'His.' But Chamberlayne is  
 so eccentric that he might have imagined Time as feminine, which is not at all  
 unthinkable.



That great eclipse of glory's rays, within  
Whose shades sad Corinth had benighted been,  
Since, like a widowed turtle, first she sate  
A mourner for her wandering prince's fate ;  
Now, like the day's recovered reign, breaks forth  
In fuller lustre. All excelling worth,  
That honoured virtue, or loved beauty, placed,  
Her ornaments, with their appearance graced  
Those public triumphs she prepares to meet  
The princes in ; in every splendid street  
The various pride of Persia strove to outvie  
Rich English wool dipped in the Tyrian dye :  
Each shop shines bright, and every merchant shows  
How little to domestic toil he owes,  
By the displaying beauteous wardrobes, where  
The world's each part may justly claim a share :  
Though what in all art's stiff contention lent  
Most lustre, was the windows' ornament—  
Fair constellations of bright virgins, that,  
Like full-blown flowers, first to be wondered at,  
Display their beauties, but that past withal,  
Tempt some kind hand to pluck them ere they fall.

40

50

Their entrance in this triumph made, whilst now  
Each busy artist is endeavouring how  
To court their fancies, Time's small stock to improve,  
The grave Epirot, whose designs toward love  
Yet only by ambition led, had made  
His first approach so seeming retrograde  
By state's nice cautions, and what did presage  
More ill—the inequality of age,  
That when converse his private captive led,  
His largest hopes on the thin diet fed  
Of a paternal power ; assisted by  
Whose useful aid, with all the industry  
Of eager love, he still augments that fire  
Which must consume, not satisfy desire.  
But, as occasion warned him to prevent  
Unequal flames, he but few days had spent  
In love's polemics, ere unpractised art,  
From this calm field to war's more serious part  
Is sadly summoned. Those large conquests he  
Had triumphed in, whilst glorious victory  
Waited on's sword, too spacious to be kept  
Obedient whilst that glittering terror slept  
In an inactive peace, disclaiming all  
The harsh injunctions of proud victors, fall  
Off from's obedience ; and to justify  
Their bold revolt, to the unsafe refuge fly  
Of a defensive power. To crush whose pride,  
With such a force as an impetuous tide

60

70

80

Assaults the shore's defence, he's forced to take  
 A march so sad, as souls when they forsake  
 The well-known mansions of their bodies to  
 Tread death's uncertain paths, and there renew  
 Acquaintance with eternity; perplexed  
 To hear those new combustions, but more vexed 90  
 With love's proud flames burning. In which we'll leave  
 Him on his hasty voyage, and receive  
 A smile from the fair princess' fate; which, till  
 Enjoyment stifles strong desire, will fill  
 The tragic scene no more, but, with as sad  
 A progress to her hopes, as ever had  
 Poor virgin to the throne of Love, will frame  
 Those harsh phylacteries, which in Cupid's name  
 She must obey, unless she will dispense  
 With sacred vows, and martyr innocence. 100

These storms blown o'er, and the Epirot gone,  
 Her father, that till now had waited on  
 His entertainment, with a serious eye  
 Looks o'er his kingdom's wounds, and doth supply  
 Each part, which in this late unnatural war  
 Was grown defective. Unto some that are  
 Not lethargized in ill he gently lays  
 Refreshing mercies; sometimes, danger stays  
 From an approaching gangrene, by applying  
 Corroding threats; but unto those that, flying 110  
 All remedies prescribed, had mortified  
 Their loyalty, stern justice soon applied  
 The sword of amputation: which care past,  
 As 'twas his greatest, so becomes his last—  
 Pharonnida he places, where she might  
 At once enjoy both safety and delight.

Her thoughts' clear calm, too smooth for th' turbulent  
 And busy city, wants that sweet content  
 The private pleasures of the country did  
 Afford her youth; but late attempts forbid 120  
 All places far remote: which to supply,  
 He unto one directs his choice, that by  
 Its situation did participate  
 Of all those rural privacies, yet sate  
 Clothed in that flowery mantle, in the view  
 O' the castle walls, which, as placed near it to  
 Delight not trouble, in full bulk presents  
 Her public buildings' various ornaments.

This beauteous fabric, where the industrious hand  
 Of Art had Nature's midwife proved, did stand 130  
 Divided from the continent b' the wide  
 Arms of a spacious stream, whose wanton pride  
 In cataracts from the mountains broke, as glad  
 Of liberty to court the valley, had

Curled his proud waves, and stretched them to enclose  
That type of paradise, whose crown-top rose  
From that clear mirror, as the first light saw  
Fair Eden 'midst the springs of Havilah;  
So fresh as if its verdant garments had  
Been in the first creation's beauties clad,  
Ere, by mistaking of the fatal tree,  
That blooming type of blest eternity,  
Subjected was, by man's too easy crime,  
Unto the sick vicissitudes of time.

140

Nor was she in domestic beauty more  
Than prospect rich—the wandering eye passed o'er  
A flowery vale, smooth, as it had been spread  
By nature for the river's fragrant bed.  
At the opening of that lovely angle met  
The city's pride, as costlier art had set  
That masterpiece of wit and wealth to show—  
Unpolished nature's pleasures were below  
Her splendid beauties, and unfit to be  
Looked on, 'less in the spring's variety:  
Though from the palace where in prospect stood  
All that nice art or plainer nature would,  
If in contention, show to magnify  
Their power, did stand, yet now appeared to vie  
That prospect which the city lent; unless,  
Diverted from that civil wilderness,  
The pathless woods, and ravenous beasts within,  
Whose bulk were but the metaphors for sin,  
We turn to view the stately hills, that fence  
The other side o' the happy isle, from whence  
All that delight or profit could invent  
For rural pleasures, was for prospect sent.

150

160

As Nature strove for something uncouth in  
So fair a dress, the struggling streams are seen,  
With a loud murmur rolling 'mongst the high  
And rugged cliffs; one place presents the eye  
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field  
Sits clothed in all the bounteous spring could yield  
Here lovely landscapes, where thou might'st behold,  
When first the infant morning did unfold  
The day's bright curtains, in a spacious green,  
Which Nature's curious art had spread between  
Two bushy thickets, that on either hand  
Did like the fringe of the fair mantle stand,  
A timorous herd of grazing deer; and by  
Them in a shady grove, through which the eye  
Could hardly pierce, a well-built lodge, from whence  
The watchful keeper's careful diligence

170

180

162 bulk] Singer 'bulks' obviously but perhaps unnecessarily.  
170 cliffs] Orig. 'clefts' as often.



Secures their private walks; from hence to look  
 On a deep valley, where a silver brook  
 Doth in a soft and busy murmur slide  
 Betwixt two hills, whose shadows strove to hide  
 The liquid wealth they were made fruitful by,  
 From full discoveries of the distant eye.

Here, from fair country farms that had been  
 Built 'mongst those woods as places happy in  
 Their privacy, the first salutes of light  
 Fair country virgins meet, cleanly and white  
 As were their milky loads: so free from pride,  
 Though truly fair, that justly they deride  
 Court's nice contentions, and by freedom prove  
 More blest their lives—more innocent their love.  
 Early as these, appears within the field  
 The painful husbandman, whose labour steeled  
 With fruitful hopes, in a deep study how  
 To improve the earth, follows his slow-paced plough.

190

200

Near unto these, a shepherd, having took  
 On a green bank placed near a purling brook  
 Protection from the sun's warm beams, within  
 A cool fresh shade, truly contented in  
 That solitude, is there endeavouring how  
 On's well-tuned pipe to smooth the furrowed brow  
 Of careful Want, seeing not far from hence  
 His flock, the emblems of his innocence.  
 Where the more lofty rock admits not these  
 Domestic pleasures, Nature there did please  
 Herself with wilder pastimes;—on those cliffs,  
 Whose rugged heads the spacious mountain lifts  
 To an unfruitful height, amongst a wild  
 Indomitable herd of goats, the mild  
 And fearful cony, with her busy feet,  
 Makes warmth and safety in one angle meet.

210

From this wild range, the eye, contracted in  
 The island's narrow bounds, would think't had been  
 I' the world before, but now were come to view  
 An angel-guarded paradise; till to  
 A picture's first rude catagraph the art  
 Of an ingenious pencil doth impart  
 Each complement of skill: or as the court  
 To the rude country; as each princely sport  
 That brisks the blood of kings, to those which are  
 The gross-souled peasant's rude delight—so far  
 These objects differ: here well-figured Nature  
 Had put on form, and to a goodly stature,  
 On whose large bulk more lasting arts were spent,  
 Added the dress of choicest ornament.

220

230

<sup>189</sup> farms] Chamberlayne, who always spells 'alarum' 'alarm,' apparently gave  
 'farm' the sound of 'farum.'



The stately mount, whose artificial crown  
The palace was, to meet the vale stole down  
In soft descents, by labour forced into  
A sliding serpentine, whose winding clew  
An easy but a slow descent did give  
Unto a purling stream; whose spring did live,  
When from the hill's cool womb broke forth, within  
A grotto; whence before it did begin  
To take its weeping farewell, into all  
The various forms restrictive Art could call  
Her elemental instruments unto  
Obedience by, it courts the admiring view  
Of pleased spectators—here, exalted by  
Clear aqueducts, in showers it from those high  
Supporters falls; now turned into a thin  
Vapour, in that heaven's painted bow is seen;  
Now it supplies the place of air, and to  
A choir of birds gives breath, which all seemed flew  
From thence for fear, when the same element,  
With such a noise as seas imprisoned rent  
Including rocks, doth roar: which rude sound done,  
As noble conquerors who, the battle won,  
From the loud thunders of impetuous war  
To the calm fields of peaceful mercies, are  
By manly pity led; so, Proteus-like,  
Returned from what did fear or wonder strike,  
The liquid nymph, resuming her own shape  
Within a marble square, a clear escape,  
Till from her winding stream the river takes  
Still fresh supplies, from that fair fountain makes.

240

250

260

Upon those banks which guarded her descent,  
Both for her odour and her ornament,  
Lilies and fragrant roses there were set;  
To heighten whose perfume, the violet  
And maiden primrose, in their various dress,  
Steal through that moss, whose humble lowliness  
Preserves their beauties; whilst Aurora's rose,  
And that ambitious flower that will disclose  
The full-blown beauties of herself to none  
Until the sun mounts his meridian throne,  
(Like envied Worth, together with the view  
Of the beholders), being exposed unto  
Each storm's rough breath, in that vicissitude  
Find that their pride their danger doth include,  
When scorched with heat or burthened with a shower,  
From blooming beauty sinks the fading flower;  
Though here defended by a grove that twined  
Mutual embraces, and with boughs combined,  
Protects the falling stream, which it ne'er leaves,  
Till thence the vale its flowery wealth receives.

270

280

Placed as the nobler faculty to this  
 Of vegetation, like an emphasis  
 Amongst the flowers of rhetoric, did stand  
 The gorgeous palace; where Art's curious hand  
 Had, to exceed example, centred in  
 One exact model what had scattered been—  
 But as those fragments which she now selects,  
 The glory of all former architects.  
 Here did the beauties of those temples shine,  
 Which Ephesus or sacred Palestine  
 Once boasted in; the Persian might from this  
 Take patterns for his famed Persepolis;  
 This, which had that fair Carian widow known,  
 Mausolus' tomb had ne'er a proverb grown,  
 But been esteemed, after her cost, by her  
 That did erect, a homely sepulchre.

290

Though to describe this fabric be as far  
 Above my art as imitations are  
 Beneath its worth, yet if thy Fancy's eye  
 Would at its outside glance, receive it by  
 This cloudy medium.—On a stately square,  
 Which powerful art forced to a level where  
 The mountain highest rose, compassed about  
 With a thick grove, whose leafy veil let out  
 Its beauties so, 'tis at a distance seen,  
 A silver mount enamelled o'er with green,  
 The shining palace stood; whose outward form  
 Though such as if built for perpetual storm,  
 Yet in that strength appeared but armed to be  
 Beauty's protector: whose variety,  
 Though all met in an artful gracefulness,  
 In every square put on a several dress.  
 The sides, whose large balconies conveyed the eye  
 T' the fields' wild prospects, were supported by  
 A thousand pillars; where in mixture shone  
 The Parian white and red Corinthian stone,  
 Supporting frames, where in the like art stood  
 Smooth ivory mixed with India's swarthy wood:  
 All which, with gold, and purer azure brought  
 From Persian artists, in mosaics wrought,  
 The curious eye into meanders led,  
 Until diverted by a sight that bred  
 More real wonder.—The rich front wherein  
 By antic sculpture, all that ere had been  
 The various acts of their preceding kings,  
 So figured was; no weighty metal brings

300

310

320

296 erect] Singer supplies 't'—'erect—'t.' But though Chamberlayne certainly does not go out of his way to avoid these uglinesses, one need not go out of one's way to insert them.

324 antic] 'antic' of course = 'antique.'

Aught to enhance its worth, Art did compose  
Each emblem of such various gems—all chose  
Their several colours—Under a sapphire sky  
Here cheerful emeralds, chaste smaragd lie— 330  
A fresh green field, in which the armed knights  
Were all clad in heart-cheering chrysolites,  
With rubies set, which to adorn them twist  
Embraces with the temperate amethyst ;  
For parts unarmed—here the fresh onyx stood,  
And Sardia's stone appeared like new-drawn blood ;  
The Proteus-like achates here was made  
For swords' fair hilts, but for the glittering blade,  
Since all of rich and precious gems was thus  
Composed, was showed of flaming pyropus : 340  
And lest aught here that's excellent should want,  
The ladies' eyes were shining adamant.  
These glorious figures, large as if that in  
Each common quar these glittering gems had been  
By sweaty labourers digged, united by  
Successful art, unto the distant eye  
Their mixed beams with such splendid lustre sent,  
That comets, with whose fall the firmament  
Seems all on fire, amazes not the sight  
With such a full and sudden flux of light. 350

As lines extended from their centre, hence  
Unto the island's clear circumference,  
Four flowery glades, whose odoriferous dress  
Tempted the weary to forgetfulness,  
Cutting the mountain into quadrants, led  
Into the valley—Pleasure's humbler bed.  
Where come, if Nature's stock can satisfy  
The fancy at the fountains of the eye,  
'Twas here performed, in all that did include  
What active mirth or sacred solitude 360  
Could happy call—Groves never seen b' the eye  
O' the universe, whose pleasing privacy  
Was more retired from treacherous light than those,  
To hide from Heaven, Earth's first Offender chose.

When Contemplation, the kind mother to  
All thoughts that e'er in sacred rapture flew  
Toward celestial bowers, had here refined  
The yet imperfect embryos of the mind ;  
To recreate contracted spirits by  
The soul's best medicine—fresh variety, 370  
An easy walk conducts them unto all  
That active sports did e'er convenient call.  
All which, like a fair theatre b' the bank  
O' the river verged, was guarded by a rank  
Of ancient elms ; whose lofty trunks, embraced  
By clasping vines, with various colours graced  
( 110 )



Their spreading branches—Whose proud brows, being crowned  
 With stately walks, did from that ample round  
 The well-pleased eye to every place convey,  
 That in the island's humble level lay. 380

To guard her court, a hundred gentlemen,  
 Such as had glorified their valour, when  
 Tried in her father's wars, attended; which,  
 Commanded by Argalia, did enrich  
 His merit with such fair reward, that all  
 His better stars, should they a synod call,  
 Those fires convened ne'er with more glorious light  
 Could clothe his hopes; his fortune's dim-eyed night  
 Enflamed to noon, and the fair princess blest  
 By the same power; for though his fate invest 390  
 His noble soul within the obscure mask  
 Of an unknown descent, his fame shall ask,  
 In time to come, a chronicle, and be  
 The glory of that royal family  
 From whence he sprung. But ere he must attain  
 The top of Fortune's wheel, that iron chain,  
 By whose linked strength it turns, too oft will grate  
 Him with most hot afflictions; his wise fate  
 Digs deep with miseries, before it lays  
 The ground-work of his fame, which then shall raise, 400  
 On the firm basis of authentic story,  
 To him eternal pyramids of glory.

Thou that art skilled in Love's polemics here  
 Wish they may rest awhile; and though drawn near  
 A sadder fate, if Pity says—too rath  
 'Tis to let Sorrow sad the scene, we'll bathe  
 Our pen awhile in nectar, though we then  
 Steep it in gall again. The Spring did, when  
 The princess first did with her presence grace  
 This house of pleasure, with soft arms embrace 410  
 The Earth—his lovely mistress—clad in all  
 The painted robes the morning's dew let fall  
 Upon her virgin bosom; the soft breath  
 Of Zephyrus sung calm anthems at the death  
 Of palsy-shaken Winter, whose large grave—  
 The earth, whilst they in fruitful tears did lave,  
 Their pious grief turned into smiles, they throw  
 Over the hearse a veil of flowers; the low  
 And pregnant valleys swelled with fruit, whilst Heaven  
 Smiled on each blessing its fair hand had given. 420

Becalmed on this pacific sea of pleasure,  
 No boisterous wave appearing, the rich treasure  
 Of Love, being ballast with content, did fear  
 No threatening storm, so safe a harbour near,

400 ground-work] Orig. 'ground-fork' not perhaps possibly.

416 lave] Orig. 'leave' which is obviously worth noting.



As the object whence it sprung. Such royal sports,  
As take their birth from the triumphant courts  
Of happy princes, did contract the day  
To pitied beauty; Time steals away  
On downy feet, whose loss since it bereaves  
Them of no more than what new birth receives  
From the next teeming day, by none is thought  
Worth the lamenting. Sometimes, rocked i' the soft  
Arms of the calmest pleasures, they behold  
A sprightly comedy the sins unfold  
Of more corrupted times; then, in its high  
Cothurnal scenes, a lofty tragedy  
Erects their thoughts, and doth at once invite,  
To various passions, sorrow and delight.

430

Time, motion's aged measurer, includes  
Not more, in all the hours' vicissitudes,  
Than their oft changing recreations; that,  
When the sun's lofty pride sat smiling at  
The earth's embroidered robes, or Winter's cold  
And palsied hand did those fresh beauties fold  
Up in her hoary plush, each season lends  
Delights of 'ts own—such a beguiled time spends  
Its stock of hours unwasted on, in chaste  
Though private sports. Here happy lovers past  
Fancy's fresh youth, whose first attempts did prove  
Too innocent for th' sophistry of love;  
There scornful beauty, or the envious eye  
Of jealous rivals, ne'er afflicts—all by  
An equal and a noble height so blest,  
Pride none had raised, nor poverty depressed.

440

450

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

## Canto V

### THE ARGUMENT

Whilst serene joy sat smiling in her court,  
As shadows to illustrate virtue by,  
Fantastic Love becomes the princess' sport,  
Whose harsher dictates she ere long must try.  
For now suspicion, Virtue's secret foe,  
Fired with Argalia's just-deserved fame,  
Makes her great father think each minute slow,  
Till separation had allayed the flame.

LEST that her court, which seems composed of all  
That's great or good, the o'erweening world should call  
Perfection's height—a word which, whilst on earth,  
Vain as Delight, only from name takes birth—

In this the largest and most glorious sphere  
 E'er greatness moved in, some few stars appear  
 To virtue retrograde. The informing spirit—  
 Love, by whose motion on the pole of merit  
 This bright orb turned, e'en 'mongst these heroes finds  
 A pair of followers, whose imperfect minds  
 Transgressed his dictates; and, though no offence  
 So full of guilt as foul incontinence  
 Durst here approach, by ways less known unto  
 What love intends, those various figures drew,  
 Whose aspects ne'er more near conjunction move,  
 Than eyes—the slight astronomy of love.

That new Platonic malady, the way  
 By which imperfect eunuchs do betray  
 Nature's diseases to contempt, whilst by  
 Such slight repast they strive to satisfy  
 Love's full desires, which pines or else must crave  
 More than thin souls in separation have,  
 Being lately by some sick fantastics brought  
 But near the Court, within it long had sought  
 For residence, till entertained by two  
 Whose meeting souls no more distinction knew  
 Than sex, a difference which, whilst here it grows  
 Toward Heaven, it to corporeal organs owes.  
 But since that these so uncouth actors here  
 But as intruders on the scene appear,  
 Ere in their story we engulf too far,  
 Let's first behold them in their character.

If e'er thy sober reason did submit  
 To suppling Mirth, that wanton child of Wit,  
 Beholding a Fantastic, drest in all  
 His vain delights, what's analogical  
 To our Acretius then conceive thou'st seen;  
 Though if compared, those short to him had been  
 As transcripts are to copies: to complete  
 A humorist, here Folly had chose a seat  
 'Mongst more than vulgar knowledge, and might pass  
 The same account an academic ass  
 Makes of his father's four-year charge, when he  
 Frights villagers with shreds of sophistry.  
 'Mongst foreign parts, of which, like Coriate,  
 He'd run through some, he had acquired to prate  
 By privilege; and, as if every nation  
 Contributed, is in each several fashion;  
 Which, like their tongues, all so imperfect find,  
 That both disguised his body and his mind.  
 Though self-conceit, vain youth's fantastic crime,  
 Made him steal singly from the front of time,  
 I' the medium, which but seldom proves the seat  
 For lust's wild fire or zeal's reflected heat,

He amorous grows; and doubting to prevail,  
For all his wings caught Pegasus b' the tail,  
And being before with Cupid's engines fired,  
From his posteriors doubly was inspired.

She that at first this sympathetic flame  
Inspired him with, the court knew by the name 60  
Of Philanta; to whom, all would impair  
Their skill, that gave the epithet of fair,  
Except Acretius,—since her beauty fit  
For praises was, where paralleled by wit.  
Yet now, although time's sad discovery tells—  
Her Autumn's furrows were no parallels  
In Beauty's sphere, those youthful forms being grown  
So obsolete, scarce the vestigia's shown:  
A native pride and strange fantastic dress,  
More admiration than e'er comeliness 70  
Could do, acquires. She formerly had been  
A great admirer of romances, in  
Whose garb she now goes drest; a medley piece  
Made up of India, Turkey, Persia, Greece,  
With other nations, all enforced to be  
Comprised within five foot's stenography.  
Her wit, that had been critical, and ranged  
'Mongst ladies' more than the ushers' legs, was changed  
To gratify; and every word she said,  
An apophthegm unto the chamber-maid, 80  
From whom, her long experienced knowledge in  
Some of the female mysteries of sin,  
Had gained the applause of being skilled in all  
That could prevent decaying beauty's fall.

Acretius and she, being such a pair  
As Nature when tired with more serious care  
For recreation made, instructed by  
Their meeting natures' secret sympathy,  
Soon learn to love; but, as if now too wise  
For youth's first dictates, Love's loose rules comprise 90  
In such strict bounds, that each the object saw  
Of their desires, like sacred things, some law,  
Fear made obeyed, forbids the world to use,  
Lest the adored enjoyment should abuse  
Into contempt; nor are their meetings in  
Those plainer paths—which their nice art calls sin—  
At all performed;—that, the dull road unto  
The bridal bed; this, the fantastic clew  
To a delight, which doth in labyrinths sit,  
None e'er beheld while they preserved their wit. 100

Like wanton Jove committing secret rapes  
On mortal beauties, they transmute their shapes  
At every interview; now, in a dress  
Resembling an Arcadian shepherdess,

She in the woods encounters him, whilst he,  
 Armed like a furious knight, resolved to be  
 Her ravisher, approaches, but, being by  
 Her prayers charmed into pity, there doth lie  
 Fettered in soft embraces; now he must  
 Turn hermit, and be tempted unto lust 110  
 By her, a lady errant; like distressed  
 Lovers, whose hopes by rigid friends oppressed  
 Pine to despair, they now are wandering in  
 Unhaunted groves, whose pensive shades had been  
 So oft their shady veil, that every tree,  
 In wreaths where love lay wrapped in mystery,  
 Held their included names—a subtle way  
 To the observant courtiers to betray  
 Their serious folly, which, from being their own  
 Delight, was now the sport o' the pages grown; 120  
 The pleasant offsprings of whose wanton wit  
 Disturb their peace, that, though secured they sit  
 In shady deserts, with as much of fear,  
 As wandering ladies, when the giant's near,  
 They're still possessed; less terrible were all  
 The dreadful objects, Amadis de Gaul  
 Or wittier Quixote from their enemies  
 E'er met, than was the fear of a surprise  
 By those which did such strict observance take.  
 They thus their folly the court's laughter make.— 130

Near to the island's utmost verge did lie  
 Retired e'en from Heaven's universal eye,  
 A deep dark vale; whose night-concealing shade  
 By a fresh river's silver stream was made  
 So sweetly cool, it often did invite  
 Pharonnida to meet the smooth delight  
 Of calm retirement there. Where, to impart  
 With Nature's bounty all that liberal Art  
 Thought fit for so remote a pleasure, stood  
 A grotto, where the macrocosm's cold blood 140  
 Ran more dispersed in various labyrinths than  
 It circulates within the veins of men.

Hither the inventive lovers, who long sought  
 Some way which Fancy ne'er her followers taught  
 To express their serious folly in, repair,  
 Oft as the sun made the insalubrious air  
 Unfit for publick walks. To entertain  
 Them here with what exceeded all their vain  
 Delights before,—newly erected by  
 Successful art, each various deity 150  
 Old Fancy placed the sea's commanders, here  
 They with delight behold; but when drawn near  
 They saw, i' the midst o' the blue-eyed Tritons, placed  
 Neptune's and Thetis' chariot—yet not graced



With their unfinished figures, this they took  
For so much favour, as they had forsook  
Their thrones to give them place. But what adds yet  
More to the future mirth, they swiftly fit  
Themselves with habits, such as art had drew  
Its fancies in—both of their robes being blue 160  
Enchased with silver streams; their heads, with fair  
Dishevelled periwigs of sea-green hair,  
Were both adorned; circling whose crowns they wore  
Wreathed coronets of flags; his right hand bore  
A golden trident; hers, yet hardly red,  
As if new plucked from the sea's frothy bed,  
A branch of coral.—But whilst here they sit  
Proudly adorned, both void of fear as wit,  
The gates o' the grotto swiftly shutting in,  
A torrent, such as if they'd seated been 170  
At Nile's loud cataracts, by ways (before  
Unseen) breaks forth; by which the engine bore  
From its firm station, floats aloft, and, by  
A swift withdrawing of those bays which tie  
Floods from commerce, is wafted forth into  
A spacious pool; where the bold artist drew  
The unfathomed sea's epitome within  
A circling wall, but such as might have been  
A pattern to Rome's big-bulked pride, when they  
Showed sea's loud battles for the land's soft play. 180

Our amorous humorists, that must now appear,  
This narrow sea's commanders, shook with fear,  
Sit trembling—whilst the shrill-voiced Tritons sound  
Their crooked shells, whose watery notes were drowned  
B' the lofty laughter of that troop, they saw  
Their pleased spectators; for Pharonnida,  
Being now with all her beauteous train come to  
Behold this pageant, taught them how to view  
A shame as dreadful as their fear, which yet  
Was full of horror; for though safe they sit 190  
I' the floating chariot, yet the mounting waves  
So boisterous grew, that e'en great Neptune craves  
Himself relief, till frightened from all sense  
By second dangers:—From that port from whence  
They sallied forth, two well-rigged ships are now  
Seen under sail, whose actions taught them how  
Sea fights are managed, in a method that  
They being too near engaged to tremble at,  
By fear's slow conduct to confusion led,  
Fall from their thrones; and through the waves had fled 200  
From shame to death, had they not rescued been  
By swift relief—a courtesy that, in  
Its first approach, though welcomed—when they come  
To stand the shock o' the court's loud mirth, as dumb  
( 116 )

As were the fishes they so late forsook,  
Makes Mercy court them in a dreadful look.

But, leaving these to pay with future hate  
Each courtier's present mirth, a sadder fate  
Commands my pen no longer to attend  
On smooth delights, before it gives an end 210  
To that ephemera of pleasure; which,  
Whilst a free conversation did enrich  
Their thoughts, too fast did ripen in the breasts  
Of both our royal lovers, whose fate rests  
Not long in downy slumbers, ere it starts  
In vain phantasmas—Hope herself departs  
In a distracted trembling. Their bright sphere  
Of milder stars had now continued clear  
So long, till what their smiling influence drew  
From the unthankful earth contracted to 220  
A veil of clouds; whose coolness, whilst some praised,  
Obscured those beams by which they first were raised.

Hell's subtle embryos—the ingratitude  
Of cursed Amphibia, whose disguise includes  
Mischief's epitome, had often strook  
In secret at their envied joys, which took  
Ne'er its effects till now. So heavenly free  
The virtuous princess was from what could be  
Of human vice, she knew not to mistrust  
It in another, but thinks all as just 230  
As her own even thoughts; wherefore, without  
Oppressing of her soul with the least doubt  
Raised from suspicion, she dares let her see  
She loved Argalia, though it could not be  
Yet counted more than what his merits might  
Claim as desert. But this small beam of light,  
Through the prospective of suspicion to  
Envy's malignant eye conveyed, to do  
An act, informs the cursed Amphibia, that  
Makes love lament for what she triumphed at. 240  
Since virtue, Heaven's unspotted character,  
On the beloved Argalia did transfer  
Merits of too sublime a height to be  
Shadowed with vice—from that flower's fragrancy  
She sucks her venom; and, from what had built  
His glory, now intends to raise his guilt.  
For though the prince no engines need to move  
His passion's frame, but just desert—his love—  
Her close endeavours are to heighten 't by  
Praises that make affection jealousy; 250  
Whose venom, having once possessed his soul,  
It swiftly doth, like fatal charms, control

237 prospective] Singer 'perspective,' unnecessarily.

Reason's fair dictates ; and although no fear  
From such well-ordered actions could appear  
To strengthen it, Argalia's merits caused  
Some sad and sullen doubts, such as, when paused  
Awhile upon, resolve their cure must be—  
Their cause removed—though in that action he  
From his breast's royal mansion doth exclude  
The noblest virtue—generous gratitude.

260

To cure this new-felt wound, and yet not give  
Strong arguments—great virtues cannot live  
Safe in corrupted courts—the poison's sent  
In gilded pills.—A specious compliment,  
To call him from his calm and quiet charge,  
Pretends by new additions to enlarge  
His full-blown fame, to an extent as far  
As valour climbs in slippery heights of war :  
Which now, though calmed in's own dominions, by  
A friendly league invites him to supply  
The stout Epirot with an army that,  
Though rich in valour, more was trembled at  
For being commanded by Argalia, than  
Composed of Sparta's most selected men.

270

As if no grief could be commensurate  
Unto their joys, but what did blast their fate  
In its most blooming spring : our lovers were,  
When first assaulted by the messenger  
Of this sad news, sate, in the quiet shade—  
A meeting grove of amorous myrtles, made  
To veil the brow of a fair mount, whose sides  
A beauteous robe of full-blown roses hides ;  
In such discourse, the flying minutes spending,  
As passion dictates, when firm vows are ending  
Those parles by which love toward perfection went  
In the obliging bliss of full consent.

280

The fatal scroll received, and read until  
She finds their parting doom ; the spring-tides fill  
Her eyes, those crystal seas of grief—she stops—  
Fans with a sigh her heart, then sheds some drops  
Upon the guilty paper. Trembling fear  
Plucks roses from her cheeks, which soon appear  
Full-blown again with anger—red and white  
Did in this conflict of her passions fight  
For the pre-eminence. Which agony  
Argalia noting, doubtful what might be  
The cause of so much ill, he in his arms  
Circles his saint ; with all the powerful charms  
Of love's soft rhetoric, her lost pleasure strives  
To call again ;—but no such choice flower thrives,

290

300

279 sate] Singer 'set' : but I am not sure that the other is not right.

( 118 )



Though springs of tears thither invite this rest,  
In the cold region of her grief-swollen breast.

Long had she strove with grief's oppressive load  
Ere sighs make way for this:—'Is thy abode  
Become the parent of suspicion? Look  
On this, Argalia, there hath poison took  
Its lodging underneath these flowers, whose force  
Will blast our hopes—there, there, a sad divorce  
'Twixt our poor loves is set, ere we more near  
Than in desires have met.' As much of fear,  
As could possess his mighty soul, did shake  
His strenuous hand, whilst 'twas stretched forth to take  
The letter from Pharonnida. Which he  
Having looked o'er, and finding it to be  
An honourable policy to part  
Them without noise, he curtains o'er his heart,  
Pale as was hers with fear, in a disguise  
Which, though rage drew his soul into his eyes,  
So polished o'er his passion—to her grief,  
His own concealed, he thus applies relief:—

310

320

'Dear virtuous princess, give your reason leave  
But to look through this cloud, which doth receive  
Its birth from nought but fear.—This honour, which  
Your royal father pleases to enrich  
My worthless fortunes with, will but prepare  
Our future happiness.—The time we spare  
From feeding on ambrosia, will increase  
Our wealthy store, when the white wings of peace  
Shall bear us back with victory; there may,  
Through the dark chaos of my fate, display  
Some beam of honour; though compared with thine  
(That element of living flame) it shine  
Dim as the pale-faced moon, when she lets fall  
Through a dark grove her beams:—thy virtues shall  
Give an alarum to my sluggish soul,  
Whene'er it droops; thy memory control  
The weakness of my passions. When we strive  
I' the heat of glorious battle, I'll revive  
My drooping spirits with that harmony  
Thy name includes—thy name, whose memory  
(Dear as those relics a protecting saint  
Sends humble votaries) mentioned, will acquaint  
My thoughts with all that's good. Then calm again  
This conflict of thy fears, I shall remain  
Safe in the hail of death, if guarded by  
Thy pious prayers—Fate's messengers that fly  
On wings invisible, will lose the way,  
Aimed at my breast, if thou vouchsafe to pray

330

340

345 hail] Singer 'vale'—a possibly right but rather large change.



To Heaven for my protection.—But if we  
Ne'er meet again—yet, oh! yet let me be  
Sometimes with pity thought on.' At which word  
His o'ercharged eyes no longer could afford  
A room to entertain their tears; both wept,  
As if they strove to quench that fire which kept  
Light in the lamps of life, whose fortunes are  
I' the House of Death, whilst Mars the regal star.

350

Some time in silent sorrow spent, at length  
The fair Pharonnida recovers strength,  
Though sighs each accent interrupted, to  
Return this answer:—'Wilt, oh! wilt thou do  
Our infant love such injury—to leave  
It ere full grown? When shall my soul receive  
A comfortable smile to cherish it,  
When thou art gone? They're but dull joys that sit  
Enthroned in fruitless wishes; yet I could  
Part, with a less expense of sorrow, would  
Our rigid fortune only be content  
With absence; but a greater punishment  
Conspires against us—Danger must attend  
Each step thou tread'st from hence; and shall I spend  
Those hours in mirth, each of whose minutes lay  
Wait for thy life? When Fame proclaims the day  
Wherein your battles join, how will my fear  
With doubtful pulses beat, until I hear  
Whom victory adorns! Or shall I rest  
Here without trembling, when, lodged in thy breast,  
My heart's exposed to every danger that  
Assails thy valour, and is wounded at  
Each stroke that lights on thee—which absent I,  
Prompted by fear, to myriads multiply.  
—But these are Fancy's wild-fires, we in vain  
Do spend unheard orisons, and complain  
To unrelenting rocks—this night-peekt scroll,  
This bill of our divorcement, doth enrol  
Our names in sable characters nought will  
Expunge, till death obliterate our ill.'—

360

370

380

'Oh! do not, dear commandress of my heart,  
(Argalia answers), let our moist eyes part  
In such a cloud as will for ever hide  
Hope's brightest beams;—those deities that guide  
The secret motions of our fate will be  
More merciful, than to twist destiny  
In such black threads. Should Death unravel all  
The feeble cordage of our lives, we shall,

390

356 Mars] i. e. Mars is in the ascendant. Chamberlayne dares these clashes of s imperturbably.

383 night-peekt] Singer 'night-speckt.' But we have had this odd word 'peekt,' 'peect,' &c. before.

Spite of that Prince of Terrors, in the high  
 And glorious palace of Eternity,  
 Being met again, renew that love, which we  
 On earth were forced, before maturity  
 Had ripened it, to leave. I' the numerous throng  
 Of long departed souls, that stray among 400  
 The myrtles in Elysium, I will find  
 Thy virgin ghost; and whilst the rout, inclined  
 To sensual pleasures here, refining are  
 In purging flames, laugh at each envious star  
 Whose aspect, if ill sited at our birth,  
 With poisonous influence blasts the joys of earth.'  
 'Oh! waste not (cries the princess) dear time in  
 These shadows of conceit—the hours begin  
 To be 'mongst those inserted that have tried  
 The actions of the world, which must divide 410  
 Us from our joy. The sea through which we sail  
 Works high with woe, nor can our prayers prevail  
 To calm its angry brow—the glorious freight  
 Of my unwelcome honours hangs a weight  
 Too ponderous on me for to steer the way  
 Thy humbler fortunes do; else, ere I'd stay  
 To mourn without thee, I would rob my eyes  
 Of peaceful slumbers, and in coarse disguise,  
 Whilst love my sex's weakness did control,  
 Command my body to attend my soul— 420  
 My soul, my dear, which hovering near thee, not  
 Midnight alarums, that appear begot  
 By truth, should startle: 'twixt the clamorous camp,  
 Lightened with cannons, and the peaceful lamp  
 That undisturbed here wastes its oil, I know  
 No difference, but what doth from passion flow,  
 Whose close assaults do more afflict us far,  
 Than all the loud impetuous storms of war.'  
 'We must, we must (replies Argalia) stand  
 This thunderbolt, unmoved,—since his command— 430  
 Whose will confirms our law. Happy had we,  
 Great princess, been, if in that low degree,  
 From whence my infancy was raised, I yet  
 Had lived a toiling rural; then, when fit  
 For Hymen's pleasures, uncontrolled I'd took  
 Some homely village girl, whose friends could look  
 After no jointure for to equalize  
 Her portion but my love; no jealous eyes  
 Had waited on our meetings, we had made  
 All our addresses free; the friendly shade 440  
 Cast from a spreading oak, as soon as she  
 Had milked her cows, had proved our canopy;  
 Where our unpolished courtship had a love  
 As chaste concluded, as, from the amorous dove

Perched near us, we had learned it. When arrived  
Unto love's zenith, we had, undeprived  
By disagreeing parents, soon been led  
To church b' the sprucest swains; our marriage-bed,  
Though poor and thin, would have been neatly drest  
By rural paranympths, clad in the best 450  
Wool their own flocks afforded. In a low  
And humble shed, on which we did bestow  
Nought but our labour to erect, we might  
Have spent our lusty youth with more delight  
Than glorious courts are guilty of; and, when  
Age had decayed our strength, grown up to men,  
Beheld our large coarse issue. Our days ended,  
Unto the church been solemnly attended  
By those of our own rank, and buried been  
Near to the font that we were christened in. 460  
Whilst I in russet weeds of poverty  
Had spun these coarse threads, shining majesty  
Would have exhausted all her stock to frame  
A match for thy desert—some prince, whose name  
The neighbouring regions trembled at, from whom  
The generous issue of thy fruitful womb  
Might have derived a stock of fame to build  
A future greatness on, such as should yield  
Subjects of wonder to the world.' About  
To interrupt him, ere he had drawn out 470  
This sad theme, she began to speak, but by  
Night's swift approach was hindered. Now drew nigh  
The time of his departure. Whilst he bleeds  
At thought o' the first, a second summons speeds  
His preparations to the city, where  
That big-bulked body, unto which his care  
Must add a soul, was now drawn up, and staid  
Only to have his wished commands obeyed.

His powerful passion, love's strict rules respecting  
More than bright honour's dictates, yet, neglecting 480  
All summons, staid him till he'd sacrificed  
His vows to her, whose every smile he prized  
Above those trivial glories. Ere from hence  
He dares depart, each, with a new expense  
Of tears, pays interest to exacting Fate  
For every minute she had lent of late  
Unto poor Love, whose stock since not his own,  
Although no spendthrift, is a bankrupt grown.

Look how a bright and glorious morning, which  
The youthful brow of April doth enrich, 490  
Smiles, till the rude winds blow the troubled clouds  
Into her eyes, then in a black veil shrouds  
Herself, and weeps for sorrow—so wept both  
Our royal lovers—each would, and yet was loath

To bid farewell, till stubborn time enforced  
 Them to that task. First his warm lips divorced  
 From the soft balmy touch of hers; next parts  
 Their hands, those frequent witnesses o' the heart's  
 Indissoluble contracts; last and worst,  
 Their eyes—their weeping eyes—(O fate accurst, 500  
 That lays so hard a task upon my pen—  
 To write the parting of poor lovers) when  
 They had e'en lost their light in tears, were in  
 That shade—that dismal shade, forced to begin  
 The progress of their sorrow.—He is gone.  
 Sweet sad Pharonnida is left alone  
 To entertain grief in soft sighs; whilst he  
 'Mongst noise and tumult, oft finds time to be  
 Alone with sorrow, though encompassed by  
 A numerous army, whose brave souls swelled high 510  
 With hopes of honour;—lest Fame's trump lost breath,  
 Haste to supply 't by victory or death.

But, ere calmed thoughts to prosecute our story,  
 Salute thy ears with the deserved glory  
 Our martial lover purchased here, I must  
 Let my pen rest awhile, and see the rust  
 Scoured from my own sword; for a fatal day  
 Draws on those gloomy hours, whose short steps may  
 In Britain's blushing chronicle write more  
 Of sanguine guilt than a whole age before— 520  
 To tell our too neglected troops that we  
 In a just cause are slow. We ready see  
 Our rallied foes, nor will't our slothful crime  
 Expunge, to say—Guilt wakened them betime.  
 From every quarter the affrighted scout  
 Brings swift alarums in; hovering about  
 The clouded tops of the adjacent hills,  
 Like ominous vapours, lie their troops; noise fills  
 Our yet unrallied army; and we now  
 Grown legible, in the contracted brow 530  
 Discern whose heart looks pale with fear. If in  
 This rising storm of blood, which doth begin  
 To drop already, I'm not washed into  
 The grave, my next safe quarter shall renew  
 Acquaintance with Pharonnida.—Till then,  
 I leave the Muses to converse with men.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



## BOOK III. Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Beneath the powerful tyranny of love,  
Whilst the fair princess weeps out every star  
In pleasure's sphere, those dark clouds to remove,  
All royal pastimes in it practised are.

Amongst whose triumphs, that her train might lend  
Her their attendance in the shades of grief,  
Passion brings some so near a fatal end,  
That timely pity scarce affords relief.

SOME months now spent, since, in the clouded court  
Of sad Pharonnida, each princely sport  
Was with Argalia's absence masked within  
Sables of discontent, robes that had been  
Of late her chiefest dress: no cheerful smile  
E'er cheered her brow; those walks which were erewhile  
The schools where they disputed love, were now  
Only made use of, when her grief sought how  
To hide its treacherous tear: the unfilled bed  
O' the widow, whose conjugal joy is fled,  
I' the hot and vigorous youth of fancy, to  
Eternal absence, sooner may renew  
(Though she for tears repeated praises seeks)  
The blooming spring of beauty on her cheeks.

When bright-plumed Day on the expanded wings  
Of air approaches, Light's fair herald brings  
No overtures of peace to her; each prayer  
In pious zeal she makes, a pale despair  
In their celestial journey clogs. But long  
Her feeble sex could not endure these strong  
Assaults of passion, ere the red and white,  
Vanquished, from beauty's throne had took their flight,  
And nought but melancholy paleness left  
To attend the light of her dim eyes—bereft  
Of all their brightness; pining agues in  
The earthquake of each joint, leaving within  
The veins more blood than dwelt in hers which beat  
The heart's slow motions with a hectic heat.

Long passion's tyrant reigns not, ere this change  
Of mirth and beauty, letting sorrow range  
Beyond the circle of discretion, in  
Her father that suspicion which had been  
Kindled before, renewing, he removes  
His court to hers; but the kind visit proves

( 124 )

10

20

30

## Pharonnida

A paroxysm unto that strong disease  
Which combats in her blood. No mirth could please  
Her troubled soul, since barred society  
With all its better angels—gone to be  
Attendant on Argalia; she beholds  
Those studied pleasures which the prince unfolds. 40  
His love and greatness in, with no delight  
More smooth than that a sullen anchorite,  
Which a harsh vow hath there enforced to dwell,  
Sees the cold wants of his unhaunted cell.

Amongst these sports, whose time-betraying view  
Ravished each pleased spectator, the fair clew  
Contracts some sable knots, of which my pen  
Is only one bound to unravel. When  
War had unclasped that dreadful book of hers,  
Where honoured names in sanguine characters 50  
Brave valour had transcribed, fair virtue fixed  
Euriolus in honour's orb, and mixed  
Him with the court's bright stars: but he who had,  
Whilst unregarded poverty had clad  
His virtues in obscurity, learned how  
To sail in fortune's boisterous storms, is now  
By her false smiles becalmed and sunk, before  
Desert (bound thither) touched love's treacherous shore.

I' the playful freedom of their youth, when she  
Was only a fair shepherdess, and he 60  
A humble swain, he truly did adore  
The fair Florenza; but aspired no more,  
Since poverty clogged love's ambitious wing,  
Than by his private muse alone to sing  
Her praise—with such a flame of wit, that they  
Which have compared, say, envied Laura may  
Look pale with spleen, to hear those lines expressed,  
Though in her great Platonic raptures dressed.

But now his worth, by virtue raised, did dwell  
High as his hopes, and that a parallel 70  
To hers appearing; either's merits had  
A climax to preferment, and thus clad  
Virtue in honour's robes; which equal fate  
Gave his affection language to relate  
What their disparity kept dumb: nor did  
Those motions find acceptance, such as chid  
Them for presumption, rather 'twas a frost  
Of virgin ice, than fire of pride that crost  
His masculine desires; her eyes unfold  
So much of passion, as by them she told 80  
Who had most interest in her heart, which she  
From all brave rivals his resolves shall be.

76 chid] Orig. 'hid.'

'Mongst those, Mazara, one whose noble blood  
 Enriched the gems of virtue, though they stood  
 In honour's altitude, was chief; nor could  
 A nobler choice, were her affections ruled  
 By worth, commend her judgement,—his fresh youth  
 Being crowned with virtues which might raise a truth  
 Above hyperboles; his nature mild,  
 As was the gall-less dove, yet not the wild  
 And furious lion, when provoked, could have  
 More daring valour; an untimely grave,  
 Whilst it i' the embryo was, to every vice,  
 But unto virtue a fair paradise;  
 Whose weedless banks no pining winter knew  
 Till death the influence of warm life withdrew.

90

That sympathy of meeting virtues, which  
 Did both their souls with equal worth enrich,  
 'Twixt him and brave Euriolus had tied  
 A league not to be broke,—could Love divide  
 His blessings amongst friends; but that of all  
 Our passions brooks no rival: Fear may call  
 Friends to partake of palsies, Anger strives  
 To fire each neighbouring bosom, Envy thrives  
 By being transplanted, but a lover's pure  
 Flames, though converted to a calenture,  
 Unwillingly with the least flame will part—  
 Although to thaw another's frozen heart.

100

Few 'mongst the observant wits o' the court yet knew  
 (Though it with twisted eye-beams strengthened grew  
 At every interview, and often dropped  
 Some tears to water it) whose love 'twas stopped  
 Mazara's suit. Euriolus, to her  
 Whose melting pity only could confer  
 A cure, unlocks the secret; whilst the other,  
 More confident to win, ne'er strives to smother  
 A passion so legitimate, but, by  
 All actual compliments, declares how high  
 He prized her virtues: but this worthy's fate  
 Fixed him in love's intemperate zone; too late  
 The pining fruit was sown, the spring so far  
 Being spent, its days were grown canicular,  
 Scorching all hopes, but what made able were  
 By fruitful tears—love's April showers,—to bear  
 Neglect's untimely frosts; which oft have lost,  
 In bloomy springs, the unhappy lover's cost.

110

120

When this accomplished youth, whose tongue and pen,  
 With negatives more firm and frequent then  
 Cursed usurers give impoverished clients, oft  
 Had been repulsed, truth for discovery brought

130

128 then] 'then' for 'than' as often.

This accident—Within the royal court  
 Of bright Pharonnida, a full resort  
 Of valiant knights were met, convened to try  
 Whose valour fortune meant to glorify.  
 Of which selected number there was one,  
 Who, though a stranger, virtue soon made known  
 To all, 'cause feared of most; his valour had,  
 Before the first triumphant day unclad  
 The silver-vested hemisphere, been oft  
 Clothed in the ornaments of honour—brought 140  
 On fame's fair wings from the opposing part,  
 Uncresting them to crown his high desert.  
 But now, when this new constellation near  
 Its zenith drew in honour's hemisphere,  
 Called thither by deciding lots, the brave  
 Euriolus appears, whom victory gave  
 In the first shock success, and placed his name  
 In the meridian altitude of fame;  
 Where, though the valiant stranger prove no foe  
 So fortunately valiant to o'erthrow 150  
 The structure of his fate, yet his close stars  
 Now sink a mine, to which those open wars  
 But easy dangers were. Mazara, in  
 His crest, a scarf that formerly had been  
 Known for Florenza's, seeing, jealous love  
 Converted into rage, his passions move  
 Above the sphere of reason, and, what late  
 Was but a gentle blaze, by altered fate,  
 Fires to a comet, whose malignant beams  
 Foretold sad ills, attending love's extremes. 160  
 Loath to betray his passions in so great  
 A breach of friendship, to a close retreat  
 Mazara summons forward rage; yet in  
 The stranger's name, whose fortune might have been  
 The parent of a private quarrel, sends  
 To call Euriolus, (who now attends  
 Nought but triumphant mirth), unguarded by  
 Applauding friends, in secret fight to try  
 What power did him from threatening danger guard,  
 When public fame was victory's reward. 170  
 This fatal scroll received by him that thought  
 It real truth, since passion might have sought  
 In him the same delay, a swift consent  
 Returns his answer. But the message went  
 So far from its directed road, that, ere  
 It reached Mazara's, loose neglect did bear  
 It to Carina's ear;—a lady that  
 In silent tears her heart had offered at  
 His virtue's shrine, yet with such secret zeal,  
 Her eyes forbid their Cupids to reveal 180



That language of her heart. She knew that in  
Florenza's sea of merits, hers had been  
Shipwrecked and lost; yet, with a soul as far  
From envying her, as hating him, this war  
Of factious passions she maintains, and since  
Reason now wanted language to convince  
Those headstrong rebels, she resolves to be,  
Though ruined, ruled by their democracy.

The information her officious maid  
Had from Mazara's careless page betrayed,  
Assures Carina—the preceding night,  
Such horse and armour as the stranger knight  
Euriolus had conquered in, had been  
By his most cautious diligence within  
A not far distant wood, in whose black shade  
He meant his fury should his foe invade,  
Lodged by his master. Which discovered truth,  
Frightening her tears from the swift chase of youth  
And beauty into froward age, to meet  
Sorrow in private shades, withdraws the sweet  
But sad Carina, who resolves to spend  
Her sighs unnoted by her dearest friend.

190

200

This in Florenza, who foresaw that nought  
But passions more than common could have wrought  
So swift a change, works high; who, that she might  
Displume these ravens ere the babes of light  
Smile in their weeping mother's face, prepares  
To see Carina: who, with wakeful cares,  
(Her sad companions) by her friend surprised,  
No longer in their ebon veil disguised  
Her thoughts' pure candour; but with looks that did  
Seem to implore assistance, whilst they chide  
Her own indulgent nature, shows her how  
Preposterous love made her to passions bow,  
Whose fruit, since none of her first planters came  
From forward man, could be but female shame.

210

This, with its fatal author, known, to free  
Her friend from shame, herself from cruelty,  
Unto Mazara, whose firm love attends  
Her least commands, incensed Florenza sends.  
Whose zeal-transported soul no sooner hears  
That welcome sound, but, though presaging fears  
Prompt him to stay, lest haughty honour fall,  
Ruined by fame, he lets her standards fall  
Before commanding love, and goes to wait  
On's honoured mistress. But this sly deceit  
Of hope no cordial proves unto the sad  
Carina's grief; the long experience had  
Of his affection to Florenza, tells  
Her doubtful soul, those even parallels

220

230

Could not by all her friend's persuasions be  
 Wrested into the least obliquity.  
 Which sad mistrust did love precipitate  
 On paths whose danger frights protecting fate.

Assured the combat's hour drew on, and that  
 Mazara's love-sick soul was offering at  
 Florenza's shrine, and by that willing stay  
 Might be enforced some minutes to delay  
 The time, in which his readier opposite  
 Expected him, she, being resolved to write  
 Affection in her blood, with love's wild haste  
 Makes toward the lists; there finds his armour placed  
 Within the dark shade of an ancient wood,  
 In whose black breast that place of horror stood  
 Where they appoint to meet, like those of fate  
 Obscure and dark, by beasts and birds that hate  
 The light alone frequented; but love had  
 Displumed fear's haggars: being resolved, she clad  
 Beauty's fair pearl, where smooth delights did dwell,  
 I' the rough-cast mould of that Cyclopiian shell.

240

250

But that no arms nor bounding steeds affright,  
 Where love's fair hand hath valour's passport writ,  
 Here we should pause, and pity her that now  
 Fancy beholds, whilst she is learning how  
 To manage stubborn steel within her sleek  
 And polished hand, through devious paths to seek  
 For doubtful dangers, such whose horrid shape  
 On man's best judgement might commit a rape.

Her swift conductor, love, ere this had brought  
 Her to the place, where passion had not sought  
 Long for the object of her hate, ere she  
 Her valiant brother, that was come to be  
 His fame's protector, sees, but so disguised  
 In 's arms, that both, with envy unadvised  
 By knowledge, an unthought-of guilt prepare  
 In blood to meet. Their foaming horses were  
 Now freed from the commanding rein, and in  
 Their full career; but love in vain to win  
 The field from valour strives, her eager haste  
 But argues such an envy as did waste  
 Itself in weak attempts; which, to the length  
 Of power extended, falls beneath the strength  
 Of her victorious foe, whose fortune had  
 In robes of joy, what he must weep for, clad.

260

270

Conquered Carina, now dismounted, lay

248 haggars] It is a pity that 'haggars' has been allowed to become obsolete: for we want something answering to the French *affres*. At the same time, the word may be used in a sense closer to the usual one of 'haggard,' in relation to the person,—'those who are made wild and haggard by fear.' In either case, of course, the poet has the 'untamed hawk' in mind: and, *perhaps*, nothing else.

Struggling for life ; whose fortress to betray  
Toward nature's tyrant, death, her blood transports  
False spirits through their purple sallyports.  
Her brother, with an anger that was grown  
Into disdain, his fury should be shown 280  
On such resistless subjects, ere he knows  
How much of grief his soul to sorrow owes  
For this unhappy act, from 's finished course  
Was now returning, not by strength to force  
The harsh commands of tyrant victors, but  
By calm advice a bloodless end to put  
To that ill-managed quarrel : but before  
He there arrives, to make his sorrows more  
When truth unveils their dark design, a knight,  
With haste as speedy as the secret flight 290  
Of wrath when winged from angry Heaven, he saw,  
Bolted into the lists ; who soon did draw  
Too near, in sober language to dispute  
Their fatal quarrel. Both with rage grown mute,  
Disdaining conference, found no place for words  
Amidst the mortal language of their swords ;  
Which, the first shock passed o'er and lances broke,  
In haste took place, and at each furious stroke  
Unbayed the fountains of their blood, to stain  
With purple guilt the flower-enamelled plain. 300

Whilst each did thus with silent rage employ  
An art-directed fury to destroy  
The other's strength, the bordering shadows weep  
In trickling dews, and with sad murmurs keep  
Time with the hollow and ill-boding note  
Sent from a fatal raven's stretched-out throat,  
Which from an old oak's withered top did sing  
A baleful dirge. But these sad omens bring  
No terror to their busy thoughts, which were  
Too much employed in action, to take care 310  
For any danger more remote than what  
With the next stroke might fall. Perceiving that  
Their horses faint, they both dismount, and do  
On equal terms the fight on foot renew,  
Till a cessation, from the want of breath  
Not valour, was enforced. The veil, which death  
Contracted from those steams his reeking blood  
Breathed forth its spirits in, already stood  
Over Mazara's eyes, which clouded sees  
Not that approach of night ; his trembling knees  
Stagger beneath their fainting load, which in- 320  
T' the grave had dropped, had not their fury been,  
When its last heat was with life's flame near spent,  
From further rage restrained by accident.

Some of the lost Carina's frightened friends,



Fearing those ills which desperate love attends,  
 Spending that morning in the fruitless quest  
 Of her had been, and now (their hopes distressed  
 With vain inquiries) to communicate  
 Their grief returning were; which secret fate  
 To interpose through dark meanders brought  
 Neglect, to find what care in vain had sought.

330

Whilst yet no more than brave humanity  
 Prompts them to part a quarrel that might be  
 Defiled with blood, which, if not shed in wars,  
 With murder stains what it doth gild with scars,  
 They toward them haste, even in that critical  
 And dangerous minute when Mazara's fall,  
 With victory's laurels to adorn his crest,  
 His valiant friend had robbed of future rest,  
 Had not this blest relief of innocence,  
 The one from death, the other from expense  
 Of tears, restrained, before revenge had found  
 So much of guilt as might his conscience wound.

340

His high-wrought rage stopped by too many hands  
 To vent its heat, Euriolus now stands,  
 Shook with the fever of his anger, till  
 Those friends, which saw Mazara grown so ill  
 With wounds to gasp for breath, by giving way  
 For air, they to the victor's view betray  
 His best of friends. At which afflicting sight,  
 Cursing the cause of that unhappy fight,  
 His sword as guilty thrown aside, he hastes  
 To his relief; in which kind act none wastes  
 Their friendly help: life, as but stolen from pain  
 Behind the veil of death, appears again  
 On Nature's frontiers; whose returning flame,  
 Though scarce of strength to warm, looked red with shame,  
 When he so many well-known friends beheld,  
 Sad witnesses, how much his passion swelled  
 Above the banks, where reason should have staid,  
 When to that meeting it his friend betrayed.

350

360

Their veils of steel removed, each now beholds  
 What shame and wonder in firm contracts folds.  
 Amazed stands brave Euriolus to see,  
 None but his friend—his honoured friend—should be  
 The parent of that quarrel; shame confounds  
 Mazara more, and from internal wounds,  
 Though like the Red Sea's springs his other bled,  
 Perhaps less danger, but more torment bred.  
 Both now by his unforced confession knew  
 Whose equal-honoured beauty 'twas that drew  
 Them to this fatal combat, whose event  
 Him near the grave on love's vain errand sent.

370

372 equal-honoured] Orig. 'equalled-honoured.'



Friendship renewed in strict embraces, they  
Are now arrived where weak Carina lay,  
So faint with love's phlebotomy that she,  
Masked in forgetful slumbers, could not see  
Approaching shame; which, when discovered, sticks  
Life's fair carnations on her death-like cheeks.

380

Hasting to see what over-forward rage  
That unknown stranger's weakness did engage  
In that unhappy quarrel, they beheld,  
At the first glance, an object that expelled  
Into the shades of sorrow's wilderness  
All temperate thoughts:—his sister's sad distress,  
Wrought by his arm whose strength betrayed her near  
The grave, did to Euriolus appear,  
Dreadful as if some treacherous friend had shown  
Those flames in which his scorched companions groan.  
Nor did Mazara, though but prompted by  
Pity, that tender child of sympathy,  
With less relenting sorrow live to see

390

Love's bloody trophies, though unknown to be  
By his victorious beauty reared. To save  
From the cold grasp of an untimely grave  
So ripe a virgin, whilst her brother stands  
Unnerved with grief, amongst the helpful hands  
Of other friends are his employed, till, by  
Their useful aid, fled life returns to try  
Once more the actions of the world, before  
It shot the gulf of death; but on the shore  
Of active Nature was no sooner set,  
But that, together with the light, she met  
Her far more welcome lover. Whom whilst she  
Beholds with trembling, Heaven, resolved to free  
A suffering captive, turns his pity to  
So much of passion, as ere long love grew  
On the same stem; whose flowers to propagate,  
She in these words uncurtains mystic fate:—

410

'Forbear your aid, brave sir, and let me die,  
Ere live the author of a prodigy  
That future times shall curse! Yet pardon me,  
Dear brother, Heaven will ne'er impute to thee  
The guilt of blood—'twas my unhappy love  
Which raised this storm; which, if my prayers may prove  
In death successful, let me crave of you,  
Dear sir, to whom I long have borne a true  
But indiscreet affection, that from hence,  
For poor Carina's sake, for this expense  
Of tears and blood, you would preserve those dear  
Respects of friendship, that did once appear  
Confirmed betwixt you; and, although my fate  
Unto the worst of ills precipitate

420

My fame and life, oh! let my name not be  
 Offensive to your ear. This, this for me,  
 Is all you shall perform.'—Which spoke, she'd let  
 Her hovering soul forth, to have paid the debt  
 Of nature to the grave, had not she been  
 By some assisting friends, whilst dropping in,  
 Staid at the last step, and brought back to meet  
 The bridal pair, no single winding sheet.  
 This doubtful combat ended, they are to  
 The court conveyed; where Fame, upon this new  
 Text commenting, in various characters  
 Transcribes her sense:—some this bold act of hers  
 Term unbecoming passion, others brave,  
 Heroic love. But what most comfort gave  
 To cured Carina, was, that this lost blood  
 Had proved love's balm, and in a purple flood  
 Washed from her heart grief's sable stains; for now  
 Merit had taught her dear Mazara how  
 To prize her virtuous love, and for its sake  
 Its cabinet her heart's best temple make.

430

440

Thus passion's troubled sea had settled in  
 A smooth and gentle calm, had there not been  
 Unhappily, to blast their sweet content,  
 Not long before an act, for th' banishment  
 Of all such courtiers, made, as should, without  
 A licence from the council, fight about  
 Whatever private quarrel. But not this  
 Mazara or his new choice frights—their bliss  
 Stood on more firm foundations than the court's  
 Uncertain favours were: whose glorious sports  
 Although he left, it was not to retire  
 To sullen cares; what honour could require,  
 A state, which called him her unquestioned lord,  
 Without depending favours did afford.

450

But whilst we leave this noble lover, by  
 This mandate freed from what before did tie  
 Unto a troublesome attendance, we  
 From brave Euriolus are forced to be  
 With sorrow parted, since the general love  
 His virtue had obtained, wants strength to move  
 The ponderous doom. Ere his impoverished heart,  
 Grown poor in streams, could from life's springs impart  
 Warm blood enough for his pale cheeks to drink  
 A health to beauty, he's enforced to think  
 Of that sad theme of parting; on whose sense  
 His grieved soul dictates sighs, yet could dispense  
 Even with its harshest rigour, were there but  
 Any exception in it, that might put

460

470

472 exception] Orig. 'acceptation.'

Out parting with Florenza, that though he  
 Were shrunk into his former poverty,  
 Calling the rugged frowns of Fate, would bear  
 A brow unclouded with Ambition's care.  
 But he must go:—not all the rhetoric  
 Of tempting love could plead against the quick  
 Approach of time; whose speedy motion now  
 Only some slippery minutes did allow  
 Their parting tears: in whose exalted flood,  
 Had reason not with future hopes withstood  
 The rising stream, Love's summer fruits had been,  
 O'erwhelmed with grief, for ever buried in  
 A deluge of despair; but that, whilst she,  
 With such sad looks as wintering Scythians see  
 The sun haste toward the arctic pole, beholds  
 His slow departure, glimmering hope unfolds  
 Twilight, which now foretells their frozen fear—  
 Day may return to Love's cold hemisphere.

480

490

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

## Canto II

### THE ARGUMENT

The princess, by unlucky accident,  
 Having Love's secret embassies betrayed  
 To her great father, by that action spent  
 That stock of hope which promised future aid.  
 His rage being to such rash extremes inflamed,  
 That he, whose mandates none durst disobey,  
 As if his power were of such acts ashamed,  
 Shrinks from 't himself, and poorly doth betray.

If angry Age, the enemy to love,  
 Tells thy grave pride—thy judgement is above  
 What with contempt, although it injure truth,  
 Thy spleen miscalls the vanity of youth;  
 If harsh employment, gross society,  
 That feast of brutes, make thee an enemy  
 To love, the soul's commercive language, then  
 Remove thy eye, whilst my unenvied pen,  
 That long to passion hath a servant been,  
 Confines the fair Pharonnida's within  
 These paper limits. Frozen still she lies  
 Beneath opposing passions; her bright eyes,

10

*Arg.* 8, 't himself] *Orig.* 'itself.'

*r Age]* *Orig.* 'Aid,' which is of course pure nonsense and betrays, only more distinctly than many other misprints, the fact that the copy was set up from dictation, and never 'read.'

Those stars whose best of influence scarce had power  
 To thaw what grief congealed into a shower  
 Of heart-disburthening tears, their influence spend  
 In sorrow's polar circles, and could lend  
 No light to beauty's world. I' the vigorous reign  
 Of this pale tyrant, whilst she did remain  
 Unlightened with a beam of comfort, in  
 A bower being set, that formerly had been 20  
 Her seat when she heard the unhappy news  
 Of parting with Argalia; whilst she views  
 She blames the guiltless shadows, who, to ask  
 Pardon, in trembling murmurs did unmask  
 Their naked limbs, and scattered at her feet  
 The fragrant veil; in's death-bed sat the sweet  
 But pining rose, each grass its heavy head,  
 Laden with tears, did hang, whilst her eyes shed  
 A pattern to instruct them. Hence, whilst she  
 Looks thorough on a way conceived to be 30  
 The same her lord marched with his army when  
 He left Gerenza, with a haste more then  
 A common traveller, she sees one post  
 Towards her court, whose visage had not lost  
 Its room within her memory—he's known  
 Argalia's page. And now, each minute grown  
 A burthen to her thoughts that did defer  
 A nearer interview, the messenger  
 Arrives, and to her eager view presents  
 His master's letters: whose enclosed contents 40  
 Are now the object her expecting soul  
 Courts with desire, nor doth she long control  
 Their forward haste—a diamond being by  
 The messenger returned, whose worth might vie  
 Price with an Indian fleet when it sails slow  
 With 'ts glittering burthen. Though each word o'erflow  
 With joy, whilst her inquisitive discourse  
 Was on this pleasing theme, time did enforce  
 The page's swift departure; who, with all  
 Affected epithets that love can call 50  
 To gild invention, when it would express  
 Things more sublime than mortal happiness,  
 Is gone to carry his expecting lord  
 What pleasure could, when rarified, afford.  
 Whilst this sweet joy was only clothed in fresh  
 Blossoms of hope, like souls ere mixt with flesh,  
 She only by desire subsisted; but  
 Now to her chamber come, and having shut  
 The treacherous door, from the conjugal seal  
 The white-lipped paper freed, doth soon reveal 60

<sup>32</sup> Gerenza] I follow Singer in adopting this form. The orig. wanders between  
 'Ghirenza,' 'Ghieranza,' &c.



Love's welcome embassies.—She reads, and, by  
Each line transported to an ecstasy,  
In fancy's wild meanders lost the way  
She rashly entered; faint desire would stay  
At every word in amorous sighs to breathe  
A love-sick groan, but she is yet beneath  
The mount of joy, and must not rest until  
Her swift-paced eye had climbed the flowery hill;  
Which now passed lightly o'er, with an intent  
Of a review to its best ornament, 70  
His name, she comes; which whilst bathed in the balm  
Of fragrant kisses, from joy's gentle calm  
She thus is startled—A redoubled groan,  
That sign of neighbouring sorrow, though unknown  
From whence, affrights her soul; but she too soon,  
Too sadly knows the cause. The height of noon  
Raged in reflected heat, when, walking in  
Those outer rooms, her father long had been  
In expectation of her sight; but not  
Finding her there, a golden slumber got 80  
The start of's meditations: to comply  
With whose calm council, he did softly lie  
Down on a stately couch, whose glittering pride  
A curtain from the public view did hide.  
Where, having plucked from off the wing of Time  
Some of her softest down, the dews, that climb  
In sleep to stop each ventricle, begin  
To steal a soft retreat: hovering within  
His stretched-out limbs sleep's vapours lie; his hand  
Rubs from his eyes those leaden bolts that stand 90  
Over their heavy lids; which scarce was done,  
When first surprised Pharonnida begun  
'To read her letter, and by that sad chance  
Betray her love. Passion strove to advance  
Her father from his lodging when he first  
Heard the discovery, but though anger thirst  
For swift revenge, yet policy persuades  
Him to hear further, ere his sight invades  
Her troop of pleasures. Whose thin squadrons broke  
By what she'd heard, before she could revoke 100  
Her vanquished spirits, that were fled to seek  
Protection in her heart, robbing her cheek  
Of all the blood to waft in; whilst she stands  
A burthen to her trembling legs, her hands  
Wringing each other's ivory joints, her bright  
Eyes scattering their distracted beams, the flight  
O' the curtain from her father's angry touch,  
Discovers whence that groan, which caused so much  
Her wonder, came. Grief and amazement strives  
Awhile with love, which soon victorious drives 110

Those pale guests from her cheeks ; unto whose aid  
 Her noble heart, secure from being betrayed  
 By its own strength, did send a quick supply  
 Of its warm blood ; her conscience knows not why  
 To fear, 'cause knows no guilt, nor could have been  
 By love so virtuous e'er drawn near a sin.

But as the evening blushes for the rude  
 Winds of the ensuing day, so fortitude,  
 Upon the lovely roses that did grow  
 Within her face, a deeper dye bestow  
 Than fear could e'er have done, and did presage  
 The ensuing storm's exagitated rage.

120

Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed,  
 The prince awhile beholds her, ere he blamed  
 The frailty of affection ; but at length,  
 Through the thick throng of thoughts, armed with a strength  
 Which crushed the soft smiles of paternal love,  
 He thus begins : 'And must, oh, must that prove  
 My greatest curse, on which my hopes ordained  
 To raise my happiness? Have I refrained

130

The pleasures of a nuptial bed, to joy  
 Alone in thee, not trembled to destroy  
 My name, so that, advancing thine, I might  
 Live to behold my sceptre take its flight  
 To a more spacious empire? Have I spent  
 My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath sent  
 Diseases to arrest me, that impair

My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir  
 Which might preserve my name, that only now  
 Must in our dusty annals live ; whilst thou

140

Transfer'st the glory of our house on one,  
 Which, had not I warmed into life, had gone,  
 A wretch forgotten of the world, to the earth  
 From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth  
 Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly  
 Descending wrath, if visible,—or I

Shall blast thee with my anger, till thy name  
 Rot in my memory ; not as the same  
 That once thou wert behold thee, but as some  
 Dire prodigy, which to foreshow should come

150

All ills, which through the progress of my life  
 Did chance, were sent. I lost a queen and wife,  
 Thy virtuous mother, who for her goodness might  
 Have here supplied, before she took her flight  
 To heaven, my better angel's place ; have since  
 Stood storms of strong affliction ; still a prince  
 Over my passions until now—but this  
 Hath proved me coward. Oh ! thou dost amiss

132 not] Singer 'nor' perhaps unnecessarily.

To grieve me thus, fond girl. With that he shook  
His reverend head; beholds her with a look 160  
Composed of grief and anger, which she sees  
With melting sorrow: but resolved love frees  
Her from more yielding pity. To begin  
The prologue to obedience, which within  
Her breast still dwelt, though swayed by love, she falls  
Prostrate at 's feet; to his remembrance calls  
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust,  
She now conjures him not to be unjust  
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul  
Fled satisfied from earth, as to control 170  
Her freedom of affection. Rather she  
Desires her interest in his crown might be  
Denied her, than the choice of one to sway  
It in her right. She urges how it may  
Be by his virtue far more glorified  
Whom she had chose, than if by marriage tied  
To any neighbouring prince, who only there  
Would rule by proxy, whilst his greater care  
Secured his own inheritance. She then  
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when 180  
Distressed within Alcithius' walls; the love  
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove  
Her choice their happiness; with all, how great  
A likelihood it was—but the retreat  
Of royalty to a more safe disguise,  
Had showed him to their state's deluded eyes  
So mean a thing. Love's boundless rhetoric  
About to dictate more, he with a quick  
And furious haste forsakes the room, his rage  
Thus boiling o'er:—'And must my wretched age 190  
Be thus by thee tormented? But take heed,  
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed  
Until he quench the flame.' At which harsh word  
He leaves the room, nor could her strength afford  
Her power to rise; which whilst she strives to do,  
Her memory adding more weights unto  
The burthen of her thoughts, her soul opprest  
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest  
It must not yet enjoy; swift help lends light,  
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night 200  
Of grief o'ershadowed her. You that have been,  
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in  
The engines of forbidden love, that have  
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs to crave  
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive  
What wild distraction seized her. I must leave

206 distraction] Orig. 'destruction.'

Her passion's volume only to be read,  
 Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled  
 At the like dangerous wounds. Whilst she sits here  
 Amazed with grief, know that no smiles appear 210  
 To smooth her father's angry brow: yet to  
 None he unfolds his thoughts, but, bent to do  
 Whate'er his rage should dictate, to appease  
 This high-wrought storm, which turned into disease  
 Each motion of the brain, he only takes  
 Scorn and revenge, to whose ill counsel shakes  
 The quiet of the soul, to be his guides  
 Thorough those night-specked walks, whose shadow hides  
 The languished beams of love. Awhile their strong  
 Ingredients boil in's blood, before they throng 220  
 The scattered thoughts into a quintessence  
 Of poisonous resolutions. First from thence  
 There sprung this black disaster to attend  
 Argalia's fortune—He doth forthwith send  
 A secret messenger t' the warlike prince  
 Of Syracuse, to let him know that since  
 He sent those forces to assist him in  
 His war, their general, that till late had been  
 The darling of his love, by arguments  
 Too strong was proved a traitor, whose intents 230  
 Aimed at his crown and life. To aggravate  
 His spleen the more, he writes him word—their fate  
 On the same ominous pinions flew, if that  
 He proved successful. Having warmed him at  
 This flame of passion, he concludes with—'Sir,  
 You guess my meaning, I would have no stir  
 About dispatching of him, for he's grown  
 Strong in affection, and may call his own  
 The hearts of half my kingdom. Let this give  
 Your justice power; he's too much loved to live.' 240

The startled Syracusan having read  
 These bloody lines, which had not only bred  
 A new, but nourished growing envy in  
 His mighty soul—a stranger to all sin—  
 So full of guilt, as to dissemble till  
 The new made general's just deserts did fill  
 Fame's still augmented volume, and was grown  
 More legible than what he called his own.  
 What in a rival prince had been a high  
 And noble emulation, kindled by 250  
 A smaller star, blasts virtue. He beholds  
 His lightning valour, which each hour unfolds  
 Examples for posterity, destroy  
 What, though he trembled at, creates no joy  
 Within his sullen soul; a secret hate  
 By envy fed, strives to unhinge his fate



From off its lofty pyramids, and throw  
 What merit raised unto a place more low  
 Than their first step to glory: yet, whilst nought  
 But honour was engaged, disdain ne'er sought 260  
 For life-excluding corrosives; but love  
 Bearing a part, two suns might sooner move  
 In the same sphere, than that hot guest endure  
 A rival flame. Desert could not secure  
 Worth thus besieged; yet this accurst intent  
 Dares not unveil itself. The army sent  
 By him from fair Gerenza, ere the sun  
 Performed his summer's progress, had begun  
 To garrison their weary force within  
 Such towns as their own valour first did win 270  
 From the retired Aetolians. Ere this task  
 Was fully ended, curtained in the mask  
 Of merit's lawful claim, reward, there came  
 A large commission, which Zoranza's name  
 Had made authentic—That the government  
 Of Ardena, a town whose strength had spent  
 The baffled foe whole fields of blood, should be  
 Conferred on him. By the vicinity  
 O' the place freed from a tedious journey, in  
 The city he arrives; and, what had been 280  
 Sent from his prince, presents those mandates that  
 Informed the governor: who, frightened at  
 The strange commands, lets a pale guilt o'ertake  
 His swift resolves, till glorious hopes did shake  
 Those mourning robes of conscience off; and, in  
 The purple garments of a thriving sin,  
 Shadows his trembling soul, lest she appear  
 Shook with a cold fit of religious fear.  
 The discomposure of his look, which did  
 Appear the birth of discontent, forbid 290  
 Suspicion of a blacker sin. That night,  
 As being the last of's charge, he did invite  
 Argalia to remain his guest, the next  
 Promising to be his; yet seeming vext  
 To leave the place, though only to conceal  
 His dark design, that did itself reveal  
 To none but some selected soldiers, by  
 Whose help he meant to murder him. To vie  
 Its benefits with the day's, night had bestowed  
 Refreshing slumbers upon all that owed 300  
 It to the last day's labour; when, without  
 Fear of approaching danger, hemmed about  
 With guards of honest valour, all his train,  
 Save such as mere necessity detain,

269 force] Orig. 'fort.'

277 whole] Orig. 'whose.'

Lodged in the city, fearless Argalia in  
 The castle lies : where having tempted been  
 By midnight revels, full crowned cups, to be  
 Betrayed from reason to ebriety,  
 But nought prevailing, he at length is led,  
 Like an intended sacrifice, t' the bed  
 Ordained to be his last, until the earth  
 Within her womb afford him one. The birth  
 O' the morn grew near her slow approach, ere all  
 Those engines, by whose strength they meant his fall,  
 Could be prepared. The governor, that held  
 The helm of this black mischief, had expelled  
 The poisonous guilt of staining his own sword  
 With blood, providing villains that abhorred  
 No sin's contagion, though revenge did wait  
 On every guilty step. That evening's bait  
 Their liquid mirth had laid, although it took  
 No use of reason from his soul, had shook  
 Its labouring faculties into a far  
 More sudden slumber ; which composed the war  
 Of wandering fancy in a harmony  
 Of the concordant humours, until, by  
 The sudden noise of those ordained to be  
 His murderers, he wakes. Amazed to see  
 His chamber so possessed, he catches hold  
 On one of them, but finds his strength controlled  
 By the assistance of the other : in  
 The embryo of this treachery, ere their sin  
 Was past to execution, he conjures  
 Them to forbear so black a deed, assures  
 Them of rewards, greater than hope could call  
 A debt from him that basely sought his fall.  
 But deadly silence had barred up the gates  
 Of every voice ; those cursed assassins  
 Prepared for action were ; but Heaven prevents  
 That aged sin of murdering innocents  
 With miracles of mercy. There was found  
 Not long before an ancient story, crowned  
 With a prophetic honour, that contained  
 This sacred truth :—'When Ardena is stained  
 With treachery, in friendship's veil disguised,  
 Her sable tower shall be by foes surprised.'  
 This known, but misconceived, to cozen Fate,  
 They did unwounded bear without the gate  
 The now resistless lion, that did lie,  
 Like that brave prince o' the forest, fettered by  
 A crew of trembling hunters. To the brow  
 Of a high promontory, that did bow  
 Its black cliffs o'er the clamorous waves, they had  
 Conveyed the noble youth. The place a sad

And dismal horror wore ; the grim aspects  
 Of lowering rocks the grey-eyed sea reflects  
 In ugly glaring beams ; the night-raven beats  
 His rusty wings, and from their squalid seats  
 The baleful screech-owls fly, to bear their parts  
 In the sad murmur of the night. Those hearts 360  
 Custom had steeled with crimes, perhaps had been  
 Here frightened to repentance, had not sin,  
 Assisted by the hands of avarice, drawn  
 The bridge of reason, and obscured the dawn  
 Of infant goodness. To redeem the time  
 Astonishment had lost, towards their crime  
 They now themselves precipitate ; the hand  
 Ordained to ruin that fair structure, and  
 Unravel his life's even thread, prepares  
 To strike the fatal blow ; but He that dares 370  
 Obstruct commanded villany forbid  
 The further progress of their guilt, and chid  
 That pale sin in rough language of a strange  
 Confused sound, striking their ears—did change  
 The ominous dirges of the night into  
 A various noise of human voices. Who  
 Durst in that secret place approach, 'twas now  
 Too late to think on ; the rock's spacious brow  
 Was clouded o'er with men, whose glittering arms  
 Threatened destruction, ere their swift alarms 380  
 Could summon sleep's enfeebled aid. Whilst they  
 Forsake their prisoner, who becomes a prey  
 To the invaders, seeking safety in  
 Their flight, they fall before him that had been  
 Ordained to speedier ruin ; entering at  
 The open sallyport, they give by that  
 Rash act directions to the foe that mixed  
 Promiscuously with them, and now had fixed  
 Their standards on the gates. The castle, in  
 Feverish alarums sweating, did begin 390  
 To ease her fiery stomach, by the breath  
 O' the full-mouthed cannon : ministers of death  
 In this hot labour busily distils  
 Extracted spirits ; noise and tumult fills  
 The frightened city, whose fired turrets lent  
 A dismal light. But the assailants spent  
 Their blood in vain, the soldiers that had been  
 At the first trembling fit distracted in  
 Confusion's giddy maze, had rallied now  
 Their scattered spirits, and were seeking how 400  
 To purge dishonour's stains in the bright fire  
 Of rage-contracted valour. To retire

393, 4 distils, fills] Singer corrects both false concords—things which, it may be well to repeat just once, Chamberlayne certainly commits knowingly in some places.

Unto their ships in safety, now is all  
 The invaders hope for ; but so many fall  
 In that attempt, it leaves no triumph due  
 To Fortune's temple. By this winding clew  
 Of various fate, Argalia only finds  
 That stroke of death deceived ; no hand unbinds  
 His corded arms, but that which meant to lay  
 Bondage as hard ; so corrosives do stay 410  
 A gangrene, fed by springs of poisonous blood,  
 When reaching at the heart, as these withstood  
 The cataracts of death. With tyrants more  
 Indomitable than the sea that bore  
 Their black fleet, leave our hero to untie  
 This knotty riddle of his fate, whilst, by  
 The ignis fatuus of a fancy led,  
 With slow-paced feet through other paths we tread.

The tumults of the city silenced in  
 A peaceful calm ; what the effects had been 420  
 Of those loud clamours, whilst all seek to know,  
 Argalia's loss makes giddy wonder grow  
 Into suspicion—that this act might be  
 Some stratagem o' the governor, to free  
 Himself from a successor. But those sly  
 Darts of mistrust were rendered hurtless by  
 His prince's mandates, whose envenomed hate  
 That spurious birth had made legitimate.  
 Yet swift revenge affronts his treason in  
 Its full career ; his master, having been 430  
 By him informed of a surprisal where  
 All sounds but death affrighted, could not bear  
 The burthen of his fears, and yet not sink  
 Deeper in sin. Ere the poor wretch could think  
 On aught but undeserved rewards, he, by  
 A brace of mutes being strangled, from the high  
 But empty clouds of expectation drops,  
 To let the world know what vain shadow props  
 Those blood-erected pyramids that stand  
 On secret murder's black and rotten sand. 440

When thus the Syracusan had secured  
 His future fame, passion, that still endured  
 A strong distemperature, slept not until  
 The story of their crossed design did fill  
 Palermo's prince's ear. Argalia's loss  
 Was now the ball that babbling Fame did toss  
 Thorough the court ; upon whose airy wing,  
 Reaching the island, it too soon did bring  
 The heavy news, disguised in robes more sad  
 Than truth, to her, whose stock of virtues had 450

444 crossed] Orig. 'crosse' : and 'cross' is not at all impossible.

445 Palermo's] 'Palermo' introduces a fresh confusion of scene.



Been ventured on that sea of merit. In  
 Such forms of grief, as princes that have been  
 Hurl'd from the splendid glories of a throne  
 Into a dungeon, her great soul did groan  
 Beneath the weights of grief: the doleful tale  
 Had thunder-struck all joy; her spirits exhale  
 Their vigour forth in sighs, and faintly let  
 That glorious fabric, unto which they're set  
 Supporters, fall to the earth. Yet sorrow stays  
 Not in this frigid zone, rude grief betrays  
 Her passions to her father's jealous ear,  
 Who, fearing least Argalia's stars might clear  
 Their smoky orbs, and once more take a flight  
 From death's cold house, by a translated light,  
 To separate from sorrow, and again,  
 In fortune's house, lord of the ascendant reign;  
 He doubts that island's safety, and from thence  
 Removes her with what speedy diligence  
 Fear could provoke suspicion to. Her train,  
 Shook with that sudden change, desire in vain  
 The island's pleasure, ere they know how much  
 Their fates must differ. As it oft in such  
 Unlooked for changes happens, each man vents  
 His own opinion;—some said, discontents  
 Of the young princess; others, that the season  
 O' the year was cause: but though none know his reason,  
 All must obey his will. The pleasant isle,  
 Whose walks, fair gardens, prospects, did beguile  
 Time of so many happy hours, must now,  
 A solitary wilderness whose brow  
 Winter had bound in folds of ice, be left  
 To wail their absence; whilst each tree, bereft  
 Of leaves, did like to virgin mourners stand,  
 Clothed in white veils of glittering icelets, and  
 Shook with the breath of those sharp winds that brought  
 The hoary frost. The pensive birds had sought  
 Out springs that were unbarred with ice, and there  
 Grew hoarse with cold; the crusted earth did wear  
 A rugged armour; every bank, unclad  
 With flowers, concealed the juicy roots that had  
 Adorned their summer's dress; the meadows' green  
 And fragrant mantle, withering, lay between  
 The grizly mountain's naked arms;—all grows  
 Into a swift decay, as if it owes  
 That tribute unto her departure, by  
 Whose presence 'twas adorned. Seated did lie,  
 Within the circuit of Gerenza's wall,  
 Though stretched to embrace, a castle, which they call

460

470

480

490

474 said] Orig. 'did.'  
 which cannot be right, and was probably suggested by 'birds.'

486 frost] 'Frost' is Singer's correction for 'fish'

The prince's tower—a place whose strength had stood  
 Unshook with danger.—When that violent flood 500  
 Of war raged in the land hither were brought  
 Such, if of noble blood, whose greatness sought  
 From treacherous plots extension; yet, although  
 To those a prison, here he did bestow  
 His best of treasure: briefly, it had been  
 Unto the Spartan kings a magazine  
 Since first they ruled that kingdom, and, whene'er  
 A war drew near them, their industrious care  
 Made it their place of residence. The hill  
 'Twas built upon, with's rocky feet did fill 510  
 A spacious isthmus; at its depth a lake,  
 Supplied b' the neighbouring sea let in to make  
 The fort the more impregnable, with slow  
 But a deep current running, did bestow  
 A dreadful prospect on the bended brow  
 O' the hill; which, covered with no earth, did bow  
 Its torn cliffs o'er the heavy stream. The way  
 That led to it was o'er a bridge, which they  
 That guard it did each night draw up; from whence 520  
 A steep ascent, whose natural defence  
 Assisted by all helps of art, had made  
 The fatal place so dangerous to invade—  
 Each step a death presented. Here when he  
 Had placed his daughter, whose security  
 Rocks, walls, nor rivers warranted, without  
 A trusty guard of soldiers hemmed about  
 The walls less hard than they. Those gentlemen  
 That on her happier court attended, when  
 Argalia did command them, as too mild  
 Were now discharged; their office on a wild 530  
 Band of those mountain soldiers, who had in  
 His last great war most famed for valour been,  
 Being conferred; and these, lest they should be  
 Forced by commands into civility,  
 Bestowed upon the fierce Brumorchus; one  
 Whose knotty disposition nature spun  
 With all her coarsest threads, composing it  
 For strength, not beauty, yet a lodging fit  
 For such a rough unpolished guest as that  
 Black soul; whose dictates it oft trembled at 540  
 In feverish glooms, whose subterranean fire  
 Inflamed that ill-formed chaos with desire  
 Its vigour to employ in nought of kin  
 To goodness, till 'twas better tempered in  
 The prince's court; where, though he could not cast  
 His former rudeness off, yet having past

540 oft] Orig. 'ought,' another, no doubt, of the slips of ear,

The fling of the courtiers' tongues, at length  
It thus far wrought him—he converts that strength  
To 's prince's service, which till then had lay  
In passion's fetters, learning to obey 550  
The gentle strokes of government. Though bred  
In savage wildness, nurst with blood, and fed  
With hourly rapine, since he had forsook  
Those desert haunts a firm obedience took  
Hold on 's robustious nature, not to be  
By that effeminate wanton, Flattery,  
Stroked to a yielding mildness. Which being known  
To the mistrustful prince, whose passions, grown  
So far above the reach of reason that  
Her strength could not support them, bending at 560  
Their own unwieldy temper, sunk into  
Acts that his milder thoughts would blush to do,  
Make him from all his nobler captains choose  
Forth this indomitable beast. To use  
So harsh a discipline unto the sole  
Heir to his crown, a lady that did roll  
More virtues on the spindle of her life,  
Than Fate days' length of thread, had raised a strife  
So high in his vexed subjects' blood, that all  
Murmur in secret; but there's none durst call 570  
His prince's acts in question: to behold  
Her prison through their tears, and then unfold  
Their friends a veil of sorrow, is the most  
Their charity durst do. But that which crost  
Distressed Pharonnida above the grief  
Of her restraint, or aught but the belief  
Of her Argalia's death, is—now to be  
Barred, when she wants it most, society  
With sorrowful Florenza, whilst she staid,  
The partner of her secrets, now betrayed 580  
By false Amphibia to her father, and  
Banished the court, retiring, to withstand  
The storms of greatness, to her father's own  
Poor quiet home; which, as if ne'er she'd known  
The beauties of a palace, did content  
Her even thoughts, at leisure to lament  
In pensive tears her wretched mistress' fate,  
Whose joys eclipsed, converts her robes of state  
To mourning sables. What delights the place  
Was capable of having, to deface 590  
The characters of grief, her father strives  
To make them hers; but no such choice flower thrives  
In the cold region of her breast,—she makes  
Her prison such as theirs, whose guilt forsakes  
All hopes of mercy. The slow-footed day,  
Hardly from night distinguished, steals away  
( 146 )

Few beams from her tear-clouded eyes, and those  
 A melancholy pensiveness bestows  
 On saddest objects. The o'ershadowed room,  
 Wherein she sat, seemed but a large-sized tomb,  
 Where beauty buried lay; its furniture  
 Of doleful black hung in it, to inure  
 Her eyes to objects like her thoughts. In which  
 Night-dress of sorrow, till a smile enrich  
 Impoverished beauty, I must leave her to  
 Her sighs, those sad companions! and renew  
 His fatal story, for whose love alone  
 She dares exchange the glories of a throne.

600

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

From treachery, which two princes' annals stained,  
 The brave Argalia by protecting fate  
 Delivered, land on Rhodes' fair isle attained,  
 Being there elected champion for their state.

In which design, although with victory blest,  
 The common fate him soon a prisoner makes  
 To a proud Turk, beneath whose power distressed,  
 His virtue proffered liberty forsakes.

THROUGH the dark paths of dusty annals, we,  
 Led by his valour's light, return to see  
 Argalia's story; who hath, since that night  
 Wherein he took that strange distracted flight  
 From treacherous Ardenna, performed a course  
 So full of threatening dangers, that the force  
 Of his protecting angel trembled to  
 Support his fate, which cracked the slender clew  
 Of destiny almost to death. His stars,  
 Doubting their influence when such horrid wars  
 The gods proclaimed, withdrew their languished beams  
 Beneath heaven's spangled arch. In pitchy streams  
 The heavy clouds unlade their wombs, until  
 The angry winds, fearing the flood should fill  
 The air, their region where they ruled, did break  
 Their marble lodgings; nature's self grew weak

10

*Arg. 3, on]* Orig. 'or,' and I would not undertake that Chamberlayne's restless and unconventional thought did not understand by 'land' 'continent' or 'main,' and suggest a sort of parenthesis of correction.

15 their] Singer 'the region,' to some positive loss.



With these distemperatures, and seemed to draw  
Toward dissolution; her neglected law  
Each element forgot—the imprisoned flame,  
When the clouds' stock of moisture could not tame 20  
Its violence, in sulphury flashes break  
Thorough the glaring air; the swoln clouds speak  
In the loud voice of thunder; the sea raves  
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves  
High as the moon's dull orb, whose waning light  
Withdrew to add more terror to the night.

When the black curtain of this storm that took  
The use of art away, had made them look  
For nought but swift destruction, being so vain  
For th' mariners to row that the proud main 30  
Scorned to be lashed with oars, to ease distress,  
The night forsook them: but a day no less  
Dreadful succeeds it; by whose doubtful light  
The wretched captives soon discover right  
Near them a Turkish navy; to whose aid  
The renegadoes (having first displayed  
Their silver crescents) join. Nor did they meet  
That help untimely; a brave Rhodian fleet  
Set forth from those, the Christian bulwarks, to  
Obstruct the Turks' invasions, was in view. 40

To meet the threatening danger, which 'twas then  
Too late to waive, that miracle of men,  
The brave Argalia, chained unto an oar,  
Is with a thousand noble captives more  
Forced to assist damned infidels. And now  
The well-armed fleets draw near, their swift keels plough  
The ocean's angry front. First, they salute  
Each other with their cannon; those grown mute,  
Come to more desperate fight; unfriendly bands  
Unite their vessels; the fierce soldier stands 50  
Firm on his hatches, whilst another boards  
His active enemies, whose ship affords  
No room for such unwelcome guests, but sends  
Their scattered limbs into thin air; each bends  
His strength to's foe's destruction. Plunging in  
Which bloody sweat, the Rhodians' hopes had been  
Lost with their fleet, had not kind fortune smiled  
Thus on their fear.—Whilst action had beguiled  
Each soul of passive cares, Argalia sees  
A way to unlock his rusty chain, and frees 60  
Himself and fellows from their bank; which done,  
Those that continued at their oars did run  
The vessel from the rest, and, ere unto  
Their sight betrayed, the trembling pirates slew.

34 right] Orig. 'night.'

Then, closing with their unsuspecting foes,  
 I' the vigour of the fight, they discompose  
 Their well-ranged fleet, and such confusion strook  
 Into the van, to see their rear thus shook  
 With an unlooked for hurricane, that in  
 A fearful haste the numerous Turks begin  
 To stretch their fins and flee. But all their speed 70  
 Was spent in vain, Argalia's hand had freed  
 So many captives, that their galleys must  
 Unto the winds' uncertain favour trust,  
 Or else, becalmed, but feebly crawl before  
 Their eager foes, who both with sail and oar  
 Chased them to ruin. Glorious victory  
 Thus to the Christian party being by  
 A stranger purchased, with such high applause  
 As those that rescue a declining cause 80  
 From the approach of ruin, welcomed, he  
 Is now received into th' society  
 Of the brave Christian order, But they not  
 Long joyed in victory, ere the Turk, to blot  
 The stains of being conquered out, had made  
 A mighty army ready to invade  
 The valiant Rhodians; where Argalia shows  
 So brave a spirit, their whole army owes  
 His valour for example. The Turks had oft  
 Made desperate onslaughts on the isle, but brought 90  
 Nought back but wounds and infamy; but now,  
 Wearied with toil, they are resolved to bow  
 Their stubborn resolutions with the strength  
 Of not-to-be-resisted want. The length  
 O' the chronical disease extended had  
 To some few months, since, to oppress the sad  
 But constant islanders, the army lay  
 Circling their confines. Whilst this tedious stay  
 From battle rusts the soldier's valour in  
 His tainted cabin, there had often been, 100  
 With all variety of fortune, fought  
 Brave single combats, whose success had brought  
 Honour's unwithered laurels on the brow  
 Of either party; but the balance now,  
 Forced by the hand of a brave Turk, inclined  
 Wholly to them. Thrice had his valour shined  
 In victory's refulgent rays, thrice heard  
 The shouts of conquest, thrice on 's lance appeared  
 The heads of noble Rhodians, which had strook  
 A general sorrow 'mongst the knights. All look 110

89 oft] Orig. 'ought.' There can be no doubt about the right word in meaning, but it is an interesting point in the History of Rhyme, whether 'brought' was pronounced 'broft,' with the sound of 'cough,' or whether 'oft' was forced, in a *plusquam*-Spenserian fashion, to suit the eye.

Who next the lists should enter; each desires  
The task were his, but honour now requires  
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies  
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice;  
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free  
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be  
Their happy champion. Truce proclaimed until  
The combat end, the expecting people fill  
The spacious battlements, the Turks forsake  
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take 120  
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight  
Diverts their looks. Each part behold their knight  
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat  
They toil for victory. The conflict's heat  
Raged in their veins, which honour more inflamed  
Than burning calentures could do; both blamed  
The feeble influence of their stars that gave  
No speedier conquest; each neglects to save  
Himself—to seek advantage to offend  
His eager foe. The dreadful combat's end 130  
Nought but their loss of blood proclaims; their spirits  
In that reflux of heat and life inherits  
Valour's unconquered throne. But now so long  
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong  
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength  
Cooled on the ground, with 's blood, he fell at length  
Beneath his conquering sword. The barbarous crew  
O' the villains, that did at a distance view  
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,  
Running to succour him, begin a hot 140  
And desperate combat with those knights that stand  
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand  
Whole squadrons of them fall: but here he spent  
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent  
His scattered troops, who for protection fly  
T' the city gates; but, closely followed by  
Their foes, did there for sad oblations fall  
To dying liberty. Their battered wall  
Groaned with the wondrous weight of lead, and in  
Its ruins hides her battlements; within 150  
The bloody streets the Turkish crescents are  
Displayed, whilst all the miseries of war  
Raged in their palaces. The common sort  
Of people make the barbarous soldier sport  
In dying, whilst those that survive them crave  
Their fate in vain; here cruelty did save  
And mercy only kill, since death set free  
Those happier souls from dire captivity,  
At length the unrestrained soldier tires,  
Although not satisfies his foul desires, 160  
( 150 )

With rapes and murder. When, amongst those poor  
 Distressed captives that from thence they bore,  
 Argalia lies in chains, ordained to die  
 A sacrifice unto the cruelty  
 Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in  
 The combat late he slew; yet had not been  
 In that so much unhappy, had not he,  
 That honoured then his sword with victory,  
 Half-brother to Janusa been,—a bright  
 But cruel lady, whose refined delight, 170  
 Her slave, though husband, Ammurat, durst not  
 Ruffle with discontent. Wherefore to cool that hot  
 Contention of her blood, which he foresaw  
 That heavy news would from her anger draw,  
 To quench with the brave Christian's death, he sent  
 Him living to her, that her anger, spent  
 In flaming torments, might not settle in  
 The dregs of discontent. Staying to win  
 Some Rhodian castles, all the prisoners were  
 Sent with a guard into Sardinia, there 180  
 To meet their wretched thralldom. From the rest  
 Argalia severed, soon hopes to be blest  
 With speedy death, though waited on by all  
 The hell-instructed torments that could fall  
 Within invention's reach. But he's not yet  
 Arrived to's period, his unmoved stars sit  
 Thus in their orbs secured.—It was the use  
 O' the Turkish pride, which triumphs in the abuse  
 Of suffering Christians, once, before they take  
 The ornaments of nature off, to make 190  
 Their prisoners public to the view, that all  
 Might mock their miseries. This sight did call  
 Janusa to her palace window, where,  
 Whilst she beholds them, love resolved to bear  
 Her ruin on her treacherous eye-beams, till  
 Her heart infected grew; their orbs did fill,  
 As the most pleasing object; with the sight  
 Of him whose sword opened a way for th' flight  
 Of her loved brother's soul. At the first view  
 Passion had struck her dumb, but when it grew 200  
 Into desire, she speedily did send  
 To have his name; which known, hate did defend  
 Her heart, besieged with love; she sighs, and straight  
 Commands him to a dungeon; but Love's bait  
 Cannot be so cast up, though to deface  
 His image in her soul she strives. The place  
 For's execution she commands to be  
 'Gainst the next day prepared; but rest and she  
 Grow enemies about it: if she steal  
 A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal 210



Her passions in a dream ; sometimes she thought  
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought  
His grisly wounds to show her, smeared in blood,  
Standing before her sight, and, by that flood  
Those red streams wept, imploring vengeance ; then,  
Enraged, she cries—Oh, let him die. But when  
Her sleep-imprisoned fancy, wandering in  
The shades of darkened reason, did begin  
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,  
Love's sovereign power did suddenly control 220  
The strength of those abortive embryoes, sprung  
From smothered anger. The glad birds had sung  
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,  
On drooping wings, up from his dewy bed,  
To fan them in the rising sun-beams ; ere  
Whose early reign, Janusa, that could bear  
No longer locked within her breast so great  
An army of rebellious passions, beat  
From Reason's conquered fortress, did unfold  
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench, whose bold 230  
Wit, joined with zeal to serve her, had endeared  
Her to her best affections. Having cleared  
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,  
By whose close wiles this plot must be conveyed  
To secret action, of her council makes  
Two eunuch-panders ; by whose help she takes  
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to  
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,  
And lodged him in that castle, to affright  
And soften his great soul with fear. The light, 240  
Which lent its beams unto the dismal place  
In which he lay, without presents the face  
Of horror smeared in blood—A scaffold, built  
To be the stage of murder, blushed with guilt  
Of Christian blood, by several torments let  
From the imprisoning veins. This object set  
To startle his resolves if good, and make  
His future joys more welcome, could not shake  
The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood  
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood. 250  
The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead  
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread  
The earth in black for what the falling day  
Had blushed in fire, whilst the brave prisoner lay  
Circled in darkness ; yet in those shades spends  
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends  
Strength to the wings of Faith, which, mounted on  
The rock of hope, was hovering to be gone  
Towards her eternal fountain, from whose source  
Celestial love enjoined her lower course. 260

Whilst in this holy ecstasy, his knees'  
 Descent did mount his heart to Him that sees  
 His thoughts developed ; whilst dull shades opprest  
 The drowsy hemisphere ; whilst all did rest,  
 Save those whose actions blushed at day-light, or  
 Such wretched souls whose sullen cares abhor  
 Truce with refreshing slumbers ; he beholds  
 A glimmering light, whose near approach unfolds  
 The leaves of darkness. Whilst his wonder grows  
 Big with amazement, the dim taper shows  
 What hand conveyed it thither ; he might see  
 False Manto entered, who, prepared to be  
 A bawd unto her lustful mistress, came,  
 Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame  
 A heart congealed with death's approach, but thaw  
 Him from the frozen rocks of rigid law  
 With brighter constellations, that did move  
 In spheres, where every star was fired with love.

270

The siren, yet to show that she had left  
 Some modesty, unruffled by the theft  
 Of mercenary baseness, sadly wept—  
 Her errand's prologue ; but guilt was not kept  
 Within the curtain long, she only sate  
 A mourner for the sickness of his fate  
 Until esteemed for pitiful, and then  
 Prescribes this remedy :—' Most blest of men  
 Compose thy wonder, and let only joy  
 Dwell in thy soul ; my coming's to destroy,  
 Not nurse thy trembling fears. Be but so wise  
 To follow thy swift fate, and thou may'st rise  
 Above the reach of danger. In thy arms  
 Circle that power, whose radiant brightness charms  
 Fierce Ammurat's anger, when his crescents shine  
 In a full orb of forces. What was thine  
 Ere made a prisoner, though the doubtful state  
 Of the best Christian monarch, will abate  
 Its splendour, when that daughter of the night,  
 Thy feeble star, shines in a heaven of light.  
 If life or liberty, then, bear a shape  
 Worthy thy courting, swear not to escape  
 By the attempts of strength, and I will free  
 The iron bonds of thy captivity.'

280

290

300

A solemn oath, by that Great Power he served,  
 Took and believed, his hopes no longer starved  
 In expectation. From that swarthy seat  
 Of sad despair, his narrow jail, replete  
 With lazy damps, she leads him to a room,  
 In whose delights Joy's summer seemed to bloom ;  
 There left him to the brisk society  
 Of costly baths and Corsic wines, whose high

310

And sprightly temper from cool sherbets found  
A calm allay. Here his harsh thoughts unwind  
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate  
So much, but that he dares to recreate  
His spirits, by unwieldy action tired,  
With all that lust into no crime had fired.

By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,  
His sullied garments were removed, and in  
Their place such various habits laid, as Pride  
Would clothe her favourites with, she means to hide  
From those deformities, which, accident,  
On Nature's issue, striving to prevent  
Form's even progress, casts, when she would twine  
That active male with matter feminine.

320

Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests  
Fair Persian mantles, rich Sclavonian vests.  
The gaudy Tuscan, or transmuted shape  
Of the fantastic French—the British ape,  
The grave and constant Spaniard, all might here  
Find garments, such as princes would appear  
To grace their honoured nuptials in, or tell  
Strangers how much their treasure doth excel.  
Though on this swift variety of fate

330

He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate  
Too safe within her guards of reason, to  
Be shook with passion: that there's something new  
And strange approaching after such a storm,  
This gentle calm assures him; but the form  
Of pleasure softens not that which the other  
And worse extreme not with fear's damps could smother.  
He flies not with the rugged separatist

340

Pleasure's smooth walks, nor doth, enjoying, twist  
Those threads of gold to fetters; he dares taste  
All mirth, but what religion's stock would waste.  
His limbs, from wounds but late recovered, now  
Refreshed with liquid odours, did allow  
Their suppld nerves no softer rest, but in  
Such robes as wore their ornament within,  
Veiled o'er their beauty. Linen, smooth and soft  
As Phoenix' down, and whiter than what's brought  
From furthest China, he puts on; and then,  
What habit custom made familiar, when  
Clothed in his own, makes choice of for to be  
Most honoured of that rich variety.

350

In an Italian garb t' the doublet clad,  
Manto, lust's swift and watchful spy, that had  
With an officious care attended on  
That motion, entering, hastes him to be gone

312 allay] Orig. 'ally.'

Toward more sublime delights. Which though a just  
 And holy doubt proclaim the road of lust, 360  
 Knowing his better angel did attend  
 Upon each step, he ventures to descend  
 The dreadful precipice so far, until  
 The burning vale was seen, then mounts the hill  
 Of heaven-bred fortitude, from whence disdain  
 Floods of contempt on those dark fires did rain.  
 His guilty conduct now had brought him near  
 Janusa's room; the glaring lights appear  
 Thorough the window's crystal walls; the strong  
 Perfumes of balmy incense, mixed among 370  
 The wandering atoms of the air, did fly;  
 Sight's nimble scouts yet were made captive by  
 A slower sense, as if but to reveal  
 What breathed within, those fugitives did steal  
 Thorough their unseen sallyports, which now  
 Were useless grown; The open doors allow  
 A free access into the room, where come,  
 Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb  
 Their Alcoran's tales of paradise; the fair  
 And sparkling gems i' the gilded roof impair 380  
 Their tapers' fires, yet both themselves confess  
 Weak to those flames Janusa's eyes possess.

With such a joy as bodies that do long  
 For souls, shall meet them in the doomsday's throng,  
 She that ruled princes, though not passions, sate  
 Waiting her lover, on a throne whose state  
 Epitomized the empire's wealth; her robe,  
 With costly pride, had robbed the chequered globe  
 Of its most fair and orient jewels, to  
 Enhance its value; captive princes, who 390  
 Had lost their crowns, might here those gems have seen  
 That did adorn them: yet she trusts not in  
 These auxiliary strengths, her confidence  
 In her own beauty rests, which no defence  
 Of chastity ere yet withstood; and now  
 She scorns to fear it, when her power did bow  
 Unto a slave condemned, that ne'er could look  
 To see the light, but whilst some torment took  
 The use of eyes away. Whilst he draws near  
 By her command, no less it did appear 400  
 Her wonder, to behold his dauntless spirit,  
 Than his, what virtue to applaud as merit.

Placed in a seat near her bright throne, to stir  
 His settled thoughts, she thus begins:—'From her  
 Your sword hath so much injured, as to shed  
 Blood so near kin to mine, that it was fed

367 conduct] 'Conduct' for 'conductress' may just deserve a note because of the  
 odd reversal of meaning involved. 383, 4 Blake! 398 light] Orig. 'sight.'



By the same milky fountains, and within  
One womb warmed into life, is such a sin  
I could not pardon, did not love commit  
A rape upon my mercy: all the wit  
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,  
Ere thou redeemed; which now, although it cost  
The price of all my honours, I will do:—  
Be but so full of gratitude as to  
Repay my care with love. Why dost thou thus  
Sit dumb to my discourse? It lies in us  
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way  
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay.'

410

This on the spur of passion spoke, she strains  
His hand in hers; where feeling the big veins  
Beat with intemperate heat, conceiving it  
The strokes of lust, to aggravate the fit  
Into a paroxysm of guilt, she shows  
More than with modesty, how much she owes  
To Nature's treasure, for that ill-spent stock  
Of beauty she enjoyed:—Her eyes unlock  
Two cabinets of sparkling diamonds, which  
The even foils of ebon brows enrich  
With a more orient brightness; on her cheek  
The roses, conquering the pale lily, seek  
To counterfeit a blush, but vanquished shame  
Submits to love, in whose insulting flame  
The modest virgin a sad martyr dies,  
And at Fame's wounds bleeds—Passion's sacrifice;  
Nature's embossed work, her soft swelling breasts,  
Those balls of living ivory, unprest  
Even with the weight of tiffany, displays  
Whiteness that shamed the swan's: the blood, that strays  
In azure channels over them, did show  
By their swelled streams, how high the tide did flow  
Wherein her passions sailed; the milky way,  
Love's fragrant valley that betwixt them lay,  
Was moist with balmy dew, extracted by  
The busy spirits that did hovering fly  
Thorough her boiling blood, whose raging flame  
Had scorched to death the April flowers of shame.

420

430

440

To charm those sullen spirits that within  
The dark cells of his conscience might have been  
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,  
The soul's composure, music, did refine  
The lazy air; whose polished harmony,  
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by  
A wanton song was answered, whose each part  
Invites the hearing to betray the heart.

450

434 bleeds] Orig. 'bled.'

Having with all these choice flowers strewed the way  
 That leads to lust, to shun the slow delay  
 Of his approach, her sickly passions haste  
 To die in action. 'Come (she cries) we waste  
 The precious minutes. Now thou know'st for what  
 Thou'rt sent for hither, which if active at,  
 Thou only liv'st in my esteem.' And then,  
 Oh, impudence! which from the worst of men  
 Might force a blush, she swiftly hastes to tread  
 Within lust's tropics, her polluted bed.

460

And here, black sinner, thou, whose blood's disease,  
 Of kin to hell's, wants numbers to appease  
 Its flaming calenture, blush to behold  
 A virgin virtue spotless leaves unfold  
 In youthful volume, whilst thy ripe years, spent  
 In lust, hath lost thy age's ornament.

470

In this, as hot and fierce a charge of vice,  
 As, since he lost the field in Paradise,  
 Man ever felt, the brave Argalia sits,  
 With virtue cooled in passion's feverish fits;  
 Yet at life's garrisons his pulses beat  
 In hot alarums, till, to a soft retreat

Called by that fair commandress, spite of all  
 Beauty's prevailing rhetoric, though he fall  
 Ruined beneath her anger, he by this  
 Unwelcome language her expected bliss

480

Converts to rage:—'And must my freedom then  
 At such a rate be purchased? Rather, when  
 My life expires in torments, let my name  
 Forgotten die, than live in black-mouthed fame,  
 A servant to thy lust. Go, tempt thy own  
 Damned infidels to sin, that ne'er had known  
 The way to virtue: not this cobweb veil  
 Of beauty, which thou wear'st but as a jail  
 To a soul pale with guilt, can cover o'er

Thy mind's deformities; a tainted whore  
 Conscience proclaim thee will, when thou shalt sit,  
 Shook with this spotted fever's trembling fit.

490

Rent from these gilded pleasures, send me to  
 A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do  
 Reign in eternal silence; let these rich  
 And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which  
 Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchanged  
 For sordid rags. When thy fierce spleen hath ranged  
 Through all invented torments, choose the worst  
 To punish my denial; less accursed  
 I so shall perish, than if by consent  
 I'd taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment

500

470 hath] Singer, as usual, changes to 'have.'

Their sins in action, and, by giving ease  
 To thy blood's fever, took its loathed disease.  
 To have the spring-tide of her pleasures, swelled  
 By lust's salt waters, thus by force expelled  
 Back to confusion's troubled sea, had made  
 Such troops of passion ready to invade  
 An ill-defended conscience, that her look,  
 Like a cast felon's out of hopes o' the book, 510  
 Was sad with silent guilt. The room she leaves  
 To her contemner, who not long receives  
 The benefit of rest; she that had been  
 The prologue unto this obstructed sin,  
 With six armed slaves was entered, thence to force  
 Him to his dismal jail: but the divorce  
 Of life from those which first approached, joined to  
 The others' flight, had put her to renew  
 That scattered strength, had not that sacred tie,  
 His solemn oath, from laurelled victory 520  
 Snatched the fair wreath, and, though brave valour strives  
 To reach at freedom through a thousand lives,  
 At her command more tamely made him yield,  
 Than conquered virgins in the bridal field.

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

## Canto IV

### THE ARGUMENT

Anger, improved by lust's enormous flame,  
 Fires vexed Janusa with such sad extremes  
 Of rage, that her sweet sex's native shame  
 Is scorched to death in those prodigious beams.

Which whilst they to her angry lord betray  
 Her honour's loss, such tumults in him breed,  
 That both their deaths must serve for an allay;  
 Whose sudden fall our Christian champion freed.

OUR noble captive, to fair Virtue's throne  
 In safety passed, though through Lust's burning zone,  
 Finds in his dungeon's lazy damps a rest  
 More sweet, though with the heavy weights oppress  
 Of iron bondage, than if they had been  
 Love's amorous wreaths, Janusa's arms, within  
 Whose ivory circles he had slept. But she,  
 Her grief composed of all malignity,  
 Lust's flames unquenched converts to, whilst they burn,  
 Black thoughts within her breast—the beauteous urn 10

510 hopes o' the book] i.e. 'benefit of clergy.'

Of lust's corruption. Sometimes anger flies  
 Above the sphere of reason, and there dies  
 With tears extinguished; she breathes curses in  
 Her soul's pale agony, such as had been  
 More deadly than infectious damps if not  
 Strangled in the embryo,—dead before their hot  
 Poison could work upon her fancy more  
 Than spleenful thoughts, which were recalled before  
 Ripened for execution. Now she steeps  
 Her down in tears, a flood of sorrow weeps,  
 Of power, if penitent, to expiate  
 Youth's vigorous sins; but all her mourning sate  
 Beneath a darker veil than that which shades  
 Repentant grief, since sin but wished invades  
 The soul with that which leads to horror, when  
 Grief for sins past brings into light again:  
 One through a sea of trouble leads the way  
 To a safe harbour, the other casts away  
 Poor shipwrecked mortals, when by death's swift stroke  
 Life's feeble hold is from Hope's anchor broke.

20

30

So far the fair Janusa in this sad  
 Region of grief had gone, till sorrow had  
 That fever turned, upon whose flaming wings  
 At first lust only sat, to one which brings  
 Death's symptoms near her heart; which had so long  
 Beneath the burden groaned, until the strong  
 Disease had wrought up all the blood within  
 Her cheeks into consuming flames; the skin  
 Had lost its soft repose of flesh, and lay  
 On nought but bones, whose sharpness did betray  
 Their macerated nerves; the rose had lost  
 His ensigns in her cheeks, and though it cost  
 Pains near to death, the lily had alone  
 Set his pale banners up; no brightness shone  
 Within her eyes' dim orbs, whose fading light,  
 Being quenched in death, had set in endless night,  
 Had not the wise endeavours of her maid,  
 The careful Manto, grief's pale scouts betrayed  
 By sly deceit: knowing if she should want  
 Health, until cured by that exotic plant,  
 The captive's love, what lust at first did burn  
 With inflammations might a gangrene turn.  
 Although she cures not, yet gives present ease  
 By laying opiates to the harsh disease.

40

50

A letter, which did for uncivil blame  
 His first denial, in the stranger's name  
 Disguised, she gives her; which, with eyes that did  
 O'erflow with joy, read o'er, had soon forbid  
 Grief's sullen progress, whose next stage had been  
 O'er life's short road, the grave—death's quiet inn.

60



From whose dark terror, by this gleam of light,  
Like trembling children by a lamp's weak light  
Freed from night's dreadful shadows, she'd embraced  
Sleep, Nature's darkness, had not joy defaced  
Those sooty characters, and on the wings  
Of airy hope—that wanton bird which sings  
As soon as fledged—advanced her to survey  
The dawning beauties of a longed-for day.

But ere this pyramid of pleasure to  
Its height arrives, with 's presence to undo  
The golden structure, dreadful Ammurat  
From 's floating mansion safely landed at  
The city's port, impatient love had brought  
In an untimely visit: ere swift thought,  
Fettered with guilt, could from his eager eye  
By an excuse to sanctuary fly,  
He enters, and she faints! In which pale trance  
His pity finds her, but to no such chance  
Imputes the cause; rather conceives it joy,  
Whose rushing torrent made her heart employ  
Its nimble servants, all her spirits, to  
Prevent a deluge, which might else undo  
Love's new-made commonwealth. But whilst his care  
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare  
Her sorrow's dark enigma: from her bed  
The letter drops—which, when life's army fled  
Their frontier garrisons, neglected had  
Been left within 't;—this seen, declares a sad  
Truth to the amazed bassa, though 'twere mixt  
With subtle falsehood. Whilst he stands, betwixt  
High rage and grief distracted, doubtful yet  
In what new dress to wear revenge, the fit  
Forsakes Janusa; who, not knowing she  
Detected stood of lust's conspiracy  
'Gainst honour's royal charter, from a low  
Voice strains a welcome, which did seem to flow  
From fickle discontent, such as the weak  
Lungs breathe the thoughts in whilst their fibres break.

To counterfeited slumbers leaving her,  
He's gone, with silent anger to confer;  
And, though rage lives in fire, the fury lies  
Unseen through the false optics of his eyes.  
With such a farewell as kind husbands leave  
Their pregnant wives, preparing to receive  
A mother's first of blessings, he forsakes  
The room, and into strict inquiry takes  
The wretched Manto; who, ere she could call  
Excuse to aid, surprised, discovers all  
Her sin's black art, from whose dark theorems he  
This method draws:—That night, designed to be

Lightened with lust's hot triumphs, he pretends  
 Commanded absence, yet the false stroke bends  
 But towards that guard, ere, by a swift reverse  
 Brought back, his soul's sly scouts had gained commerce  
 With all those enemies to honour, by  
 Whose aid Janusa ruins chastity.

Placed by false Manto in a closet, which,  
 Silent and sad, had only, to enrich  
 Its roof with light, some few neglected beams  
 Sent from Janusa's room, which serve as streams  
 To waft intelligence;—here he beheld,  
 Whilst she, who with his absence had expelled  
 All thoughtful cares, was with her joy swelled high  
 As captives are when called to liberty.  
 Her linen, like a princely bride's that meets  
 In the soft folds of her first nuptial sheets  
 Perfumed and costly; her fair bed was more  
 Adorned than shrines, whose saints rich kings adore;  
 Incense, in smoky curls, climbs to the fair  
 Roof, whilst choice music rarifies the air:  
 Each element, in more perfection here  
 Than in their first creation, did appear,  
 Yet lived in harmony;—the winged fire lent  
 Perfumes to the air, that, to moist cordials pent  
 In crystal vials, strength; and those impart  
 Their vigour to that ball of earth, the heart.  
 The nice eye here epitomized might see  
 Rich Persia's wealth, and old Rome's luxury.

120

130

But now, like Nature's new made favourite,  
 Who, until all created for delight  
 Was framed, did ne'er see paradise, comes in  
 Deceived Argalia, thinking he had been  
 Called thither to behold a penitent  
 Arming for death, not heaven's choice blessings, spent  
 On th' vanities of life; but mirth soon gives  
 That thought its mortal wound, and shows she lives  
 Beyond that dark sphere—where her joys did move  
 As if her eyes alone gave laws to love;  
 Where beauty's constellations all did shine  
 As if no cross aspect could e'er untwine  
 Their clasped conjunctions, which did seem to guide  
 Old nature's steps, till from their zenith's pride,  
 By virtue, the soul's motion, which the world  
 In order keeps, into confusion hurled:  
 For here gay Vanity, though clothed in all  
 Her gaudy pageants, lets her trophies fall  
 Before bright virtue's throne. With such a high  
 Heroic scorn as aged saints, that die  
 Heaven's favourites, leave the trivial world, he slights  
 That gilded pomp; no splendid beam invites

140

150

160

His serious eye to meet their objects in  
 An amorous glance: reserved as he had been  
 Before his grave confessor, he beholds  
 Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds  
 Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands  
 Captive Janusa to infringe the bands  
 Of matrimonial modesty. When all  
 Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,  
 The scorn of greatness, at his feet: but prayer,  
 Like flattery, expires in useless air,  
 Too weak to batter that firm confidence  
 Their torment's thunder could not shake. From hence  
 Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to  
 More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,  
 Unseen, beheld all this, prevented by  
 His sight the death of bleeding modesty.

170

Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies  
 His angry touch—he enters—fixed his eyes,  
 From whence some drops of rage distil, on her  
 Whose heart had lent her face its character.  
 Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she  
 Looks pale with fear;—passion's disparity,  
 In such extremes as nature's laws require,  
 'Twixt earth's cold centre and the air's circling fire,  
 Dwelt in their troubled breasts; his wild eyes stood,  
 Like comets when attracting storms of blood,  
 Shook with portentous sadness, whilst hers sate  
 Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate  
 Of those ensuing ills—heavy and fixt  
 Within their orbs. Passions thus strangely mixt,  
 No various fever e'er created in

180

190

The frenzied brain, when Sleep's sweet calm had been  
 From her soft throne deposed. This lightning past,  
 Thunder succeeds; as burning mountains cast  
 But horrid noise after their flaming smoke,  
 So having paused, his dreadful voice thus broke  
 The dismal silence:—'Thou prodigious whore,  
 The curse of my nativity, that more  
 Afflicts me than eternal wrath can do  
 Spirits condemned—some fiends instruct me to  
 Heighten revenge to thy desert; but so  
 I should do more than mortals may, and throw  
 Thy spotted soul to flames. Yet I will give  
 Its passport hence; for think not to outlive  
 This hour, this fatal hour, ordained to see  
 More than an age before of tragedy.'

200

She that fell from a firmament of pride  
 To fortune's lowest region, and there died

207-220. A remarkable and almost unique example of a passage where poetry is absolutely 'above grammar.'

A sad example to ensuing times—

That honour's altitude supports not crimes,  
When in their stretched extensions reaching to  
Justice, which can through reversed optics view  
Giants, though pigmy sins do oft appear,  
Like the dim moon, more great, because more near;  
Sins that, till fear their guilt did aggravate,  
Wore virtue's frontispiece, since now too late  
To hope for life, in their own monstrous form  
Encounter reason's guards, till the big storm  
Of various passions all were settled in

210

Dregs of despair. When, fearing tears should win  
The victory of anger, Ammurat draws  
His cimetar, which had in blood writ laws  
For conquered provinces, and with a swift  
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift  
Her burthened soul in a repentant thought  
Towards Heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft  
And snowy breast. With a loud groan she falls  
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls  
For his untimely pity; but perceiving

220

The fleeting spirits with her blood, were leaving  
Her heart unguarded, she employs that breath  
Which yet remained, not to bewail her death,  
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees  
Struggling to rise. But now calmed Ammurat frees  
Her from disturbing death, in's last great work,  
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk.—

230

'I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee  
In this great act of honour, learnt to be  
Too late, thy slow-paced follower: this ring (with that  
Gives him his signet) shall, when questioned at  
The castle-guards, thy safety be. And now

240

I see her blood's low water doth allow  
Me only time to launch my soul's black bark  
Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark  
And silent region, though we here were by  
Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny  
Our souls to sail together. From thy eyes  
Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice  
My love is offering.' With that word, a stroke  
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke  
Death's opiates to appease them. He sinks down  
By's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drown  
Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more  
Betrays her eyes t' the light; and though they bore  
The weight of death upon their lids, did keep  
Them so long open, till the icy sleep  
Began to seize on him, and then she cries—

250

'Oh see, just Heaven! see, see my Ammurat dies,



To wander with me in the unknown shade  
 Of immortality—But I have made 260  
 The wounds that murdered both: his hand that gave  
 Mine, did but gently let me blood to save  
 An everlasting fever. Pardon me,  
 My dear, my dying lord! Eternity  
 Shall see my soul washed white in tears; but oh!  
 I now feel time's dear want—they will not flow  
 Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, farewell!  
 Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,  
 Do not extenuate my crimes, but let  
 Them in their own black characters be set 270  
 Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by  
 The unpractised lover, which posterity,  
 Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise  
 On beauty's throne, the good may justice praise  
 By his example, and the bad by mine  
 From Vice's throne be scared to Virtue's shrine.'

And here the speed Death's messengers did make  
 To hurry forth their souls, did faintly shake  
 Her words into imperfect accents. 'This,' 280  
 She cries, 'is our last interview'—a kiss  
 Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes  
 Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies  
 Mounted on both their breaths, the latest gasp  
 They e'er must draw. Whilst with stiff arms they clasp  
 Each other's neck, Argalia through a cloud  
 Of liquid sorrow did behold the proud  
 Triumphs of death in their untimely fate:  
 He sees great Ammurat for a robe of state  
 Grovelling in blood, the fair Janusa lie,  
 Purpled in death, like polished ivory 290  
 Dipped in vermilion; the bright crystals, that  
 Her soul in conquering flames looked thorough at,  
 Both quenched and cooled in death. But time did lend  
 His tears scarce passage, till a drop could end  
 Its journey o'er his cheeks, before a page,  
 Whose cruelty had far out-grown his age,  
 Enters in haste; and with an anger that,  
 Though indiscreet, at wrongs seemed kindled at,  
 In wounds did on the bassa's body vent  
 A spleen that death's discharge could not content. 300

This seen, Argalia, to whom all must be  
 Offence that injures fair humanity,  
 Stops the vain torrent, and a nearer way  
 To just revenge directs the angry boy:  
 Who, by unfolded truth, now lets him know,  
 His rage to that uncivil height did grow,  
 Not from a childish spleen, but wrongs that he,  
 A Christian, suffered in captivity.

Assured by this confession that he might  
 Be useful, more than in a secret flight, 310  
 Argalia bids him, in his bassa's name,  
 A mandate write for some of worthiest fame,  
 'Mongst all the Christian citizens, and those  
 To send the guard for, ere the morning rose  
 On the black ruins of the night. This done,  
 Before that time the victory had won  
 Of opportunity; their warders slain,  
 Each Christian captive from his rusty chain  
 His bold hand frees, and by their happy aid,  
 The gates being first secured, with ease dismayed 320  
 The drowsy garrison, from whom they found  
 But weak resistance;—some soft sleep had bound  
 To beds of ease, intemperate riot kept  
 Others more vainly waking; here one slept  
 Between a mistress' arms, and there another,  
 Stole to a private catamite, did smother  
 Delight in whispers; in which loose garb found,  
 Ere time rolls up what slow neglect unwound,  
 Even in security's soft lap surprised,  
 They met grim death in pleasure's shape disguised. 330  
 All now being slain but feeble eunuchs and  
 Poor trembling maids, the new but valiant band  
 Of late, freed captives crown the walls, from whence  
 They saw the soldiers' wicked diligence  
 In finding those which the false mandate had  
 Designed for ruin general: as sad  
 The city's sorrows were; a desolate  
 And silent horror unregarded sate  
 In the empty streets, which action had not filled  
 Yet with employment. But when day did gild 340  
 The ebony of night, to hear the rude  
 Murmur that did from the mixed multitude  
 Open together with their doors, assures  
 Argalia, that their fear, which yet secures  
 That handful of insulting tyrants, might,  
 With anger being charged home, be put to flight  
 With a reserve of hope; whilst every breast  
 Was swelled with stifled spirits; whilst, opprest  
 With silent grief, helpless spectators, they  
 Saw those they once for virtue did obey— 350  
 Their reverend senators, whose silvered heads  
 Age now made fit for ease, forced from their beds  
 By feverish power's rude fits, whose heat, not all  
 The juleps of their tears, though some drops fall  
 From Beauty's lovely blossoms, cool—Their rage  
 Neglected youth slights like unreverent age.

343 open] Orig. 'opened.'

But when the conquering captives, by the brave  
 Argalia rescued from the castle, gave  
 Bright victory's signal; when they saw each lance  
 The bleeding head of a grim Turk advance, 360  
 Anger, like unobstructed love, breaks forth  
 In flaming haste. Yet here the want of worth  
 And valour 'mongst the city herd, had drove  
 Them all to death's dark fields, if, whilst they strove  
 With that stout band of Janissaries, they  
 Had not been by Argalia taught the way  
 To victory; who in a sally meets  
 Retreating fear when creeping from the streets  
 T' the vain protection of their doors. And now,  
 His conquering sword having taught all to bow 370  
 Beneath its burnished splendour, since the high  
 Applause o' the loudest acclamations fly  
 Beneath his worth, a general vote elects  
 Him for their prince: but his brave soul affects  
 Not so sublime a burthen, knowing they,  
 Bred under a democracy, obey  
 Contracted power; but harshly he returns  
 All to their senate, who of late, like urns,  
 Nought but the useless ashes did contain  
 Of their own laws, which were by conquest slain. 380  
 But his refusal, where acceptance not  
 Envy could say Ambition had begot,  
 But new plants virtue; who from thence did take  
 The deeper root, and 'mongst the throng did make  
 That choice so epidemical, that he,  
 For valour feared, loved for humility.  
 The people's prayer, those humble shrubs that owe  
 For safety to power's cedars, join to grow  
 Shadowed beneath his merit, and create  
 Him prince o' the senate; who, their doubtful state 390  
 Requiring strong allies, a fleet prepared,  
 To seek those princes who their danger shared.  
 Which ready, with a prosperous gale of wind,  
 He, though employed by honour, sails to find  
 Out Love's rich Indies; and, with 's white-winged fleet,  
 Hastens Palermo's nearest port to meet.

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

363 herd] Orig. 'heard.'

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

With prosperous sails moved from Sardinia's shore,  
 Argalia safe doth now from danger set  
 The Cyprian prince, who, though so large in score  
 With noble friendship, soon repays the debt.

In Sparta's court they're now arrived, where he  
 That life he saved ventures, to save him in  
 An act so great—it sets the princess free,  
 Who for his sake had long a prisoner been.

WHILST with bent oars Argalia's squadrons move,  
 Like the light wings of Time's physician, Love,  
 Who steered his course, and now had safely drawn  
 Him through the Ionian waves, when by the dawn  
 Of a still morning, whose pale sickly light,  
 Yet bounded in the ebony of night,  
 Showed like a dull quicksilver foil spread o'er  
 The world's great glass, whose even surface bore  
 Within their view two galleons, whom they saw,  
 Like timorous hares base hunters give no law,  
 Chased by a nimble numerous fleet. Drawn near,  
 Christians the chased, the chasers Turks appear;  
 Which, like a shoal of smaller fishes made  
 So bold by number that they durst invade  
 The big-bulked whale, on every side assails  
 The slow-paced fleet: who, since not strength prevails  
 Against such odds, their fiery spirits spent  
 In thunder, which had from their broadsides sent  
 The last great groan for power's decease, and they,  
 Not their foe's terror, but good fortune, lay.

10

20

Whilst cramped in this convulsion of their fear,  
 Which honour gilding, made despair appear  
 The child of fortitude, they all prepare  
 Bravely to die, Argalia's squadrons bear  
 Up with the wind; and ere the Turk's proud fleet,  
 Deceived by their own crescents, fear to meet,  
 A danger, like a hurricane, falls in  
 Destruction; which was suffered whilst unseen.  
 So wealthy merchants, whose returning cost  
 A storm on the pacific sea hath lost,  
 Fall from the arms of hope: sudden and swift  
 As inundations, whose impetuous drift  
 Swallows a sleeping city up, had they  
 Lost the firm hold of victory, and lay  
 Sad captives in their own lost ship—for flight  
 Saves few, where all in hopes of conquest fight.

30

Fair victory made more bright by accident,  
 (Even when despair hope's wasted stock had spent),



Those that were rescued from their soft prayers raise,  
To pay Heaven's tribute in their louder praise :  
Which oft-neglected debt discharged, they gave,  
Allayed with thanks, to him, whose hand did save—  
A miracle in their delivery—all

40

Deserved applause, that can when mounted, fall  
I' the circle of humanity. To kiss  
Those hands which plucked him from the black abyss  
Of death, their brave commander goes ; where he  
Discovered by majestic courtesy  
Such real forms of worth, that he was grown  
Rich in esteem before more fully known.

50

But long truth stands not veiled in a disguise  
Of ignorance, ere they are taught to prize  
His friendship at a higher rate, by seeing  
Their active valour had been blest in freeing  
The Cyprian prince ; for such he was, and then  
Bound for Morea. This made public, when  
Acquaintance had taught love more boldness, he,  
All that discretion would permit to be  
Lodged in the closet of a friendly breast,  
Tells to Argalia : who, though in his best  
Of hopes a rival knowing him, was in  
Love too secure to harbour envious sin.

60

Their prosperous fleet, ere Time's short steps had trod  
In hours a full day's journey, safely rode  
At anchor in Gerenza's bay ; from whence,  
When known, their cannons in a loud expense  
Proclaim their welcome. The acquaintance that  
The Cyprian's father, ere his youth staid at  
Its summer solstice, with Cleander had,  
Revives i' the son's embraces, which the glad  
City i' the triumphs echoes, ere 'twas known  
That his resolves were such—as love was grown  
The wishes of the people's throng, who thought  
That that unpolished prince Zoranza brought  
Unequal strength of merit, ere to win  
The fort Pharonnida lodged virtue in.

70

When first they entered the admiring court,  
Fame (wise men's care, but the fools' busy sport)  
Making the ear the eye's wise harbinger,  
By learning first their virtues, did confer  
More honour on their persons. They beheld  
I' the Cyprian prince heroic worth, yet swelled  
With no ambitious tumour ; calm and free  
As wholesome air, when its ubiquity  
Breathes healthful blasts, were his smooth thoughts—to all  
Most sweetly affable, but few could call

80

69 Cleander] Cleander, seldom if ever *named* before, is the King, Pharonnida's father.

His love familiar; his youth had not  
 Yet learnt rough war, although from precept got  
 Its useful rudiments, and by valour shows  
 Future command may pay what action owes 90  
 To speculation: by the grave sad man,  
 Whose counsel could conspiracies unspan  
 When ready to give fire, he is beheld  
 As one whose virtues far his years excelled,  
 And might, when at maturity, afford  
 Length to the sceptre from 's victorious sword.  
 From this young prince, Heaven's hopeful blossom, they,  
 Pleased but not satisfied, their souls convey  
 On those winged messengers—their eyes, unto  
 Manly Argalia; finding there a new 100  
 And various form of worth:—on 's brow did sit  
 Reserved discretion reconciled to wit;  
 Serious and grave his carriage, yet a face  
 Where Love's fair shrine did Wisdom's temple grace;  
 His scars, those broad seals which protecting fate  
 His future safety signed in, on him sate  
 Not to deform, but until age remain,  
 Like maids of honour placed in Beauty's train.  
 True worth dwelt in the other, but in this  
 Brave hero's breast had her metropolis. 110  
 The Cyprian's safety and Sardinia's brave  
 Redemption, were the passports which fame gave  
 Unto his travelling praise; which, fled in haste  
 Through the ears' short stages, in each breast had placed  
 A love of 's worth; which wise men softly praise  
 Whilst the loud throng to acclamations raise.  
 Not long these true-born sons of honour in  
 Palermo's court remain, ere, what had been  
 The cause which had the youthful Cyprian drew  
 From 's father's court, white fame presents unto 120  
 Busy inquirers. Which design from all—  
 Those swift but weak recruits, good wishes—call,  
 Except from some it most concerned; 'mongst which  
 Cleander staggers unresolved. The rich  
 And powerful kingdom, which affinity  
 With Cyprus promised, was a prize to be  
 Valued before Epirus' wealth, who, though  
 Of late victorious, yet could never grow  
 Up to that glorious height. This thought, the most  
 Of all that e'er obstructed love, had crost 130  
 Zoranza's hopes, had not his wishes been,  
 Though covetously vast, confined within  
 The other's merits; amongst which the chief  
 Opposes first itself, and, the relief,  
 Whispers in 's soul, that had been thence brought by  
 Him, when his state wept blood for liberty.

This in the scale of justice seemed as large  
As love's dimensions, till a second charge  
Of thoughts proclaim the Cyprian's power to do  
The same if in necessity sought to ; 140  
Which blames becoming gratitude, as, in  
Relation to servility, a sin  
In the great soul of princes, who can be,  
If they remain in debt for courtesy,  
But captives in the throne—too oft the cause  
Why meritorious subjects meet the law's  
Harsh rigour for reward, when their deserts,  
Many and great, o'erfill their princes' hearts.

Before Cleander's gravity had laid  
This tempest of his passions, fame betrayed 150  
Their cause to the Epirot prince, who hears  
The Cyprian's welcome ; which his various fears  
But briefly comment on, before, without  
More slow delays than what were spent about  
The swiftest preparations, he intends  
To visit fair Pharonnida, and ends  
His journey, ere a thought unwinged with love  
Could lead him forth of's court : which haste did prove  
His passions stronger than the strength of age  
Appeared to promise. What it might presage, 160  
To see at once two royal strangers in  
Their glorious court, which both employed had been  
About one amorous errand, strangely did  
Affect the citizens ; whose fears, forbid  
The public stage, in private whispers tells  
What danger lay betwixt those parallels.

Yet, in the opposition of those stars  
That shine in passion's sphere, Love's civil wars  
Had no field army ; all his power did rest  
Within the private garrisons o' the breast, 170  
Which, though besieged by sly suspicion, made  
No verbal sallies, but prepare to invade  
Beauty's bright province. Yet, each only had  
A single visit given unto the sad  
Sweet object of their hopes, and thence received  
A welcome, such as neither had bereaved  
The other's hopes—both rather finding cause  
Of cold despair. Cleander pleads the laws  
Of nature and free choice, to wave his own  
Engagements to Zoranza ; which had blown 180  
Love's sickly flame with the tempestuous breath  
Of anger forth, had not those thoughts to death  
I' the bud been doomed. Whilst thus his passions slept  
In Love's soft arms, the noble Cyprian kept  
A distance 'twixt his hopes and wishes by  
The staid Epirot's interest :—both rely

On their own merits, and Love's doubtful fate  
Makes subject to the monarchy of Fate.

But whilst this busy combat of the heart  
On equal terms is fought, time bent to part  
The royal champions. Through the obscure ports  
Of dark disguise into Love's field resorts

190

A third brave combatant, whose merit had  
(Though not i' the armour of great titles clad)  
By parley won that maiden fort, which they,  
Although they scaled on golden mountains, lay  
Before in vain. Argalia, though within

Gerenza's court, had yet a stranger been,  
More than in fame and big report, to her  
Whose best of thoughts wore his soul's character:

200

And yet, although a virgin's bashful grace  
Concealed her own, for to behold that face  
So much in debt t' the people's praises, to  
Her window oft the royal maid had drew;  
Where, whilst his eyes did waste their beams in vain  
To pierce those stubborn walls that did contain  
Rich Love's unvalued treasure, she beholds  
His brave deportment; which, since strange, unfolds  
New volumes of unprinted joy, which she  
(Sorrow affording so much liberty)  
Oft with delight looks o'er, beholding in 't  
Argalia's virtues in a different print.

210

But his wise fate, even when his prayer grew weak  
In faith, did through hope's cold antarctic break  
In a long summer's day.—His noble friend,  
The princely Cyprian, did so largely spend  
His stock of eloquence in 's praise, when he  
Last saw divine Pharonnida, that she,  
Although from no remoter cause than springs  
From virtue's public love, tells him—he brings  
His next best welcome with his friend: which, proud  
To be observant in, when time allowed  
A visit, he performs. Now to the court,  
Beauty's dull cloister, which no thronged resort  
Of clients fill they're come; the surly guard,  
Those wakeful dragons, did without reward  
Let in that danger in disguise, which had  
Met death i' the entrance, if in that unclad.

220

The way that cleft the scowling rock being by  
A thousand steps ascended, they i' the high  
Cliffs find the royal eaglet, trying that  
Bright eye of her fair soul, discretion, at  
The fiery beams of anger, which were shot  
From her majestic father. Being got

230

187, 8 fate] The first 'fate' should of course be 'state,'



Once more to breathe his soul upon that hand  
Where love's first vows, sealed with his lips, did stand,  
(Knowledge inflaming passion's fever), like  
Unpractised saints, which miracles do strike  
Into a reverend zeal, he trembling takes  
That holy relic, which a cold fear shakes  
In that warm touch. Her eyes' fair splendour shone  
Like bright stars in heaven's trepidation,  
Shook with the general motion, though betwixt  
The spheres of love and wonder they stood fixt  
In their own orbs, and their united beams  
Centred on him; yet (like dead friends which dreams  
Imperfectly present) his lovely form,  
As mariners when land is through a storm  
With doubtful joy descried, she sees: but yet  
Knowledge had met with no prospective fit  
To guide her through the dark disguise unto  
The road of truth;—his valour was in new  
Habiliments of honour clothed, and scars  
Made her love's heaven adorned with unknown stars.

240

250

But whilst her recollecting spirits were  
All busied—his idea to compare  
With what she saw, a sudden glance of the eye  
Develops truth; that jewel, which was by  
His first protector left, is seen, by which  
Hope, near impoverished with despair, grows rich  
In faith, heaven's tenure. But the rushing tide  
O'erflows so much, that love's fresh rivers glide  
Over weak Nature's banks,—she faints, and in  
A silent joy contracted what had been  
By love dilated: from which giddy trance  
To rescue her, Argalia doth advance  
To charge those troops of passions, which o'er her  
Had proved victorious; nor did Fate defer  
The conquest long, ere she displays again  
Beauty's fair banner in Love's ivory plain.

260

270

The imprisoned spirits freed, the blood in haste,  
Fearing her love had Wisdom's throne defaced,  
To Beauty's frontiers flies; so mornings weep  
And blush together, when they oversleep  
Themselves in night's black bed. Though fear's dull charms,  
Whilst in the circle of Argalia's arms,  
Like dream's fantastic visions, vanish in  
Her waking joys; yet, knowing they had been  
Betrayed into a stranger's view, they both  
Stood mute with passion, till the Cyprian, loath  
To add more weights unto affliction, by  
Imping Love's wings with noble courtesy,  
Fans off the southern clouds of fear, and thus  
Calms the loud storm:—'Doubt not, because to us,

280

Fair princess, Love's mysterious riddles are  
 By accident resolved, the factious war  
 Shall be renewed; such base intelligence  
 Traitors and spies give, when the dark offence  
 Starts at discovery. If my service may  
 Be useful, know I sooner dare betray  
 My sins t' the world, than your intentions to  
 A smooth seducer. This rare interview  
 May be my wonder—but shall never prove  
 My guilt, though all the stratagems of Love  
 Lay open to my heart, which, though unskilled  
 In his polemics, yet with truth is filled.'

290

Since now too late to seek protection by  
 A faint denial, the wished privacy  
 Their room afforded, gives them leave to lead  
 His apprehension where conceit did read  
 The story of Love's civil wars: whose rage,  
 Since treaty could not calm, makes him engage  
 His stock of power in their defence, and end  
 His passion's progress to let Love attend  
 On Friendship's royal train; what not the force  
 Of earth's united beauties could divorce;  
 Nor wealth's, nor honour's strong attractions draw  
 To other objects; by that holy law  
 Informed, as hateful sacrilege, doth fly  
 The bold intrusion on love's hierarchy.

300

310

With joy assured of such a powerful friend,  
 The hopeful lovers sadder cares suspend,  
 To lay the platform of their safety by  
 A fair escape. But fear doth oft untie  
 The golden webs of fancy. When they come  
 To name the means, invention, then struck dumb,  
 Startles into distraction; no smooth stroke  
 Of soft-palmed flattery could ere provoke  
 Sleep in her watchful dragons, nor no shower  
 Of ponderous gold pierce through her sable tower—  
 The harsh commander of her surly guard,  
 Wakeful as foaming Cerberus, and hard  
 As Parian quars, a heart that could not melt  
 In love's alembic; the slave never felt  
 His darts but when lust gave the wound, and then,  
 Seared with enjoying, the blood stops again,  
 And leaves behind the fever; which disease  
 Now in him raged. Amphibia, that could please  
 None but a sympathizing nature, in  
 His blood had both disease and medicine been,—  
 With lust's enchantments, thick loose glances, first  
 Breeding a calenture, whose sickly thirst  
 Consenting sin allays again. But long  
 This monster thrives not in the dark, ere, strong

320

330

By custom grown, with impudence he dares  
Affront unveiled report, and boldly bears  
Himself above those headstrong torrents, by  
Whose streams harsh censure grew to calumny.  
Which careless pride did unobstruct the way,  
Through which to liberty love's progress lay.

340

A short delay, which lets not fancy rest  
In idle thought, their actions did disgest  
Into a method. The succeeding night  
To that great day, by whose triumphant light  
Their annual feasts her birth did celebrate,  
The time designed. Which done, to stroke rough fate  
Into a calm, Argalia first finds out  
Despised Florenza, then employed about  
Coarse housewifery in the dull country, where  
She soon became a partner of his care ;  
Prepares for safety with a diligence  
Whose privacy pays lavish time's expense.

350

Now from night's swarthy region rose that day,  
'Gainst which Invention taught her babes the way  
To level at delight, though she flew high  
As monarchs' breasts. Beauty and valour vie  
Each other in a conquering pride within  
A spacious field, that oft before had been  
The theatre of martial sports ; each knight,  
Whom the desire of honour did invite  
By her swift herald, Fame, were met ; and all,  
Whom the respects of either part did call  
To the Epirot's or young Cyprian's part,  
Repair unto their tents, which, rich in art,  
Adorned both sides o' the stately lists, and lent  
Their beauties to be prospect's ornament.

360

Near to the scaffold every seat was filled  
With bright court beauties, ladies that did gild  
Youth, Nature's throne of polished ivory, in  
Pride—there but greatness, though low fortune's sin.  
Ranged next to these the city madams, that  
Came both to wonder and be wondered at,  
Fine as on their first Lady-days, did sit  
Comparing fashions, to commend their wit ;  
Besides the silk-worms' spoils, their husbands' gain,  
Jewels they wore, like eyes in beauty's wane  
Grown dim with age, so dim, that they did look  
As if they'd been from plundered Delphos took ;  
Although that sprung from faction, yet each face  
Was all set form, hardly affording place

370

380

342 disgest] *Sic in orig.* : and perhaps worth keeping, the pronunciation being even now hardly obsolete as a vulgarism.

366 'be] Singer 'the' for 'be.' It is not at all improbable, considering his system of versification, that Chamberlayne wrote 'be th'.

For a stolen smile, save when some ticklish lord  
 Strikes sail, which they could wish should come aboard.  
 Below, near to the over-heated throng,  
 Sweet country beauties, such as ne'er did wrong  
 Nature with nicer art, were seated ; where  
 Though big rude pride cast them in honour's rear,  
 Yet in Love's province they appeared to have  
 Command from their acknowledged beauty gave ;  
 Humble their looks, yet Virtue there kept state,  
 And made e'en Envy wish to imitate  
 Their fashions—not fantastic, yet their dress  
 Made gallantry in love with comeliness.

390

Whilst here the learned astronomers of love  
 Observed how eyes, those wandering stars, did move,  
 And thence with heedful art did calculate  
 Approaching changes in that doubtful state ;  
 The princess, like the planet of the day,  
 Comes with a lustre forth that did betray  
 The others' beams into contempt, and made  
 The morning stars of meaner beauties fade,  
 Sadly confessing by their languished light,  
 They shone but when her absence made it night.  
 Stately her look, yet not too high to be  
 Seen in the valleys of humility ;  
 Clear as Heaven's brow was hers, her smiles to all,  
 Like the sun's comforts, epidemical ;  
 Yet by the boldest gazer, with no less  
 Reverence adored, than Persians in distress  
 Do that bright power, who, though familiar by  
 An airy medium, still is throned on high.

400

410

Lest the ungoverned multitude which raise  
 Their eyes to her, should in their lavish praise  
 From zeal to superstition grow, they're now  
 Drawn off—the entered combatants allow  
 Their eyes no further leisure, but beginning  
 Their martial sports, with various fate were winning  
 Bright victory's laurels. But I here must let  
 Honour in their own stories live, the debt  
 I owe to promise but extends unto  
 The fortune of our royal lovers ; who,  
 Though both concerned in this, have actions far  
 More full of fate approaching. That bright star  
 Which gave Argalia victory here, scarce shows  
 Its spangled records, unto which he owes  
 Far more sublime protection, yet it lends  
 Vigour to that bright planet which attends  
 His future fortune, and discovers all  
 His astracisms in rising cosmical.

420

Followed with acclamations, such as made  
 The troops of envy tremble to invade

430



His conquering fame, he leaves the field ; and by  
Cleander, with rewards of victory  
First honoured in the public view, is brought  
From thence to meet delicious mirth in soft  
Retired delights ; which in a spacious flood,  
From princes' breasts to tenify the blood  
Of the blunt soldiers, hastes ; whose dull souls swelled  
With airy pleasures had from thought expelled  
All sullen cares, and levelled paths unto  
Designs which did to their neglect ensue.

440

The black-browed night, to court the drowsy world,  
Had put her starry mantle on, and hurled  
Into the sea (their spacious-breasted mother)  
Her dark attendants ; silent sleep did smother  
Exalted clamours ; and in private meets  
The busy whisperer, sporting 'twixt his sheets.  
Veiled in which shady calm, Argalia, by  
The noble Cyprian only in his high  
Attempt assisted, now prepares to free  
The great preserver of his liberty.

450

Come to the bridge, that to secure the sleep  
O' the careless guard, which slender watch did keep,  
Finding it drawn, the depth and ugly look  
O' the heavy stream had from the Cyprian took  
All hopes of passage, till that doubt did end  
In greater fear—the danger of his friend ;  
Who, with a courage high as if in that  
He'd centred all the world did tremble at  
In his precedent victories, had cast  
Himself t' the mercy of the stream, and past  
In safety o'er, though nets enough were spread  
On her dark face to make his death's cold bed.

460

Giving his spirits leave to fortify  
His heart with breath, he then ascends the high  
Opposing cliffs, which in an ugly pride  
Threatened beneath her ruined scales to hide  
That rising flame of honour. Being come  
To the other side, a sentry, but struck dumb  
With sleep's prevailing rhetoric, he finds ;  
Upon whose keys he seizes, and then binds  
His sluggish limbs, ere full awake, conveys  
Him to a place whence no loud cry betrays  
The sounds of danger to his fellows, that  
Revelled in louder mirth. Unstartled at

470

433, 4 brought] This couplet confirms the view of the pronunciation of 'brought,' taken above.

436 tenify] This unusual word should of course be 'tenuify' and was very probably written so. Singer, in next line, 'haste.'

466 scales] 'Scales' no doubt in sense of 'staircase.'

The river's depth, the wondering Cyprian now  
Crossed the united bridge, and, being taught how  
By imitation to slight danger, goes  
With his brave friend toward their careless foes.

Not far were they advanced before they hear  
Approaching steps; a soldier was drawn near,  
Which to relieve the other came, but shared 480  
In his misfortune ere he had prepared  
To make resistance; which attempt succeeds  
So equal to their wishes, that there needs  
No more to strengthen faith. By the command  
O' the will's best leader, reason, both did stand  
Awhile to view their danger;—through a way  
Narrow and dark their dreadful passage lay;  
The rugged rock upon each side so steep,  
That, should they 've missed, no trembling hold could keep 490  
Them from the grasp of death: to add to this  
More forms of horror, from the dark abyss  
Which undermined the rock's rough sides, they hear  
A hollow murmur; the black towers appear  
Flanked with destruction, every part did hold  
Peculiar terror, but the whole unfold,  
Through the black glass of night, a face like that  
Which chaos wore, ere time was wakened at  
The first great fiat—or, could aught appear  
More dark and dreadful, know 'twas emblomed here. 500

Safe passed through the first steps of danger, they  
Now to the main guard come; whom they betray  
By a soft knock—of all conceived 't had been  
The voice their sentry called for entrance in.  
Their errand undisputed, postern-gates  
Are open thrown, at which the royal mates  
Both rushing in, strangely amaze them; but  
Now being entered, 'twas too late to shut  
The danger forth, nor could confusion lend  
Their trembling nerves a strength fit to defend 510  
By opposition. In base flight lay all  
Their hopes of life, which some attempting fall  
On the dark road of death, but few escape  
To show their fellows danger's dreadful shape.

Whilst here, like powerful winds that dissipate  
Infectious damps, in unobstructed state  
Their valour reigned, to tell them that the way  
Which led unto the princess' freedom lay  
Yet through more slippery paths of blood, with haste  
Wild as their rage, Brumorchus' brothers, placed 520  
That guard's commanders, enter. Loose neglect,  
Which drew them thence, since cause of that effect,  
They now redeem with speed. Riot had not  
Unnerved their limbs; although their blood grew hot

With large intemperate draughts, the fever yet  
 I' the spirits only dwelt, till this rude fit  
 On the stretched heart lays hold in flames, which had  
 Scorched valour's wings if not in judgement clad.  
 Here, though their numbers equal were, yet in  
 A larger volume danger had not been 530  
 Often before presented to the view  
 Of the brave champions; as if she had drew  
 With doubtful art lines in the scheme of fate  
 For them and their proud foes, pale virtue sate  
 Trembling for fear her power should not defend  
 Her followers, 'gainst that strength which did attend  
 Those big-boned villains' strokes. Beneath whose force  
 The Cyprian prince had felt a sad divorce  
 Of Nature's wedlock, if, when sinking in  
 The icy sleep, Death's wide gorge had not been 540  
 Stopped by a stroke from fierce Argalia, sent  
 To aid him when in his defence he'd spent  
 His stock of strength. Freed by which happy blow  
 From Janus' guard, since now his friend lay low,  
 Near Death's dark valley, he contracts his power  
 To quench the other's lamp of life: a shower  
 Of wounds lets fall on's enemy, which now  
 Clogged his soul's upper garments, and allow  
 His eyes' dim optics no more use of light,  
 Than what directs him in a staggering flight. 550  
 Yet in the darkness of approaching death,  
 In mischief's sables, that small stock of breath  
 That yet remains, to clothe, he suddenly  
 Gives fire unto a cannon that was by  
 Wise care ordained to give intelligence,  
 When big with danger fear could not dispense  
 With time's delays. The princess, that within  
 Her closet had that fatal evening been  
 Retired and sad, whilst strong-winged prayer acquaints  
 Her flaming zeal with Heaven's whole choir of saints, 560  
 Thus startled by the treacherous thunder, all  
 Her yet unnumbered stock of beads lets fall  
 'Mongst those that prayer had ranked, and did implore  
 In one great shriek deliverance; to her door  
 Hastes to behold the danger of those friends  
 On whose success love's fortress—hope, depends.  
 Where being come, her eyes' first progress met  
 Her prayers' reward, e'en whilst his sword was wet  
 With blood, the balm of victory. But long  
 The ecstasies of fancy, though more strong 570  
 Than sacred raptures, last not, all was now  
 Too full of noise and tumult to allow

544 Janus' guard] 'Janus' guard' I suppose means that if he had had to face the two, he would have had to look both ways at once, to prevent being attacked behind.



A room for passion's flow : disputes within  
 The schools of action, loud alarms in  
 The castle court and city raged ; all were  
 Huddled into confusion ; some prepare  
 To fly what others with an ignorance  
 As great (though bolder) to oppose advance.

Here had our heaven-protected lovers lost  
 What such large sums of prayer and tears had cost, 580  
 Had not the torrent of the people's throng,  
 When rushing towards the castle, by a strong  
 Voice—danger, been diverted, to prevent  
 A hungry flame which, in the Cyprian's tent  
 Begun, had spread its air-dilated wings  
 Over the city : whose feared danger brings  
 On them a worse distemperature than all  
 Their last night's surfeits. Whilst proud turrets fall  
 In their own ashes, the discordant bells,  
 Ordained to call for aid, but ring their knells 590  
 That in a drunken fury, half-awake,  
 First their warm beds, and then their lives forsake ;  
 For to destruction here big pride had swelled,  
 Had not night's errors been by day expelled.

With swift calls frightened, but more terrified  
 At their sad cause, fear being his doubtful guide,  
 The stout Epirot to Cleander's court  
 Repairs ; and there amongst a thick resort  
 Of subjects, finds the prince distracted by  
 Those epidemic clamours that did fly 600  
 From every part o' the city. To appease  
 Whose fury whilst he goes, the sharp disease  
 In flames feeds on her ruined beauty, and  
 Mounts on insulting wings ; which to withstand,  
 The mazed inhabitants did stop its flight  
 With the whole weight of rivers, till that light,  
 Which an usurper on the sooty throne  
 Of darkness sat, vanished, or only shone  
 From their dim torches' rays. The prince thus staid  
 In 's hasty journey till the flames allayed 610  
 Lent safety to the city, by it gave  
 The royal fugitives the time to save  
 Themselves by flight from those ensuing ills,  
 Whose clamorous scouts, rude sounds, the stirred air fills.

Descended to the garden's postern gate,  
 A place where silence yet unruffled sate  
 (A night obscure and an unhaunted way,  
 Conspiring their pursuers to betray  
 To dark mistakes) with silent joy, which had  
 All fear's pale symptoms in love's purple clad, 620  
 Close as that bold Attempter, whose brave theft  
 Was sacred fire, the walks behind them left,



## *William Chamberlayne*

Argalia hastes unto the castle moat  
With his rich prize, there a neglected boat,  
Half-hid amongst the willow beds, finds out ;  
In which Pharonnida, that nought could doubt  
Whilst her successful lover steered, passed o'er  
To meet the safety of a larger shore.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

## BOOK IV. Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Whilst noise and tumult fill the court, the sad  
Orlinda, to lament alone retired,  
Finds the brave Captain in death's symptoms clad,  
Whose perfect health her friendly care acquired.

The scouts with an unwelcome emptiness  
Of news returned; the princess' secret flight  
Yet well succeeds, but now in sad distress  
Finds a black morning to that dismal night.

WHEN Fear, like an unskilful pilot in  
A storm distracted, long in vain had been  
Placed at the helm of Action, whilst those rude  
Waves raised by greater winds, the multitude,  
Swelled with uncertain counsels, all met in  
A thick and dangerous confluence; those within  
The castle, by a hotter passion to  
A high-wrought fury startled, did undo  
Those links of counsel, which the other broke  
With corrosives of fear, by the rude stroke  
Of heedless anger; whose uncivil strife  
Had robbed revenge of justice, and each life  
That here was in death's inundations spilt,  
Shed but to aggravate a private guilt,  
Had not the prince, whose anger's flame they feared  
More than grim death, to appease the storm appeared.

10

Beat from the out-works of their hopes, all in  
A busy tumult are employed within  
The princess' lodgings; but there only find  
Their knowledge by her secret flight struck blind,  
Stumbled on errors. No characters, but what  
The wasteful hand of death had scattered at  
The guard, inform them; and even those seem left  
The weak opposers of successful theft,  
Dropt as their foe's victorious fate flew by,  
To show his fortune and their loyalty.  
Leaving which late warm tenements of breath,  
Without once throwing up that bed of death,  
Their grave-clothes o'er them, every active friend  
Hastes toward her search, whilst suffering females spend  
The hours (grown slow since burdened by their fears)  
In prayers, whose doubts they numbered by their tears.

20

30

*Arg. 3, Captain] Singer 'Cyprian' which is no doubt correct in sense, but by no means necessary.*

*Arg. 8 finds] Orig. 'find.'*

But amongst all of those that sacrificed  
Tears to her loss, sorrow had most disguised  
Lovely Orlinda, the fair sister to  
The vexed Messenian; who, with love that grew  
From equal attributes of honour, in  
The parallels of beauty placed, had been  
In this restraint of liberty so long  
Her pleased companion, that her grief too strong 40  
For comfort grown, to mourn her absence she,  
Forsaking all her friends' society,  
Whilst seeking of some shady grove, is brought  
To one whose veil, black as her darkest thought,  
Appeared so much a stranger to the light,  
That solitude did thither soon invite  
The pensive lady: who, whilst entering, by  
A deep groan's sound diverted, turns her eye  
Toward one, who, near the utmost ebb of life  
Disguised in's blood, was with the latest strife 50  
Of death contending. At the dreadful view  
Of which sad object she, retreating to  
Some of her maids, who, fearing to intrude  
Whilst she appeared intending solitude,  
A distance kept; made bold by number, now  
Return to see if life did yet allow  
A room for help, or, if his soul were fled,  
To let their care entomb the helpless dead.

Arrived so near, that through the rubric veil  
Of's blood they saw how life did yet prevail 60  
O'er death's convulsions, they behold one lie,  
Whose wounds, an object for their charity,  
Soon drew them nearer in such trembling haste,  
As if they feared those lavish springs would waste  
Life's stock too fast. Where come, with linen soft  
And white as were those hands that thither brought  
That blessing, having gently wiped away  
His blood, his face discovered did betray  
Him to their knowledge. For the Cyprian prince  
All soon conclude him, whose desert e'er since 70  
That court she knew, had to Orlinda proved  
A dear delight; yet she ne'er knew she loved,  
Till her soft pity and his sad distress,  
Conspiring to betray that bashfulness  
Whose blushes scorched that tender plant, did now,  
Even in their fortune's roughest storm, allow  
It leave to grow safe, since yet passing by  
No other name but noble charity.

By all the nimblest stratagems which Art  
E'er learnt from Nature, striving to impart 80  
The best of mortal blessings, health, unto  
Her royal patient, praised Orlinda grew  
( 182 )

So high in his deserved esteem, that, though  
 Posterity doth to his friendship owe  
 For their most perfect copy, knowing she  
 Too much adored Pharonnida to be  
 Her base betrayer, when his health's advance  
 Gave way for language, every circumstance  
 Declares which was in that so fatal night  
 The sad preludiums to her secret flight. 90  
 By which when she, whose love (though full of fire)  
 Yet lay raked up in a remote desire,  
 Unstirred by hope, with joy had learned that he,  
 More than what friendship patronized, was free  
 From all affection to the princess; in  
 Her eyes, which unto then had clouded been,  
 Love, with as bright and pure a flame as e'er  
 Did in the shades of modesty declare  
 Passion, breaks forth. Which happy signs by him  
 Whose heart her eyes, e'en whilst they shone most dim, 100  
 With mutual flames had fired;—that loyal love,  
 Which fate in vain shall struggle to remove,  
 Begins with flames as innocently bright  
 As the first rays of new-created light.

But stay, rash reader! think not they are led  
 Through these smooth walks unto their nuptial bed;  
 But now, behold that their misfortune prove,  
 Which thou hast wept for if thou e'er didst love,  
 A separation. The suspicion, that  
 Sparta's vexed king (when first distempered at  
 His daughter's loss) did of this stranger prince 110  
 Justly conceive, persuades him now, that since  
 Not found within the Cyprian court, that he  
 Who had been vainly sought abroad might be  
 Yet lodged at home. Which supposition bred  
 So strict a search, that, though the silent dead  
 Not silenter than her attendants were,  
 Yet kind Orlinda, whom a pious care  
 Prompted to save what she did yet possess,  
 Whilst seeking with a lover's tenderness 120  
 How to secure him, doth at length convey  
 Her roving fancy to this hopeful way.—

Not long before, though now 'twere silenced in  
 Domestic ills, report had busied been  
 In the relating of the sad distress  
 Of a brave Lybian prince; whom Heaven, to bless  
 With an eternal crown, in midst of all  
 His youth's fresh glories, by a powerful call  
 Summons to serve her: and that faith, which he  
 Had from the early dawn of infancy 130  
 Sucked from the great Impostor of the East,  
 Though now by time opinion's strength increast,



Spite of a people's prayers or father's threats,  
Wholly forsaking ; which revolt begets  
So much aversion, pity could invent  
Nought easier than perpetual banishment,  
To punish what their faith, mistaken in  
Its object, terms a black apostate's sin.

Disguised in such a dress as pity might  
Expect to encounter so distressed a wight  
As was that wandering prince, attended by  
No train but what becomes the obscurity  
Of such a fortune, to the Spartan court  
Amindor comes ; where, though the thick resort  
Of well-known friends might justly make him fear  
Some treacherous eye, knowledge could ne'er appear  
Through that black veil his happy art had took,  
To make him like a sun-burnt Lybian look.

140

Yet what engaged them more than safety in  
Prayers to Heaven, his person had now been  
Not long the wonder of the court, before  
His fairer virtues, which adorned him more  
Than the other could disguise, did justly prove  
The happy object of the prince's love :  
Whose influence, whilst it him to power did raise,  
Taught by reflex the people how to praise  
That fair election, till the pyramid,  
Raised to his fame, had fixed its lofty head  
Above the clouds of fortune. Yet not this  
Fate's fairest smile, a lover's best of bliss—  
A free commerce (which unsuspected might,  
Though long and pleasant as the summer's light,  
Be ne'er disturbed) with fair Orlinda, gives  
Content such fullness, that although he lives  
To all unknown but her alone, in that  
Enjoyed more than ambition e'er aimed at.

150

160

And now from all the fruitless diligence  
Of inquisitions, and the vain expense  
Of time, returned were every troop that had  
Through forlorn hopes been active in the sad  
Search of Pharonnida ; which ending in  
A just despair, some that till then within  
The castle walls had (though as vainly) sought  
Their sorrow forth, before the grieved prince brought  
Brumorchus ; whom they in a small lodge, where,  
Secured by solitude, the household care  
Of locks and bolts were vain, unsought, they found  
In the soft bands of grief's best opiate bound,  
Sleep ; who, though throned within her ebon seat,  
From lust's hot field appears but his retreat

170

180

150 now] Orig. 'not.'

When tired with action ; for besides him they,  
 Where 's poison's antidote, Amphibia, lay  
 Locked up in 's arms, beheld. The air, with all  
 Their voices struck, at length had raised a call  
 That drowned their sleeping thunder ; from the bed  
 Brumorchus starting struggles to have fled  
 The shameful danger, whilst Amphibia creeps  
 Beneath her sheets' protection, but nought keeps  
 Pursuing vengeance back. They're took and brought  
 Before the prince ; who, startled at the thought  
 Of such a complicated crime, refers 190  
 Their punishment to death's dire messengers.

The yet successful lovers, long ere this  
 Safely arrived at their first stage of bliss,  
 Florenza's low and envied roof, did there,  
 Since speed was now the fairest child of care,  
 Stay only to exchange their horse, and take  
 With her a guide whose practic skill could make  
 Their untrod paths familiar. Through a low  
 Dark vale, where shade-affecting weeds did grow 200  
 Eternal strangers to the sun, did lie  
 The narrow path, frequented only by  
 The forest tyrants, when they bore their prey  
 From open dangers of discovering day.

Passed through this desert valley, they were now  
 Climbing an easy hill, where every bough  
 Maintained a feathered chorister to sing  
 Soft panegyrics, and the rude winds bring  
 Into a murmuring slumber ; whilst the calm  
 Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm, 210  
 With an intent, before the next sun's birth,  
 To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth  
 Received from 's last day's beams. The hill's ascent,  
 Wound up by action, in a large extent  
 Of leafy plains, shows them the canopy  
 Beneath whose shadow their large way did lie.  
 Which being looked o'er, whilst thankful praise did pay  
 Their debts to Heaven, they thence with a convey  
 Of prayers, those swift ambassadors, did send  
 A hopeful glance toward their large journey's end. 220

These short surveys past, since the place assures  
 A safe repose, to cool the calentures  
 Of feverish action, down a way that led  
 From Pleasure's throne unto her fragrant bed,  
 A rank of laurels, spreading to protect  
 The flowery path which not unpruned neglect  
 Robbed of delight, they passed ; the slow descent  
 Soon brings them where her richest ornament

218 'Convey' = convey.

(Although with art unpleited) Nature in  
 A lovely landscape wore, that once had been 230  
 Sacred to the island's fruitful goddess. Here  
 Whilst they behold the infants of the year  
 I' the spring's unsullied livery clad, the fair  
 And large-limbed trees preparing to repair  
 Autumn's spent stock, from out a humble hill  
 A tributary fountain did distil  
 The earth's cold blood, and murmuring conveys  
 It on a bed of pebbles, till it pays  
 Her debts to the neighbouring river; near to it  
 Full choruses of feathered heroes sit 240  
 Amidst their willow mansions, to whose ease  
 Their shrill notes call the sportive Dryades.  
 Whilst by the brightest glories of that age  
 This royal robe, worn in a hermitage,  
 Is seen with such a silent sad delight  
 As smoothes the furrows of an anchorite,  
 Their solemn walk had brought them to a green  
 Skirt of that mantle, fairly spread between  
 Two mossy rocks, that near the crystal flood  
 Appendices to larger mountains stood. 250  
 Near which they saw, with mournful majesty  
 A heap of solitary ruins lie,  
 Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir  
 To prodigal antiquity, whose fair  
 Composures did, beneath time's pride sunk low,  
 But dim vestigia of their beauty show.  
 Yet that it might unreverend gazers tell  
 It once was sacred, Ceres' image, fell  
 From a throne's splendour, did neglected lie,  
 Sunk with her temple to deformity. 260  
 Dark gloomy groves, which holy altars shade  
 With solitude, such as religion made  
 Full of an awful reverence, and drew  
 The ravishing soul from the world's wandering view,  
 Circled the sacred valley: into one  
 Of which our royal lovers were alone  
 Retired, in private solitude to pay  
 Sleep's forfeitures, whilst the bright bloomy day  
 Sweats the hydroptic earth; but joy denies  
 That sullen guest an entrance in their eyes— 270  
 Their eyes, which now like wandering planets met  
 After a race of cross aspects, and set  
 Within a firmament of beauty, thence  
 On Love's cold region dropped their influence;  
 Warmed by whose vigour, springs of pleasure had,  
 Watering their cheeks, those fields in roses clad.

229 unpleited] Singer 'unplighted.' But I should rather take the orig. as = 'unpleated,' i. e. not 'folded up in,' 'complicated with.'

Fear, that till now had made them languish in  
 A dangerous hectic, or at best had been  
 But eased with intervals, which did include  
 Ambiguous hopes in time's vicissitude, 280  
 Ceased to usurp; yet (though the throne expelled)  
 A large command in Reason's empire held,  
 Leading those parties which wise counsel sent  
 Close ambuscadoed dangers to prevent:  
 Nor could the conduct fail, assailed by aught  
 Within the circuit of extended thought;  
 Deliberation, the soul's wary scout,  
 Being still employed to lead fresh parties out  
 'Gainst the known enemies of hope. But here  
 Black troops of danger, undiscerned of fear, 290  
 Assaults unrallied Fortitude, whilst she  
 Slept 'mongst the rose-beds of security,

Exalted far above the gross mistakes  
 Of vulgar love—clothed in such thoughts as shakes  
 Ripe souls from out their husks of earth to be  
 Picked up by angels, joy's stenography  
 In their embraces met; not with less strength  
 Of love (though yet not to be wrought at length)  
 Than that which meets in nuptial folds when they  
 Reap Heaven's first blessing, in their blood's allay 300  
 Met their full seas of passion; yet both, calm  
 As Virtue's brow, their blood but warmed like balm  
 To pour in sorrow's wounds, not boiled into  
 A scum of lust; the world's first man did woo  
 The blushing offspring of his side, the first  
 Unpractised virgin, with as great a thirst  
 Of blood as theirs, when, in the safe defence  
 Of paradise, each act was innocence.

Here whilst their sweet employment was discourse,  
 Taught in the school of virtue, to divorce 310  
 Those maiden brides, their twisted eye-beams, Sleep,  
 Which flies the open gates of care, did creep  
 In at their crystal windows, to remove  
 The lamp of joy filled with the oil of love.  
 The princess' spirits, fled from the distress  
 Of action into forgetfulness,  
 Having the curtains drawn, Argalia's head  
 Softly reposing on her lap, that bed  
 Of precious odours, there receives awhile  
 A rest, for sweetness—such as saints beguile 320  
 Time [with] in their still dormitories, till  
 Heaven's summons shall their hopes on earth fulfil.  
 Removed from them, feeding his horses in  
 A well-fleeced meadow, which that age had seen

321 'with' is Singer's insertion, no doubt rightly.



Till then ne'er lose its summer robe before  
Russet with age he put it off, and wore  
A glittering tissue furred with snow, did lie  
Their careful guide, secured; till frightened by  
A dreadful noise of horse, whose rushing wakes  
Him to behold—what seen, with terror shakes 330  
Off sleep's declining weights, in such a strange  
Amaze as (forts surprised) the scared guards change  
Their swords for fetters: flying he looks back  
On the steel-fronted troop, till at his back  
Approaching danger, gathering in a cloud  
Of death, o'erwhelms him; fighting with its loud  
Exalted clamours from their then closed eyes—  
Love's altars, sleep's intended sacrifice.

Shook from their slumber with the first salutes  
Of light to meet their ruin, thick recruits 340  
Of brave resolves into Argalia's breast  
Had swiftly summoned; but the princess' rest  
Exchanged for wild amazement: in which sad  
Restraint of spirits, life with beauty had  
Fled to the silent region, if not by  
Her royal friend supported; who, the high  
Pitch of exalted anger, whilst he draws  
His sword to vindicate their righteous cause,  
Descends to comfort her. Thinking those troops  
Her father's messengers, his brave soul stoops 350  
Not to request a favour; but although  
Their multitude, in hope's account outgrow  
Life, more than those diseases which attend  
On age's cold extreme, he dares defend  
Love, though, by vigour of supreme commands,  
Deprived of favour's mercenary bands.

Prompted by power, that sovereign antidote  
'Gainst Nature's poison, baseness, and by rote,  
Not Art's fair rules, taught lessons of defence,  
These dregs of men, not having more pretence 360  
Than what from riot was extorted, in  
Unwieldy throngs the conquest strive to win  
From single valour. Not the powerful prayer  
Of her, whose voice had purified the air  
To a seraphic excellence, the sweet  
Heaven-loved Pharonnida, could come to meet  
Pity in this rude wilderness; her words,  
Losing their form in the wild air, affords  
Their busy souls no heedful leisure, but  
With wilder passions the soul's portals shut. 370

That sober friend to happy solitude,  
Silence, which long those blest shades did include,  
By rude noise banished from her solemn throne,  
Did in a deep and hollow echo groan;

Whilst the brave champion, whose own worth did bring  
 Assistance, yet had in a bloody ring  
 Strewed death's pale triumphs, and in safety stands  
 The dangerous business of so many hands,  
 All which had in the grave joined palms, if by  
 One stroke, that index unto victory, 380  
 His sword, had not with sudden breaking proved  
 Traitor t' the strength by whose command it moved.

Robbed of this safe defence, valour's brave flame  
 In vain is spent; that pyramid of fame,  
 Built by his hand o'er Love's fair temple, now  
 Even in the view of's saint, is forced to bow  
 Beneath an earthquake. His commanding soul,  
 In this sharp conflict striving to control  
 Nature, rebellious to her power, lets fly  
 In vain the piercing lightning of the eye, 390  
 Whose dark lids, drooping in a death-like close,  
 Forbid high fury thundering on his foes.  
 He falls, and from each purple sallyport  
 Of wounds, tired spirits, in a thick resort,  
 Fly the approach of death; in which wild trance,  
 His eyes did their declining lights advance  
 Above their gloom of darkness, to convey  
 The last faint beam of nature's falling day  
 To his distressed Pharonnida. But she,  
 In clouds of sorrow lost, was gone to be 400  
 Close mourner for his rigid fate beneath  
 A pale swoon's shady veil, and could not breathe  
 One sigh to welcome those sick guests, nor lend  
 A beam to light them to their journey's end.  
 Which being deprived of, in death's dark disguise  
 Forgetful shadows did obscure his eyes.

Branded with an ignoble victory,  
 His base oppressors, staying not to try  
 Whe'er fire remain in life's dark lamp, forsake  
 Their bleeding shame, and only with them take 410  
 The trembling ladies; whose amazement yet  
 Grief's flood-gates shuts in a distracting fit  
 Of wilder passions: circled in which cloud  
 She's hurried thence; and, ere that damp allowed  
 Light through her soul's prospectives, had passed o'er  
 Much of the desert, and arrived before  
 A barren rock's proud front; which, being too steep  
 For the laborious traveller, a deep  
 Dark vault did pierce, whose dismal black descent  
 Safe passage to a distant valley lent. 420

With slow ill-boding steps this horrid way  
 O'ercome, they meet the beauties of the day

409 'Whe'er' is Singer's reading, and very likely; but the 'where' of the original is not quite impossible.

Within the pregnant vale, a place that showed  
Some art had pruned what nature's hand bestowed.  
No earth-encumbering weeds, but wholesome plants,  
Such as relieve the winter of our wants,  
Were here in comely order placed; each tree,  
Tired with his fruitful burden, stoops to be  
Eased by the lowliest hand; for want of which  
Their feeble stems had dropped them to enrich  
Their pregnant mother. This civility,  
Proclaiming more than art had meant to be  
The dress of deserts, did at first appear  
As if those useful blessings had, for fear  
That wasteful man should ravish them to feed  
His luxury, fled thither: none that need  
Such thrifty joys, in the circumference  
O' the valley seeming to have residence.

430

All whose exalted pride did terminate  
The levelled eye, was a round hill that sate  
As centre to the golden vale; come near  
To which, what did externally appear  
A rock in ivy dressed, being entered, shewed  
The beauties of a gorgeous palace, hewed  
Out of the living stone, whose vaulted breast  
Had by the union of each part exprest  
The strength of concord. The black rock was all  
Tinselled with windows, over which did fall  
Thin ivy wreaths, like cobweb veils that shade  
The sallyports of beauty, only made  
To cool, not darken, and on those that sit  
Within bestow a shady benefit.

440

450

They being drawn near, a sad old man that sate  
Unwilling porter, from the spacious gate  
Withdrew the verdant curtain.—She is now  
Entered the castle, where, could fear allow  
Her eyes that liberty, she had surveyed  
Buildings, whose strength with beauty joined, betrayed  
Time's modern issues to contempt, and by  
A lasting glory praised antiquity.  
But pleasure spreads her baits in vain; she sate  
Beneath the frozen arctic of her fate,  
Whilst he, from whose aspect she only felt  
Delightful heat, in's winter-solstice dwelt.

460

More to depress her sinking spirits, she  
Too soon finds cause to think that gravity  
She met in the entrance but the reverend shade  
Of injured worth, which accident had made  
Stoop to that bondage;—virtue drooping in  
His furrowed cheeks, as if disposed, she'd been  
Thither confined within the walls, to let  
Imperious vice her painted banners set.

470

A troop of wild bandits, villains whose guilt  
 Shunned public haunts, Heaven's private blessings spilt  
 There in luxurious riot, which grown bold  
 By toleration, durst t' the light unfold  
 Vice's deformedst issues ; nought b' the name  
 Of sin being known, but sin's betrayer, shame :  
 In such a loose intemperance as reigns  
 In conquered cities, when the soldier's pains 480  
 With spoils of peace is paid, they lived. 'Mongst these  
 Some few unhappy women, kept to appease  
 Lust's tumults, she beheld ; whose looks betrayed  
 A sickly guilt, and made the royal maid,  
 Amidst her grief's cold symptoms, blush to see  
 How pale they looked with lust's deformity.

Whilst these are viewed, with such a change as that  
 Poor village drunkards are enforced to at  
 An officer's approach, when the night grows  
 Deep as their draughts, she sees them all compose 490  
 Their late wild looks ; nor was this dress of fear  
 In vain put on, Almanzor did appear—  
 Dreaded Almanzor, who on them had built  
 A power, which though by unsuccessful guilt  
 Banished t' the desert, forced their wants to be  
 The helpless sufferers of his tyranny.

Passed through the fear-dispersèd throng, he's to  
 The princess come ; where, startled at the view  
 Of majesty, shrinks back. Unsteady haste,  
 Which brought him there but to view beauties placed 500  
 Within the reach of's lust, assaulted by  
 Objects that both to love and loyalty  
 Had proved him an apostate, to retreat  
 Within a blush attempts ; but that's too great  
 A friend to bashful virtue, in that face,  
 Whose heart deposes her, to sprinkle grace.

Ruffled with this recoil of spirits, in  
 Such troubled haste as novices begin  
 New conned orations, he himself applies  
 To the injured lady ; whose brave spirit flies 510  
 Not what see feared, but with the brave defence  
 Of scorn opposes blushless impudence,  
 Crushing the embryos of that language, in  
 Whose guilty accents he attempts to win  
 Opinion's favour, and by that redeem  
 What former guilt had lost in her esteem.

Contemned with such a look as princes cast  
 On overbold usurpers, he is past  
 The first encounter of her eye, and she  
 Turned in disdain, to show her great soul free 520

473 bandits] Note the accent of *banditti* preserved in 'bandits.'



From low submission ; by which fired into  
A sullen anger, he resolves to mew  
The royal eaglet, until freedom grow  
A favour, whose fair streams might overflow  
Those barren fields of indeseert, in which  
His fortune pines—lest this fair prize enrich  
The cursed soil, and on its surface place  
The long-abstracted beams of princely grace.

She to the narrow confines of a room  
Restrained, to let his muffled thoughts resume  
Their calm composure, counsel's throne, he goes  
Aside, and on that doubtful text bestows  
The clearest comment of his judgement ; yet  
Falls short of truth, and must contented sit  
To know her there, though not the accident  
Which from her father's glorious court had sent  
Her so ill guarded : but referring that  
To time's discovery, he, transported at  
What was a truth confirmed, within the wide  
Arms of his hope, grasps what aspiring pride  
Or lust's loose rhetoric, when youth's vigorous fire  
Beauty hath kindled, prompts him to desire.

530

540

Yet by two several paths to tread that way,  
His crimes' dark roads, lust and ambition, lay,  
The poor Florenza, that long since had been  
The trembling object of the baser sin,  
To make his sly access to either free  
From the other's thoughts, must from her lady be  
In this dark storm removed ; he fearing less  
That counsel aiding virtue in distress,  
Though wanting strength the battle to maintain,  
Might countermine the engine of his brain.

550

To this sad separation leaving them,  
Whom innocence had licensed to condemn  
Fortune's harsh discipline, Almanzor goes,  
Fate's dark enigmas, by the help of those  
That took her, to unveil ; but 'twas a work  
Too full of subtle mystery :—A Turk,  
Her brave defender, by those garments which  
Rash fear had only rifled to enrich  
Nice inquisition, seemed. By which betrayed  
To dark mistakes, his policy obeyed  
Domestic counsels ; and by subtle spies,  
Whose ears were more officious than their eyes,  
Soon from the love-sick lady's close complaints  
His wiser knowledge with their cause acquaints.

560

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

526 lest] Orig. 'least,' is here as not seldom = 'unless.'

541 vigorous] Orig. 'rigorous,' possibly.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

From all the hopes of love and liberty  
 O'erwhelmed in the vast ocean of her grief,  
 The wretched princess is constrained to be  
 A prisoner to her youth's first dreadful thief—

The cursed Almanzor ; in whose dismal cell  
 She comments on the various texts of grief  
 In every form, till from the tip of hell,  
 When seeming darkest, just Heaven sent relief.

DISTRACTED in the agony of love,  
 Pharonnida, whose sad complaints did prove  
 Her sorrow's true interpreters, had made  
 Argalia's name, wrapped up in sighs, invade  
 The ears of an unseen informer ; whence,  
 Almanzor's thoughts, delivered from suspense,  
 Shake off their doubtful dress of fears, and teach  
 Hypocrisy by paths untrod to reach  
 The apex of his hopes. What not the fear  
 Of ills, whilst her own interest did appear  
 The only sharer, could perform, he now  
 Presumes affection to her friend would bow  
 With low submission, if by that she might  
 Aid his dim stars with a reserve of light.

With frequent visits, which on sin's dark text  
 Wrought a fair gloss, Almanzor oft had vext  
 The calmer passions of the princess in-  
 To ruffled anger ; but when all could win  
 No entrance on her favour, fury tries  
 A harsher corrosive—Stern power denies  
 Her even of those poor narrow comforts which  
 Her soul's dark region, that was only rich  
 In sorrow's sables, could possess. Withdrew  
 Were all those slippery parasites that knew  
 To her no pity, but what did reflect  
 The rays o' the tyrant's favour, whose neglect  
 Taught them the lesson of disdain, whilst she  
 Her practised soul trained in humility.

Pensive as an unpractised convert, in  
 A bath of tears she shadowed lies within  
 The unfrequented room ; a curtain-bed  
 Her close retreat, till light's fair angel fled

*Arg. 7 tip*] 'lip?'

*20 denies*] 'denies of' is a characteristic blending—'deprives of' and 'denies.'

*31 curtain-bed*] Singer 'curtained,' but 'curtain-bed' (cf. 'arm-chair') is quite probable.

The swarthy region. But whilst here she lies,  
Like in a dark lantern that in black disguise  
Circles imprisoned light . . . . .  
Grief from the sullen world concealed: to turn  
The troubled stream—as if the silent urn  
Of some dead friend, to private sorrow had  
Summoned her hither, entered was a sad  
And sober matron; in her hands she bore  
A light, whose feeble rays could scarce restore  
The sick successor of the day unto  
A cheerful smile. Sad pilgrims, that renew  
Acquaintance with their better angels by  
Harsh penitence, have of humility  
Less in their looks than she;—her habit showed  
Like costly ruins that for fashion owed  
To elder pride, in whose reversion she  
Appeared, the noble choice of charity.

40

This shadow of religious virtue drawn  
Near her disordered bed, a sickly dawn  
Of light breaks through the princess' clouded eyes  
To meet the welcome object; the disguise  
Of sorrow, which at first appearance sate  
Fixed on her brow, a partner of her fate  
Making her seem. Nor was the fancy crushed  
In the infancy of faith, fair truth first blushed  
For verbal crimes. Near to the bed reposed  
Where the sad lady lay, she thus disclosed  
Her cause of entrance:—'Cease, fair stranger, to  
Monopolize a sorrow, which not you  
Here share alone; pity, instructed by  
Experience in the rules of misery,  
Hath brought me from complaining of my own  
To comfort thine. This castle once hath known  
Me for its mistress, though it now behold  
Me (in the dress of poverty grown old)  
Despised and poor, the scorn of those that were  
Nursed into life by my indulgent care.'

50

60

This, in her tears' o'erflowing language spoke,  
Persuades the pensive princess to revoke  
Depraved opinion's doom, confessing she  
Wedded not grief to singularity.  
But comfort in the julep of her words  
Was scarce dissolved, ere a reply affords  
Conceived requital, striving to prevent  
The oft more forward thanks. 'Rise to content,  
Fair soul, (she cries); be but so wise to let  
Sick passion die with just neglect, I'll set  
Thy dropped stars in their orbs again. I have,  
Forced by command, a late attendance gave  
Unto a wounded stranger, that remains

70

80

Within this castle in the heavy chains  
 Of cruel bondage; from whose weight unless  
 Your love redeem him, dark forgetfulness  
 Will draw the curtains of the grave about  
 His dull mortality, and the sick doubt  
 Of hope resolve in death. This evening I  
 O'erheard his heavy doom, from which to fly  
 He hath no refuge but your mercy; which 90  
 Stripped of light passion, must be clothed in rich  
 But graver robes of reason, when it sits  
 In council how to reconcile the fits  
 Of feverish love—when, being most propense  
 To passion's heat, a frost of abstinence  
 Benumbs it to a lethargy. In brief,  
 'Tis he, whose prosperous tyranny the chief  
 Command within this castle gave, that in  
 His swift destruction doth attempt to win  
 Free passage to enjoying you, then prove 100  
 He friend to him that begs you to change love  
 For now more useful pity, and so save  
 A life that must no longer live to crave,  
 If now denied. This ring' (with that presents  
 A jewel, that, when love's first elements  
 The harmony of faith united, she  
 Gave to confirm her vows) 'he sends to be  
 A note that he denies whate'er was made  
 Authentic, when your mixed vows did invade  
 Unwilling Heaven, which in your sufferance shows 110  
 We may intend, but wiser powers dispose.'

Pharonnida, whose fears confirmed, did need  
 No more to wound a fancy that did bleed  
 At all the springs of passion, being by  
 The fatal present taught, whose liberty  
 Her love's exchange must purchase, with a sad  
 Reverse of the eye beholding it, unclad  
 Her sorrow thus:—'And did, oh, did this come  
 By thy commands, Argalia? no; by some  
 Unworthy hand thou'rt robbed of it—I know 120  
 Thou sooner wouldst be tempted to let go  
 Relics of thy protecting saint.—Oh, cease,  
 Whate'er you are, to wrong him; the calm peace  
 He wears to encounter death in, cannot be  
 Scattered by any storm of fear. Would he,  
 That hath affronted death in every shape  
 Of horror, tamely yield unto the rape  
 Of's virgin honour, and not stand the shock  
 Of a base tyrant's anger? But I mock  
 My hopes with vain phantasms; 'tis the love 130  
 He bears to me, carries his fear above

101 He] So orig. and Singer. Emendation is not easy.



The orb of his own noble temper to  
 An unknown world of passions, in whose new  
 Regions ambitious grown, it scorns to fall  
 Back to its centre—reason, whither all  
 The lines of action until now did bend  
 From 's soul's circumference. Yet know, his end,  
 If doomed unto this cursed place, shall tell  
 The bloody tyrant that my passing bell  
 Tolls in his dying groans, and will ere long  
 Ring out in death—if sorrow, when grown strong  
 As fate, can raise the strokes of grief above  
 The strength of nature; which if not, yet love  
 Will find a passage, where our souls shall rest  
 In an eternal union—whilst oppress  
 With horror, he, by whose commands he dies,  
 Falls to the infernal powers a sacrifice.

140

'If that your pity were no fiction, to  
 Betray my feeble passions, and undo  
 The knots of resolution, tell my friend—  
 I live but to die his, and will attend  
 Him with my prayers, those verbal angels, till  
 His soul's on the wing, then follow him, and fill  
 Those blanks our fate left in the lines of life  
 Up with eternal bliss, where no harsh strife  
 Of a dissenting parent shall destroy  
 The blooming springs of our conjugal joy.'

150

Vexed by this brave display of fortitude  
 To sullen anger, with a haste more rude  
 Than bold intrusions, lust's sly advocate  
 Forsakes her seat, and though affronts too late  
 Came to create a blush, yet passion had  
 Her cheeks in red revenge's livery clad;  
 Her eyes, like Saturn's in the house of death,  
 Heavy with ills to come; her tainted breath  
 Scattering infectious murmurs: with a look  
 Oblique and deadly, the cursed hag forsook  
 That ebon cabinet of grief, and hastes  
 To tell Almanzor how his passion wastes  
 More spirits in persuasion's hectic, than  
 If power had quenched ambition's fever when  
 'Twas first inflamed with hope, whose cordials prove  
 Oft slow as opiates in the heat of love.

160

170

This, with a heat that spoiled digestion, by  
 The angry tyrant heard, rage did untie  
 The curls of passion, whose soft trammels had  
 Crisp'd smooth hypocrisy; from which unclad,  
 Developed nature shows her unfil'd dress  
 Rough as an angry friend, by no distress  
 Of beauty to be calmed. Since sly deceit  
 Virtue had now unmasked, no candid bait

180

Conceals his thoughts, which soon in public shows  
From what black sea those mists of passion rose.

Day's sepulchre, the ebon-archèd night,  
Was raised above the battlements of light;  
The frenzied world's allaying opiate, sleep,  
O'ertaking action, did in silence steep  
The various fruits of labour, and from thence  
Recovers what pays for her time's expense:  
In which slow calm, whilst half the drowsy earth 190  
Lay in the shade of nature, to give birth  
Unto the burthen of sick fancy—fear,  
Groans, deep as death's alarums, through her ear  
Fly toward the throne of reason, to inform  
The pensive princess, that the last great storm  
Of fate was now descending, beyond which  
Her eyes, o'erwhelmed in sorrow, must enrich  
Their orbs with love no more, but in the dawn  
Of life behold her friend's destruction drawn,  
Since threatened danger sad assurance gives— 200  
In those deep groans he now but dying lives.

More swiftly to destroy the falling leaves  
Of blasted hope, with horror she receives,  
By a convey of wearied light, that strook  
Through rusty gates, intelligence which shook  
The strength of fortitude—There was a room,  
Deep and obscure, where, in a heavy gloom,  
The unstirred air in such a darkness dwelt  
As masked Egyptians from Heaven's vengeance felt,  
Till by the struggling rays of a faint lamp 210  
Forced to retreat, and the quicksilver damp  
Shed on the sweaty walls, which hid within  
That glittering veil, worn figures that had been  
The hieroglyphic epitaphs of those  
Which charity did to the earth dispose  
In friendship's last of legacies, except  
What is to cure loose fame's diseases kept.

Here, 'mongst the ruins of mortality,  
In blood disfigured, she beholds one lie,  
Who, though disguised in death's approach, appears 220  
By's habit, that confirmer of her fears  
Her gentle love, alone and helpless, in  
The grasp of death, striving in vain to win  
The field from that grim tyrant; who had now  
Embalmed him in his blood, and did allow  
Him no more spirits, but what in that strife  
Served to groan out the epilogue of life,  
And then depart Nature's cold stage, to be  
Sucked up from time into eternity.

When thus the everlasting silence had 230  
Locked up his voice, and death's rude hand unclad

His hovering soul, whose elemental dress  
Is left to dust and dark forgetfulness ;  
When Nature's lamps being snuffed to death, he lay  
A night-pieced draught of once well-modelled clay :  
With such a silent pace as witches use  
To tread o'er graves, when their black arts abuse  
Their cold inhabitants, his murderers were  
Entered the vault, from the stained floor to bear  
The cold stiff corpse ; which having softly laid 240  
In's doomsday's bed, unto the royal maid,  
Whose beauty, in this agony defaced,  
Grief's emblem sat, with eager speed they haste.

Either a guilty shame, or fear to be  
Converted by her form's divinity,  
Made them choose darkness for protection ; in  
Whose hideous shade, she of herself unseen  
Is hurried thence unto that dreadful place  
Where he entombed lay, whom she must embrace  
In death's dark lodgings ; and, ere life was fled, 250  
Remain a sad companion of the dead—  
Confining beauty, in youth's glorious bloom,  
To the black prison of a dismal tomb :  
Where, fast enclosed, earth's fairest blossom must  
Unnaturally be planted in the dust ;  
Where life's bright star, Heaven's glorious influence,  
Her soul, in labour with the slow suspense  
Of lingering torments, must expecting lie,  
Till famine Nature's ligatures untie.

And can, oh, can we never hope to save 260  
Her that's in life a tenant to the grave !  
Can aught redeem one that already lies  
Within the bed of death, whose hot lust fries  
In the enjoyment of all beauties that  
The aged world ere had to wonder at !  
To feed whose riot, the well-tempered blood,  
That sanguine youth's smooth cheek mixed with a flood  
Of harsh distemperatures, o'erflows, and brings  
Some to their lodgings on the flaming wings  
Of speedy fevers ; whilst the others creep 270  
On slow consumptions, millions from the steep  
And dangerous precipice of war : some in  
A stream of their own humours that have been  
Swelled to a dropsy, being even pressed to death  
By their own weight ; whilst others part with breath  
From bodies worn so thin, they seemed to be  
Grown near the soul's invisibility.

But whither strays our fancy ? have we left  
The woful lady in a tomb, bereft

261 to] Singer, unnecessarily and I think unwisely, 'of.'

Of all society, and shall I let  
 My wandering pen forsake her? Such a debt  
 Would bankrupt pity. The undistinguished day,  
 Whose new-born light did but e'en then display  
 Its dewy wings, when first she was confined  
 To the dark tomb, was now grown almost blind  
 With age, when thus through Fate's black curtain broke  
 Unlooked-for light: that darkness—which did choke  
 All passages by which the thin air held  
 Commerce with neighbouring rooms, being now expelled  
 By the dim taper's glimmering beams—let fall  
 Part of the rays through an old ruined wall  
 That fenced an ugly dungeon, where the night  
 Dwelt safe as in the centre. By the sight  
 Of which unlooked-for guest, some prisoners, who  
 Had there been staid, even till despairing to  
 Be e'er released, in eager fury tries  
 To force their way, where their directing eyes,  
 Led by the light, should guide them; come at length  
 Where, with time's burden tired, the building's strength,  
 Losing its first firm union, was divorced  
 With gaping clefts, an easy strength enforced  
 Those feeble guards: but come into the room  
 Where, o'er the living lady's sable tomb,  
 Hung the directing light, they there in vain  
 For further passage seeking, were again  
 To the black dungeon, horror's dismal seat,  
 In sad despair making their slow retreat.  
 Now near departing, a deep doleful groan  
 Reversed their eyes, amazement almost grown  
 To stupefaction stays them, whilst they hear  
 New sighs confirm their wonder, not their fear;  
 Till thus Euriolus, whose bold look spoke  
 The braver soul, the dismal silence broke.

'Whate'er thou art that hoverest here within  
 This gloomy shadow, speak what wrong hath been  
 Thy troubled ghost's tormentor? art thou fled  
 From woe to stir the dust o' the peaceful dead?  
 Or com'st from sacred shadows to lament  
 Some friend's dead corpse, which this dark tenement  
 Hath lodged in dust?' The trembling lady, hearing  
 A human voice again, and now not fearing  
 The approaches of a greater danger, cries:—  
 'Whate'er you are, fear mocks your faith; here lies  
 A woful wretch entombed alive, that ne'er  
 Must look on light again; my spirit were  
 Blest if resolved to air, but here it must  
 A sad companion, in the silent dust,  
 To loathed corruption be, until the pale  
 Approaching fiend, harsh famine, shall exhale,



In dews of blood, the purple moisture, that  
Fed life's fresh springs:—but none shall tremble at  
My doleful story, 'tis enough that Fate  
Hath for this tomb exchanged a throne of state.'

330

To active pity stirred, the valiant friends  
Attempt her rescue, but their labour ends  
In fruitless toils, the ponderous marble lies  
With too much weight to let the weak supplies  
Of human strength remove 't; which whilst they tried  
To weary sweats, kind fortune lends this guide  
To their masked virtue—The informing ear  
Proclaims approaching steps, which ushered fear  
Into Ismander's breast; but his brave friend,  
The bold Euriolus, resolved to end  
By death or victory their bondage, goes  
Near to the gate, where soon were entered those  
Which in Pharonnida's restraint had been  
The active engines of that hateful sin,  
With them, that hag whose cursed invention had  
Revenge in such an uncouth dressing clad.

340

Whilst her Ismander seized, and with a charm  
Of nimble strength commands, the active arm  
Of fierce Euriolus, directed by  
Victorious valour, purchased liberty  
By strokes whose weight to dark destruction sunk  
His worthless foes, and sent their pale souls, drunk  
With innocent blood, staggering from earth, to be  
Masked in the deserts of eternity.

350

This being beheld by her whose hopes of life  
With them departed, she concludes the strife  
Of inquisition by directing to  
An engine, which but touched would soon undo  
That knot which puzzled all their strength, and give  
The captive princess hopes again to live  
Within the reach of light; whose beams, whilst she  
Unfolds her eyes—those dazzled stars, to see,  
Dark misty wonder in a cloud o'erspread  
His faith that raised her from that gloomy bed,  
Amazed Euriolus; whose zeal-guided eyes  
Soon know the princess through grief's dark disguise.  
Could his inflamed devotion into one  
Great blast of praises be made up, 't had gone  
Toward heavenly bowers on the expanded wings  
Of his exalted joy; nor are the springs  
Of life less raised with wonder in the breast  
Of's royal mistress, whose free soul exprest

360

370

331 none] Orig. 'now.'

357, 378 masked] Both these passages illustrate, in the same word 'masked,' Chamberlayne's curious locution. The first passage looks quite wrong; the second helps to gloss the word as = 'bewildered,' 'out of themselves.'

As much of joy as, in her clouded fate,  
With reason at the helm of action sate.

Here had they, masked in mutual wonder, staid  
To unriddle fate, had not wise fear obeyed  
Reason's grave dictates, and with eager speed 380  
Urged their departure; for whose guide they need  
No more but her directions, who then lay  
Taught by the fear of vengeance to obey  
Their just demands. By whom informed of all  
That might within the castle's circuit fall  
With weights of danger, and taught how to free  
Confined Florenza, to meet liberty  
They march in triumph, leaving none to take  
Possession there, but her whose guilt would make  
The torment just, though there constrained to dwell 390  
Till death prepared her for a larger hell.

Whilst sleep's guards, doubled by intemperance, reigned  
Within the walls, with happy speed they gained  
The castle's utmost ward; and furnished there  
With such choice horses, as provided were  
For the outlaws' next day's scouts, a glad adieu  
Of their loathed jail they take. Ismander knew  
Each obscure way that in their secret flight  
Might safely promise; so that sullen night  
Could not obstruct their passage, though, through ways 400  
So full of dark meanders, not the day's  
Light could assist a stranger. Ere the dawn  
O' the wakeful morn had spread her veils of lawn  
O'er the fair virgins of the spring, they're past  
That sylvan labyrinth, and with that had cast  
Their greatest terror off, and taught their eyes  
The welcome joys of liberty to prize.

And now the spangled squadrons of the night,  
Encountering beams, had lost the field to light,  
The morning proud in beauty grown, whilst they 410  
With cheerful speed passed on the levelled way  
By solitude secure; of all unseen,  
Save early labourers that resided in  
Dispersed poor cottages, by whom they're viewed  
With humble reverence, such as did delude  
Sharp-eyed suspicion, they are now drawn near  
Ismander's palace; whose fair towers appear  
Above the groves, whose green enamel lent  
The neighbouring hills their prospects' ornament.

A river, whose unwearied bounty brings 420  
The hourly tribute of a thousand springs  
From several fragrant valleys here, as grown  
So rich, she now strove to preserve her own

381 Urged] Orig. 'urge.'

Streams from the all-devouring sea, did glide  
Betwixt two hills, which Nature did divide  
To entertain the smiling nymph, till to  
An entrance where her silver eye did view  
A wealthy vale she came—a vale in which  
All fruitful pleasures did content enrich;  
Where all so much deserved the name of best,  
Each, took apart, seemed to excel the rest.

430

Rounded with spacious meads, here scattered stood  
Fair country farms, whose happy neighbourhood,  
Though not so near as justling palaces  
Which troubled cities, yet had more to please  
By a community of goodness in

That separation. Nature's hand had been  
To all too liberal, to let any want

The treasures of a free inhabitant;

Each in his own unracked inheritance

440

Where born expired, not striving to advance

Their levelled fortunes to a loftier pitch

Than what first styled them honest, after rich;

Sober and sweet their lives, in all things blest

Which harmless nature, living unopprest

With surfeits, did require; their own flocks bred

Their homespun garments, and on that they fed

Which from their fields' or dairies' plenteous store

Had fresh supplies: what fortune lent them more

450

Than an indifferent mean, was sent to be

The harbingers of hospitality.

Fair virgins, in their youth's fresh April drest,

Courted by amorous swains, were unopprest

By dark suspicion, age's sullen spies,

Whose spleen would have the envious counted wise

Love was religious here, and for to awe

Their wilder passions, conscience was their law.

More to complete this rural happiness,

They were protected from the harsh distress

Of long-winged power by the blest neighbourhood

460

Of brave Ismander; whose known greatness stood

Not to eclipse their humble states, although

It shadowed them when injured power did grow

To persecution, by which means he proved—

Not feared for greatness, but for goodness loved.

Which gentle passion his unhappy loss

Had soured to grief, and made their joy their cross.

But now their antidote approaches, he

From heavy bondage is returned to be

435 Which troubled cities] In another writer one might suspect '*In* troubled cities' or '*Which trouble* cities.' But it is quite like Chamberlayne to *attract* his verb into the form of 'stood' and 'had.'

Their joyful wonder. At his palace gate  
 Being now arrived, his palace, that of late  
 With's absence dimmed in her most beauteous age,  
 Stood more neglected than a hermitage,  
 Or sacred buildings, when the sinful times  
 To persecution aggravate their crimes :  
 But being entered, sadder objects took  
 Those outside wonders off; each servant's look  
 Spoke him a sullen mourner, grave and sad  
 Their sober carriage, in no liveries clad  
 But doleful sable, all their acts like those  
 Of weeping wives, when they t' the grave dispose  
 Their youthful husbands. Yet all these were but  
 Imperfect shadows of a sorrow, put  
 In distant landscape, when to trial brought  
 Near his fair Ammida's; whose grief had sought  
 As dark a region for her sad retreat  
 As desperate grief e'er made pale Sorrow's seat :  
 In sacred temples the neglected lamp  
 So wastes its oil, when heresies do cramp  
 Religion's beams ; with such a heavy look  
 Monarchs deposed behold themselves forsook  
 By those that flattered greatness ; shut from all  
 Those glorious objects of the world that call  
 Our souls in admiration forth, her time  
 Being spent in grief, made life but Nature's crime.

The rough disguise of time, assisted by  
 The meagre gripe of harsh captivity,  
 Had now expunged those characters by which  
 Ismander once was known, and even the rich  
 In love and duty rendered strangers to  
 Their honoured master ; from whose serious view  
 Neglective grief withdraws them, so that he  
 An unknown pilgrim might have gone to be  
 Theirs and his own afflicter, had that fear  
 Not thus been cured :—A spaniel, being of dear  
 Esteem to Ammida, since the delight  
 Of her Ismander once, come to the sight  
 Of's first protector, stays not till a call  
 Invites acquaintance, but preventing all  
 The guides of reason by the sleights of sense,  
 Fawning on's master, checks the intelligence  
 Of's more forgetful followers. Which being seen  
 By an old servant (whose firm youth had been  
 Spun out amongst that family, till by  
 Grave age surprised), it led his sober eye  
 To stricter observations, such as brought  
 Him near to truth, and on contracted thought  
 Raised a belief, which though it durst conclude  
 Nought on the dark text, yet, i' the magnitude



Of hope exalted, by his joy he hastes 520  
To's mourning mistress, tells her that she wastes  
Each minute more she spends in grief, if he  
Dares trust his eyes to inform his memory.

Contracted spirits, starting from the heart  
Of doubtful Ammida, to every part  
Post through the troubled blood ; a combat, fought  
Betwixt pale fear and sanguine hope, had oft  
Won and lost battles in her cheeks, whilst she,  
Leaving her sullen train, did haste to see  
Those new-come guests. But the first interview 530  
Unmasks Ismander ; winged with love she flew  
To his embraces : 'twas no faint disguise  
Of a coarse habit could betray those eyes  
Into mistakes, that for directors had  
Love's powerful optics ; nuptial joys unclad  
In all their naked beauties—no delight  
So full of pleasure, the first active night  
Being but a busy and laborious dream  
Compared with this—this, that had swelled the stream  
Of joy to fainting surfeits ; whose hot strife 540  
Had overflowed the crimson sea of life,  
If not restrained by a desire to keep  
What each had lost in the eternal sleep.

But now, broke through the epileptic mist  
Of amorous rapture, rallied spirits twist  
Again their optic cordage ; whose mixed beams  
Now separate, and on collateral streams  
Dispersed expressions of affection bore  
To each congratulating friend, that wore  
Not out those favours with neglect, but by 550  
A speedy, though unpractic sympathy,  
Met their full tide of bliss. Glad Fame, which brings  
Truth's messages upon her silver wings  
In private whisper hovers for awhile  
Within the palace ; every servant's smile  
Invites a new spectator ; who from thence  
(Proud to be author of intelligence  
So welcome) hastes, till knowledge ranged through all,  
Diffusive joy made epidemical :  
For though that noble family alone 560  
Afforded pleasure a triumphant throne,  
Yet frolic mirth did find a residence  
In every neighbour's bosom. They dispense  
With their allegiance to their labour, and  
Revel in lusty cups ; the brown bowls stand  
With amber liquor filled, whose fruitful tears  
Dropped loved Ismander's health, till it appears  
In sanguine tincture on their cheeks. All now  
Had if not calmed their passions, smoothed a brow

To temporize with pleasure. The sad story  
Of his own fortune, and that age's glory,  
Pharonnida, whilst each attentive dwells  
On expectation, brave Ismander tells.

570

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

### Canto III

#### THE ARGUMENT

From the sad consort of her silent grief  
The princess doth with pleasing wonder hear  
Poor Vanlore's fate, and the unjust relief  
Which his unworthy father freed from fear.

Whose hell-deep plots, the dregs of avarice  
Had so defiled, that whilst he seeks for aid,  
His subtlety, masked on the road of vice,  
By his presumed assistant is betrayed.

COMPOSING time did now begin to slack  
The reign of mirth; exalted joy shrunk back  
From pleasure's summer-solstice, and gave way  
For more domestic passions to obey  
An economic government; which brought  
Loose fancy on the wings of serious thought  
Back to her sober home, in that to find  
Those several burthens that were left behind  
In the career of mirth; amongst which number,  
Pharonnida, that had let sorrow slumber,  
In the high room of joy, awakes again  
That clamorous elf, which she must entertain  
At beauty's cost. Yet in this dark retreat,  
From pleasure's throne to sorrow's dismal seat,  
She finds a sweet companion; one that had,  
By fatal love opposed, with loss unclad  
Delight of all his summer-robcs, to dress  
Her trembling soul in sables of distress.

10

The sad Silvandra (for surviving fame  
Hath on record so character'd her name)  
Being sister to returned Ismander, in  
This flourish of triumphant joy had been  
So much eclipsed with grief, that oft her tears  
Dimmed beauty's rays, whilst through them she appears  
A fit companion for the princess to  
Twist those discourses with, whose mourning clew  
Led through the labyrinth of their lives. They oft,  
In shades as secret as their closest thought

20

2 reign.] Orig. 'rain,' Singer 'rein.' The curious thing is that both, as well as the text, are possible.

With pensive paces meeting, sit and tell  
Stories so sad, that nought could parallel—  
But love and loss; a theme they both had been  
By rigid power made hapless students in.

30

One eye-bright morning tempting them to take  
The start of time, soon as the lark did wake,  
Summons them from the palace to the side  
Of a small wood, whose bushy crest, the pride  
Of all the flowery plains, they chose to be  
'Gainst the invading sun their canopy.  
Reposed beneath a full-grown tree, that spread  
His trembling arms to shade their fragrant bed,  
They now are set; where for awhile they view  
The distant vale, whilst contemplation grew  
Pregnant with wonder, whose next prosperous birth  
Had been delight, had they not sent their mirth  
In sad exchange, whilst tears did usher in  
Silvandra's fate; who, weeping, did begin,  
With such a look as did command belief,  
The late-past story of a present grief.

40

'In yonder fields (with that directs her eye  
To a black fen, whose heavy earth did lie  
Low in a dark and dirty vale) is placed  
Amarus's castle, which though now defaced  
More by the owner's covetous neglect  
Than time's rough strokes, that strength, which did protect  
Once its inhabitants, being now but made  
Use of when want doth with weak prayers invade  
The gates, being thought sufficient—if they keep  
The poor at bay, or, whilst his stiff hinds sleep,  
Their labouring beasts secure. But I, alas,  
Blush to discover that this miser was  
Father to my dead Vanlore, and to her  
Whose living virtues kind Heaven did confer  
As blessings on my brother; but the sun  
Ne'er saw two sweeter streams of virtue run  
From such a bitter fountain. This accurst  
And wretched man (so hated that he durst  
Scarce look abroad, fearing oppression would  
Be paid with vengeance, if he ever should  
Fall into the hands of those whose faces he  
Ground with extortion, till the injury  
Fear clothed like justice), venturing once to view  
A manor, whose intemperate lord outgrew  
In debts the compass of a bond, besides  
His common guard of clowns, fellows whose hides  
Served for defensive armour, he commands  
His son's attendance; who, since from his hands  
Racked tenants hoped for ease, he thought that they  
Would for that hope with reverent duty pay.

50

60

70

But vain mistakes betray opinion to  
 A fatal precipice, which they might view 80  
 I' the objects of each glance; one side affords  
 Large plains, whose flocks—the wealth of several lords,  
 By him contracted, but the spoils appears  
 Of beggared orphans, pickled in their tears;  
 Farms for whose loss poor widows wept, and fields,  
 Which being confined to strict enclosure, yields  
 To his crammed chests the starving poor man's food;  
 For private ends robbing their public good,  
 With guilt enclosed those ways which now had brought  
 Him by some cottages, whose owners bought 90  
 Poor livelihoods at a laborious rate  
 From his racked lands; for which pursuing Hate  
 Now follows him in curses: for in that  
 They yet take vengeance; till arriving at  
 The thicker-peopled villages, where, more bold  
 By number made, the fire of hate takes hold  
 On clamorous women, whose vexed husbands thirst  
 I' the fever of revenge; to these, when first  
 They kindled had the flame, swiftly succeeds  
 More active men, such as resolved their deeds, 100  
 Spite of restrictive law, should set them free  
 From the oppressors of their liberty.

'His son, the noble Vanlore, to appease  
 The dangerous fury of this rash disease,  
 Spends all his stock of rhetoric, but in  
 Fruitless attempts. His rustic guard had been  
 At the first onset scattered, and were now  
 Posting for safety; whilst his son, taught how  
 By frequent injuries to entertain  
 Anger's unusual guests, shows it in vain, 110  
 Though brave attempts of valour, by whose high  
 Unhappy flame whilst circling foes did die  
 Unworthy hecatombs for him, at length  
 Engaged him had beyond the power of strength,  
 Though backed by fortune to redeem; which when  
 Beheld by those whose characters of men  
 In rage was lost, they wildly persecute  
 Revenge, till life, nature's harmonious fruit,  
 Was blasted to untimely death.'—And here  
 Her fatal story in its full career, 120  
 The memory of him, who died to be  
 The people's curse and crime of destiny,  
 Grief did obstruct, whilst liquid passion feeds  
 Her crystal springs; which stopped, she thus proceeds:—  
 'His brave defender now retreating to  
 The road to death, whilst he did vainly sue

90 owners] Orig. 'honours.'



For undeserved remorse, Amarus lies  
 Their fury's object ; in whose wild disguise,  
 Whilst giddy clouds of dark amazement dwell  
 O'er his dim eyes, the exalted tumult fell 130  
 In a black storm of danger ; in whose shade  
 They drag him thence,—that fury, being made  
 Wise by delays, might study torments great  
 As was their rage ; but in their wild retreat  
 They thus are stopped :—A wandering knight that near  
 The place approached, directed by his ear  
 How to inform his eye, arrives to see  
 The wretched trophies of this victory ;—  
 A dying son, whose latest beams of light  
 Through death's dim optics bids the world good night, 140  
 With looks that did so black a sorrow limn—  
 He frowned on earth though Heaven did smile on him ;  
 Hurried from thence by unrelenting hate,  
 A living father of more woful fate.  
 'Pity, that brave allay of manly heat,  
 Persuades the noble stranger to entreat  
 A parle with rage ; which, being denied, he then  
 Attempts to force ; and since their ablest men  
 Were wounded in the former conflict, soon  
 Successful proves. Like mists i' the pride of noon, 150  
 Being huddled into hurtless clouds, they fly  
 Before his fury, till from reach of the eye  
 Shrunk to the wood's protection ; where, whilst each,  
 With such a fear a sanguine guilt did teach  
 The world's first murderer, seeks for safety, he  
 Retreating leaves the scattered herd—to be  
 Their own afflictors ; and hastes thence to find  
 Him to whom fortune proved so strangely kind  
 In his approach, as by his sword to be,  
 When hope lost anchor, blest with liberty. 160  
 Come to the place where old Amarus lay  
 With fear so startled, that he durst betray  
 Life through no motion ; yet he's followed by  
 That train of cowards, which, though they did fly  
 The danger, when they saw their foes pursued,  
 On the reward—the victory, intrude ;  
 Whose easy spoils, those invitations to  
 A coward's daring, such a distance drew  
 Them from their homes, that they with labour were  
 Recalled from rifling enemies to bear 170  
 Their feeble masters off—Amarus lying  
 As weak with fear as Vanlore was with dying.  
 'Before the black obstructions of the night  
 Did interpose, they were arrived i' the sight  
 O' the castle's ruined walls, a place whose hue,  
 Uncouth and wild, banished delight unto  
 ( 208 )

Uncomely profit, and at distance gives  
 A sad assurance—that its owner lives  
 By men so hated, and by Heaven unblest,  
 As he enjoyed not what he there possest. 180  
 'Come to the front of the house, whose dirt forbid  
 A cleanly entrance, he sees pavements hid  
 With heaps of rubbish—time's slow hand let fall  
 From the neglected ruins of the wall;  
 Green arbours, pleasant groves, all which were now  
 Swiftly dismantling to make way for th' plough;  
 Only his barns, preservers of that store  
 Detained with curses from the pining poor,  
 Their upper garments of warm thatch did wear  
 So thick to keep them dry, whilst thin and bare 190  
 E'en his own lodging stood; the hall, first built  
 To have that wealth, which he in sparing spilt,  
 Spent there in hospitality, ne'er by  
 More heat warmed than a candle gave, did lie  
 Moulded with lazy damps—the wall o'ergrown  
 With moss and weeds—unhaunted and alone  
 The empty tables stood; for never guess  
 Come there, except thin bankrupts, whom distress  
 Spurred on with sharp necessity to crave  
 Forbearing months, which he, when bribed, forgave. 200  
 Hence, by a rude domestic led, he goes  
 To view the cellar, where, like distant foes  
 Or buildings in a new plantation, stand  
 The distant barrels, yet from all command  
 But his own keys exempted. To bestow  
 A welcome on him, which he ne'er did show  
 To man before, led by a rusty slave,  
 Whose iron limbs, rattling in leather, gave  
 Alarums to the half-starved rats, he here  
 Is by Amarus visited; whose fear 210  
 That place should too much suffer, soon from thence  
 Sounds a retreat to supper, where the expense  
 Became a usurer's purse: yet what was by  
 Sparing defective, neatness did supply,  
 A virtue, where repining penury  
 Prepares, unusual; but he soon did see  
 Whence it proceeds—The sad sweet Ammida  
 Whom shame and grief attempted to withdraw  
 From public view, was by her father's call,  
 To crown that entertainment, brought; whose all 220

178 owner] Orig. again 'honour.' The constant occurrence of this suggests not merely dictation, as observed before, but a probably Irish dictater.

197 guess] Singer boldly prints 'guests,' which the sense of course requires. But 'guess' is in original, and I leave it to the reader to decide whether the sense, or the rhyme, or the pronunciation is to yield the place.

Was else so bad, it the first visit might  
Repented make, not to the next invite.

'Here, with afflicted patience, he had spent  
Some few, but tedious days, whose slow extent  
Behind his wishes flagged, ere he had seen  
Vanlore interred, whose obsequies had been  
In secret huddled up, but then prepares  
To take his leave; when adverse fate, that shares  
Double with man's intentions, in the tart  
Of's full resolves opposing, claims her part 230  
By harsh command:—A dangerous fever, that  
Threatened destruction ere arriving at  
Its distant crisis, and on flaming wings,  
Posts through the blood; whose mass infected brings  
Death's banners near the fort of life, which in  
Acute distempers it attempts to win  
From Nature's guards, had not the hot assault  
By youth sustained, made Death's black army halt  
Whilst marching to the grave—the swift disease  
Like a proud foe repulsed, forced to give ease 240  
By slow retreats; yet of those cruel wars  
Left long remaining bloodless characters.

'But ere the weak Euriolus (for he  
This hapless stranger was) again could be  
By strength supported, base Amarus, who  
Could think no more than priceless thanks was due  
For all his dangerous pains, more beastly rude  
Than untamed Indians, basely did exclude  
That noble guest: which being with sorrow seen  
By Ammida, whose prayers and tears had been 250  
His helpless advocates, she gives in charge  
To her Ismander—that till time enlarge  
Her then restrained desires, he entertain  
Her desolate and wandering friend. Nor vain  
Were these commands, his entertainment being  
Such as observant love thought best agreeing  
To her desires. But here not long he staid,  
Ere fortune, prompted by his wit, obeyed  
That artful mistress, and reward obtains  
By fine imposture for firm virtue's pains. 260  
The gout, that common curse of slothful wealth,  
With frequent pain had long impaired the health  
Of old Amarus, who, though else to all  
Gripping as that, for ease was liberal.  
From practised physic to the patient's curse—  
Poor prattling women, or impostors worse—  
Sly mountebanks, whose empty impudence  
Do frequent murders under health's pretence,

261. Although I have barred myself from frequent annotation on matter, the following passage may deserve an invitation to observe the poet's professional spirit.

He all had tried, yet found he must endure  
 What, though some eased, none perfectly could cure. 270  
 Oft had his judgement, purse, and patience been  
 Abused by cheats, yet still defective in  
 The choice of men; which error known unto  
 My brother and Euriolus, they drew  
 Their platform thus:—Euriolus, clad in  
 An antic dress, which showed as he had been  
 Physician to the Great Mogul, first by  
 Ismander praised at distance, doth apply  
 Himself unto Amarus; where, to enhance  
 The price of's art, he first applauds the chance 280  
 That had from distant regions thither brought  
 Him to eclipse their glory, who had sought  
 For't in his cure before, then seconds that  
 With larger promises; which, tickled at,  
 Amarus vies with his, threatening to break  
 His iron chests, and make those idols speak  
 His gratitude, though, locked with conscience, they  
 To his own clamorous wants had silent lay.

'Some common medicines which the people prize,  
 'Cause from their knowledge veiled in slight disguise, 290  
 Applied to's pain, and those assisted by  
 Opinion, whose best antidotes supply  
 The weak defects of art, he soon attains  
 So much of health, that now his greatest pains  
 Had been the engaged reward, had he not been  
 By future hopes kept from ungrateful sin  
 So far, that in performing action he  
 Exceeds his passion's prodigality—  
 Large promises, with such performance, that,  
 Whilst his deluders smile and wonder at, 300  
 Thus speaks its dark original. To show  
 Euriolus how fortune did outgrow  
 Desert in his estate, he was one day  
 From th' castle walls taking a pleased survey  
 Of spacious fields, whose soils, made fertile by  
 Luxurious art, in rich variety  
 Still youthful nature clothed; which, whilst he views,  
 An old suspicion thus his tongue renews:—

"How blest, my worthy friend, how blest had I  
 Been in my youth's laborious industry 310  
 T' have seen a son possessed of this! But now,  
 A daughter's match a stranger must endow  
 With what I've toiled to get; and what is more  
 My torment, one that, being betrothed before  
 My son's decease, wants an estate to make  
 Her marriage blest. But knew I how to shake  
 This swaggerer off, there lives, not far from hence,  
 One that to match her to were worth the expense



Of my estate ; his name is Dargonel—  
 A wary lad, who, though his land do swell 320  
 Each day with new additions, yet still lives  
 Sparing and close, takes heed to whom he gives,  
 Or whom he lends, except on mortgage, by  
 Whose strength it may securely multiply.  
 This worthy gentleman, with wise foresight  
 Beholding what an object of delight  
 Our linked estates would be, hath, since I lost  
 My heir, been in 's intention only crost  
 By this Ismander, whom though I confess  
 A braver man, yet since a fortune less, 330  
 Ne'er must have my consent ; only since by  
 Her contract I have lost the liberty  
 Of second choice, unless I vainly draw  
 Myself in danger of the o'erbusy law,  
 I want some sound advice that might inform  
 Me how to rid him, yet not stand a storm  
 Broke from his rage. Although my daughter love  
 Him more than health, I shall command above  
 Her feeble passions, if you dare impart  
 So much of aid from your almighty art 340  
 As to remove this remora."—And here  
 He stopped, yet lets a silent guilt appear  
 In looks that showed what else the theme affords  
 He'd have conceived, as being too foul for words.  
 Which seen by him whose active wit grew strong  
 In friendship's cause, as loath to torture long  
 His expectations, thus their streams he stays  
 With what at once both comforts and betrays :—  
 "Raise up your spirits, my blest patron, to  
 Sublime content, Heaven sent me to renew 350  
 Your soul's harmonious peace ; that dreadful toy  
 Of conscience wisely waived, you may enjoy  
 Uninterrupted hopes. Yet since we must  
 Be still most wary where we're most unjust,  
 Let's not be rash ; swift things are oft unsure,  
 Whilst moles through death's dark angles creep secure.  
 Then, since it's full of danger to remove  
 Betrothed Ismander, whilst his public love,  
 By your consent raised to assurance, may  
 A granted interest claim—first let us stay 360  
 His fury and the people's censures by  
 A nuptial knot, whose links we will untie,  
 Ere the first night confirms the hallowed band,  
 By ways so secret, that death's skilful hand  
 Shall work unknown to fate, and render you  
 To the deluded world's more public view,

329 whom] Singer 'who,' obliterating attraction and not quite conciliating the more rigid grammar.

A real mourner, whilst your curtained thought  
 Triumphs to be from strict engagements brought.  
 Besides the veiling of our dark design  
 Like virtue thus, this plot will sink a mine 370  
 Whose wealthy womb in ample jointure will  
 Bring much of dead Ismander's state, to fill  
 The vast desire of wealth. This being done,  
 I with prevailing philtres will outrun  
 Sorrow's black bark, which whilst it lies at drift,  
 I'll so renew her mirth, no sigh shall lift  
 Its heavy sails, which in a calm neglect  
 Shall lie forgot; whilst what's not now respect  
 To Dargonel, shall soon grow up to be,  
 Like Nature's undiscovered sympathy, 380  
 A love so swift, so secret, all shall pause  
 At its effects, whilst they admire the cause."  
 'This by Amarus, with belief which grew  
 Into applause, heard out, he doth renew  
 With large additions what he'd promised in  
 His first attempts. Then hasting to begin  
 The tragic scene, which must in triumph be  
 Ushered to light, his known deformity  
 Of wretched baseness for awhile he lays  
 Aside, and by a liberal mirth betrays 390  
 Approaching joy; which, since incited by  
 His wishes, soon lifts Hymen's torches high  
 As their exalted hopes. The happy pair,  
 Dear to indulgent Heaven, with omens fair  
 As were their youthful paranympths, had been  
 In the hallowed temple taught without a sin  
 To taste the fruits of paradise; and now  
 The time, when tedious custom did allow  
 A wished retirement, come, preparing are  
 To beautify their beds, whence that bright star, 400  
 Whose evening's blush did please the gazers' eyes,  
 Eclipsed in sorrow, is ordained to rise.  
 But such whose superficial veil opprest  
 Only her friends, whose knowledge were not blest  
 With the design, which to our proscrip't lovers  
 Euriolus with timely zeal discovers.  
 The morning opens, and the wakened bride,  
 By light and friends surprised, attempts to hide  
 Her bashful beauty, till their hands withdrew  
 The curtains, which betrayed unto their view 410  
 Ismander cold and stiff. Which horrid sight,  
 Met where they looked for objects of delight,  
 At first a silent sad amazement spread  
 Through all the room, till Fear's pale army fled  
 In sad assurance; Sorrow's next hot charge  
 Began in shrieks, whose terror did enlarge  
 ( 213 )

Infectious grief, till, like an ugly cloud  
That cramps the beauties of the day, grown proud  
In her black empire, Hymen's tapers she  
Changes to funeral brands, and, from that tree 420  
That shadows graves, pulls branches, which, being wet  
In tears, are where love's myrtles flourished set.  
Their nuptial hymns thus turned to dirges, all  
In sad exchange let cloudy sable fall  
O'er pleasure's purple robes, whilst from that bed,  
Whence love oppressed seemed, to their sorrow, fled  
To death for refuge, sadly they attend  
T' the last of homes—his tomb—their sleeping friend :  
Who there, with all the hallowed rights that do  
Betray surviving friendship, left unto 430  
Darkness and dust, they thence with sober pace  
Return ; whilst shrouded near that dismal place  
Euriolus conceals himself, that so,  
When Sleep, whose soft excess is Nature's foe,  
Hath spent her stupefactive opiates, he  
Might ready to his friend's assistance be.

‘And now that minute come, which, to comply  
With Art's sure rules, gives Nature leave to untie  
Sleep's powerful ligatures, his pulses beat  
The blood's reveille, from whose dark retreat 440  
The spirits thronging in their active flight,  
His friend he encounters with the early light ;  
By whose assistance, whilst the quiet earth  
Yet slept in night's black arms, before the birth  
O' the morn, whose busy childhood might betray  
Their close design, Ismander takes his way  
Toward a distant friend's, whose house he knew  
To be as secret as his love was true.

There whilst concealed e'en from suspicion he  
In safety rests, Euriolus, to free 450  
Her fear's fair captive, Ammida, hastes back  
To old Amarus ; who, too rash to slack  
Sorrow's black cordage by degrees that might  
Weaken mistrust, lets mirth take open flight  
Into suspected action, whilst he gives  
To Dargonel, who now his darling lives,  
So free a welcome that he in 't might read,  
If love could not for swift succession plead,  
Power should command ; yet waives the exercise  
Of either, till his empiric's skill he tries. 460  
Who now returned, ere Dargonel, that lay  
Slow to attempt since certain to betray,  
Had more than faced at distance, he pretends  
To close attempts of art, whose wished-for ends,  
Ere their expecting faith had time to fear,  
In acts which raised their wonder did appear.—  
( 214 )

'Love, which by judgement ruled, had made desert  
 In her first choice the climax to her heart,  
 By which it slowly moved; now, as if swayed  
 By heedless passion, seems to have betrayed 470  
 At one rash glance her heart, which now begins  
 To break through passion's bashful cherubins,  
 Spreading, without a modest blush, the light  
 Of morning beauty o'er that hideous night  
 Of all those dull deformities that dwell,  
 Like earth's black damps, o'er cloudy Dargonel.  
 Who, being become an antic in the mask  
 Of playful love, grows proud, and scorns to ask  
 Advice from sober thought, but lets conceit  
 Persuade him how his worth had spread that bait; 480  
 Which sly Amarus, who presumed to know  
 From whence that torrent of her love did flow,  
 With a just doubt suspecting, strives to make  
 His thoughts secure, ere reason did o'ertake  
 Passion's enforced career. Nor did his plot  
 Want an indulgent hope; like dreams, forgot  
 In the delights of day, his daughter shook  
 Off grief's black dress, and in a cheerful look  
 Promised approaching love, no more disguised  
 Than served to show strict virtue how she prized 490  
 Her only in applause; whose harmony  
 Still to preserve, she is resolved to be,  
 If secret silence might with action dwell,  
 Swift as his wish, espoused to Dargonel.

'More joyed than fettered captives in the year  
 Of Jubilee, Amarus did appear  
 Proud with delight; in whose warm shine, when's haste  
 Had with officious diligence embraced  
 Euriolus, he, waving all delays,  
 To Dargonel the welcome news conveys; 500  
 Who, soon prepared for what so long had been  
 His hope's delight, to meet those joys within  
 The sacred temple, hastes. The place they chose  
 For Hymen's court, lest treacherous eyes disclose  
 The bride's just blushes, was a chapel, where  
 Devotion, when but a domestic care,  
 Was by his household practised; for the time—  
 'Twas ere the morn blushed to detect a crime.

'All thus prepared, the priest conducting, they  
 With sober pace, which gently might convey 510  
 Diseased Amarus in his chair, they to  
 The chapel haste: which now come near, as through  
 The ancient room they pass, a sad deep groan  
 Assaults their ears; which, whilst with wonder grown  
 Into disease they entertain, appears  
 A sad confirmer of their doubtful fears—



Ismander, whom but late before they had  
Followed t' the grave, his lively beauty clad  
In the upper garments of pale death. Which sight  
The train avoiding by their speedy flight, 520  
Except the willing bride, behind leave none  
But lame Amarus; who, his chair o'erthrown  
By his affrighted bearers, there must lie  
Exposed to fear, which, when attempts to fly,  
Through often struggling, proved his labour vain,  
He grovelling lies unseen to entertain.

'Thus far successful, blest Ismander, thence  
Conveys his lovely bride, whilst the expense  
Of time being all laid out in fear, by none  
He was observed. Amarus long alone 530  
Lying tormented with his passions, ere  
His frightened servants durst return to bear  
Their fainting master off; but being at length,  
When greater numbers had confirmed the strength  
Of fortitude, grown bold, entering again  
The room, which yet fear told them did retain  
The scent of brimstone, there they only found  
Their trembling master, tumbling on the ground.  
Horror, augmented by internal guilt,  
Had in his conscience's trepidations spilt 540  
Both prayers and tears, which, since Heaven's law they crost,  
For human passions in despair were lost.  
Obscured in whose black mists, not daring to  
Unclose his eyes, fearing again the view  
Of that affrighting apparition, he  
Is hurried from that dreadful place, to be  
Their mirth, whom he (for fiends mistaking) cries  
For mercy to, scarce trusting of his eyes,  
When they unfolded had discovered none  
But such whom long he'd for domestics known. 550

'Yet to torment him more, before these fears  
Wholly forsake him, in his room appears  
Some officers; whose power, made dreadful by  
The dictates of supreme authority,  
As guilty of Ismander's death, arrest  
Him for his murderer. By which charge oppress  
More than before with fear, he, who now thought  
On nought but death, to a tribunal brought,  
Ere asked, confesses that foul crime, for which  
He this just doom receives:—Since to enrich 560  
What had before wealth's surfeit took, this sin  
Was chiefly acted, his estate, fallen in  
T' the hands of justice, by the judge should be  
From hence disposed of; then, from death to free

556 charge] Orig. 'change.'

His life, already forfeited, except  
 Murdered Ismander, whom he thought had slept  
 In's winding sheet, his hopeless advocate  
 Should there appear. In which unhappy state  
 The wretch, now ready to depart, beholds  
 This glorious change ;—Ismander first unfolds  
 Himself and her, who, bound by Nature's laws,  
 Implore his pardon ere they plead his cause ;  
 Which done, the judge, that his lost wealth might be  
 No cause of grief, unmasking, lets him see  
 Euriolus, by whom from th' worst of sin  
 To liberal virtue he'd deluded been.'

570

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

Whilst we awhile the pensive lady leave  
 Here a close mourner for her rigid fate,  
 Let's from the dark records of time receive  
 The manner how Argalia waived the hate  
 Of his malignant stars ; which, when they seem  
 To threaten most, through that dark cloud did lead  
 Him to a knowledge of such dear esteem,—  
 He his high birth did there distinctly read,

FREED from the noise o' the busy world within  
 A deep dark vale, whose silent shade had been  
 Religion's veil, when blasted by the beams  
 Of persecution, far from the extremes  
 Of solitude or sweaty labour, were  
 Some few blest men, whose choice made Heaven their care,  
 Sequestered from the throngs of men to find  
 Those better joys, calms of a peaceful mind.  
 Yet though on this pacific sea, their main  
 Design was Heaven, that voyage did not restrain  
 Knowledge of human arts, which as they past  
 They safely viewed, though there no anchor cast ;  
 Their better tempered judgements counting that  
 But hoodwinked zeal, which blindly catches at  
 The great Creator's sacred will, without  
 Knowing those works that will was spent about ;  
 Which being the climax to true judgement, we  
 Behold stooped down to visibility  
 In lowliest creatures, Nature's stock being nought  
 But God in's image to our senses brought.

10

20

In the fair evening of that fatal day,  
 By whose meridian light love did betray

Engaged Argalia near to death, was one  
Of these, Heaven's happy pensioners, alone,  
Walking amongst the gloomy groves, to view  
What sovereign virtues there in secret grew,  
Confined to humble plants ; whose signatures  
Whilst by observing, he his art secures  
From vain experiments. Argalia's page,  
Crossing a neighbouring path, did disengage 30  
His serious eye from Nature's busy task,  
To see the wandering boy, who was to ask  
The way ; for more his youth's unprompted fear  
Expects not there, to the blest man drawn near.  
But when, with such a weeping innocence  
As saints confess those sins which the expense  
Of tears exacted, he had sadly told  
What harsh fate in restrictive wounds laid hold  
Of's worthy master, pity, prompted by  
Religious love, helps the poor boy to dry 40  
His tears with hopes of comfort ; whilst he goes  
To see what sad catastrophe did close  
Those bloody scenes, which the unequal fight  
Foretold, before fear prompted him to flight.

Not far they'd passed ere they the place had found  
Where, grovelling in a stream of blood, the ground  
His purple bed, the wearied prince they see  
Struggling with death : from whose dark monarchy  
Pale troops assail his cheeks, whilst his dim eyes,  
Like a spent lamp, which, ere its weak flame dies, 50  
In giddy blazes glares, as if his soul  
Were at those casements flying out, did roll,  
Swifter than thought, their blood-shot orbs ; his hands  
Did with death's agues tremble ; cold dew stands  
Upon his clammy lips ; the springs of blood,  
Having breathed forth the spirits, clotted stood  
On that majestic brow, whose dreadful frown  
Had to death's sceptre laid its terror down.

The holy man, upon the brink o' the grave  
Finding such forms of worth, attempts to save 60  
His life from dropping in, by all his best  
Reserves of art ; selecting from the rest  
Of his choice store an herb whose sovereign power  
No flux of blood, though falling in a shower  
Of death, could force ; which gently bruised, and to  
His wound applied, taught Nature to renew  
Her late neglected functions, and through short  
Recruits of breath, made able to support  
His blood-enfeebled body, till they reach  
The monastery, where nobler art did teach 70

70 monastery] Chamberlayne probably meant this spelling.

Their simple medicines to submit to those  
Which skill from their mixed virtues did compose.

Life, which the unexpected gift of Fate  
Rather than Art appeared, in this debate  
Of death prevailing, in short time had gained  
So much of strength, that weakness now remained  
The only slothful remora that in  
His bed detained him. Where, being often seen  
By those whom art alike had qualified  
For his relief, as one of them applied  
His morning medicines to a spacious wound  
Fixed on his breast, he that rare jewel found  
Which, in his undiscerning infancy  
There hung by's father, fortune had kept free  
From all her various accidents, to show  
How much his birth did to her favour owe.

80

Shook with such silent joy as he had been  
In calm devotion by an angel seen,  
The good old man, his wonder rarified  
Into amazement, stands: he had descried  
What, if no force had robbed him of it since  
'Twas first bestowed, none but his true-born prince  
Could wear, since Art, wise Nature's fruitful ape,  
Ne'er but in that had birth which bore that shape.  
Assured by which, with unstirred confidence  
He asks Argalia—Whe'er he knew from whence,  
When Nature first did so much wealth impart  
To earth, that jewel took those forms of art?  
But being answered—That his infancy,  
When first it was conferred on him, might be  
The excuse of's ignorance; that voice alone  
Confirms his aged friend: who, having known  
As much of fortune, as in Fate's dark shade  
His understanding legible had made,  
From weak Argalia, to requite him leads  
Knowledge where he his life's first copy reads  
Dressed in this language: . . . . .

90

100

. . . . . 'Twas, unhappy prince!  
(For such this story must salute you, since  
Told to confirm 't a truth) my destiny  
When youth and strength rendered me fit to be  
My dearest country's servant, placed within  
Mantineia's glorious court; where, having been  
Made capable by sacred orders, I  
Attained the height of priestly dignity,  
Being unto him, whose awful power did sway  
That crown, in dear esteem; but honour's day,  
Which gilded then the courtly sphere, sunk down,  
I lost my mitre in the fall o' the crown.  
Sad is the doleful tale; yet, since that in

110

120



Its progress you may find where did begin  
 Your life's first stage, thus take it.—When the court,  
 Stifled with throngs of men, whose thick resort  
 Plenty and peace called thither, being grown  
 Sickly with ease, viewed, as a thing unknown,  
 Danger's stern brow, which even in smiling fates  
 Proves a quotidian unto wiser states ;  
 Whilst Pride grew big, and Envy bigger, we,  
 Sleeping i' the bed of soft security,  
 Were with alarums wakened.—Faction had, 130  
 To show neglect's deformities, unclad  
 That gaudy monster, whose first dress had been  
 The night-pieced works of their unriper sin ;  
 And those that in contracted fortunes dwelt,  
 Calmly in favour's shadow, having felt  
 The glorious burthen of their honour grown  
 Too large for all that fortune called their own,  
 Like fishes which the lesser fry devour,  
 Pride having joined oppression to their power,  
 Preyed on the subject, till their load outgrew 140  
 Their loyalty, and forced even those that knew  
 Once only to obey, in sullen rage  
 To mutter threats, whose horror did presage  
 That blood must in domestic jars be spilt,  
 To cure their envy, and the people's guilt.  
 'These seeds of discord, which began to rise  
 To active growth, by the honourable spies  
 Of other princes seen, had soon betrayed  
 Our state's obscure disease, and called, to aid 150  
 Ambitious subjects, foreign powers ; whose strength,  
 First but as physic used, was grown at length  
 Our worst disease, which, whilst we hoped for cure,  
 Turned our slow hectic to a calenture.  
 'A Syracusan army, that had been  
 Against our strength often victorious in  
 A haughty rebel's quarrel, being by  
 Success taught how to ravish victory  
 Without his aid, which only useful proved  
 When treason first for novelty was loved,  
 Seizing on all that in's pretended cause 160  
 Had stooped to conquest, what the enfeebled laws  
 In vain attempted, soon perform, and give  
 The traitor death from what made treason live :  
 This done, whilst their victorious ensigns were  
 Fanned by Fame's breath, they their bold standards bear  
 Near to our last hopes ;—an army which,  
 Like oft-tried ore, disasters made more rich

133 'Night-picced,' 'secretly combined,' is quite Chamberlaynian ; but the word may have been that odd 'night-peeked' which we have had before.

In loyal valour than vast numbers, and  
 By shaking fixed those roots on which did stand  
 Their well-elected principles ; which here,  
 Opprest with number, only did appear  
 In bravely dying, when their righteous cause,  
 Condemned by Fate's inevitable laws,  
 Let its religion—virtue—valour—all  
 That Heaven calls just, beneath rebellion fall.

170

‘Near to the end of this black day, when none  
 Was left that durst protect his injured throne ;  
 When loyal valour, having lost the day,  
 Bleeding within the bed of honour lay ;  
 Thy wounded father, when his acts had shown  
 As high a spirit as did ever groan  
 Beneath misfortune, is enforced to leave  
 The field's wild fury, and some rest receive  
 In faithful Enna ; where his springs of blood  
 Were hardly stopped, before a harsher flood  
 Assails his eyes :—Thy royal mother, then  
 More blooming than Earth's full-blown beauties when  
 Warmed in the ides of May, her fruitful womb  
 Pregnant with thee, to an untimely tomb,  
 Her fainting spirits, in that horrid fright  
 Losing the paths of life, from time, from light,  
 And grief, steals down : yet ere she had discharged  
 Her debts to death, protecting Heaven enlarged  
 Thy narrow lodging, and that life, which she  
 Lost in thy fatal birth, bestowed on thee—  
 On thee, in whom those joys, thy father prized  
 More than loved empire, are epitomized.

180

190

‘And now, as if the arms of adverse fate  
 Had all conspired our ills to aggravate  
 Above the strength of patience, we are by  
 Victorious foes, before our fear could fly  
 To a remoter refuge, closed within  
 Unhappy Enna ; which, before they win,  
 Though stormed with fierce assaults, the restless sun  
 His annual progress through the heavens had run ;  
 But then, tired with disasters which attend  
 A slow-paced siege, unable to defend  
 Their numbers from resistless famine, they  
 With an unwilling loyalty obey  
 The next harsh summons, and so prostrate lie  
 T' the rage or mercy of their enemy.  
 But ere the city's fortune was unto  
 This last black stage arrived, safely withdrew  
 T' the castle's strength thy father was, where he,  
 Though far from safety, finds the time to be  
 Informed by sober counsel how to steer  
 Through this black storm ; love, loyalty, and fear,

200

210

Had often varied judgements, but at last  
Into this form their full resolves were cast.

‘To cool hot action, and to bathe in rest  
More peaceful places, darkness disposses  
The day’s sovereignty; to usher whom  
Into her sable throne, a cloud’s full womb,  
Congealed by frigid air, as if that then  
The elements had warred as well as men,  
In a white veil came hovering down—to hide  
The coral pavements; but forbid b’ the pride  
O’ the conqueror’s triumphs, and expelled from thence  
As that which too much emblemed innocence—  
Since that the city no safe harbour yields,  
It takes its lodging in the neighbouring fields;  
Which, mantled in those spotless robes, invite  
The prince through them to take his secret flight.

220

230

‘In sad distress leaving his nobles to  
Swallow such harsh conditions as the view  
Of danger candied o’er, from treacherous eyes  
Obscured in a plebeian’s poor disguise,  
His glorious train shrunk to desertless I—  
The sad companion of his misery;  
He, now departing, thee, his infant son,  
Heir to his crown and cares, ordained to run  
This dangerous hazard of thy life before  
Time taught thee how thy fortune to deplore  
When venturing on this precipice of fate,  
We slowly sallied forth, ’twas cold and late;  
The drowsy guard asleep, the sentries hid  
Close in their huts did shivering stand, and chid  
The whistling winds with chattering teeth. When now  
A leave as solemn as haste would allow,  
Of all our friends, our mourning friends, being took,  
We, like the earth, veiled all in white, forsook  
Our sallyport; whilst slowly marching o’er  
The new-fallen snow, thee in his arms he bore.  
Whilst this imposture made the scared guards, when  
They saw us move—then make a stand again,  
Either to think that dallying winds had played  
With flakes of snow, or that their sight betrayed  
Their fancy into errors; we were past  
The reach of danger, and in triumph cast  
Off, with our fears, what had us safety lent,  
When strength refused to save the innocent.  
The eager lover hugs himself not in  
Such roseal beds of joy, when what hath been  
His sickly wishes is possessed, as we,  
Through watchful foes arrived to liberty,

240

250

260

263 roseal] Singer again ‘*roseate*,’ which is even worse than before, because it would simply mean a ‘pink’ bed, not a ‘bed of roses.’

Embrace the welcome blessing. First we steer  
 Our course towards Syracuse, whose confines near  
 The mountain stood, upon whose cloudy brow  
 Poor Enna did beneath her ruins bow.

‘The stars, clothed in the pride of light, had sent  
 Their sharp beams from the spangled firmament,  
 To silver o’er the earth, which being embost  
 With hills, seemed now enamelled o’er with frost;  
 The keen winds whistle in the justling trees,  
 And clothed their naked limbs in hoary frieze;  
 When, having paced some miles of crusted earth,  
 Whose labour warmed our blood, before the birth  
 O’ the sluggish morning from his bed had drawn  
 The early villager, the sober dawn

Lending our eyes the slow salutes of light,  
 We are encountered with the welcome sight  
 Of some poor scattered cottages, that stood  
 I’ the dark shadow of a spacious wood  
 That fringed an humble valley. Towards those,  
 Whilst the still morn knew nought to discompose  
 Her sleepy infancy, we went; and now,  
 Being come so near, we might discover how  
 The unstirred smoke streamed from the cottage tops;  
 A glimmering light from a low window stops  
 Our further course: we’re come to a low shed,  
 Whose happy owner, ne’er disquieted

With those domestic troubles that attend  
 On larger roofs, here in content did spend  
 Fortune’s scant gifts; at his unhaunted gate  
 Hearing us knock, he stands not to debate  
 With wealthy misers’ slow suspicion, but  
 Swift, as if ’twere a sin to keep it shut,  
 Removes that slender guard. But when he there  
 Unusual strangers saw, with such a care  
 As only spoke a conscious shame to be  
 Surprised, whilst unprovided poverty  
 Straiteden desire, he starts; yet entertains  
 Us so, that showed by an industrious pains  
 He strove to welcome more. Here being by  
 Their goodness and our own necessity  
 Tempted awhile to rest, we safely lay  
 Far from pursuing ill; yet since the way  
 To danger by suspicion lies, we still  
 Fear being betrayed by those that meant no ill,  
 Since oft their busy whispers, though they spring  
 From love and wonder, slow discoveries bring.

‘Being now removing, since thy tender age  
 Threatened to make the grave its second stage,

291 owner] Here again in orig. the misprint, or misprision, of ‘honour.’



If thence conveyed by us, whose fondest love  
 Could to thy wants but fruitless pity prove:  
 T' enlarge thy commons though increase our fears,  
 To those indulgent rurals, who for tears  
 Had springs of milk to feed thee, thou remain'st  
 An infant tenant; for thy own name gain'st  
 What since thou hast been known by; which when we 320  
 Contracted had to the stenography,  
 Some gold, the last of all our wealth, we leave  
 To make their burden light; which they receive  
 With thankful joy, amazed to see those bright  
 Angels display their strange unwonted light  
 In poverty's cold region, where they had  
 Been pined for want, if not by labour clad.

'When age should make thee capable to tell  
 Thy wonder how thy infancy had fell  
 From honour's pyramids, a jewel, which 330  
 Did once the splendour of his crown enrich,  
 About thy neck he hangs; then breathing on  
 Thy tender lips a parting kiss, we're gone—  
 Gone from our last delight, to find some place  
 Dark as our clouded stars, there to embrace  
 Unenvied poverty, in the cold bed  
 Of sad despair; till on his reverend head,  
 Once centre to a crown, grief makes him wear  
 A silver frost, by frequent storms of care  
 Forced on that royal mount, whose verdure fades, 340  
 Ere Time—his youth's antagonist, invades.

'Not far, through dark and unknown paths we had  
 Wandered within those forests, which, unclad  
 By big winds of their summer's beauteous dress,  
 Naked and trembling stood, ere fair success,  
 Smiling upon our miseries, did bring  
 Us to a crystal stream, from whose cold spring,  
 With busy and laborious care, we saw  
 A feeble hermit stooping down to draw  
 An earthen pot, whose empty want supplied 350  
 With liquid treasure, soon had satisfied  
 His thirsty hopes: who now returning by  
 A narrow path, which did directing lie  
 Through the unfrequented desert, with the haste  
 Of doubtful travellers in lands laid waste  
 By conquering foes, we follow, till drawn near  
 To him whom innocence secured from fear,

319 gain'st] Orig. 'against,' which Singer duly corrected, as he did nearly all such things. And I should like to observe that the notes in which I have sometimes differed with him imply no slight to the very great care and intelligence which he bestowed on our text.

341 This is Singer's reading. The orig. has 'Time by,' and I am not sure that, as in some other cases, it is not right. If it is, 'youth's antagonist' would be *Age*, Time's general in the attack. I do not think this is unlike Chamberlayne.

Disburthening of his staff, he sits to rest  
What was with age and labour both opprest.

'Our first salutes when we for blessings had  
Exchanged with him; being set, we there unclad  
All our deformed misfortunes, and, unless  
A kingdom's loss, developed our distress.  
Which heard with pity, that he safely might  
Be the directing Pharos, by whose light  
We might be safely guided from the rocks  
Of the tempestuous world, his tongue unlocks  
A cabinet of holy counsel; which  
More than our vanished honour did enrich  
Our souls (for whose eternal good was meant  
This cordial) with the world's best wealth, content,  
Content, which flies the busy throne, to dwell  
With hungry hermits in the noiseless cell.

'More safe than age from the hot sins of youth,  
Peaceful as faith, free as untroubled truth,  
Being by him directed hither, we  
Long lived within this narrow monastery;  
Whose orders, being too strict for those that ne'er  
Had lost delight i' the prosecuting care  
Of unsuccessful action, suited best  
With us whose griefs compared taught the distress  
To slight their own, as guests that did intrude  
On reason in the want of fortitude,  
That brave supporter, which such comfort brings,  
That none can know but persecuted kings.

'The purple-robe, his birth's unquestioned right,  
For the coarse habit of a carmelite  
Being now exchanged; and we retired from both  
Our fears and hopes, like private lovers, loath  
When solved from the observant spy, to be  
Disturbed by friends, from want or greatness free,  
Secure and calm, we spent those happy days,  
In nought ambitious, but of what might raise  
Our thoughts towards Heaven, with whom each hour acquaints,  
In prayer more frequent than afflicted saints,  
Our happy souls; which here so long had been  
Refining, till that grand reward of sin,  
Death, did by Age, his common harbinger—  
Proclaim's approach, and warned us to defer  
For the earth's trivial business nought that might  
Concern eternity, lest life and light,  
Forsaking our dark mansions, leave us to  
Darkness and death, unfurnished of a clew  
Which might conduct, when time shall cease to be,  
Through the meanders of eternity.

362 Here, as elsewhere, 'unless' = 'except.'

391 from] Orig. 'for.'

'Thy pious father, ere the thefts of age,  
Decaying strength, should his stiff limbs engage  
In an uneasy rest, to level all  
Accounts with heaven, doth to remembrance call  
A vow, which though in hot affliction made,  
Whilst passion's short ephemeris did invade  
His troubled soul, doth now, when the disease  
Time had expunged, from solitary ease  
Call him again to an unwilling view  
Of the active world, in a long journey to  
Forlorn Enna; unto whose temple he  
Had vowed, if fortune lent him liberty,  
Till tired with the extremes of weary age,  
The cheap devotion of a pilgrimage.

410

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

To the grave author of this happy news  
The pleased Argalia with delight did hear,  
Till, whilst the fatal story he pursues,  
He brings his great soul near the gates of fear  
By letting him in full discovery know  
The dreadful danger that did then attend  
His royal sire; who to his sword must owe  
For safety, ere his sad afflictions end.

'FORSAKING now our solitary friends,  
Whose prayers upon each slow-paced step attends,  
From danger by a dress so coarse exempt,  
As wore religion to avoid contempt,  
Through toils of many a tedious day, at last  
We Enna reach; where when his vows had past  
The danger of a forfeiture, and we,  
That debt discharged to heaven, had liberty  
To look abroad, with sorrow-laden eyes  
We view those ruins in whose ashes lies  
Sad objects of our former loss, not then  
Raked up so deep, but old observant men,  
When youths were in procession led, could tell  
Where towers once stood, and in what fights they fell;  
Which to confirm, some in an aged pride  
Show wounds, which then though they did wisely hide  
As signatures of loyal valour, they,  
Now unsuspected, with delight display.

10

'Hence when commanded by the wane of light,  
We sought protection from approaching night

20

In an adjacent monastery ; where we,  
 The wandering objects of their charity,  
 Although by all welcomed with friendly zeal,  
 Found only one whose outside did reveal  
 So much of an internal worth, that might  
 To active talk our clouded souls invite  
 From grief's obscure retreats ; his grave aspect,  
 Though reverend age dwelt with unpruned neglect,  
 Seemed dressed with such a sacred solitude,  
 As ruined temples in their dust include.

30

'My royal master, as some power divine  
 Had by instinct taught great souls how to twine,  
 Though 'mongst the weeds of poverty, with this  
 Blest man consorting ; whilst their apt souls miss,  
 In all their long discourse, no tittle set  
 For man's direction in Heaven's alphabet ;  
 Whilst controverted points, those rocks on which  
 Weak faiths are shipwrecked, did with gems enrich  
 Their art-assisted zeal, a sudden noise,  
 Clamorous and loud, in the soft womb destroys  
 That sacred infant ;—The concordant bells  
 Proclaim a joy, which larger triumph tells  
 To be of such a public birth, that they  
 In quiet cells for what they late did pray  
 In tears—the soul's o'erflowing language, now  
 (Being by example's common rule taught how)  
 They vary passions, and in manly praise  
 Their silent prayers to hallelujahs raise.

40

By swift report informed that this day's mirth  
 From the proclaiming of their prince took birth,  
 These private mourners for the public faults  
 Of busy nations, by the hot assaults  
 Of triumph startled from their gravity,  
 Prepare for joy ; all but grave Sophron : he  
 Then with the pilgrim prince, who both were sate  
 Like sad physicians when the doubtful state  
 O' the patients threatens death :—the serious eye  
 Of Sophron as a threatening prodigy  
 Viewing that flattering smile of Fate, which they  
 Of shallower souls praised as approaching day.

50

60

'When both, their souls from active words retired  
 Awhile had silent sat, the prince desired  
 To know the cause why in that triumph he  
 Of all that convent found the time to be  
 With thoughtful cares alone ; whom Sophron gave  
 This satisfaction :—"Worthy sir, I have  
 In the few hours of our acquaintance found  
 In you such worth, 'twould question for unsound  
 My judgement, if unwilling to impart  
 A secret, though the darling of my heart.—

70



Know then, this hapless province, which of late  
Faction hath harassed, a wise prince, whom Fate  
Deprived us of, once ruled ; but so long since,  
That age hath learned from time how to convince  
The hot enormities of youth, since we  
With such a ruler lost our liberty.  
For though at first, (as he alone had been  
Our evil genius, whose abode brought in  
All those attendant plagues), our fortune seemed  
To calm her brow, and captive hope redeemed 80  
In the destruction of our foes, which by  
A hot infection were enforced to fly  
From conquest near obtained : yet we, to show  
That only 'twas our vices did o'erthrow  
The merits of his weaker virtues, when  
Successful battles had reduced again  
Our panting land from all external ill,  
Domestic quarrels threatened then to kill  
What foreign powers assailed in vain, and made 90  
Danger surprise, which trembled to invade.  
For many years tossed by the uncertain wind  
Of wild ambition, we had sailed to find  
Out the Leucadian rocks of peace ; but in  
A vain pursuit : for we so long had been  
A headless multitude, the factious peers  
Oppressing the injured commons, till our fears  
Became our fate, few having so much left  
Unsequestered, as might incite to theft  
Even those whom want makes desperate ; all being spent  
On those that turn to th' worst of punishment 100  
What wore protection's name—villains that we,  
Enforced, maintained to Christian tyranny  
I' the injured name of justice, such as kept  
Litigious counsels, for whose votes we wept,  
From punishment so long, till grown above  
The blinded people's envy or their love.  
“ But lately these prodigious fires, that led  
Us through the night of anarchy, being fled  
At the approach of one, who since hath stood  
Fixed like a star of the first magnitude, 110  
Diffusive power, which then was only shown  
In faction's dress, being now rebellion grown,  
By the uniting of those atoms in  
One haughty peer, ambitious Zarrobrin ;  
Whose pride, that spur of valour, when't had set  
Him in the front of honour's alphabet,  
The sole commander of those forces whence  
Our peace distilled, and in as large a sense  
As subjects durst, whilst loyal, hope to have  
Adorn their tombs, the highest titles gave 120

Of a depending honour ; to repay  
 Their easy faiths that levelled had the way  
 Unto his greatness, that command he made  
 The steps by which he struggled to invade  
 A throne, and in their heedless votes include  
 Unnoted figures of their servitude.

“ When with attempts, frequent as fruitless, I  
 With others, whose firm love to loyalty  
 Time had not yet expunged, had oft in vain  
 Opposed our power ; which found too weak to gain 130  
 Our country's freedom, we, as useless, did  
 Retire to mourn for what the Fates forbid  
 To have redressed. Since when, his pride being grown  
 The people's burthen whilst he urged his own  
 Ambitious ends, he hath, to fix their love  
 On principles whose structure should not move,  
 Unless it their allegiance shook, brought forth  
 Their prince, whose father's unforgotten worth  
 Did soon command their full consent, and he,  
 For treason feared, made loved for loyalty. 140  
 But since that 'mongst observant judgements, this  
 So sudden change might stand in doubt to miss  
 A fair construction, to confirm 't he brings  
 An old confessor of their absent king's,  
 The reverend Halophantes ; one whose youth  
 Made human hearts submit to sacred truth  
 So much, that now, arrived to graver age,  
 He (like authentic authors) did engage  
 The people's easy faith into a glad  
 Belief—that, when his youth's afflictions had 150  
 Unthroned their prince, he in that fatal night,  
 Wisely contracting his imagined flight,  
 As roads unto destruction leaving all  
 Frequent paths, did in the night's silence call  
 At 's unfrequented cell ; where, entertained  
 With all the zeal that subjects, which have gained  
 From gracious sovereigns, study to express  
 A virtue in, which thrives by the distress  
 Of an afflicted patron's, he betrays  
 Inquiring scouts, till some expunging days 160  
 Make them forsake their inquisition in  
 Despair to find : which vacancy did win  
 Time to bestow his infant burthen where  
 Some secret friends did with indulgent care  
 Raise him from undiscerning childhood, to  
 Be such as now exposed unto their view.”

“ Thy father, who with doubtful thoughts had heard  
 This story, till confirmed in what he feared,  
 Starts into so much passion as betrays  
 Him, through the thick mask of those tedious days 170

Time had in thirty annual journeys stept,  
To Sophron; who, when he awhile had wept  
A short encomium to good fortune, in  
Such prostrate lowliness as seemed—for sin  
To censure guiltless ignorance, he meets  
His prince's full discovery; whom he greets  
With all the zeal, such whose uncourtly arts  
Make tongues the true interpreters of hearts,  
To those wise princes whom they know to start  
At aguish flattery, as if indesert  
Ushered it in:—Those that know how to rate  
Their worth, prize it by virtue, not by fate.

180

‘With arguments, which to assist he made  
Reason's firm power Passion's light scouts invade,  
He had so oft the unwilling prince assailed,  
That importunity at length prevailed  
On his resolves; from peaceful poverty,  
His age's refuge, hurrying him to be  
Once more an agent unto fortune in  
Uncertain toils. Whose troubles to begin,  
Leaving his prince to so much rest as those  
Whose serious souls are busied to compose  
Unravell'd thoughts into a method, now  
Sophron forsakes him, to discover how  
His fellow-peers of that lost party stand  
Disposed for action, if a king's command  
Should give it life; all which he finds to be  
So full of yet untainted loyalty,  
That in a swift convention they prepare  
By joining judgements to divide their care.  
From distant places, with such secret haste  
As did declare a flaming zeal, though placed  
In caution's shadow, old considerate peers,  
Such whose light youth the experienced weight of years  
Had long since ballast with discretion, met  
To see their prince, and to discharge the debt  
Of full obedience. Each had with him brought  
His state's surviving hope, snatched from the soft  
Hands of lamenting mothers, that to those,  
If fit for arms, they safely might dispose  
The execution of those councils, which  
Their sober age with judgement did enrich.

190

200

210

‘In Sophron's palace, which being far removed  
From the street's talking throngs, was most approved  
For needful privacy, these loyal lords,  
Whose faithful hearts—the infallible records  
The heedless vulgar (whose neglective sin  
Had lost the copies of allegiance in

179 To those] Singer ‘Do,’ of which I fail to make sense.

This interregnum) trust to—being met,  
 To shun delays, man's late-repent'd debt, 220  
 The prince with speed appears; whom no disguise  
 Of youth's betrayer, time, could from their eyes  
 Long undiscovered keep: through the rough veil  
 Of age, or what more powerful did prevail  
 On beauty's ruins, they did soon descry  
 The unquenched embers of a majesty,  
 Too bright for time to hide with curtains less  
 Dark than that mansion of forgetfulness,  
 The grave, which man's first folly taught to be  
 The obscure passage to eternity. 230

'That their example might be precept to  
 Unknowing youth, with all the reverence due  
 To awful princes on their thrones, the old  
 Experienced courtiers kneel; by which grown bold  
 In their belief, those of unriper age  
 Upon their judgements did their faith engage  
 So far, that they in solemn vows unite  
 Their yet concordant thoughts, which, ere the flight  
 Of time should leave the day behind, desired 240  
 To live in action. But this rising fire  
 Of loyal rage, which in their breasts did burn,  
 The thankful prince thus gently strives to turn  
 Into a milder passion, such as might  
 Not scorch with anger, but with judgement light.—

“How much 'tis both my wonder and my joy,  
 That we, whom treason studied to destroy  
 With near as much of miracle, as in  
 The last of days lost bodies, that have been  
 Scattered amongst the elements, shall be 250  
 Convened i' the court of immortality.  
 Depressed with fortune, and disguised with age,  
 (Sad arguments, brave subjects, to engage  
 Your loyal valour!) I had gone from all  
 My mortal hopes, had not this secret call  
 Of Heaven, which doth with unknown method curb  
 Our wild intention, brought me to disturb  
 Your peaceful age, whose abler youth had in  
 Defending me exposed to ruin been.  
 I had no more, my conscience now at rest,  
 With widows' curses, orphans' tears oppress; 260  
 No more in fighting fields, those busy marts  
 Where honour doth for fame with death change hearts,

246 we] Left entirely 'in the air,' for the reader to supply 'are now convened' or something similar.

259 had] Similarly deprived of 'been.' I note these two because, little as Chamberlayne seems to have revised the earlier books, he appears to have left this last part even more in ostrich-fashion.



Beheld the sad success of battles, where  
Proud victors make youth's conquest age's care ;  
But, hid from all a crown's false glories, spent,  
Like beauteous flowers, which vainly waste the scent  
Of odours in unhaunted deserts, all  
My time concealed till withered age should fall  
From that short stem of nature—life, to be  
Lost in the dust of death's obscurity.

270

“When in the pride of youth my stars withdrew  
Their influence first, I then had stood with you  
Those thunderbolts of fate, and bravely died,  
Contemning fortune, had that feverish pride  
Of valour not been quenched in hope to save  
My infant son from an untimely grave.  
But he, when from domestic ills conveyed  
In safety, being by treacherous fate betrayed,  
Either by death or ignorance, from what  
His stars, when kindled first, were pointed at,  
Either lives not, or else concealed within  
Some coarse disguise, whose poverty hath been  
So long his dull companion, till he's grown  
Not less to us than to himself unknown.

280

“All this being weighed in Reason's scale, is there  
Aught in 't can tempt decrepit age to bear  
Such glorious burthens, which if fortunate  
In the obtaining of, in Nature's date  
Can have no long account, ere I again  
What I had got with danger, kept with pain,  
Summoned by Death—the grave's black monarch, must  
With sorrow lose? Yet since that Heaven so just,  
And you so loyal I have found, that it  
Might argue fear, if I unmoved should sit  
At all your just desires, I here, i' the sight  
Of Heaven declare, together with my right,  
To prosecute your liberties as far  
As justice dares to patronize a war.”

290

‘This, with a magnanimity that showed  
His youth's brave spirits were not all bestowed  
On the accounts of age, had to so high  
A pitch of zeal inflamed their loyalty,  
That in contempt of slow-paced counsels they  
Did, like rash youth, whose wit wants time's allay,  
Haste to unripe engagements, such as found  
The issue weak, whose parents are unsound.

300

‘All, to those towns where neighbourhood had made  
Them loved for virtue, or for power obeyed,  
Whilst each with his peculiar guard attends  
His honoured prince, employ their active friends ;  
Who having with collecting trumpets made  
Important errands ready to invade

310

The people's censure, for a theme to fame—  
 Their long-lost prince's safe return proclaim :  
 Which, though at first a subject it appeared  
 Only for faith, when circumstance had cleared  
 The eye of reason, from each nobler mind  
 The embraces of a welcome truth did find.  
 In public throngs, whilst every forward friend  
 Spoke his resolves, his sullen foes did spend 320  
 Their doubts in private whispers ; by exchange  
 Of which they found hate had no further range  
 Than close intelligence, whose utmost bounds  
 Ere they obtain, the useful trumpet sounds  
 No distant summons, but close marches to  
 His loyal friends ; whom now their foes might view  
 In troops, which if fate favour their intents,  
 Ere long must swell to big-bulked regiments.  
 Through country towns, and cities' prouder streets,  
 The murmuring drum in busy marches meets 330  
 Such forward valour—husbandmen did fear  
 The earth would languish the succeeding year  
 For want of labourers ; nor could business stop  
 The straitened 'prentice, who, the slighted shop  
 Left to his angry master (who must be  
 Forced to abridge his seven years' tyranny),  
 Changes the baser utensils of trade  
 For burnished arms, and by example made  
 More valiant, scorns those shadows which they feared  
 More than rough war, whilst 'mongst the city's herd. 340  
 'To regiments from scattering bands being grown,  
 From that to armies, whose big looks made known  
 Those bold designs, which justice feared to own,  
 Though her's till placed in Power's imperial throne,  
 They now toward action haste. Which to begin,  
 Whilst castles are secured, and towns girt in  
 With armed lines, whose palisadoes had  
 Whole forests of their whispering oaks unclad ;  
 The prince, his mercy willing to prevent  
 Approaching danger, by a herald sent 350  
 To Zarrobrin, commands him to lay down  
 His arms, and, as he owed unto his crown  
 A subject's due allegiance, to appear,  
 Before a month was added to that year,  
 Within his court ; which now, since action gave  
 Life to that body whose firm strength did save  
 His life—by treason levelled at, was in  
 His moving camp. But this too weak to win

358 this] Here either 'is' might be absorbed or 'being' left out. Singer apparently thought the former was the case and put a semi-colon at 'rebel.' I think the latter more Chamberlaynian, and prefer a comma. Cf. 'But come' *infra*, l. 365.

The doubtful rebel, since his lawful right  
Swords must dispute, the prince prepares to fight. 360  
‘Proud Zarrobrin, who had by late success  
Taught Syracuse how to avoid distress  
By seeking peace, like a black storm that flies  
On southern winds, which in a tumult rise  
From neighbouring seas, was on his march. But come  
So near the prince, that now he had by some  
Of’s spreading scouts made full discovery where  
His army lay, whose scarce discovered rear  
Such distance from their well-armed van appeared,  
That such, whose judgements were with numbers feared, 370  
Making no further inquisition, fled—  
By swift report their pale disease to spread.  
Disturbing clouds, which rather seemed to rise  
From guilt than fear, spread darkness o’er the eyes  
O’ the rebels, who, although by custom made  
To death familiar, wish their killing trade  
In peace concluded; and with murmurs, nigh  
Grown to the boldness of a mutiny,  
Question their own frail judgements, which so oft  
Had life exposed to dangers, that had brought 380  
No more reward than what preserved them still  
The slaves unto a proud commander’s will.  
To stop this swift infection, which, begun  
In lowly huts, to lofty tents had run,  
Sly Zarrobrin, who to preserve the esteem  
Of honour, least liberality might seem  
The child of fear, with secret speed prevents  
What he appears to slight—their discontents,  
As if attending, though attended by  
Their young mock-prince, whose landscape royalty 390  
Showed only fair when viewed at distance, he  
Passing with slow observant pace to see  
Each squadron’s order, he confirms their love  
With donatives, such as were far above  
Their hopes if victors; then, to show that in  
That pride of bounty he’d not strove to win  
Assistance by unworthy bribes, he leads  
Them far from danger, since his judgement reads  
In long experience—that authentic story,  
Whose lines have taught the nearest way to glory— 400  
That soft delays, like treacherous streams, which by  
Submitting let the rash intruder try  
Their dangerous depth, to an unwilling stay  
His fierce pursuers would ere long betray;  
Whose force, since of the untutored multitude,  
By want made desperate and by custom rude,  
Would soon waste their unwieldy strength; whilst they,  
Whom discipline had taught how to obey,

By pay made nimble and by order sure,  
Would war's delays with easier wants endure.

410

'This sound advice meeting with sad success  
From the pursuing army, whose distress,  
From tedious marches being too clamorous grown  
For's friends' estates to quiet, soon was shown  
In actions such, which though necessity  
Enforced on virtue, made their presence be  
To the inconsiderate vulgar, whose loose glance  
For virtue takes vice glossed with circumstance,  
Such an oppression, that comparing those  
Which fled with mildness, they behold as foes,  
Only their ruder followers, whom they curse—  
Not that their cause, but company was worse.

420

'When thus their wants had brought disorder in,  
And that neglect whose looser garb had been  
At first so shy, that what was hardly known  
From business then, was now to custom grown;  
This large-limbed body, since united by  
No cement but the love to loyalty,  
Loses those baser parts, such as to please  
Unworthy ends turned duty to disease,  
Retaining only those whose valour sought  
No more reward than what with blood they bought.  
But here,—to show that slumbering Justice may,  
Oppressed with power, faint in the busy day  
Of doubtful battle—when their valour had  
So many souls from robes of flesh unclad  
Of his brave friends, that the forsaken prince,  
Whose sad success taught knowledge to convince  
The arguments of hope, unguarded, left  
Unto pursuing foes, was soon bereft  
Of all that in this cloud of fortune might,  
By opposition or unworthy flight,  
But promise safety; and, when death denied  
Him her last dark retreat, to raise the pride  
Of an insulting foe, is forced to see  
The scorn of greatness in captivity.

430

440

'Yet with more terror to limn sorrow in  
His mighty soul, such friends, as had not been  
By death discharged in fatal battle, now  
Suffered so much as made even fear allow  
Her palest sons to seek in future wars  
Brave victory, got by age's honour—scars,  
Or braver death—that antidote of shame,  
Whose stage none pass upon the road of fame;  
Those that fared best being murdered, others sent  
With life to more afflicting banishment.'

450

436 flesh] Orig. 'fresh.'

447 limn] Orig. 'limb.'



## *William Chamberlayne*

When thus by him, whose sacred order made  
The truth authentic, from his fortune's shade  
Argalia was redeemed; the prelate, to  
Confirm his story, from his bosom drew  
The jewel, which having by ways unknown  
To him that wore it opened, there was shown  
By wit contracted into art, as rare  
As his that durst make silver spheres compare  
With heaven's light motion, an effigies, which  
His royal sire, whilst beauty did enrich  
His youth, appeared in such epitome,  
As spacious fields are represented by  
Rare optics on opposing walls, where sight  
Is cozened with imperfect forms of light.

465

470

When with such joy as Scythians, that grow proud  
Of day, behold light gild an eastern cloud,  
Argalia long had viewed that picture, in  
Whose face he saw forms that said his had been  
Drawn by that pattern, with such thanks, as best  
The silent eloquence of looks exprest,  
The night grown ancient ere their story's end,  
With solemn joy leaves his informing friend.

465-467 which . . . appeared] 'In which' or 'displayed' would of course be required by precisians.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

## BOOK V. Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Tired with afflictions, in a safe retreat  
From the active world, Pharonnida is now  
Making a sacred monastery her seat;  
Where, near approaching the confirming vow,  
A rude assault makes her a prisoner to  
Almanzor's power; to expiate whose sin,  
The subtle traitor swiftly leads her to  
The court, where she had long a stranger been.

HERE harsh employments, the unsavoury weeds  
Of barren wants, had overrun the seeds  
Of fancy with domestic cares, and in  
Those winter storms shipwrecked whate'er had been  
My youth's imperfect offspring, had not I,  
For love of this, neglected poverty—  
That meagre fiend, whose rusty talons stick  
Contempt on all that are enforced to seek  
Like me a poor subsistence 'mongst the low  
Shrubs of employment; whilst blest wits, that grow 10  
Good Fortune's favourites, like proud cedars stand,  
Scorning the stroke of every feeble hand,  
Whose vain attempts, though they should martyr sense,  
Would be repulsed with big-bulked confidence:  
Yet blush not, gentle Muse! thou oft hast had  
Followers, by Fortune's hand as meanly clad,  
And such as, when time had worn envy forth,  
Succeeding ages honoured for their worth.

Then though not by these rare examples fired  
To vain presumption, with a soul untired 20  
As his, whose fancy's short ephemeras know  
No life—but what doth from his liquor flow,  
Whose wit, grown wanton with Canary's wealth,  
Makes the chaste Muse a pandress to a health,  
Our royal lovers' story I'll pursue  
Through Time's dark paths; which now have led me to  
Behold Argalia, by assisting Art  
Advanced to health, preparing to depart  
From his obscure abode, to prosecute  
Designs, which, when success strikes terror mute 30  
With pleasing joy, shall him the mirror prove  
Of forward valour, glossed with filial love.

But let us here with prosperous blessings leave  
Awhile the noble hero, and receive

From Time's accounts the often varying story  
Of her whose love conducted him to glory,  
Distressed Pharonnida; whose sufferings grown  
Too great for all that virtue ere had known  
From human precepts, flies for refuge to  
Heaven's narrowest paths, where the directing clew 40  
Of law, to which the earth for order owes,  
Lost in zeal's light, a useless trouble grows.

Returned were all the messengers, which she  
Had at the first salutes of liberty  
To seek Argalia sent: but since none brought  
Her passion's ease, sick Hope no longer sought  
Those flattering empirics; but at Love's bright fires  
Kindling her zeal, with sober pace retires  
From all expected honours, to bestow  
What time her youth did yet to Nature owe, 50  
A solemn recluse, by a sacred vow  
Locked up from action, whilst she practised how,  
By speculation safely to attain  
What busier mortals doubtfully do gain.

Within the compass of the valley, where  
Ismander's palace stood, the pious care  
Of elder times had placed a monastery,  
Whose fair possessors, from life's tumults free,  
In a calm voyage towards Heaven—their home, there spent 60  
The quiet hours, so sweetly innocent,  
As if that place, that happy place, had been  
Of all the earth alone exempt from sin;  
Some sacred power ordaining (when 'twas given)  
It for the next preparing school to heaven,  
From whence those vestals should, when life expires,  
Be for supplies advanced to heavenly choirs.  
Lost to the world in sorrow's labyrinths, here  
Pharonnida, now out of hope to clear

This tempest of her fate, resolves to cast  
Her faith's firm anchor: but before she passed 70  
The dangerous straits of a restrictive vow,  
She, to such friends as judgement taught her how  
To prize, imparts it; 'mongst which few, the fair  
Silvandra, whom lost love had taught despair,  
With sad Florenza, both resolve to take  
The same strict habit, and with her forsake  
The treacherous world. But to disturb this clear  
Stream of devotion, soon there did appear  
Dissuading friends—Ismander, loath to lose  
So loved a guest, whilst she's of power to choose, 80  
Together with the virtuous Ammida,  
Spend their most powerful arguments to draw  
Her from those cold thoughts, that her virtue might,  
Whilst unconcealed, lend weaker mortals light.

Long had this friendly conflict lasted, ere  
 Her conquered friends, whom a religious care  
 Frighted from robbing Heaven of saints, withdrew  
 To mourn her loss ; yet ere they left her to  
 Her cloistered cell, Ismander, to comply  
 With aged custom, calls such friends whom nigh 90  
 Abode had made familiar, to attend  
 His royal guest. Some hasty days they spend  
 In solemn feasting, where each friend, although  
 Clothed as when they at triumphs met, did show  
 A silent sadness, such as wretched brides,  
 When the neglected nuptial robe but hides  
 The cares of an obstructed love, before  
 Harsh parents wear. The mirthless feast passed o'er,  
 The noble virgins, in procession by  
 The mourning train, unto the monastery 100  
 Slowly conducted are ; each led by two  
 Full-breasted maids, whom Hymen, to renew  
 The world's decaying stock, his joys to prove  
 By contracts summoned to conjugal love.  
 These as they passed, like paranympths which led  
 Young beauties to espouse a maidenhead,  
 With harmony, whose each concurring part  
 Tickled the ear, whilst it did strike the heart  
 With mournful numbers, rifling every breast  
 Of their deep thoughts, thus the sad sense exprest. 110

## I.

To secret walks, to silent shades,  
 To places where no voice invades  
 The air, but what's created by  
 Their own retired society,  
 Slowly these blooming nymphs we bring  
 To wither out their fragrant spring ;  
 For whose sweet odours lovers pine,  
 Where beauty doth but vainly shine :  
 CHO. Where Nature's wealth, and Art's assisting cost,  
 Both in the beams of distant Hope are lost. 120

## II.

To cloisters where cold damps destroy  
 The busy thoughts of bridal joy ;  
 To vows whose harsh events must be  
 Uncoupled cold virginity ;  
 To pensive prayers, where Heaven appears  
 Through the pale cloud of private tears ;  
 These captive virgins we must leave,  
 Till freedom they from death receive :  
 CHO. Only in this remote conclusion blest,  
 This vale of tears leads to eternal rest. 130



III.

Then since that such a choice as theirs,  
Which styles them the undoubted heirs  
To Heaven, 'twere sinful to repent;  
Here may they live, till beauty spent  
In a religious life, prepare  
Them with their fellow-saints to share  
Celestial joys, for whose desire  
They freely from the world retire:

CHO. Go then, and rest in blessed peace, whilst we  
Deplore the loss of such society.

140

Through all the slow delays of love arrived  
To the unguarded gate, Friendship, that thrived  
Not in Persuasion's rhetoric, withdraws  
Her forces to assist that juster cause—  
Prayers for their future good—with which whilst they  
Are taking leave, the unfolded gates give way  
For the blest votaries' entrance, whom to meet,  
A hundred pair of maids, more chastely sweet  
Than flowers which grow untouched in deserts, were  
Led by their abess; to whose pious care  
These being joined, with such a sad reverse  
Of eyes o'erflowing, (as the sable herse  
Close mourners leave, when they must see no more  
Their confined dead), their friends are from the door  
With eager looks, woe's last—since now denied  
A further view—departs unsatisfied.

150

This last of duties, which the dearest friend  
Ought to perform, brought to successful end;  
For here no custom with a dowry's price  
At entrance paid, nursed slothful avarice;  
They're softly led through a fair garden where  
Each walk was by the founder's pious care,  
For various fancies, wanton imagery,  
To catch the heart, and not to court the eye,  
Adorned with sacred histories. From hence  
T' the centre of this fair circumference,  
The fabric come, the roving eye, confined  
Within the buildings, to enlarge the mind  
In contemplation, saw where happy art  
Had on the figured walls the second part  
Of sacred story drawn, in lines that had  
The world's Redeemer, from His first being clad  
In robes of flesh, presented to the view  
Through all His passions, till it brought Him to

160

170

156 departs] Singer, on general grammatical principles as usual, 'depart.' But he does not seem to have noticed that, if any alteration is made, a *participle* is required for 'are.' Chamberlayne would not have hesitated to write 'are departed' and I am not sure that he would have hesitated to scan 'depart'd.'

The cross, that highest seal of love, where He  
 A sinless offering died, from sin to free  
 The captived world, which knew no other price  
 But that to pay the debts of paradise.

Passed through this place, where bleeding passion strove  
 Their melting pity to refine to love, 180  
 They 're now the temple entered; where, to screen  
 Their thoughts yet nearer Heaven, whom they had seen  
 I' the entrance scourged, contemned, and crucified,  
 They there beheld, though veils of glory hide  
 Some part of the amazing majesty,  
 In His ascension, as when raised to be,  
 For them that hear His death freed from the hate  
 Of angry Heaven, the powerful advocate.

Besides these bold attempts of art that stood  
 To fright the wicked, or to prompt the good, 190  
 Something more great, more sacred, than could by  
 Art be expressed, without the help of the eye  
 Reached at the centre of the soul; from whence  
 To Heaven, our raised desires' circumference,  
 Striking the lines of contemplation, she,  
 Wrapped from the earth, is, in an ecstasy  
 Holy and high, through faith's clear optic shown  
 Those joys which to departed saints are known.

Before those prayers, which zeal had tedious made,  
 With their last troops did conquered Heaven invade, 200  
 The day was on the glittering wings of light  
 Fled to the western world, and swarthy night  
 In her black empire throned; from silver shrines  
 The kindled lamps through all the temple shines  
 With dappled rays, that did to the eye present  
 The beauties of the larger firmament.  
 In which still calm, when all their rites were now  
 So near performed, that the confirming vow  
 Alone remained, a sudden noise, of rude  
 And clamorous sound, did through the ear intrude 210  
 On their affrighted fancies, in so high  
 A voice, that all their sacred harmony,  
 In this confusion lost, appeared so small,  
 As if that whispered which was made to call.

Although the awful majesty that here  
 Religion held, the weak effects of fear  
 With faith expelled, yet when that nearer to  
 Their slender gates the murmuring tumult drew,  
 The abbess sends not to secure, but see  
 Who durst attempt what Heaven from all kept free 220  
 By strictest law, save those unhallowed hands  
 That follow curses whilst they fly commands:  
 But they being entered, ere the timorous scout  
 Could notice give, fear, which first sprung from doubt,

Being into wild confusion grown, from all  
 Set forms affrights them; whilst at once they call  
 For Heaven's protecting mercy, to behold  
 That place where peaceful saints used to unfold  
 Heaven's oracles, possessed with villains that  
 Did ne'er know aught but want to tremble at, 230  
 Which looked like those that with proud angels fell,  
 And to storm Heaven were sent in arms from Hell;  
 Converts that scene, where nothing did appear  
 But calm devotion, to distracting fear.  
 Amazed with horror, each sad vot'ress stands,  
 Whilst sacred relics drop from trembling hands;  
 Here one whose heart with fear's convulsions faint,  
 Flies to the shrine of her protecting saint;  
 By her another stands, whose spirits spent  
 In passion, looks pale as her monument: 240  
 One shrieks, another prays, a third had crossed  
 Herself so much, ill angels might have lost  
 The way to hurt her, if not taught to do 't,  
 'Cause she t' the sign too much did attribute.

The royal stranger, by her fear pursued,  
 To the altar fled, had with mixed passion viewed  
 This dreadful troop, whilst from the temple gate  
 They passed the seat where trembling virgins sat  
 Free from uncivil wrongs, as if that they  
 That entered had been men prepared to pray, 250  
 Not come to ravish; from which sight her fear  
 Picks flowers of hope, but such as, they drawn near,  
 From fancy's soft lap, in a hurricane  
 Of passion dropped her prayers and tears in vain,  
 As words in winds, or showers in seas, when they  
 Prepare for ruin the obstructed way  
 To pity, which her stock of prayers had cost,  
 In the dark shade of sudden horror lost.

Seized on by two o' the sacrilegious train,  
 Whose black disguise had made the eye in vain 260  
 Seek to inform the soul, she and the poor  
 Florenza, whilst their helpless friends deplore  
 With silent tears so sad a loss, are drew  
 From the clasped altar in the offended view  
 Of their protecting saints; from whose shrines in  
 A dismal omen dropped whate'er had been  
 With hopes of merit placed. Black sulphury damps  
 With swift convulsions quenched the sacred lamps,  
 The fabric shakes, and, as if grieved they stood  
 To circle guilt, the walls sweat tears of blood. 270  
 Shrieks, such as if those sainted souls, that there  
 Trod Heaven's straight paths, in their just quarrel were

271 sainted] Orig. 'fainted'—of course a mere 'literal' for the long s.



Rose from their silent dormitories to  
Deter their foes, through all the temple flew.

But here in vain destroying angels shook  
The sword of vengeance, whilst his bold crimes struck  
'Gainst heaven in high contempt; with impious haste,  
Snatched from the altar, whilst their friends did waste  
Unheard orisons for their safety, they  
Unto the fabric's utmost gate convey 280  
Their beauteous prizes, where with silence stood  
Their dreadful guard, which, like a neighbouring wood,  
When vapours tip the naked boughs in light,  
With unsheathed swords through the black mists of night  
A sparkling terror struck, with such a speed  
As scarce gave time to fear what would succeed  
To such preceding villanies. Within  
Her coach imprisoned, the sad princess, in  
A march for swiftness such as busy war  
Hastes to meet death in, but for silence far 290  
More still than funerals, is by that black troop,  
With such a change as falling stars do stoop  
To night's black region, from the monastery  
Hurried in haste; by whom, or whither, she  
Yet knows no more than souls departing, when  
Or where to meet in robes of flesh again.

The day salutes her, and uncurtained light  
Welcomes her through the confines of the night,  
But lends no comfort; every object that  
It showed her, being such as frightened at, 300  
The prince of day, grieved he'd no longer slept,  
To shun, shrunk back beneath a cloud, and wept.  
When the unfolded curtains gave her eyes  
Leave to look forth, a troop, whose close disguise  
Were stubborn arms, she only saw, and they  
So silent, nought but motion did betray  
The faculties of life; by whom being led,  
In such a sad march as their honoured dead  
Close mourners follow, she, some slow-paced days  
'Mongst strangers passing, thorough stranger ways 310  
At both amazed, at length, unfathomed by  
Her deepest thought, within the reach of the eye  
Her known Gerenza views; but with a look  
From whence cold passion all the blood had took,  
And in her face, that frozen sea of fear,  
Left nought but storms of wonder to appear.

Convened within the spacious judgement-hall  
Of Reason, she ere this had summoned all  
Her weaker passions to the impartial bar  
Of moral virtue, where they sentenced are 320

310 thorough] Orig. 'through,' contrary to contemporary practice where this metrical value is required.



Only to an untroubled silence ; in  
Which serious act whilst she had busied been,  
She is, unnoted, ere the fall of day  
Brought by her convoy to a lodge that lay  
Off from the road, a place, when seen, she knew  
Ere his rebellion had belonged unto  
Her worst of foes, Almanzor ; which begins  
At first a doubt, whose growing force soon wins  
The field of faith, and tells her timorous thought,  
Her father's troops would ne'er have thither brought  
Her, if designed to suffer, since that he  
Knew those more fit for close captivity. 330

But long her reason lies not fettered in  
These cross dilemmas ; the slow night had been  
With tedious hours passed o'er, whilst she by none  
But mutes, no less unheard than they're unknown,  
Is only waited on ; by whom, when day  
To action called, she veiled, is led the way  
To the attending convoy, who had now  
Varied the scene ;—Almanzor, studying how 340  
To court compassion in his prince, dares not  
At the first view, ere merit had begot  
A calm remission of rebellious sin,  
Affront an anger which had justice been  
In his confusion ; his arms he now behind,  
As that which might too soon have called to mind  
His former crimes, he leaves, and for them took,  
To gain the aspect of a pitying look,  
A hermit's homely weed : his willing train,  
By that fair gloss their liberties to gain, 350  
Rode armed ; but so, what for offence they bore,  
Was in submission to lay down before  
The throne of injured power, to cure whose fear  
Their armèd heads on haltered necks appear.

Near to the rear of these, the princess in  
A mourning litter, close as she had been  
In a night-march unto her tomb, is through  
The city's wondering tumults led unto  
The royal palace, at whose gates all stay,  
Save bold Almanzor ; whom the guards obey 360  
For his appearing sanctity so much,  
That he unquestioned enters, and, thought such  
As his grave habit promised, soon obtained  
The prince's sight ; where with a gesture feigned  
To all the shapes of true devotion, he  
By a successful fiction comes to be  
Esteemed the true converter of those wild  
Bandits, which, being by their own crimes exiled,

345, 347 he] One of these is of course superfluous and the first is not even necessary for the metre.

In spite of law had lived to punish those  
Which did the rules of punishment compose.

370

These being pardoned, as he 'd took from thence  
Encouragement, veiled under the pretence  
Of a religious pity, he begins,  
In language whose emollient smoothness wins  
An easy conquest on belief, to frame  
A sad petition; which, although in name  
It had disguised Pharonnida, did find  
So much of pity as the prince, inclined  
To lend his aid for the relief of her  
Whose virtue found so fair a character  
In his description, it might make unblest  
That power which left so much of worth distress.

380

Though too much tired with private cares to show  
In public throngs, how much his love did owe  
To suffering virtue; yet since told that she  
Was too much masked in clouds of grief to be  
The object of the censuring court, he to  
The litter goes, whose sable veil withdrew,  
With wonder, that did scarce belief admit,  
Shadowed in grief, he sees his daughter sit,  
His long-lost daughter, whom unsought, to be  
Thus strangely found, to such an ecstasy  
Of joy exalts him, that his spirits by  
Those swift pulsations had been all let fly  
With thanks towards Heaven, had not the royal maid  
With showers of penitential tears allayed  
Those hotter passions, and revoked him to  
Support her griefs, whose burthen had outgrew  
The powers of life, but that there did appear  
Kind Nature's love to cure weak Nature's fear.

390

400

In this encounter of their passions, both  
With sorrow silent stood, words being loath  
To intrude upon their busy thoughts, till they  
In moist compassion melted had away  
His anger's fever and her frozen fears  
In nature's balm, soft love's extracted tears :  
Like a sad patient, whose forgotten strength  
Decayed by chronic ills, hath made the length  
Of life his burthen, when near death, meets there  
Unhoped-for health; so from continual care,  
The soul's slow hectic, elevated by  
This cordial joy, the slothful lethargy  
Of age or sorrow finds an easier cure  
Than the unsafe extreme, a calenture.

410

Nor are these comforts long constrained to rest  
Within the confines of his own swelled breast,  
Ere its dismantled rays did in a flight,  
Swift as the motions of unbodied light,

Disperse its epidemic virtues through  
 The joyful court ; which now arrived unto 420  
 Its former splendour, Heaven's expected praise  
 Doth on the wings of candid mercy raise :  
 Which spreading in a joyful jubilee  
 To all offenders, tells Almanzor he  
 Might safely now unmask ; which done, ere yet  
 Discovered, at the well-pleased prince's feet,  
 Humbled with guilt, he kneels ; who, at the sight  
 As much amazed as so sublime a flight  
 Of joy admitted, stands attentive to  
 What did in these submissive words ensue. 430

‘Behold, great sir, for now I dare be seen  
 An object for your mercy, that had been  
 Too dreadful for discovery, had not this  
 Preceding joy told me no crime could miss  
 The road of mercy, though, like mine, a sin  
 The suffering nation is enveloped in.  
 Sunk in the ocean of my guilt, I'd gone,  
 A desperate rebel, waited on by none  
 But outlaws, to a grave obscure, had not  
 Relenting Heaven thus taught me how to blot 440  
 Out some of sin's black characters, ere I  
 Beheld the beams of injured majesty.’

This, in his passion's relaxation spoke,  
 Persuades the prince's justice to revoke  
 Its former rigour. By the helpful hand  
 Of mercy raised, Almanzor soon did stand  
 Not only pardoned, but secured by all  
 His former honours from a future fall,  
 Making that fortune, which did now appear  
 Their pity's object, through the glass of fear 450  
 With envy looked on ; but in vain, he stood  
 Confirmed in love's meridian altitude,  
 The length of life from Honour's western shade,  
 Except in new rebellion retrograde :  
 Which plotting leave him, till the winding clew  
 Of fancy shall conduct your knowledge to  
 Those uncouth vaults ; and mounting the next story,  
 See virtue climbing to the throne of glory.

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

426 prince's] Singer, nodding, 'princess'. In orig. these words are often interchanged.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Leaving Pharonnida to entertain  
 The various passions of her father, we  
 Must now return to see Argalia gain  
 That power by which he sets his father free.

From the command of haughty rebels, who  
 By justice sent to a deserved death,  
 Argalia takes the crown, his merits' due,  
 And the old prince in peace resigns his breath,

RETURNED to see what all the dark records  
 Of the old Spartan history affords  
 I' the progress of Argalia's fate, I found  
 The chained historian here so strictly bound  
 To follow truth, although at danger's cost,  
 No silent night, nor smoky battle lost  
 The doubtful road ; which often did appear  
 Through floods of faction filled with storms of fear,  
 Obscure and dark to the belief of that  
 Less guilty age ; though then to tremble at  
 Rome's bold ambition, and those prodigies  
 Of earth, their tyrants, to inform their eyes,  
 Left mourning monuments of ill, but none  
 Like what they now attempt, a sin unknown  
 To old aspirers, which should have been sent  
 Some ages forward for a precedent  
 To these, with whom compared, their crimes had been,  
 Though past to act, but weak essays of sin.  
 With such a speed as the supplies of air,  
 Fearing a vacuum, hasten to repair  
 The ruptures of the earth, at our last view  
 We left revived Argalia posting to  
 Ætolia's distant confines ; where arrived,  
 He found their army, whose attempts had thrived,  
 Since he Epirus had forsook, so far  
 Advanced, that now the varied scene of war,  
 Transferred to faithless Ardena, was there  
 Fixed in a siege, whose slow approaches were  
 The doubts of both. The city pines for fear  
 Remote supplies might fail, which drawn so near,  
 The circling army knows, that either they  
 Must fly from conquest near obtained, or stay  
 To meet a danger, which by judgement scanned,  
 Their strength appears unable to withstand.

Whilst thus their pensive leaders busied are  
 In cross dilemmas, as by public war  
 He meant to meet revenge in private, to  
 Their camp Argalia comes ; a camp which knew  
 ( 247 )



Him by the fair wrought characters of fame  
So well, that now he needs no more than name  
Himself to merit welcome, all mistrust  
Being cleared by them which left, as too unjust  
To be obeyed, the false Epirot's side,  
When by his loss made subject to the pride  
Of stranger chiefs; these for their virtue praised,  
For number feared, to such a height had raised  
Applauding truths of him, that Zarrobrin,  
Conjoined to one he trembled at whilst seen  
In opposition, slights what did of late  
Appear a dreadful precipice of fate.

40

Lest poor employments might make favour show  
Like faint mistrust, he doth at first bestow  
On the brave stranger the supreme command  
Of some choice horse, selected to withstand  
The fierce Epirot's march; whose army, ere  
The slow Ætolians could their strength prepare  
Fit to resist, if not by him withstood,  
With ease had gained a dangerous neighbourhood.  
But he, whose anger's thunderbolts could stay,  
Though hurled from clouds of rage, if the allay  
Of judgement interposed, here finding nought  
More safe than haste, ere his secure foes thought  
Of opposition, strongly had possessed  
A strait in which small troops had oft distressed  
Large bodied armies, until brought so low,  
Those they contemned did liberty bestow.

50

60

Whilst stopped by this unlooked-for remora,  
The baffled army oft had strove to draw  
Argalia from his safe retreats, but found  
His art of more advantage than his ground;  
In the dead age of unsuccessful night  
A forward party, which had learned to fight  
From honour's dictates, not commands, being by  
Youth's hasty guide, rash valour, brought so nigh  
Argalia's troops, that in a storm which cost  
Some lives, they many noble captives lost:  
Amongst which number, as if thither sent  
By such a fate as showed Heaven's close intent  
Pointed at good, Euriolus appears  
First a sad captive: but those common fears  
Soon, whilst in conflict with his passions, rest  
On the wished object of his long inquest—  
Admired Argalia, to whose joy he brings  
As much of honour, as elected kings  
Meet in those votes, which so auspicious prove,  
They light to honour with the rays of love.

70

80

Having from him in full relation heard  
Pharonnida yet lived, whom long he feared

Beyond redemption lost, they thence proceed  
 To counsels, whose mature results might breed 90  
 Their heedless foes confusion; which, since they  
 That now were captives bore the greatest sway  
 In the opposing army, proves a task  
 So free from danger, death did scarce unmask  
 The face of horror in a charge, before  
 Argalia's name, echoed in praises o'er  
 The rallied troops, summons from thence so large  
 A party, that the valour of a charge  
 In those that stood were madness, which to shun,  
 Base cowards taught brave fighters how to run. 100

This easy conquest gained, ere Zarrobrin  
 Was with his slower army drawn within  
 The noise o' the battle, to such vast extent  
 Of fame, high virtue's spreading ornament,  
 Had raised Argalia's merits, that the pride  
 Of his commander wisely laid aside  
 For such advantage, to let Honour stand  
 On her own basis, the supreme command  
 Of all the strangers in his camp to him  
 He freely gives; a power which soon would dim 110  
 His, if ere by some harsh distemper placed  
 In opposition, but his thoughts embraced  
 In all suspicion's darkest cells no fiend  
 So pale as fear; fixed on the sudden end  
 Of high designs, he looks on this success  
 As the straight road to future happiness.

With such a speed as prosperous victors go  
 To see and conquer, when the vanquished foe  
 Retreats from honour, the Ætolian had 120  
 Followed success, till that fair hand unclad  
 The sunk Epirot of his strength; and now,  
 Secured from foreign ills, was studying how  
 To cure domestic dangers: which since he  
 The weak foundation of his tyranny  
 Had fixed in sand but only cemented  
 With loyal blood, such just contempt had bred  
 In the age's deep discerning judgements, that  
 The unsettled herd, ere scarcely lightened at  
 Those sober flames, like ill-mixed vapours break  
 In blustering murmurs forth; which, though too weak 130  
 To force his fortune on the rocks of hate,  
 With terror shook the structure of his fate.

Like wise physicians, which, when called to cure  
 Infectious ills, with antidotes make sure  
 Themselves from danger; since hypocrisy  
 Could steal no entrance to affection, he  
 Leads part of 's army for his guard, that they,  
 Where mines did fail, by storm might force a way.

But since he doubts constrained domestics, though  
Abroad obedient, might, when come to know  
From burthened friends their cause of grief, forsake  
Unjust commands, his wiser care did take  
Argalia and his stranger troops, as those  
Which, unconcerned, he freely might dispose  
To wind up all the engines of his brain,  
So guilt was gilded with the hopes of gain.

140

By hasty marches being arrived with these  
Within *Ætolia*, where his frowns appease  
Those bubbles that, their Neptune absent, would  
Have swelled to waves; ere his hot spirits cooled  
Were with relaxing rest, he visits him,  
The weak reflex of whose light crown looks dim  
T' the burnished splendour of his blade, that set  
Him only there to be the cabinet  
Of that usurp'd diadem; which he,  
Whose subtle arts in clouded brows could see  
The heart's intended storms, beheld without  
His unstrained reach, until the people's doubt,  
Which yet lived in the dawn of hope, he saw  
O'ershadowed with the forms of injured law.

150

160

Though Time, that fatal enemy to truth,  
Had not alone robbed the fresh thoughts of youth  
O' the knowledge of their long lost prince, but been,  
Even unto those that had adored him in  
His throne, Oblivion's handmaid; yet left by  
Some power occult, that in captivity  
Forsakes not injured monarchs, there remained  
In most some passions, which first entertained  
At Pity's cost, at length by Reason tried  
Grew so much loved, that only power denied  
Them to support his sinking cause. Which seen  
By Zarrobrin, whose tyranny had been  
At first their fear, and now their hate, he brings  
His army, an elixir, which to kings  
Transforms plebeians, by the strength of that  
To bind those hands that else had struggled at  
Their head's offence; which wanting power to cure,  
They now with grief's convulsions must endure.

170

A court convened of such whose killing trade  
The rigid law so flexible had made,  
That their keen votes had forced the bloodiest field  
To the deep tincture of the scaffold yield;  
Forth of his uncouth prison summoned by  
The rude commands of wronged authority,  
An object which succeeding ages, when  
But spoke of, weep, because they blushed not then,  
The prince appears—a guarded captive in  
That city where his morning star had been

180

Beheld in honour's zenith ; slowly by  
 Inferior slaves, which ne'er on majesty,  
 Whilst uneclipsed, durst look, being led to prove  
 Who blushed with anger, or looked pale with love.

190

By these being to a mock tribunal brought,  
 Where damned rebellion for disguise had sought  
 The veil of justice, but so thinly spread,  
 Each stroke, their envy levelled at his head,  
 Betrayed black Treason's hand, couched in that vote  
 Which struck with law to cut Religion's throat.  
 From a poor pleader, whose cheap conscience had  
 Been sold for bribes, long ere the purple clad  
 So base a thing, their calm-souled sovereign hears  
 Death's fatal doom ; which when pronounced, appears  
 His candour, and their guilt : the one exprest  
 By a reception, which declared his breast  
 Unstirred with passion ; the other struggling in  
 Their troubled looks, which showed this monstrous sin,  
 That this damned plot did to rebellion bear,  
 Even frightened those that treason's midwives were.

200

Hence, all their black designs encouraged by  
 The levelled paths of prosperous villany,  
 High-mounted mischief, stretched upon the wing  
 Of powerful ill, pursues the helpless king  
 To the last stage of life, a scaffold ; whence,  
 With tears, cheap offerings to his innocence,  
 Such of his pitying friends as durst disclose  
 Their passions, view him ; whilst insulting foes,  
 Exalted on the pyramids of pride  
 By long-winged power, with base contempt deride  
 Their sorrow, and his sufferings whom they hate,  
 Had followed near the period of his fate ;  
 Which being now so near arrived, that all  
 With various passion did expect the fall  
 Of the last fatal stroke, kind Heaven, to save  
 A life so near the confines of the grave,  
 Transcends dull hope by so sublime a flight,  
 That dazzled faith, amazed with too much light,  
 Whilst ecstasies of wonder did destroy  
 Unripe belief, near lost the road of joy.

210

220

Even with the juncture of that minute when  
 The axe was falling, from those throngs of men  
 Swayed by's command, Argalia, with a speed  
 That startled action, mounts the stage, and freed  
 The trembling prince from death's pale fear ; which done,  
 To show on what just grounds he had begun  
 So brave, so bold an action, seizes all  
 That knowledge or suspicion dares to call

230

<sup>235</sup> action] Singer reads 'act, he.' But the nominative is quite easily supplied from 'mounts.'



The tyrant's friends. The guilty tyrant, who,  
Whilst he doth from his distant palace view  
This dreadful change, with a disdain as high  
As are his crimes, being apprehended by  
Argalia's nimble guards, is forced to be  
Their sad conductor to a destiny  
So full of horror, that it hardly lies  
In 's foes to save him for a sacrifice  
From their wild rage, who know no justice but  
What doth by death a stop to fury put.

240

From noiseless prayers and bloodless looks being by  
The bold attempters of his liberty  
Raised to behold his rescue; heedless fear,  
Hatched by mistake, from those that bordered near,  
Had with such swiftness its infection spread,  
That the more distant, knowing not what bred  
The busy tumult, in so wild a haste,  
As vanquished troops which at the heels are chased  
Fly the pursuing sword, they madly run  
To meet those dangers which they strove to shun:  
In which confusion none o' the throng had been  
Left to behold how justice triumphed in  
Revenge's throne, had not a swift command,  
By power enabled, hastened to withstand  
That troubled torrent which the truth outgrew,  
Until their fears' original they knew.

250

260

The onset past, Argalia, having first  
Secured the tyrant, for whose blood the thirst  
Of the vexed people raged, he mounted on  
That scaffold whence his father should have gone  
A royal martyr to the grave, did there  
By a commanded silence first prepare  
The clamorous throng to hear the hidden cause  
Which made him slight their new-created laws.  
Then, in that mart of satisfaction which  
With knowledge doth the doubtful herd enrich,  
The public view, he freely shows how far  
Through Fortune's deserts the auspicious star  
Of Heaven's unfathomed providence had led  
Him—from the axe to save that sacred head;  
Whose reverend snow his full discovery had  
In the first dress of youthful vigour clad,  
Could constant Nature sympathize with that  
Reviving joy his spirits panted at.

270

280

His son's relation, seconded by all  
That suffering sharer in his pitied fall,  
Mantineia's bishop, knew, joined to the sight  
Of that known jewel, whose unwasted light  
Had served alone to guide them, satisfies  
The inquisition e'en of critic eyes

With such a fullness of content, that they,  
 Each from his prince being lightened with a ray  
 Of sprightly mirth, endeavoured to destroy  
 Their former grief in hope of future joy : 290

Which to attain to, those whose counsels had  
 The land in blood, and then in mourning clad,  
 Called forth by order to confession, there  
 Are scarce given time the foulness to declare  
 Of their past crimes, before the people's hate,  
 That head-strong monster, strove to anticipate  
 The sword of vengeance, and in wild rage save  
 The labour of an ignominious grave

To every parcel of those rent limbs that,  
 When but beheld, they lately trembled at. 300  
 Such being the fate of falling tyrants, when  
 Conquering, the fear, conquered, the scorn of men.  
 But here lest inconsiderate rage should send  
 Their souls to darkness, ere confession end  
 Their tragic story, hated Zarrobrin,

With that unhappy boy whose crown had been  
 Worn but to make him capable to die  
 A sacrifice to injured liberty,  
 Rescued by order from the rout, is to  
 A public trial brought ; where, in the view 310  
 Of all the injured multitude, the old  
 Audacious traitor did t' the light unfold  
 His acts of darkness, which discovered him  
 They gazed on, whilst unquestioned power did dim  
 Discerning wits, but a dull meteor—one  
 By hot ambition mounted to a throne,  
 By an attractive policy, which when  
 Its influence failed, back to that lazy fen,  
 His fortune's centre, hurling him again,  
 The only star in honour's orb would reign. 320

This sly impostor, seconded by that  
 Rebellious guilt his actions offered at  
 In all its bold attempts, had kindled in  
 The late supporters of unprosperous sin  
 So high a rage, that in wild fury they,  
 Their anger wanting what it should obey—  
 A sober judgement, stands not to dispute  
 With the slow law, but with their strength confute  
 All tending to delay ; like torrents broke  
 Through the imprisoning banks, to get one stroke 330  
 At heads so hated, all rush in, until  
 Their severed limbs want quantity to fill  
 A room in the eyes' receiving beams. This done,  
 With blood and anger warmed, they wildly run  
 To search out such whom consanguinity  
 Had rendered so unhappy, as to be

Allied to them: all which, with rage that styled  
 Beasts merciful, and angry soldiers mild,  
 They to destruction chase; whilst guiltless walls,  
 In which they dwelt, in funeral blazes falls; 340  
 Where burns inviting treasure, as they saw  
 In the gold's splendour an anathema  
 So full of horror, as it seemed to be  
 A plague beyond unpitied poverty.

Impetuous rage, like whirlwinds unopposed,  
 Hushed to a calm, as hate had but unclosed  
 The anger-blinded eyes of love, the bold  
 Flame, like a fire forced from repulsive cold,  
 Breaks through the harsh extreme of hate, to show 350  
 How much their loyal duty did outgrow  
 Those fruits of forced obedience, which before  
 They slowly to intruding tyrants bore.  
 In which procession of their joy, that he  
 Might meet their hopes with a solemnity  
 Large as their love, or his delight, the prince,  
 Taught by informing age how to convince  
 Ambition's hasty arguments, calls forth  
 His long-lost son, whose late discovered worth  
 Was grown the age's wonder, to support  
 The ponderous crown, whilst he did tread the short 360  
 And sickly step of age, untroubled by  
 The burthen of afflicting majesty.

His coronation passed, in such a tide  
 Of full content, as to be glorified  
 Blest souls in the world's conflagration shall  
 From tombs their reunited bodies call,  
 The feeble prince, leaving the joyful throng  
 Of his applauding subjects, seeks among  
 Religious shades, those cool retreats, to find  
 That best composer of a stormy mind— 370  
 A still devotion; on whose downy bed  
 Not long he'd laid, before that entrance led  
 Him to the court of Heaven, though through the gate  
 Of welcome death, a cross, which though from fate,  
 Not accident, he being instructed by  
 Age and religion to prepare to die  
 On Nature's summons, yet so deep a strain  
 Spreads o'er those robes that joy had died in grain,  
 That his heroic son, to meet alone  
 So fierce a foe, leaving the widowed throne, 380  
 Retreats to silent tears; whose plenteous spring,  
 By the example of their mourning king,  
 From those small clouds there first beheld to rise,  
 Begets a storm in every subject's eyes.

353 procession] Singer 'profession,' by no means necessarily, I think.

Betraying Time, the world's unquestioned thief,  
 Intending o'er obliterated grief  
 Some new transcription, to perform it brings  
 A ravished quill from Love's expanded wings,  
 Presenting to Argalia's willing view  
 Whate'er blind chance rolled on the various clew 390  
 Of his fair mistress' fate, unfolded by  
 Euriolus; who was, when victory  
 First gave him freedom, by Argalia sent  
 With speed that might anticipate intent,  
 The unconfined Pharonnida to free  
 From her religious strict captivity.  
 But being arrived where, contrary to all  
 His thoughts, he heard how first she came to fall  
 Into Almanzor's hand, by whom conveyed  
 Thence to her father's court, his judgement stayed 400  
 Not to consult with slow advice, but hastes  
 On the pursuit of her; whom found, he wastes  
 Few days before fair opportunity  
 Was so auspicious to his prayers, that he  
 Not only proves a happy messenger  
 Where first employed, but in exchange for her  
 Returns the story of what had been done  
 Since first this tempest of their fate begun.—  
 How she forsook the monastery, and in  
 What agonies of passion thence had been 410  
 Forced to her father's court, where all her fears  
 Dissolve in pity, he related hears  
 With calm attention; but when come to that,  
 Whose first conceptions he had trembled at,  
 The Syracusan's fresh assaults unto  
 That virgin fort, whose strength although he knew  
 Too great for storm, yet since assisted by  
 Her father's power, the wreaths of victory,  
 Rent by command from his deserts, might crown  
 Another's brows. To pull those laurels down, 420  
 Ere raised in triumph, he prepares to move  
 By royal steps unto the throne of love.

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.



## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

From the Ætolians' late victorious king  
Ambassadors in Sparta's court arrive;  
Where slighted, back they this sad message bring,  
That force must only make his just claim thrive.

Which to confirm, the Epirot's power invades  
His land, in hopes for full reward to have  
Pharonnida; but close Almanzor shades  
His glorious hopes in an untimely grave.

AN unripe rumour, such as causes near  
Declining catch at, when betraying fear  
Plunges at hope, had through Gerenza spread  
The story of Argalia's fate, but shed  
From such loose clouds of scattered fame, as by  
Observant wits were only thought to fly  
In the airy region of report, where they  
Are forced each wind of fancy to obey;  
Whose various blasts, when brought unto the test  
Of judgement, rather the desires exprest,  
Than knowledge of its authors. Here, 'mongst those  
Of various censure, sly Almanzor chose  
To be of the believing part, since that  
Might soonest crush all hopes that levelled at  
Affection to Pharonnida, whom he  
Strove to preserve in calm neutrality.

10

But here he fails to countermine his plot,  
This seeming fable soon appears begot  
By solid truth; a truth which scorns to lie  
Begging at th' gates of probability:  
Which to avoid, she from Argalia brings  
Ambassadors, those mouths of absent kings,  
To plead her right; at whose unlooked-for view,  
Almanzor, whose fallacious schemes were drew  
Only for false phenomena, is now  
Forced to erect new figures, and allow  
Each star its influence; but declared in vain,  
Since pride did lord of the ascendant reign—  
Pride, which, conjoined to policy, had made  
All other motions seem but retrograde.

20

His black arts thus deceived, since nought could make  
The dull spectator's ignorance mistake  
This constellation for a comet, he  
Attempts with fear of its malignity  
To fright each busy gazer; and since all  
The circles of opinion were to fall

30

Like spacious azimuths in that zenith, to  
 Settle the prince, through whom the people view  
 All great conjunctions, where the different sign  
 Should force those aspects, which might 'mongst that trine 40  
 Of love else hold a concord, to dispense  
 On him its most destructive influence.

The court being thus prepared, he boldly now  
 Dares the delayed ambassadors allow  
 A long expected audience, which in brief  
 Makes known their master's fate in the relief  
 Of's injured father; thence proceeds to show  
 How much of praise his thankful friends did owe  
 To Heaven for his own restored estate, which he  
 Desires to join in calm confederacy 50  
 With them, his honoured neighbours; hence they past  
 To what concerned Pharonnida, their last  
 And most important message. Which, when heard  
 In such a language as the rivals feared;  
 A language, which, to prove his interest  
 In her unquestioned, come but to request  
 The freedom of a father's grant, a high  
 But stifled rage began to mutiny  
 In all their breasts, such as, if not withheld  
 B' the law of nations, had her father swelled 60  
 To open acts of violence; which seen  
 By some o' the lords, they calm his passion in  
 A cool retreat, such as might seem to be,  
 Though harsh contempt, wrapped in civility.

Fired with disdain, the ambassadors, in such  
 A speed which showed affronts that did but touch  
 Their master's honour wounded theirs, forsook  
 Gerenza; whilst Euriolus betook  
 Himself to some more safe disguise that might  
 Protect him, till the subject of delight, 70  
 The course his royal master meant to steer  
 In gaining her, his story makes appear  
 Unto distressed Pharonnida: who, in  
 That confidence secure as she had been  
 From all succeeding ills protected by  
 A guard of angels, in a harmony  
 Of peaceful thoughts, such as in dangers keep  
 Safe innocence, rocks all her cares asleep.

But here she rests not long before the fall  
 Of second storms proves this short interval 80  
 But lightning, which in tempests shows unto  
 Shores, which the shipwrecked must no more than view.  
 Anger, Ambition, Hate, and jealous Fear,  
 Had all conspired Love's ruin, which drew near

54 the] Singer 'their,'

From hasty counsels' rash results, which in  
His passion's storm had by her father been,  
Like rocks which wretched mariners mistake  
For harbours, fled to, when he did forsake  
That safer channel of advice that might,  
From free conventions, like the welcome light  
Of Pharos, guided his designs, till they  
At anchor in the road of honour lay.

90

As if his fears by nothing could have been  
Secured, but what proved him ungrateful in  
Argalia's ruin, all discourses are  
Distasteful grown, but what to sudden war  
Incites his rage: which humour, though it needs  
No greater fire than what his envy feeds,  
Besides those court tarantulas whose breath  
Stings easy princes, till they dance to death  
At the delightful sound of flattery, there  
Were deeper wits, such whom a subtle care,  
Not servile fear, taught how to aggravate  
His anger's flame, till their own eager hate,  
Though burning with a mortal fury, might  
Pass unobserved, since near a greater light.  
Amongst those few whose love did not depend  
So much on fortune, but the name of friend  
Was still preserved, the faithful Cyprian prince  
Durst only strive by reason to convince  
Their wilder passions; but each argument  
With which affection struggled to prevent  
A swift destruction, only seemed to prove  
His friendship more effectual than his love.  
From which mistake, such as did strive to please  
The angry prince's passionate disease,  
With what might feed the sickly humours, draw  
A consequence that proves Pharonnida  
A blessing which was to his merits due  
Who most opposed the bold aspirer to  
That throne of beauty, which before possest,  
Whole armies must dispute their interest.

100

110

120

The slighted Cyprian, since their fear could trust  
None but confederates, from their counsels thrust,  
Those swift conclusions, which before to stay  
Their violence had reason's cool allay,  
Hurried to action, strict commands are sent  
From fierce Zoranza through each regiment  
Which stooped their ensigns to his power,—that, by  
Such marches as they'd follow victory,  
They reach Ætolia, ere its new-crowned king,  
Warned by report, had liberty to bring

130

91 guided] The omission of 'have' is characteristic.

Opposing strengths,—a task too hard to be  
 Performed with ease in power's minority.  
 Nor fails this counsel, for their army draws  
 No sooner near, but such as in the cause  
 Of unsuccessful rebels late had been  
 Exposed to danger, seek for refuge in  
 A fresh revolt; and, since their ulcerous guilt  
 Was so malignant, that e'en mercy spilt 140  
 Its balm in vain, their injured prince forsake,  
 To strengthen his proud enemies, who make  
 Those poisons up in cordials, and compound  
 Them with their army: which being thus grown sound,  
 Whereas it lately fainted, durst provoke  
 Unto the trial of another stroke  
 His late victorious forces; which, though yet  
 Faint with the blood lost in the last great fit  
 Of honour's fever, when the crisis proved  
 To cure's prognostic, had with ease removed 150  
 The proud invaders, had Morea been,  
 As heretofore, a hurtful neuter in  
 That war; which now, since double strengths oppose,  
 Brave fortitude like base oppression shows.

So long both parties with variety  
 Of fortune fought, that fearing whose might be  
 The sad success, that old Cleander, in  
 Such speed as if his crown engaged had been,  
 Raises an army; whose command, since he  
 Base flattery takes for brave fidelity, 160  
 Waiving those peers to whose known faith he owes  
 The most of trust, in hoodwinked hope bestows  
 On false Almanzor; who by power advanced  
 Near to those hopes at which ambition glanced,  
 But like weak eyes upon the dazzling sun,  
 From that last fatal stage his plots begun  
 Mischief's dark course, which, ere concluded, shall  
 Crush the Epirot in Morea's fall.

In this, the hot distemper of their state,  
 Amindor, whom the destinies of late, 170  
 To double-dye his honour's purple thread,  
 Robbed of a father, most disquieted  
 Their secret counsels; since they knew the love  
 He bore Argalia, propped with power, might prove  
 A sad obstruction to their plots, if he,  
 Urged by distastes, shook their confederacy  
 Off to assist his friend. Which to oppose,  
 With flattery—fleeting as the gourd that rose  
 But to discover his just wrath that made  
 The plant to cover, when it could not shade,— 180  
 They all attempt; though he engage not in  
 Their party, yet his easy youth to win



By honour's moths, by time's betrayers, soft  
And smooth delights, those serpents which too oft  
Strangle Herculean virtues : but they here  
In age's April find a wit appear  
Of such full growth, that by his judgement they  
Are undermined, who studied to betray.

Being thus secured from foreign fears, they now  
Employ that rage, whose speed could scarce allow  
Advice from counsel, to extirpate those  
New planted laurels victory did compose  
To crown Argalia. But before they go  
To ravish conquest from so cheap a foe,  
Whose valour by o'erwhelming power was barred  
From lying safe at a defensive guard,  
Till old Cleander, that their league might be  
Assured by bonds whose firm stability  
Death only could divorce, intends, though she,  
With such aversion as their destiny  
Wretches condemned would shun, attempt to fly  
The storm of fate ; yet countermanded by  
His power, the fair Pharonnida, although  
He not to love, but duty, seemed to owe  
For such a blessing, should Zoranza's be,  
Confirmed by Hymen's high solemnity.

This resolution, whose self-ends must blame  
Her father's love, once registered by fame,  
Submits to censure ; whilst Pharonnida  
Laments her fate, some, prompted by the law  
Of love and nature, are to entertain  
So much of freedom, as they prove in vain  
Her advocates ; others, whose cautious fear  
Dares only pity, in that dress appear  
Silent and sad ; only Almanzor, in  
This state distemper, by that subtle sin,  
Dissimulation, so disguises all  
His black intentions, that whilst truth did call  
Him treason's agent, its reflected light,  
Appearance, spoke him virtue's proselyte ;  
So much a convert, as if all those hot  
Crimes of his youth ambition had begot,  
Discreeter age had either cooled, or by  
Repentance changed to zeal and loyalty.

Whilst thus i' the court the most judicious eyes  
Deluded were by faction's false disguise,  
By rumours heavy as the damps of death  
When they fly laden with the dying breath  
Of new-departed souls, this fatal news  
Assaults the princess ; which whilst reason views  
With sad resentments, to support her in  
This storm of fate, Amindor, who had been

In all her griefs her best adviser, now  
 Enters, to tell her fainting sorrows how  
 They 'd yet a refuge left, from whom she might  
 Reap hopes of safety. The first welcome sight  
 Of such a friend, whose former actions had  
 Enhanced his worth, encountering with her sad  
 And serious thoughts, so rarifies that cloud  
 Of grief, that ere dissolving tears allowed 240  
 A vocal utterance, as intended words  
 Something contained too doleful for records,  
 Both sighed, both wept: at length the princess broke  
 Silence, and thus her dismal passions spoke.

'Dare you, my lord, approach so near unto  
 A factious grief, in this black storm to view  
 Distressed Pharonnida! Have either I  
 Or my Argalia's slighted memory  
 Yet in Morea a remaining friend,  
 Whose virtue dares by its own strength contend 250  
 Against this torrent of court factions? Now,  
 Now, royal sir, that doom which will allow  
 My soul no more refreshing slumbers, by  
 My father's passed—my father, sir, whom I  
 Must disobey with all the curses due  
 To black rebellion, or else prove untrue  
 Those vows, those oft repeated vows, which in  
 Our love's full growth hath to Argalia been  
 Sealed in the sight of Heaven.'—About to speak 260  
 Her passions fuller, sorrow here did break  
 The sad theme off, and to proclaim her fears,  
 Except the o'erflowing language of her tears,  
 No herald left. In which sad silent fit  
 The valiant Cyprian, who at first did sit  
 His passion's prisoner, from that bondage free,  
 To her disease prescribes this remedy.

' . . . . . Cease, madam, . . . . .  
 Cease to eclipse illustrious beauty by  
 Untimely tears; your grief's deformity  
 Frights not Amindor from his friendship. When 270  
 I first beheld that miracle of men,  
 Adored Argalia, pluck from victory  
 His naval laurels, honour told me I  
 Was then so much his virtue's captive, that  
 Not all the dangers mortals tremble at  
 Can make me shun assisting of him in  
 Retaining you; though my attempts have been  
 Employed in vain, in public council to  
 Procure your peace, there's something left to do,  
 By which our private plots may undermine 280  
 Their public power, and unperceived, decline  
 That danger which, without this secret friend,

It lies not in our fortune to defend.'

From grief's cold swoon to living comforts by  
This cordial raised, Pharonnida's reply  
Owns this pathetic language: 'If there be  
In all the dark paths of my destiny  
Yet left a road to safety, name it, sir.  
What I'll attempt, no danger shall deter,  
So brave Amindor be my conduct through  
The dismal road; but my wild hopes outgrow  
Whate'er my reason dictates. No, my lord,  
Fly that sad fate whose progress can afford  
Nought but disasters, and live happy in  
Orlinda's love. Should I attempt to win  
You from so fair a virtue, 'twere a wrong  
Too full of guilt to let me live among  
The number of your friends, 'mongst whom let me  
In all your future thoughts remembered be  
As the most wretched—to whom rigid fate  
All hope's weak cordials hath applied too late.'

290

300

Here ceased the sorrowing lady, to suspend  
Whose following tears, her charitable friend  
Prescribes this comfort:—'Though my zeal hath been,  
When serving you, so unsuccessful in  
My first attempts, it gives just cause to doubt  
My future actions; yet to lead you out  
Of this dark labyrinth, where your sorrow stands  
Masked with amazements, not the countermands  
Of my affection to Orlinda, though  
Confirmed by vows, shall stop; let Grief bestow  
But so much time, unclouded by your fear,  
To look Hope's volumes o'er, there will appear  
Some lines of comfort yet; which that we may  
Not in a heedless horror cast away,  
Prepare for speedy action; to prevent  
Ensuing ills, no time is left unspent,  
But only this approaching night; by which,  
To fly from danger, you must stoop to enrich  
A coarse disguise, whose humble shadows may  
Inquiring eyes to dark mistakes betray.

310

320

'Our first retreat, which is designed to be  
No further than the neighbouring monastery,  
Where I of late did lie concealed, I have  
Thus made secure:—There stands an ancient cave,  
Close hid in unfrequented shadows, near  
Your garden's postern-gate; which, when the fear  
Of bordering foes denied a free access  
To the old abbey, they, from the distress  
Of threatening scouts were safe delivered by  
A vault that through it leads; which, though so nigh  
Unto the city, careless time, since not

330

Forced to frequent, hath wholly left forgot  
 By busy mortals. In this silent cell,  
 Where nought but light's eternal strangers dwell  
 In the meridian depth of night, whilst all  
 Are robed in rest, you none encounter shall  
 Except myself, but him, who may with us  
 This secret share, esteemed Euriolus ;  
 With whom, and your endeared Florenza, we, 340  
 Within the unsuspected monastery  
 Protected by some secret friends, may stay  
 Till fruitless searches waste their hopes away,  
 Whose watchful spleen, by care conducted, might  
 Stop our intentions of a further flight.'

Raised from the cold bed of despair from this  
 Mature advice to hopes of future bliss,  
 The heavenly fair Pharonnida had now  
 Withdrawn the veil of grief, and could allow  
 Some smiles to wait upon those thanks which she 350  
 Returned her friend ; who, that no time might be  
 Lost by neglect from needful action, in  
 A calm of comforts, such as had not been  
 Her late associates, leaves the princess to  
 Pursue those plots, which Fortune bent to undo,  
 Whilst Hope on Expectation's wings did hover,  
 Did thus by fatal accident discover.

That knot in her fair thread of destiny,  
 That lurking snake, the purgatory by  
 Which Heaven refined her, cursed Amphibia, had, 360  
 Whilst mutual language all their thoughts unclad,  
 Close as an unsuspected plague that in  
 Darkness assaults, an unknown sharer been  
 Of this important issue ; which with hate  
 Her genius met, soon strives to propagate  
 A brood of fiends. Almanzor, whose dark plots,  
 Like images of damned magicians, rots  
 Themselves to ruin others, like in this  
 Last act of ill by too much haste to miss  
 The road that led through slippery paths of sin, 370  
 From pride's stupendous precipice falls in  
 A gulf of horror ; in whose dismal shade  
 A private room his dark retreat is made.

Here, whilst his heart is boiled in gall, his brain  
 O'erwhelmed in clouds, whose darkness entertain  
 No beam of reason ; whilst ambition mixed  
 Examples of the bloodiest murders fixed  
 Upon the brazen front of time, all which  
 Lends no unfathomed policy to enrich

346 from this] Singer 'by this,' probably, according to expectation, and still more probably in consequence of the previous 'from': but not, I think, Chamberlayne being Chamberlayne, quite certainly.



His near impoverished brain, he hears one knock, 380  
Whose sudden noise soon scattering all the flock  
Of busy thoughts, him in a hasty rage  
Hurries t' the door; where come, his eyes engage  
His tongue to welcome one whose cursed advice  
His tortured thoughts turned to a paradise  
Of pleasing hopes, on whose foundation he  
Prepares to build a future monarchy.

A slow-consuming grief, whose chronic stealth  
Had slyly robbed Palermo's prince of health,  
In spite of all the guards of art had long 390  
Worn out his strength, and now had grown too strong  
For age to bear. Each baffled artist in  
A sad despair forsaking what had been  
Tried but to upbraid their ignorance, except  
An aged friar, whose judgement long had slept  
From watchful practice, but i' the court of arts  
Been so employed, that the mysterious parts  
Of clouded theoric, which he courted by  
High contemplation, to his mind's clear eye  
Lay all undressed of that disguise which in 400  
Man's fall, to afflict posterity, they'd been  
By angry Heaven wrapped in; so that he knew  
What astral virtues vegetables drew  
From a celestial influence, and by what  
Absconded magic Nature fitted that  
To working humours, which they either move  
By expulsive hate, or by attractive love.  
This art's true master, when his hope was grown  
Faint with delays, to the sick prince made known,  
A swift command calls from his still repose 410  
The reverend sire: who come, doth soon disclose  
That long concealed malignity which had  
The feeble prince in sickly paleness clad:  
Nor stays his art at weak prognostics, but  
Proceeds to practise whatso'er may put  
His prince in ease—cordials abstracted by  
A then near undiscovered chemistry,  
Such as in single drops did all comprise  
Nature e'er taught Art to epitomize:  
Such as, if armed with a Promethean fire, 420  
Might force a bloodless carcass to respire;  
Such as curbed Fate, and, in their hot assault  
Whilst storming Life, made Death's pale army halt.  
This rare elixir by the prince had been,  
With such success as those that languish in  
Consuming ills, could wish themselves, so long  
Used, that those fits, which else had grown too strong

389 Palermo's] Observe that we are once more hovering between the Morea and Sicily.

For Nature to contend withal, were now  
 Grown more remiss; when Fate, that can allow  
 No lasting comforts, to declare her power 430  
 O'er Art itself, arrests that conqueror  
 Of others' ills with a disease that led  
 Him a close prisoner to an uncouth bed.  
 Which like to prove Nature's slow chariot to  
 The expecting grave, loath to the public view  
 To prostitute a secret, yet bound by  
 The obligation of his loyalty  
 To assist his prince, he to Pharonnida  
 That sovereign secret, which could only awe  
 Her father's threatening pain, declares; which she 440  
 Hath since composed, whene'er's extremity  
 Suffered those pains: whose progress to prevent  
 She'd by Amphibia now the cordial sent,  
 The sly Amphibia, who did soon obey  
 What lent her hate a freedom to betray.

His first salutes being past, with such a speed  
 As did declare the guilt of such a deed  
 Might doubt discovery, she unfolds that strange  
 Amazing truth, which from the giddy range  
 Of wild invention soon contracts each thought 450  
 Into resolves, such as no object sought  
 But the destruction of whate'er might stop  
 Ambition's progress; towards the slippery top  
 Of which now climbing, on Conceit's stretched wings,  
 He silent stands, whilst teeming Fancy brings  
 That monster forth, for whose conception he  
 Long since deflowered his virgin loyalty.

Few minutes, by that auxiliary aid  
 Which her discovery lent, his thoughts conveyed  
 Through all the roads of doubt; which safely past, 460  
 Strictly embracing her who in this last  
 And greatest act of villany must have  
 A further share, he thus begins:—'Oh save,  
 Save, thou that art my better genius now,  
 What thou alone hast raised; my hopes must bow  
 Beneath impossibilities, if not  
 By thee assisted. Fortune hath begot  
 The means already; let this cordial be  
 With poison mixed—Fate knows no enemy  
 Dares grapple with me—Do not start, there's here 470  
 No room for danger, if we banish fear.'

His thoughts thus far discovered, finding in  
 Her various looks, that apprehended sin,  
 The soul's mercurial pill, did penetrate  
 Her callous conscience, in whose cell this sat  
 With gnawing horror, whilst all other lives  
 Whom her fraud spilt, proved hurtless corrosives,

From the cold ague of repentance he  
Thus rouses her:—‘Can my Amphibia be  
By fear, that fatal remora to all  
That’s great or good, thus startled? Is the fall  
Of an old tyrant grown a subject for  
This soft remorse? Let thy brave soul abhor  
Such sickly passions: when our fortune stands  
Fixed on their ruin, the unwilling hands  
Of those that now withstand our glorious flight,  
Will help enthrone us; whilst unquestioned right,  
Which is for power the world’s mistaken word,  
Is made our own b’ the legislative sword.’

480

Raised from her fear’s cold trepidations by  
These hot ingredients, in an ecstasy  
Of flatuous hopes, she casts herself into  
This gulf of sin; and being prepared to do  
An act, which not the present times could see  
With sense enough, whilst in the extremity  
Of wonder lost, through all his guards’ strict care  
Death to the unsuspecting prince doth bear.  
Freed from this doubt, Almanzor, to avoid  
That storm of rage, which, when their prince destroyed  
The court should know, might rise from fear, pretends  
Haste to the army; but being gone, suspends  
That speedy voyage, and being attended by  
A wretch whose guilt assured his privacy,  
Through paths untrod hastes to the cave wherein  
Those habits, which had by Amindor been  
(Whilst he his beauteous charge did thence convey)  
Prepared to cloud illustrious beauty, lay:  
Of which, in such whose size did show they were  
For th’ largest sex, they both being clad, with care  
Secret as swift, haste to augment the flood  
Of swelling sins with yet more royal blood.  
The Epirots’ constant prince, by custom had  
Made known a walk, which, when the day unclad  
Of glittering tissue in her evening’s lawn  
Sat coolly dressed, to court the sober dawn,—  
He often used. Near this, Almanzor, by  
Hell made successful in his villany,  
Arrived some minutes ere the other, lies  
Concealed, till darkness and a close disguise,  
Those safe protectors, from his unseen seat  
Call him to action; where, with thoughts replete  
With too much joy to admit suspicion, he  
Finds the Messenian, whom no fear to be  
Assaulted there had armed, his spacious train  
Shrunk into one that served to entertain  
Time with discourse. Upon which heedless pair  
The armed Almanzor rushing unaware,

490

500

510

520

Ere strength had time their valour to obey,  
 In storms of wounds their senses lose the way  
 To external objects ; in which giddy trance 530  
 The other lord, whose spirits' re-advance  
 To life they fear not, lies secure, whilst by  
 Redoubled wounds his prince's spirits fly  
 From the most strong retreats of life ; which now,  
 Battered by death, no safety could allow.

Revenge's thirst being in this royal flood  
 Quenched for awhile, that from the guiltless blood  
 His honour might not yet a stain receive,  
 First hasting to the cave, he there doth leave  
 Those injured habits, which by him were meant 540  
 For the betrayers of the innocent.

This done, that he e'en from suspicion might  
 Secure his guilt, before the wasted night  
 Looks pale at the approach of day, he flies  
 T' the distant army ; there securely lies,  
 Till all those black productions of his brain,  
 Now ripening to perfection, should attain  
 Maturity, and in the court appear  
 In their most horrid dress ; knowing the fear  
 Of the distracted city soon would call 550  
 Him and his army, to prevent the fall  
 Of such distracting dangers, as might be  
 Attendants on the eclipse of majesty.

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

## Canto IV

### THE ARGUMENT

Now, as if that great engineer of ill,  
 Accursed Almanzor, had accomplished all  
 Those black designs, which are ordained to fill  
 The Spartan annals, by his prince's fall ;

With secret spite, yet such as seemed to be  
 From an advised protector of the state,  
 Pharonnida's ill fate assisting, he  
 Toward her destruction prosecutes his hate.

THAT dismal night, which in the dark records  
 Of story yet so much of fate affords  
 In the Morean annals, had to day  
 Resigned its reign, whose eastern beams display  
 Their morning beauties ; by whose welcome light,  
 The early courtier, tired with tedious night,  
 ( 267 )



Rises to meet expected triumphs in  
Their princess' nuptials, which so long had been  
The joyful business of their thoughts, that now  
Sallying to action, they're instructed how  
To court observance from the studied pain  
Of best inventions—by attractive gain,  
Joined to the itch of ostentative art,  
Were thither drawn from each adjacent part.

10

In this swelled torrent of expected mirth,  
Which all conclude must make this morning's birth  
To future ages celebrated by  
An annual triumph, the disparity  
Of passion, sorrow, first breaks forth among  
The slain Epirot's followers; who so long  
Had missed their master, that they now begin  
To doubt his safety. Every place had been  
By strict inquiry searched, to which they knew  
Either affection or employment drew  
His frequent visits; but with an effect  
So vain, their care served only to detect  
Their love, not him its object; who might have  
Lain till corruption sought itself a grave,  
Had not an early forester so near  
The place approached, that maugre all that fear  
Alleged to stop a full discovery, he  
Beheld so much as taught him how to free  
His friends from further fruitless searches, in  
Discovering what beneath their fears had been.

20

30

In sorrow, such as left no power to vent  
Its symptoms, but a deep astonishment,  
The amazed Messenians, whom a sad belief  
Deprived of hope, did entertain their grief.  
Whose swift infection to communicate—  
Their murdered prince, as if pale death kept state  
Clad in the crimson robes of blood, is to  
The city brought; where, whilst the public view  
In busy murmurs spread her sable wings,  
Pale terror to the court, grief's centre, brings  
The dreadful truth; which some officious lord,  
Whom favour did the privilege afford  
Of easy entrance, through the guards of fear  
In haste conveys, to assault the prince's ear.

40

With such a silence as did seem to show  
Unwelcome news is in its entrance slow,  
Entered the room, he's with soft pace unto  
The bed approached; whose curtains when withdrew,  
Discovered Horror in the dismal dress  
Of Death appears—Freed from the slow distress  
Of Age, that coward tyrant which ne'er shows  
His strength till man wants vigour to oppose,

50

Through Death's dark gates fled to the gloomy shade,  
 Whose fear, or hope, not knowledge doth invade  
 Our fancies yet, he man's material part  
 There only sees; which Form, whose heavenly art 60  
 Tunes motion into th' faculties of life,  
 Had now forsook; the elemental strife,  
 Which had so long at concord aimed, was now  
 Silenced in death; on his majestic brow  
 No awful frown did sit; the blood's retreat  
 From life and action left his cheeks the seat  
 Of Death's cold guest, which, summoned by his fate,  
 There in a pale and ghastly horror sat.

Whilst the astonished courtier did behold  
 This, with such trembling as, when graves unfold 70  
 Their doomsday's curtains, sinful bodies shall  
 Rise from their urns, eternally to fall—  
 His stay, caused from restrictive fear, had drew  
 In more spectators; to whose wondering view  
 This ghastly object when opposed had strook  
 So swift a terror, that their fears forsook  
 The safe retreats of reason. Seeing life  
 Had now concluded all the busy strife  
 Of Nature's conflicts, by delivering those  
 Time-shaken forts unto more powerful foes, 80  
 Outcries in vain attempt for pity to  
 Scale Heaven; whose ear when from their prayers withdrew,  
 The court, now of her royal head bereft,  
 In a still calm of hopeless sorrow left.

Infectious grief, disdaining now to be  
 Confined within the brief stenography  
 Of first discoverers, spreads itself among  
 The city herd; whose rude unsteady throng  
 Raised grief, which in the mourning court did dwell  
 In such a silence as an anchorite's cell 90  
 Ne'er knew a heavier solitude, into  
 Exalted outcries: whose loud call had drew  
 From their neglected arts so many, that  
 What first was choler, now being kindled at  
 Their rage, like humours grown adust, had been  
 The open breach to let rebellion in;  
 Had not the wiser nobles, which did know  
 That vulgar passions will to tumult grow  
 When backed with power, by a new-modelled form  
 Of counsel soon allayed this rising storm. 100

Their tears, those fruitless sacrifices to  
 Unactive grief, wiped off, whilst they did view  
 The state's distempered body, to supply  
 The wants of that departed majesty,  
 Which, when their prince from life's horizon fell,  
 Fled from their view, before report should tell

This fatal story to the princess, they  
A council call; by whose advice she may,  
Whilst floating in this sea of sorrow, be  
Saved from those unseen rocks, where Treachery, 110  
Rebellion's subtle engineer, might sit  
To wreck the weakness of a female wit;  
Which, though in her such that it might have been  
The whole world's pilot, could, since clouded in  
Such a tempestuous sea of passions, see  
No star that might her safe director be.

A messenger, whose sad observant wit  
By age allayed, seemed a conveyer fit  
For such important business, with the news  
Hastes towards the princess. Whom whilst Fear pursues 120  
On wings of Pity, being arrived within  
The palace, he, as that alone had been  
The only seat where rigid Sorrow took  
Her fixed abode, beholds each servant's look  
Obscured with grief; through whose dark shades whilst he  
Searches the cause, the strange variety  
Explains itself—As families that have  
Led their protecting ruler to the grave,  
Whose loss they in a heedless sorrow mourn  
So long, till care doth to distraction turn, 130  
Her servants sat; each wildly looking on  
The other, till even sense itself was gone  
In mourning wonder; whose wild flight to stay,  
Its cause they to the pitying lord display  
In such a tone, as, whilst it did detect  
The princess' absence, showed their own neglect.

When this he'd heard, with such a sympathy  
Of sorrow, as erected Grief to be  
The mourning monarch of his thoughts, to those  
Returned that sent him, he that transcript shows 140  
Of this obscure original—the flight  
Of the absent princess, whilst the veil of night  
Obscured her passage, tells: but, questioned—how,  
With whom, or whether knowledge did allow  
No satisfaction, all inquiry gained  
From her amazed attendants, but explained  
Their grief; whose troubled rivulet flowed in  
To that vast ocean, where before they'd been  
By sorrow shipwrecked, in the general flood  
Mixed, wants a language to be understood 150  
In a peculiar character, and so  
Conjoined, makes up one universal woe.

Only, as if Love knew alone the art

114 pilot] Orig. as elsewhere 'Pilate.'

120 Whom] Singer 'Who,' not only unnecessarily, but, I think, wrongly.

That taught his followers how to mourn apart,  
 Sad, sweet Orlinda, whose calm innocence  
 Had fostered passion at her health's expense ;  
 Whilst wet with grief's o'erflowing spring, she to  
 Her brother's ghost did pay soft Nature's due,  
 In sorrow of such sad complexion, that  
 Others might lose their own to wonder at ; 160  
 Yet when, as in the margin placed, she hears  
 Amindor lost, with new supplies of tears  
 Grief sallying forth, as if to be betrayed  
 Love now did fear, he draws the bashful maid  
 From those that did the mourning concert keep,  
 Where she unseen for Love's decease doth weep ;  
 Frail woman's faith, and man's neglect doth blame,  
 And softly then sighs out Amindor's name—  
 Her lost Amindor, whose supposed disdain  
 Destroyed those spirits grief could ne'er have slain. 170

And now before that power's decay engage  
 Too many hands in a vindictive rage,  
 The wise supporters of the state, to stay  
 Increasing factions, which can ne'er obey  
 Lest Fear commands, unto Almanzor send  
 A mandate, which enjoins him to attend  
 Their councils in this interregnum, till  
 Their joint consent had found out one to fill  
 The empty throne. Which summons, prompted by  
 A care which they interpret loyalty, 180  
 Though truly called ambition, he obeyed  
 With such a speed as Love would fly to aid  
 A ravished lady ; having to impede  
 His march no more than what his care could lead—  
 Even with a winged speed, yet that a strength  
 Enough to make his will confine the length  
 Of their desires, who soon in council sit  
 But to bewail the abortion of their wit.

The frightened city having entered in  
 A mourning march, as if his thoughts had been 190  
 A stranger to the sad events of this  
 So dismal night, he by relation is  
 Informed of each particular : which he  
 Seeming to hear in grief's extremity,  
 From silent sorrow which appeared to wait  
 On still attention, his prepared deceit  
 Disguised in rage appears ; a rage which, in  
 Its active flight to find what hearts had been  
 Defiled with thoughts of such foul crimes, did seem  
 So full of zeal, its actions did redeem 200

185 winged] This is Singer's ingenious emendation for the orig. *vox nihili*  
 'singes.'



The lost report of loyalty in those  
His former crimes made his most constant foes.  
By guarded gates, and watchful parties that  
Surround the walls, till th' people, frightened at  
Their fury, shrink from public throngs. They now  
Assured of safety, whilst inquiring how  
Hell hatched these monsters—whose original  
Whilst searching, they, by the consent of all  
His best physicians, whose experienced skill  
From outward signs knew what internal ill  
Death struck the prince, informed the cause could be  
From nought but such a subtle enemy  
As poison; which, when every accident  
They had examined, all conclude was sent  
Mixed with that cordial, whose concealed receipt  
Unknown to art, their envy termed the bait  
To tempt the easy prince's faith into  
That net which Death, allured by Treason, drew.

210

With power, from this embraced suspicion sprung,  
Almanzor, whom not envy's spotted tongue  
Durst call profane, though rudely forcing those  
Weak gates, which need no greater strength to oppose  
Unclean intruders, than the reverence they,  
Enforced by zeal, did with religion pay  
Unto that place's sanctity; which he  
Contemning, ere the wronged society  
Expecting such injurious visits, in  
Rude fury entering, those whose power had been  
Employed by noble pity to attend  
The suffering princess, in such haste did send  
Them to her close and dark abodes, that now  
Their doubts confirmed, they're only studying how  
To shun that danger which informing fear  
Falsely persuades towards them alone drew near,  
Which dark suspicion, ere unclouded by  
Seizing on him whose innocence durst fly  
To no retreat, the royal fugitives  
Back to the vault where first they entered, drives.

220

230

Now, at the great'st antipathy to day,  
The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay  
Vested in clouds, black as they had been sent  
To be the whole world's mourning monument;  
When through the cave's damp womb, conducted by  
A doubtful light that scarce informed the eye  
To find out those unhaunted paths, they, in  
A faint assurance, with soft pace begin  
To sally forth; where, unsuspected, they  
Are seized by guards that in close ambush lay:  
Which, ere amazement could give action leave  
To seek for safety, did their hopes deceive

240

250

By close restraint. Awed by whose power, they're to  
 Almanzor brought; who from that object drew  
 Such joy as fills usurpers, when they see  
 Wronged princes struggling with captivity.

From hence in such disdainful silence led  
 As taught their fear, from just suspicion bred,  
 To tremble at some unknown ill; about  
 That sober time when light's small lamps go out  
 At the approach of day's bright glories, brought  
 Back to the court, they there not long had sought  
 Their sorrow's sad original, before

260

A court convened of such whose power had bore  
 (Whilst God's own choice, a monastery, had lent  
 Their dictates law) the weight of government.  
 They, hither called by summons that did sound  
 Like bold rebellion, in sad omen found  
 More than they feared:—A mourning train of lords  
 Placed round a black tribunal, that affords  
 To the spectator's penetrated eye

270

A dismal horror clothed in majesty.  
 Like hieroglyphics pointing to that fate  
 Which must ensue, all yet in silence sate—  
 A dreadful silence! such as unto weak  
 Beholders seemed to threaten, when they speak,  
 Death and destruction dictates. When they saw  
 Their princess entered, as if rigid law  
 To loyal duty let the sceptre fall,

In an obedient reverence raised, they all  
 Lowly salute her; but that compliment

280

To bribe their pity, fear in vain had spent.  
 When all resuming now their seats, command  
 The royal captives, whose just cause did stand  
 On no defence but unknown truth, to be  
 Summoned t' the bar; where, that they first might see  
 What rigour on the royal blood was shown,  
 From no unjust conspiracy had grown,  
 A sable curtain from their heres drawn,  
 Betrays her eyes, then in the sickly dawn  
 Of grief grown dim, unto that horrid place  
 Where they met death drawn in her father's face;  
 By whom, now turned into well-modelled clay,  
 Fitted for's tomb, the slain Epirot lay.

290

At this, as if some over-venturous look  
 For temperate rays, destructive fire had took  
 In at her soul's receiving portals, all  
 Life's functions ceased; sorrow at once lets fall

269 penetrated] Singer, with less than his usual judgement, 'penetrating.' 'Penetrated' of course means, as it does in French and did in English as late as Madame d'Arblay, 'strongly moved.'

The burthen of so many griefs, which in  
A death-like slumber had forgotten been,  
Till human thoughts, obliterated by  
The wished conversions of eternity,  
Oppressed no more, had not injurious haste,  
Before this conflict could those spirits waste,  
Which had, to shun passion's external strife,  
Fled to the *primum mobile* of life,  
Recalled with them her sorrows to attend  
Their nimblest motions, which too fast did spend  
Her strength, to suffer weakness to obey  
The court's intentions of a longer stay.

300

From ruffled passions which her soul oppress,  
By the soft hand of recollecting rest  
Stroked to a calm, which settled Reason in  
Her troubled throne; by those that first had been  
Her guards, the princess—that fair pattern whence  
Men drew the height of human excellence,  
Is now returned, to let her proud foes see,  
That the bright rays of magnanimity,  
Though envy like the ungrateful moon do strive  
To hide that sun, except what's relative  
Ne'er knows eclipse, the darkness taking birth  
From what's below, whilst that removed from earth,  
Her clear unclouded conscience, ever stays  
Amongst bright virtue's universal rays.

310

320

The mourning court, those ministers of fate,  
In expectation of their prisoners sate:—  
They now appear in those disguises which  
They first were took, being habits, though not rich  
Enough to gild their rare perfections, yet  
Such as did seem by sorrow made to fit  
Their present sufferings:—both the men clothed in  
Monastic robes, black as their threads had been  
Spun from Peruvian wool; the women, clad  
Like mournful votaries, showed so sweetly sad,  
As if their virtues, which injurious fate  
Did yet conceal, striving to anticipate  
The flights of time, had to the external sense  
Showed these as emblems of their innocence.

330

But love, nor pity, though they both did here  
Within their judges' sternest looks appear,  
Durst plead for favour; their indictments read,  
So guilty found, that those whose hearts e'en bled,  
Disdained their eyes should weep, since justice did  
In such foul crimes mercy as sin forbid.  
Yet more to clear what circumstance had made  
Level with reason, from the approaching shade  
Of death redeemed, that lord, whose wounds had been  
But slumbers to recover safety in,

340

When the Messenian murdered was, did now  
 Declare, as far as reason could allow  
 The eyes to judge, those habits, which they then  
 Did wear, the same which clothed the murderers when 350  
 His prince was slain; which open proof appears  
 So full of guilt, it stops her friends' kind fears,  
 Ere raised to hope, and in appearance shows  
 A guilt, which all but pity overgrows.

The vexed Epirots, who for comfort saw  
 Revenge appearing in the form of law,  
 Retired, to feed their spleen with hope, until  
 The extent of justice should their vengeance fill.  
 When now, by accusations that denied  
 Access to pity, for a parricide 360  
 The princess questioned, whose too weak defence,  
 Being but the unseen guards of innocence,  
 Submits to censure. Yet to show that all  
 Those scattered pearls, which from her eyes did fall,  
 Dropped not to attempt their charity, but show  
 That no injurious storm could overflow  
 Her world of reason—which exalted stood  
 Above the surface of the spacious flood,  
 (Her tears for grief, not guilt, being shed), whilst in  
 The robes of magnanimity, not sin 370  
 Grown impudent, her brave resolved soul sate  
 Unshaken in this hurricane of fate.

To meet her calm, which like religion drest  
 Doth all become, but female virtues best,  
 The rough Amindor, whose discoloured face  
 Anger did more than native beauty grace,  
 Since justly raised, disdaining thus to be  
 By a plebeian base captivity  
 Forced to submit his innocence unto  
 Their doubtful test, had from his anger drew 380  
 A ruin swifter than their hate intends,  
 Had not his rage, while it toward danger bends,  
 Been taught by her example to exclude  
 Vain passions with a princely fortitude;  
 Whose useful aid, like those good works which we  
 For comforts call in death's necessity,  
 Brought all their better angels to defend  
 Them from those terrors which did death attend.

In busy whispers, which discovered by  
 Their doubtful looks the thoughts' variety, 390  
 Long in sad silence sat the court; until  
 Those noiseless streams of fancy which did fill  
 Each several breast, united by consent,  
 Want only now a tongue so impudent  
 As durst condemn their sovereign; which being in  
 Theumantius found, a lord whose youth had been



By favours nursed, till power's wild beast, grown rude,  
Repay his foster with ingratitude.

This bold, bad man, love's most unhappy choice,  
From flattery's treble now exalts his voice,  
Without the mean of an excuse, into  
The law's loud bass, and what those feared to do  
That had been favoured less, that black decree  
Pronounced, which discords all the harmony  
Of subject fear and sovereign love, by what  
Succeeding ages justly trembled at  
Whilst innocent, but have of late been grown  
So bad to show such monsters of their own.

400

This sentence passed, which knew no more allay  
Of mercy, than what lets their judgement stay  
From following life to death's obscure retreat,  
Till twenty nights had made their days complete,  
The court breaks up; yet ere from public view  
To close restraint the royal captives drew,  
Grant them this favour from their rigid laws—  
That if there durst, to vindicate their cause,  
In that contracted span of time appear  
Any whose forward valour durst endear  
The people's love and prayers so much—to be  
Their champion, that his victory should free  
Them from that doom's strict rigour; to oppose  
Which brave attempter they Almanzor chose,  
Since high command that honour did afford  
To him alone, to wield the answering sword.

410

420

Now near departing, whilst the Cyprian in  
A brave disdain, which for submissive sin  
Looks on an answer, as his haste would show  
An anger that did scorn to stoop so low  
To strike with threats, stands silent; whilst that she,  
Whose temper Heaven had made too calm to be  
By rage transported, with a soul unmoved  
By stormy passions, thus their sin reproved:—

430

'Should I, my lords, here with a female haste  
Discharge my passions, 'twere, perhaps, to waste  
My prayers or threats, whilst one you would not fear,  
Nor the other pity: but when Heaven shall clear  
This curtained truth, wrapped in whose cloudy night,  
Unjustly you, from my unquestioned right  
By birth, obedience, into faction stray,  
Then, though too late, untimely sorrow may  
Strive by repentance to expunge these stains  
Cast on your honour. These exhausted veins,  
Fixed eyes, pale cheeks, death's dismal trophies, in  
This royal face I now could not have seen

440

398 foster] 'forester' which Singer prints, is of course a result of confusion with the form of that word common in Malory, &c.

With a less sorrow than had served to call  
 Me to attend him, had not the rude fall  
 Of your injustice, like those dangerous cures  
 Performed by turning into calentures  
 Dull lethargies, upon my heart laid hold  
 In such a flame of passion, as the cold  
 Approach of death wants power to quench, until  
 You add that crime to this preceding ill.

450

‘Yet, though no fear can prompt my scorn to crave  
 A subject’s mercy for myself, to save  
 This noble stranger, whose just acts, being crost  
 By misconstruction, have their titles lost,  
 I shall become your suppliant, lest there be  
 A sin contracted by his serving me;  
 And only in such noble ways as might  
 Unveil themselves t’ the sun’s meridian light.  
 Sure he unjustly suffers; which may cause  
 You want more swords to vindicate your laws,  
 Than his you late elected to make good  
 Your votes, ere scarce cleansed of that loyal blood  
 He in rebellion shed :—but I am now  
 Too near my fatal period, to allow  
 Disturbing passion any place within  
 My peaceful soul. Whate’er his crimes have been  
 In public war, or private treason, may  
 Kind Heaven, when with the injustice of this day  
 Those shall be quickly questioned, to prevent  
 Their doom, conceal them in the large extent  
 Of Mercy’s wings, which there may prove so kind  
 To you, though here I can no justice find!’

460

470

This spoken, in a garb that did detect  
 A sorrow which was ripened to neglect,  
 She silent stands; whilst through the thick resort  
 Of thronged spectators, toward the rising court  
 Orlinda comes, with such a haste as showed  
 That service she by Love’s allegiance owed—  
 Love, which had Sorrow’s sable wings out-fled,  
 To mourn the living, not lament the dead.  
 Come where her fears’ now near lost object she  
 Within the shadow of the grave might see  
 By sentence shut, neglecting death that lay  
 In ambush there her reason to betray  
 To hate, when, by the false informing law,  
 Her friend she as her brother’s murderer saw,  
 In actions such as Scythian tyrants feel  
 Some softness from, she that ne’er used to kneel  
 To aught but Heaven, a lowly suppliant falls  
 Before the court; from whose stern breast she calls  
 So much of sorrow as perhaps had strook  
 Them all with horror, if a sudden look

480

490

Obliquely on her murdered brother cast,  
Had not, ere Love assaulted with her last  
And powerfulest prayers, whilst hot with action, in  
A cool retreat of spirits silenced been.

She, fainting fallen, as an addition to  
Their former grief, is from the throng withdrew 500  
Into the free untainted air—where, by  
Assisting friends, which gently did apply  
Their needful aid, heat, which was then grown slack  
In Nature's work, antipathy calls back  
To beauty's frontiers; where, like bashful light,  
It in a blush meets the spectators' sight,  
But such an one, as, ere full blown, is by  
Her friend's disasters forced again to fly  
Beneath those clouds of grief, whose swelling pride,  
Spread by report, did now not only hide 510  
The court or city, but to bear a part  
Of that sad load summons each subject's heart.

Whilst now the prisoners, ere the people's love  
To anger turn, the active guards remove,  
To still the clamorous multitude, who, swayed  
By various passions, did, whilst each obeyed  
Opinion's dictates, but in darkness rove  
At shadowed truth, whence now they boldly strove  
To pluck the veil from declarations that  
Contained those falsehoods, which whilst wondering at, 520  
They wept to force upon their faith, are sent  
Through th' land's each town, and army's regiment;  
By which Almanzor, who attempted in  
This plot to join security with sin,  
Doubting, if e'er this story reach his ear,  
Argalia might their combatant appear,  
Besides those stains which common fame did take  
For sin's just debts, slyly attempts to shake  
The heaven-erected fabric of his love  
By closer engines, such as seemed to move 530  
On noble pity, which with grief engrost  
That faith which envy in disdain had lost.

Black rumour, on the wings of raised report  
Flying in haste, had soon attained the court  
Of the amazed Aetolian prince; who hears  
The dreadful story with such doubtful fears  
As shook his noble soul, but not into  
An easy faith each circumstance was true;  
He knew Almanzor's villainy to be  
Of that extent, so foul a progeny 540  
As all those horrid murders, might from thence  
Take easy birth: but when the innocence  
Of's virtuous princess, and his honoured friend,  
The noble Cyprian prince, come to contend

With oft confirmed report, that strikes a deep  
 And solemn grief, yet such as must not keep  
 A firm possession in his soul, until  
 A further inquisition either kill  
 His yet unfainting hopes, or raise them to  
 Joy by confirming those reports untrue.

550

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

Through royal blood to level that dark way  
 Which rebels pass unto the injured throne,  
 Pharonnida is now condemned to pay  
 A debt for crimes that none durst call her own.

When near the last step, brave Argalia, who  
 In close disguise Truth's secrets had betrayed,  
 When most did doubt 'twas now too late to sue  
 To Heaven for pity, brings a timely aid.

IF on those vanished heroes that are fled  
 Through the unknown dark chasms of the dead,  
 To rest in regions so remote from hence—  
 'Twixt them and life there's no intelligence,  
 Whene'er thou look'st through Time's dim optics, then  
 Brave emulation of those braver men  
 Rouses that ray of heaven—thy soul, to be  
 A sharer in their fame's eternity;  
 Thou'st then a genius fit to entertain  
 A muse's flight: which may be raised again  
 To sing thy actions, when there's left no more  
 Of thee, but what by life, whilst passing o'er  
 Nature's short stage, had either scattered been  
 By careless youth, or firmly planted in  
 Maturer age; whose wasted talent spent,  
 Those were his friends—This is his monument  
 Is all, except some muse thy life records,  
 That to thy worth the unthankful world affords.

10

But if thy uninspired soul do bear  
 A lower sail, which, flagging with the care  
 Of humid pleasures, ne'er is swelled into  
 Sublimier thoughts than such as only view  
 Earth for its object, which ne'er yet did lend  
 Her favourites more than what they here do spend  
 To improve her barren wants, may none rehearse  
 Thy name—beneath the dignity of verse,  
 But trivial flatterers, such as strive to gain  
 Thy favour from ephemeras of the brain,

20



Unsalted jests ! Pleased at whose painted fire  
I leave fond thee in vapour to expire,  
Whilst from thy living shadow I return  
To crown the dust in brave Argalia's urn.

30

From common Fame, that wild impostor, he  
Had often heard what Love denied should be  
For truth admitted—his Pharonnida

Accused for sins which envy strove to draw  
Objects for Heaven's severest wrath ; and now,  
Ere his considerate judgement would allow  
Report for real, secret messengers

To Corinth sends ; who, ill-informed, transfers  
His further trouble, in confirming what,  
Whilst others wept for, he, transported at

40

So sad a change in her whose virtue had  
Inflamed his thoughts, by passion near unclad  
His soul of all his robes of flesh, which now  
So loosely hung, as if she practised how  
To strip herself, should unexpected death  
To Heaven's hard course call forth the nimble breath,

Could earth here conquer, or had it within  
The power of whatsoe'er is mortal been,  
T' have wrought disorders of amazement, where  
The noble soul such true consent did bear

50

With the harmonious angels, (he in all  
His acts like them appears, or, ere his fall,  
Perhaps like man, that he could only be  
Distinguished from some hallowed hierarchy,  
By being clothed in the specific veil  
Of flesh and blood), this grief might then prevail  
Over his perfect temper, but he bears

These weights as if unfelt ; on his soul wears

60

The sable robes of sorrow, whilst his cheek  
Is dressed in scarlet smiles ; no frown his sleek  
And even front contracts—like to a slow  
And quiet stream, his obscured thoughts did flow,  
With greater depths than could be fathomed by  
The beamy lines of a judicious eye.

Whilst those good angels, which fond men call wit  
Reformed by age, did all in council sit,  
To steer those thoughts by which he did attend  
Pharonnida's escape, they to this end

70

At length reduced his counsels :—That he must,  
To succour her, leave grovelling in the dust  
His kingdom, which being by domestic strife  
Late wounded, was but newly rubbed to life :  
Yet since that there to her redemption lay  
In all the progress of his thoughts no way  
Less full of danger, such of's lords as he  
Honoured for age, and praised for loyalty,

Called to a secret council, he discovers  
 His fixed resolves; which they, though now no lovers, 80  
 With such consenting souls did hear, that though  
 They knew his danger might e'en fear outgrow,  
 They, to oppose that score of cowards, brings  
 His vows, his sacred vows, those sceptred kings  
 Which justly rule the conscience, that awed by  
 Usurping fear submits to tyranny.

Their first proposals, whence their judgement sought  
 To hide his absence, to conclusion brought,  
 They thence proceed to level him a way  
 Through that thick swarm of enemies that lay 90  
 Circling the walls; where reason stays awhile  
 In various censure, ere't could reconcile  
 Their differing judgements; but at length in this,  
 As that which in this danger's dark abyss  
 Seems to lend fear most of the helpful light  
 Of hope, concludes—That when succeeding night  
 With strength of age was grown so gravely staid,  
 That dark designs feared not to be betrayed  
 B' the wanton twilight, he in close disguise,  
 Whilst some of's troops diverted by surprise 100  
 His watchful foes, might pass their guards; which done,  
 Their care might be with's further march begun.  
 In dismal darkness—that black throne of fear,  
 Night's silent empress awed the hemisphere;  
 When now Argalia's ready troops with slow  
 And noiseless marches issued through their low  
 Close sallyports, are swiftly rallied by  
 Such as had long taught Valour how to die  
 For Honour's rescue—captains that had been,  
 From youth's first bud till age was revered in 110  
 Her honoured scars, such strict disciples to  
 War's hardest precepts, that their fame outgrew  
 Their power, which that had so authentic made,  
 Where fear was scorned, they were for love obeyed.

By these brave heroes, which had often led  
 Armies to sleep in Honour's purple bed,  
 The prince assisted, was with secret haste,  
 By ways where fear no sentinel had placed,  
 Drawn near the leaguer; which, the alarum took  
 From a stormed fort, had with such speed forsook 120  
 Their huts, that haste, which was intended to  
 Preserve, being now to wild confusion grew,  
 Helps to destroy. In undistinguished sounds,  
 Which not inform, but frightened sense confounds  
 With wild amazement, the unnoted words  
 Even of command are lost; no ear affords  
 Room for advice, nor the most serious eye  
 A place for order; ensigns vainly fly,

Since unperceived, through the dark air, which in  
A storm ne'er knew more tumult than had been, 130  
Since first their fear on this alarum fled  
From reason, through the troubled leaguer spread.

In this loud horror, whilst they need no lamp  
To guide them more than their own flaming camp,  
His frightened foes, fled from their quarter, lend  
The prince some hope this sudden charge might end  
Their slow-paced siege ; yet since approaching day,  
Persuading haste, denies his longer stay,  
The power to those commanders left, which he  
For valour knew might force from victory 140  
Unwilling laurels, though their judgement such,  
Those hallowed wreaths they ne'er durst rashly touch,  
He leaves (when first his sword, which none did spare  
Within its reach, had of his being there  
Left bloody marks) the conquered foes, to find  
Out sterner foes in his afflicted mind :  
Which, since usurping doubt with peaceful love  
For empire strove, taught passion how to move  
In spheres so differing from his reason's right  
Ascension, that his cares' protracted night 150  
From this oblique position caused, had made  
His sorrow tedious as those nights which shade  
Cold arctic regions, when the absent sun  
Doth underneath the antarctic tropic run.

This passage forced through his obstructed foes,  
That now the treacherous day might not disclose  
Him, whilst unguarded, to their view that might  
In larger troops pursue a baser flight,  
Through deep dark paths, which ne'er t' the sun had shown  
Their uncouth shades, being to all unknown 160  
Save neighbouring rurals, he, conducted by  
A faithful guide, directs his liberty

Towards stately Corinth. Near whose confines, ere  
Six morning dews had cooled the hemisphere,  
Arrived in safety, that kind Heaven might bless  
His future actions with desired success  
To seek to them, he first sought those that in  
The wane of 's blood had life's supporters been,  
Those holy hermits, to whose art he owed  
For life, next Heaven, which first that gift bestowed 170

Come to their quiet cell, where all receive  
Him with a wonder that did hardly leave  
A room for welcome, till their fear had, in  
A full relation of his fortune, been  
Changed for as much of sanguine mirth as they  
Could know, that had religion's cool allay  
To check delight. He being retired with him,  
Whose first discoveries in his fortunes' dim



Imperfect light directed him to know  
 His royal offspring, lets his language flow  
 With so much freedom as discovers what,  
 Whilst he by active war was aiming at  
 His kingdom's safety, called him thence to save  
 Sweet virtue from an ignominious grave.

180

The fatal story heard by him, whose love  
 Fixed by religion, passion could not move,  
 Although he pitied all the afflicted, to  
 More softness than what had its offspring drew  
 From Heaven's strict precepts, which are then misspent  
 When easy man mistakes the innocent ;

190

Since what permits hypocrisy to win  
 Remorse, by mercy doth but cherish sin,  
 Which to avoid, ere his consent approve  
 Of the design, neglecting all which love,  
 Prompted by pity, could allege to draw  
 Him to the combat, though he in it saw  
 Nought to defend but innocence, since in  
 That shape deluded, charity hath been  
 Too oft deceived ; that his victorious sword  
 Might not, but where fair Justice could afford  
 Victory, be drawn, he, like a Pharos placed  
 'Mongst rocks of doubt, thus rectifies his haste :—

200

'Take heed, brave prince, that, in this doubtful way  
 'Twixt love and honour, thy bright virtues stray  
 Not from religion's latitude into  
 More dangerous stations ; reason's slender clew  
 Is here too short to guide thee, and may in  
 Its conduct but obliquely lead to sin.

Be cautious then, and rashly venture not  
 On unknown depths, where valour seems begot  
 By vain presumption. Mortal beauty, that  
 Imperfect type of Heaven, though wondered at,  
 Yet may not be so much adored to make  
 Our passions Heaven's directing road mistake.

210

'Though thy affections were legitimate  
 As man's first choice, since in that happy state  
 Of innocence frail woman then found out  
 A way to fall, still let thy reason doubt  
 The same deceit, since that affected she  
 Which thou ador'st, yet wears mortality ;  
 A garment which, since man first wore, hath been  
 But once cast off without some spots of sin.  
 Yet, know, my counsel strives not to prevent  
 Thy sword's assisting of the innocent ;  
 As much of mercy on neglect being spilt,  
 As there's got vengeance from presumptuous guilt.  
 Only, before thy valour dares to tread  
 This rubric path, whose slippery steps have led

220



So oft to ruin, let religion be  
Thy prompter unto so much policy 230  
As may secure thy conscience; which to do,  
Claim my assistance as thy virtue's due.'

The grateful prince with lowly looks had paid  
His thankful offerings, when, that promised aid  
Might not fall short of expectation, he,  
Whose words, like vows that hold affinity  
With Heaven, breathed nought but constant truth, did thus  
Proceed towards action:—'Whilst, loved prince, with us  
Of this poor convent, you, by wounds restrained  
From action, lived; you know that what's contained 240  
In our calm doctrine, gives us leave to be  
So intimate with each society,  
No secret, though masked in the clouds of sin,  
Flies those discoveries which informs us in  
Their last confessions; by which means you may  
Know whether justice calls your sword to pay  
These bloody offerings, as a victim to  
The appeasing of an inward virtue due.'

By this advice instructed to convince  
What love suggests, the apprehensive prince, 250  
Since this includes nothing but what's too just  
To disobey, although he all mistrust  
Of her, like sin, avoids, consents to be  
Ruled by his counsel, whose assistance he  
So oft successful found. Which, that delay,  
That slow-paced sin, might not obstruct the way  
With time's too oft neglected loss, he now  
So fast toward action hastes, they could allow  
The night scarce time to steal a dark retreat,  
Ere, having left that melancholy seat, 260  
Devotion's dark retiring place, he goes  
To see how much her frowns did discompose  
That city's dress, of whom he'd ne'er a sight  
Before, but when 'twas polished with delight.

His arms, bright Honour's burnished robes, into  
Such weeds as showed him to the public view  
A coarse monastic, changed; attended by  
His aged friend, soon as the morning's eye  
Adorned the east, the prosperous prince began  
His pious journey; which, before the sun 270  
Blushed in the west, found a successful end  
In clouded Corinth. Where arrived they spend,  
The hours of the succeeding night to find  
How, in that factious troubled sea, inclined  
The city stood; whose shallow sons dare vent  
By nothing but their tongues, that discontent  
Their hands might cure, were not those useful parts  
Restrained from action by unmanly hearts,

Which being at once with grief and fear oppressed,  
 Durst do no more but pity the distressed ;  
 Which gentle passion, since so general, lends  
 Some light of hope to her inquiring friends.

280

To usher in that dismal day, whose light  
 Designed to lead into eternal night  
 As much of beauty as did e'er give place  
 To death, the morning shows her gloomy face  
 Wrapped up in clouds, whose heavy vapours had  
 Hung Heaven in black ; when, to perform the sad  
 And serious office of confessors to  
 Those royal sufferers whom harsh Fates pursue  
 To Death's dark confines, through their guard of foes  
 Argalia and his grave assistant goes.  
 Where he, whose love to neither did surmount  
 His zeal, to take the Cyprian's last account  
 Himself addressed ; whilst his kind passions lead  
 Argalia from Pharonnida, to read  
 Her life's last story, made authentic by  
 The near approach of her eternity.

290

Entered the room, which to his startled sight  
 Appeared like sorrow sepulchred in night,  
 So dismal sad, so silent, that the cold  
 Retreat of death, the grave, did ne'er unfold  
 A heavier object ; by a sickly light,  
 Which was e'en then to the artificial night  
 That filled the room resigning 'ts reign, he saw  
 Grief's fairest draught, divine Pharonnida,  
 Amidst her tears, fallen like a full-blown flower,  
 Whose polished leaves, o'erburthened with a shower,  
 Drops from their beauties in the pride of day  
 To deck the earth.—So sadly pining lay  
 The pensive princess, whom an ecstasy  
 Of passion led to practise how to die,  
 In such abstracted contemplations, that  
 Angels forsook their thrones to wonder at.

300

310

Wet with those tears, in whose elixir she  
 Was bathing of the lilies' nursery,  
 Her bloodless cheeks—her trembling hand sustained  
 A book, which, what Heaven's mercy hath ordained  
 For a support to human frailty in  
 Storms of affliction, lay ; which, as she'd been  
 Now so well in repentant lectures read,  
 That Faith was on the wings of Knowledge fled  
 To Meditation, her unactive grief  
 Lets softly fall, whilst Time, wise Nature's thief,  
 That all might look like Sorrow's swarthy night,  
 Is stealing forth of the neglected light ;  
 Whose sullen flame, as it would sympathize

320

318 which] for 'in which.'

With those quenched beams that once adorned her eyes,  
After a feeble blaze, that spoke its strife  
But vain, in silence weeps away its life. 330

Come to behold this beauteous monument  
Of mourning passion, his great spirits spent  
On love and wonder, the astonished prince  
Here silent stands, valour could not convince  
His wild amazement. To behold her lie,  
By rigid laws restrained from liberty,  
To whom his soul was captive, troubles all  
His reason's guards: but when, how she must fall  
From beauteous youth and virtuous life, to be 340

One of the grave's obscure society,—  
Must fall no martyr, whose lamented death  
Grows pity's object, but depart with breath  
'Mongst ignominious clouds of guilt, that must  
Stick an eternal odium on her dust—  
That thought transports him from his temper to  
Passions, in which he had forgot to do  
His priestly office: and, in rage as high  
As ever yet inflamed humanity,  
Sent him to actions, whose attempt had been  
The road his valour must have perished in, 350  
Had not her sorrow's agony forsook  
The princess. By whose first unsteady look,  
He, being as far as his disguise gave leave  
Discovered, is invited to receive  
Those last confessions, in whose freedom she  
Seeks by absolving comforts how to free  
Her soul of all which a religious fear  
Like spots on her white conscience made appear.

Having from her unburthened soul learned how  
To ease his own, the priestly prince had now, 360  
As far as bold humanity durst dive  
Into remission, Heaven's prerogative,  
Pronounced that pardon for whose seal there stood  
The sin-polluted world's redeeming blood:  
By which blest voice raised from what did appear  
Like sorrow, till her faith had banished fear,  
The princess, in such gentle calms of joy  
As souls that wear their bodies but to cloy  
Celestial flights can feel, to entertain  
Her fatal doom with a resolved disdain 370  
Of death, prepares. Whilst he, whom Heaven to her  
Had made their mercy's happy messenger,  
Forsaking her, repairs to him that had  
With the same hand the Cyprian's thoughts unclad.  
By whom informed, how that in their defence  
His sword protected nought but innocence;

338 when] 'he thinks' has of course to be supplied from 'that thought' below.

Armed with those blessings which so just a cause  
 Proclaimed his due, he secretly withdraws  
 To change those emblems of religious peace,  
 Monastic robes, for such as might increase 380  
 Their joy and wonder, whose contracted fear  
 Despaired to see a combatant appear,  
 Although they knew his sword defended then  
 The best of causes 'gainst the worst of men.

Whilst he prepares, with near as much of speed  
 As incorporeal substances that need  
 But will for motion, to defend her in  
 The assaults of death, that hour, which long had been  
 The dreadful expectation of those friends  
 That pitied her, arrived, in sorrow ends 390  
 Fear's cold disease. Those ministers of fate,  
 The props to all that's illegitimate,  
 The army, to suppress the weak essays  
 Of love or pity, guarded had the ways  
 By which illegal power conducted her  
 From that dark room, grief's curtained theatre,  
 To be beheld upon the public stage,  
 The glory, yet the scandal of the age;  
 Which two extremes met on the scaffold in  
 A princess' suffering, and a people's sin. 400  
 Which now, joined to the dreadful pomp that calls  
 His subjects to attend the funerals  
 Of her loved father, whose life's virtues won  
 Tears for his death, thus solemnly begun.

Removed no farther from the city then  
 An hour's short walk, though undertaken when  
 Sol raged in Cancer, might with ease convey  
 Scorched travellers, a dismal temple lay,  
 In a dark valley, where more ancient times  
 Had perpetrated those religious crimes 410  
 Of human offerings to those idols that  
 Their hands made, for their hearts to tremble at.  
 Yet this, since now made venerable by  
 Those reverend relics of antiquity,  
 The Spartan princes' monuments, by those  
 Of latter times, though altered faith, is chose  
 For their retreat, when life's extinguished glory  
 Sought rest beneath a silent dormitory.  
 Nor stood this fabric all alone; long since  
 A palace, by some melancholy prince 420  
 Which hated light, or loved the darkness, built  
 To please his humour, or conceal his guilt,  
 So near it stood, to distant eyes which sent  
 Thither their beams, it seemed one monument;  
 Whose sable roof 'mongst cypress shadows fills

393 Another of the interesting Royalist flashes.



The deep dark basis of those barren hills  
With such a mournful majesty, as strook  
A terror into each beholder's look,  
Awful as if some deity had made  
That gloomy vale to be the sacred shade,  
Where he chose in enigmas to relate  
The dark decrees of man's uncertain fate.

430

Betwixt this temple and the city stood,  
In squadrons thick as shows an ancient wood  
To distant sight, the army, placed to be  
In this sad march their guilt's security;  
Whose glittering swords shone, as if drawn to light  
Day's beauties to the palace of the night.  
Toward which the prisoners, yet detained within  
The city, in this dreadful pomp begin  
Their mournful march, led by that doleful call  
By which loud war proclaims a funeral.

440

Those that had been the common guards unto  
The murdered princes, to the people's view  
Are first presented; on an ebon spear  
Each bore a scutcheon, where there did appear  
The arms which once adorned those princes' shields,  
Sadly displayed within their sable fields.

Next these, some troops, whose prosperous valour in  
Their courts had steps unto preferment been,  
Come slowly on; but slower followed are  
By elder captains, such whom busy war,  
Whose victories had their youth in honour died,  
As useless now for council laid aside.

450

I' the rear of these, the officers of state,  
Grave as they'd been of council unto Fate,  
I' the purple robes of royal mourners clad,  
With heavy pace conducted in a sad  
And dismal object—two black chariots, drawn  
Like hideous night when it assaults the dawn  
In dreadful shadows; where, to fright the day  
With sadder objects, on black hurses lay  
The effigies of the murdered princes; in  
Whose form those spots of treason that had been  
Fate's agents to unravel Nature's law,  
In bloody marks the mourning people saw.  
At which sad sight, from silent sorrow they  
Advanced, had let external grief betray  
Their love and loss, if not diverted by  
Succeeding objects, which assault the eye  
With what, though living, yet more terror bred  
Than what they found for the lamented dead.

460

470

In such a garb as sorrow strives to hide  
The hot effluvioms of a sullen pride,

474 effluvioms] Singer, most improperly, 'effluvia.'  
( 288 )

Almanzor next, with slow portentous pace,  
 Follows the hereses; his discovered face  
 So subtly dyed in sorrow, as it had  
 Strove to outmourn the sable arms which clad  
 His falser breast; whose studied treason knew  
 No such disguise, as first to meet the view 480  
 O' the censuring people, in a dress that shows  
 Him by their state's maturer council chose,  
 'Gainst whoe'er durst maintain the prisoners' cause,  
 By 's valour for to vindicate their laws.

But now, to lose these rivulets of tears  
 In the vast ocean of their grief, appears  
 Their last and most lamented object, in  
 The royal captives; whose sad fate had been  
 Not so disguised in attributes of guilt,  
 But that the love their former virtue built 490  
 In every breast, broke through their fear, to show  
 How much their duty did to sorrow owe.  
 In that black train they had beheld before,  
 Though full of sadness, wearied life passed o'er  
 The stage of Nature, is their darkest text  
 To comment on; which, since good men perplexed  
 With life's cares are, finds less regret than now  
 To living sufferers justly they allow:  
 Friends, though less near, since death is but that rest  
 They vainly seek that are in life distress, 500  
 Being pitied more than those whose worst of fate  
 We have beheld destruction terminate.

That nought might in this scene of sorrow be  
 Wanting to perfect grief's solemnity,  
 The kingdom's marshal—who supported in  
 His hand a sword, which, glittering through a thin  
 Wreathed cipers, through the sad spectator's eye  
 Struck such a terror, as if shadowed by  
 Death's sooty veil—conducting, after goes  
 The undaunted Cyprian, with a look that shows 510  
 A soul whose valour was of power to light  
 Such high resolves as by their splendour might  
 Make death look lovely; on his upper hand  
 Her sex's glory, she whose virtues scanned  
 Her actions by Heaven's strictest rules, the sweet  
 Pharonnida, unmoved, prepares to meet  
 The ministers of death, her train being by  
 Florenza, who must in that tragedy  
 Act her last part, sustained. The garment which  
 The beauteous princess did that day enrich, 520

507, 528 cipers] Singer, with more excuse perhaps, 'cyprus.' But where an antique spelling definitely indicates pronunciation and the modern obscures it, it is probably better to keep the former.

Was black, but cut on white, o'er which the fair  
Neglected treasure of her flowing hair  
Hung loosely down; upon her head she wore  
A wreath of lilies, almost shadowed o'er  
With purple hyacinths, on which the stains  
Of murder yet in bloody marks remains;  
Over all this, a melancholy cloud  
Of thick curled ciphers from the head did shroud  
Her to the feet, through which those spots of white  
Appeared like stars, those comforts of the night, 530  
When stole through scattered clouds; in her right hand  
She held a watch, whose next stage should have spanned  
The minutes of her life; her left did hold  
A branch of myrtle, which, as grown too old  
To live, began to wither;—for defence  
O' the falling leaves, as death and innocence  
Had both conspired to save't, the bough was round  
In mystic wreaths of black and silver wound.

Near to the royal prisoners, many peers  
Of either kingdom, men o' the gravest years 540  
And loyalest hearts, did with a doleful pace  
Bring up the rear; each melancholy place  
Through which they passed being with those pensive flowers  
That wait on funerals strewed. The lofty towers  
Of chequered marble had their stately brows  
In sables bound, their pinnacles with boughs  
Of dismal yew adorned, as if their knell  
Should next be rung; a solemn passing bell  
In every church was tolled, whose doleful sound,  
Mixed with the drum and trumpet's Dead March, drowned 550  
The people's cries, whose grief can ne'er be shown  
In 'ts native dress, till loud and clamorous grown.

In this black pomp the mourning train had left  
The sable city, which, being now bereft  
Of all her sad and solemn guests, did bear  
The emblem of an empty sepulchre,—  
So full of silence, all her throng being gone  
With heavy pace to be attendants on  
Those funeral rites, which ere performed must have  
More virtue for attendants to the grave 560  
Than e'er they could again expect to see,  
Whose hopes of life lay in minority.

Come to the desert vale, which yet had kept  
A solitary loveliness—that slept  
There in untroubled rest, a levelled green,  
Chose for the lists, which nature lodged between  
Two barren hills; upon whose bare front grew,  
Though thinly scattered, here a baleful yew,  
And there a dismal cypress, placed as they  
Had only chose that station to display 570

The people's passions; who, with eyes fixed in  
 Full orbs of tears, ere this had sorrowing seen  
 The pitied prisoners to those scaffolds brought,  
 Where those lamented lives whom treason sought  
 To ruin, must be sacrificed to please  
 Ambitious man, not angry Heaven appease.  
 This curds their bloods, which soon inflamed had grown,  
 Had not the varied scene of sorrow shown  
 The murdered princes; who, produced as they  
 Had been reserved as opiates to allay  
 Their anger's flame, are both exposed unto  
 The satisfaction of the public view,  
 Mounted on hersees, which, on either side  
 O' the temple gate, with death's most dismal pride  
 On ebon pillars stood, as raised to show  
 What justice did to their destruction owe.

580

Placed near to these, their sorrows' sad records,  
 Almanzor's tent, to show that it affords  
 For red revenge a close reception, stood  
 Like a black rock; from whence in clouds of blood  
 The sanguine streamers through the thickened sky  
 Did waving with unconstant motion fly.  
 In view of which, though at the other end,  
 If any durst appear that could defend  
 Their cause, whom Heaven alone knew innocent,  
 There to receive him stood an empty tent;  
 Whose outside, as if fancied to deter  
 His entrance, there appeared a sepulchre.  
 Over whose gate her false accusers had  
 Transcribed those crimes which so unjustly clad  
 In purple sins those candid souls; which seen  
 In their bright virtue's spotless robes, had been  
 The hated wonders of those foes, whose ends  
 Now find success i' the pity of their friends.

590

600

Near this black tent, on mourning scaffolds, where  
 Death did to encounter Innocence prepare  
 His heaviest darts, such as were headed by  
 That more than mortal plagues, foul infamy,  
 The prisoners mounted. At the other gate,  
 Almanzor, like the messenger of Fate,  
 Fraught with revenge, appears; his dreadful form,  
 More full of terror than a midnight storm  
 To straitened fleets, appearing to the view  
 O' the multitude; who, whilst their prayers pursue  
 The prisoners' safety on the flagging wings  
 Of sickly hope, his sure destruction brings,

610

577 curds] This is Singer's reading for orig. 'curls' which is not quite impossible and even rather vivid—for passion meeting and *ruffling* the blood as wind does water. And if one begins guessing, why not 'cools'?



Since from their knowledge more remote to cure,  
Unto their hates' impatient calenture.

Thrice had their trumpet sadly sounded been,  
And thrice a herald's voice had summoned in 620  
Some bold defendant; but both yet so vain,  
As if just Heaven neglected to maintain  
That righteous cause: which sadly seen of all,  
The sorrowful but helpless people fall,  
Since hopes of life was shrunk into despair,  
To be assistant by their private prayer  
At death's distracting conflict. In a brief  
Effectual speech, which answered to the chief  
Heads of's indictment, in those powerful words  
Conceived his last, the Cyprian prince affords 630  
Their sorrow yet a larger theme. Which done,  
Being first to die, having with prayer begun  
That doubtful road, he now a short leave takes  
Of all his mourning friends, then calmly shakes  
Off each terrestrial thought; and, heightened by  
The speculations of eternity  
Above those damps, which Nature's hand did weave,  
Of human fear, submitting to receive  
The fatal stroke, that centre to a crown,  
But orb of wit—his sacred head, lays down. 640

Fled to the dark cell of their utmost fears,  
With eyes whose lids were cemented in tears,  
Each still spectator's thoughts did now repair  
To the last refuge of a silent prayer;  
In which close parl, from that deep lethargy  
They are to joy and wonder wakened by  
A trumpet's voice, which from the other gate  
Sounds a defiance. 'Twas not yet so late  
In Hope's dim twilight, but they once more may,  
In expectation of a glorious day, 650  
Dare look abroad; which done, unto their view,  
A Cyprian herald being designed unto  
That office, they, leading a stranger knight  
Into the lists, behold; whose welcome sight  
Was entertained with acclamations that  
Raised thunder for his foes to tremble at.

This valiant hero, whose brave gesture gave  
Life to that hope which told them Heaven would save  
Such suffering virtue, now drawn near unto  
The tent, is taking a disdainful view 660  
Of that accursed inscription; whilst all eyes,  
Centred on him, see through his steel disguise  
A goodlier shape, though not so vastly great  
As that cursed lump Nature had made the seat  
Of's enemy's black soul. The armour which  
He wore, they knew not whether for more rich

Or rare to prize. The ground of it, as he  
 For those had mourned which now from infamy  
 His sword sought to redeem, was black, but all  
 Enamelled o'er with silver hearts, let fall 670  
 From flaming clouds; which hovering above  
 Them, looked like incense fired by heavenly love:  
 'Mongst these, in every vacant place, was found  
 A death's head scattered; some of which were crowned  
 With laurel, others on their bare fronts wore  
 A regal diadem. In's shield he bore,  
 In a field argent, on the dexter side,  
 A new-made grave, to which a lamb, denied  
 Succour on earth, to shun the swift pursuit  
 Of a fierce wolf, was fled; but ere one foot 680  
 Was entered there, from a red cloud, that charged  
 The field in chief, a thunderbolt, enlarged  
 By Heaven's just wrath, from's sulphury seat was sent  
 So swiftly, that what saved the innocent  
 The guilty slew; which now in's blood doth lie,  
 A precedent for powerful tyranny.

Those short surveys o' the people hardly took,  
 Ere, having now the unuseful tent forsook,  
 The brave defendant with a loud salute  
 Had passed the scaffold in the bold pursuit 690  
 Of glorious victory; whom his angry foe,  
 Whose valour's flame ne'er an allay did know  
 So cold as fear, in that wild flame which rage  
 Opposed had kindled, hastens to engage  
 Him with so high a storm of fury, that,  
 Each falling stroke, others did tremble at  
 What they sustained. Strength, valour, judgement, all  
 Which e'er made conquerors stand, or conquered fall,  
 Here seemed to meet. As if to outrun desire,  
 Each nimble stroke, quick as aethereal fire 700  
 When winged by motion, fell; yet with a heft  
 So full of danger, most behind them left  
 Their bloody marks, which in this fatal strife  
 Seemed like the opened sallyports of life.

Sadly expecting whom by Fate would be  
 This day chose favourite unto destiny,  
 The people in such silent ecstasies,  
 As if their souls only informed their eyes,  
 Sat to behold the combat; when, to give  
 Their faith assurance, justice yet did live 710  
 Unchained by faction, from a fatal blow  
 Struck near his heart, Almanzor fallen so low  
 From hopes of victory they beheld, that in  
 His ruin, what before their fear had been,  
 Grew now their comfort. When, that speedy death  
 Might not transport his soul ere his last breath

Confessed his guilt, the noble champion stays  
His just raised rage, whilst his own tongue displays  
His thoughts' black curtains, by discovering all  
Those crimes, beneath whose burthen he did fall, 720  
Heavy as curses which from Heaven are sent  
For th' people's plague, or prince's punishment.  
In which short close of life, to ease the grief  
Of late repentance, that successful thief,  
Whose happiest hour his latest proved, being took  
For precedent, he in a calm forsook  
That world, which, whilst his plots did strive to build  
Ambition high, he had with tempests filled.

The multitude, whose universal voice  
Had taught even such, though distant to rejoice, 730  
As age or sickness had detained within  
The city walls, forced those that yet had been  
Her foes, converted by the general votes  
For joy, to change their envy's ill-set notes  
To calm compliance; in whose concord they,  
With as much speed as duty did convey  
Her best of subjects, to congratulate  
Her freedom hastes. Who, in this smile of fate,  
Whilst all her friends strove to forget those fears  
Whose form they lately trembled at, appears 740  
Shadowed in grief; on whose joy could reflect  
No beam of comfort, the supposed neglect  
Of her Argalia, whose victorious sword  
Did in her fears' extremity afford  
Some hopes of comfort, which to opinion lost,  
More sorrow than the assaults of death had cost;  
Had not, whilst she did in dark passion stray,  
His full discovery glorified the day.

Amidst the people's acclamations, she,  
Though from a scaffold now conveyed to be 750  
Raised to a crown, all that vain pomp beholds  
With eyes o'ercast in grief, till he unfolds  
Her further comfort, by discovering what,  
Whilst each spectator was admiring at,  
Becomes to her so much of joy, that in  
This calm, that courage which before had been  
Unshook in tempests, now begins to move;  
And what scorned hate, submits to powerful love.  
From whose fixed centre, with as swift a flight  
And kind a welcome, as the nimble light 760  
Salutes the morning, Pleasure now imparts  
Her powerful beams, until those neighbouring hearts  
That lived by Hope's thin diet, drew from hence  
Substantial lines to Joy's circumference.

Her innocence unveiled by his success,  
And both by that black foil of wickedness,

Almanzor's guilt, more glorious made, is now  
 The only volume wonder could allow  
 Those that before her worst of foes had been,  
 Sadly to read repentant lectures in. 770  
 Which seen by her observant peers, that all  
 Succeeding discords in that tyrant's fall  
 Might find a tomb, him, being their princess' choice,  
 The Spartan army's universal voice  
 Salute their chief. Which precedent affords  
 A pattern to the wise Epirot lords;  
 Who had a law, age made authentic, which  
 Prohibited their diadem to enrich  
 A female brow: on him, whose title stood  
 Nearest of all collateral streams of blood, 780  
 They wisely fix a choice, which proves to be  
 Their glory and their state's security.

And now raised from that lowly posture in  
 Which fear had left them, the vast rout begin  
 Their motion toward fair Gerenza; where  
 The varied scene did such proportion bear  
 With joy's exalted harmony, which in  
 Their rescued princess dwelt, all that had been  
 Their sorrow's dismal characters they now  
 Obliterate, and her late clouded brow 790  
 Crown with delights. The solemn bells, whose sad  
 Toll, when they left your mourning city, had  
 Frighted the trembling hearer, now are all  
 Rung out for joy, as if so loud a call  
 Only became a love which could not be  
 Expressed until the full solemnity  
 Of their approaching nuptials did unite  
 Their hearts or crowns, not with more full delight  
 Than what did near as great a blessing prove,  
 Discording subjects, in your bonds of love. 800

Thus, after all the wild variety  
 Through Fate's dark labyrinths, now arrived to be  
 Crowned with as much content as e'er was known  
 By any that death did enforce to own  
 The frailties of mortality, we leave  
 Our celebrated lovers to receive  
 Those blessings which Heaven on such kings showers down,  
 Whose virtues add a lustre to the crown.

792 your] Singer, obviously, 'their': but strangely enough he leaves 'your' in 800. The *double* oddity suggests that Chamberlayne originally meant this to form part of a speech; then changed his mind, and with his usual equanimity omitted the necessary adjustment.

806 celebrated] A vivid instance of the correct use of the word as opposed to the modern vulgarity.



## ENGLAND'S JUBILE[E]

[I do not know why Singer did not complete his edition by reprinting this Poem—but perhaps he had not seen it. To me, the tedium of copying it has been not a little alleviated by the interest of its prosody, and of the comparison with Dryden's. As we might expect, both from the fact of its being an address, not a narrative, and from its composition being later than at least the earlier part of *Pharonnida*, the stopped, or nearly stopped couplet is much more in evidence than the enjambed, though this latter is also common enough. And the good side of the change has sufficient exemplification—there are some couplets, and more lines, of the new stamp, of which Dryden himself need not have been ashamed. The older side is not so well shown: for the flowing similes and conceits which it so well suited would have been out of place. But the poem has vigour, adequacy, and not more than a proper share of exaggeration, where required. It is certainly the best of the poems on the Restoration next to Dryden's<sup>1</sup>.—Ed.]

<sup>1</sup> The British Museum copy has no title-page.

# ENGLAND'S JUBILE :

OR, A POEM ON THE HAPPY RETURN OF  
HIS SACRED MAJESTY, CHARLES THE II

TO THE KING'S MOST SACRED MAJESTY.

PARDON, great Prince, for all our offering here,  
But weak discoveries of our wants appear.  
No language is commensurate with thee,  
Our loftiest flights but plain humility.  
Yet since we may, our frailty to conceal,  
Be guilty of a crime in smothering zeal,  
That bids thy blest returns more welcome then  
Plenty to the starved, or land to shipwrackt men.  
For such were we, or if there's ought can more  
Demonstrate ill, that wo was ours before.  
Heaven, to restore our lost light, sent us him,  
Without whose raise our sphere had still been dim.  
Dim as in that dark interval, when we  
Saw nothing but the clouds of anarchy,  
Raised by the witchcraft of Rebellion, to  
So vast a height, none durst pretend to view,  
Whilst they lay curtained in that black disguise,  
Majestic beams, but 'twas with bloodshot eyes.

10

Then if such of necessity must pine,  
Who 're robbed of food, both human and divine,  
How could we thrive, when those that did pretend  
To feed did all on their ambition spend.  
Who with the sword, not reason, did convince,  
And rackt the subject to unthronè the Prince.  
The doleful years of thy exile have been  
At once our Nation's punishment and sin :  
Tost in a storm of dark afflictions we  
Floated at random, yet still looked on thee  
As our safe harbour, but had none to guide  
Us to 't; False pilots with the winds complied.  
We saw what crime drenched the amazed rout,  
Yet wanted strength to cast that curst thing out.

20

30

7 then] then=than.

12 raise] raise=rise.

30 pilots] Orig. 'Pilates,' with a possible play (?), though, as we have seen in *Pharonnida*, the mere misprint is common.

## William Chamberlayne

Though oft 'twas vainly struggled for, yet we—  
Who were exiled from nought but Liberty,  
Who durst live here spectators of those times,  
Do now in tears repent our passive crimes,  
And with one universal voice allow  
We all deserve death, since we live till now.

But this is England's Jubilee, nor must  
Thy friends doubt mercy, where thy foes dare trust. 40  
Thou art our great Panpharmacon, which by  
Its virtue cures each various malady,  
Giving their pride a cool allay of fears,  
Whilst to restore our hectic, Hope appears :  
And these began the cure, which to complete  
Expansive Mercy makes thy throne her seat :  
So that there now (except the guilt within)  
No sign remains there hath a difference been.

The giddy rout, who in their first address,  
Cried Liberty, but meant licentiousness, 50  
When depraved judgements, not content to see  
A heaven of stars their *primum mobile*,  
Did change the system, and i' th' spite o' th' love  
Or fear of Heaven, taught earth's base dregs to move  
In the bright orb of Honour, where to all  
That's great, or good, they were eccentric—  
Having long found their direful influence  
In nought but plagues descended—did from thence  
Learn sad repentant lectures, and dare now  
Present the sword, where late the knee did bow : 60  
Dare tell their damn'd impostors they but made  
False Zeal the light, whilst Treason cast the shade :  
Dare curse their new discoveries which placed in  
Hell's geography Americas of sin.

But these, like dust raised 'twixt two armies, do  
Hurt or assist, as they are hurried to  
Either by levity ; and therefore must  
By none be held an object of their trust ;  
For though they are Usurpers' Lands, they've found  
They rent at night, what they i' th' morning crowned. 70

But you, great Sir, whose fate has been so mixt  
As to behold these volatile and fixt,  
May, since the offspring of their sufferings, be  
More certain of their future loyalty.  
And though your title, and heaven-settled state,  
Needs not, usurper-like, measure your fate  
By such vain love, yet may you still be sure  
They'll ne'er again a rebel's scourge endure.

These past years of infatuation, which  
Hath drained their coffers, did their hearts enrich 80  
With so much eager loyalty that when  
With wonder—like those new recovered men,

## *England's Jubile*

Who, by Our Saviour's miracles escaped  
From darkness, thought men had like trees been shaped—  
They only through mist rarefied, gazed at  
Those glimmering beams, whilst they knew not what  
Th' event would be, now, winged with hope, did they  
Each feeble glance praise as approaching day.

But when, with such advantage as the light  
Gains by succeeding the black dress of night, 90  
Through all the fogs of their preceding fear,  
They from the North saw loyal Monk appear,  
How in petitions did their prayers exhale  
To waft him on, until the gentle gale  
(Although by ways so wisely intricate  
They raised our fear whilst they did calm our fate)  
Brought him at length through all our doubts to be  
The great assertor of our liberty!  
Then did we think that modest blush but just,  
Whose present dye displayed our late mistrust. 100  
And to requite those injuries we'd done  
To myriads raised what single praise begun.

Through all the devious paths which he did tread,  
From the base Rump unto the glorious Head,  
We scanned his actions, which did nought comprise  
That might offend, but that he was too wise  
For vulgar judgements, whose weak fancies guessed  
By present actions what would be the rest.

But when their eyes unveiled, discovered who  
Had, to destroy the monster, found the clew, 110  
How did they praise his wisdom, valour, all  
That could within the name of subject fall,  
And to complete whate'er his due might be,  
Knit up those laurels with his loyalty—  
That noble virtue, without which the rest  
Had only burdened, not adorned, his crest.  
Then since we now by this heaven-guided hand  
Once more behold the glory of our land,  
Whom midnight plots long studied to exclude  
Again fixed in 's meridian altitude, 120  
Let's cease to mourn, and whilst those fogs attend  
Such miscreant wretches as dare still offend  
By flying mercy, raise our souls, deprest  
E'er since this Star set in the gloomy West—  
For then begun that dreadful night, which we  
Have since with terror seen, brave Loyalty  
Being so opprest by a prevailing fate  
'Twas only known by being unfortunate.

Yet, though Rebellion in unnatural wars  
So far did thrive, to prove us falling stars, 130

88 glance] one might expect 'glimpse.'



## William Chamberlayne

The wiser world saw those that did aspire,  
Not as Heaven's lamps, but Hell's impetuous fire.  
As monsters of ambition, such whose wild  
Chimeras since Rebellion first defiled  
Our English annals, only were advanced;  
But Fortune's light ephemeras, to be glanced  
A while with secret envy on, and then  
Hurled from the ill-managed helm to be by men  
Pursued with such a just deserved hate  
As makes each curse add weights unto their fate,  
Horrid as are their names, which ne'er shall be  
Mentioned without adjuncts of infamy  
So full of guilt, all ages to ensue  
Shall weep to hear what this ne'er blushed to do.

140

Whilst we were in these uncouth shades o'ercast  
To tell what wild meanders hath been past  
By thee, our Royal Sovereign, is a task  
That would the tongues of inspired angels ask:  
Yet since domestic miseries hath taught  
Us part of the sad story's ruder draught,  
We may, by weak reflection, come to see  
With what dire weight these dark storms fell on thee:  
Who, whilst thou didst, from hence excluded, stand  
The pitied wonder of each foreign land,  
Learn'd'st, by commanding passions, how to sway  
A nation more rebellious far than they.  
So that the school which thou wert tutored in,  
Though thy disease, our antidote hath been—  
We suffering not our crime's desert, because  
From hence you learned to pity, and the laws'  
Just harness with such candour mitigate  
As once you bore the rigour of your fate.

150

160

What earthquakes breeds it in our breasts, when we  
But think o'er thy progressive misery!  
How thou, our restless dove, seeing no mark  
Of land, wert hurried from our floating ark,  
And, whilst those villains, that exposed thee, lay  
Forced every wind of faction to obey,  
Wert long with billows of affliction beat  
Ere thou didst with thy olive-branch retreat.  
How by poor friends and powerful enemies,  
By flattering strangers, and by false allies,  
Were thy afflictions varied, for all these  
Shared in the complicating thy disease.

170

Like doleful mourners that surround the bed  
Of a departing friend, those few that fled

161 harness] Orig. 'harnesse': but it is almost certainly a misprint for 'hardness.'  
candour] With the sense of 'mildness.' Thus 'a candid critic' used to mean, what it  
scarcely does now, a favourable and polite censor.

## England's Jubile

Hence on the wings of Loyalty, to be  
Partakers of whate'er attended thee—  
Whilst they did mourn, but could not lend relief  
Did by their sorrow but increase thy grief.

180

Such was the power of thy prescribing foes,  
No place afforded safety, some of those  
Whom poverty sent to attend thy train  
To cure that malady, did entertain  
Infectious counsels, which did festering lie  
Till rebels' gold outweighed their Loyalty,  
And from the black pernicious Embryo bred  
Monsters whose hands strove to destroy their head.

Nor whilst these secret sorrows sunk a mine  
Which, if not hindered by a power divine,  
Had blown up all thy patience, wert thou free  
From public injuries—that amity,  
Which former leagues, or the more sacred ties  
Of blood could claim, veiled in the base disguise  
Of policy starts back, and doth give way  
For treason to expel or else betray.  
Great birth and virtues which did that excel  
As the meridian doth each parallel,  
Are but weak props: a rebel's threats convince  
And all avoid a persecuted Prince.

190

200

When after these big storms of ill abroad  
Some loyal subjects had prepared the road  
Unto thy throne, and thou didst once more here  
Armed for redemption of thy crown appear,  
Whilst all our hearts, whose distant Lands could not  
Come to assist thy righteous cause, waxed hot  
With loyal hopes—how were we planet-strook  
When Fortune, with pretended friends forsook  
Thy side at fatal Worcester, and to raise  
A rebel's trophies, robbed thee of thy bays!  
How dismal sad, how gloomy was each thought  
Of thy obedient subjects, whilst they sought  
Their flying Sovereign, curtained from their eyes,  
In the dark dress of an unsafe disguise!  
All wished to know, what all desire should be  
A secret kept, such strange variety  
Of contradictions did our passions twist:  
We would behold the Sun, yet praised the mist.  
But whilst Desire thus shot at rovers, that  
More powerful sacrifice our prayers being at  
Heaven's penetrated ear directed, found  
Our hopes by thy deserting us near crowned.

210

220

192 that] = 'so that.' Orig. has 'amities,' which is obviously wrong and easily accounted for.

222 crowned] Orig. absurdly, 'Crown.'

## William Chamberlayne

For though to want thee was our great'st distress,  
Yet now thy absence was our happiness.

Then, though we ne'er enough can celebrate  
The praise of this, yet thy mysterious fate,  
Great favourite of Heaven! so often hath  
Advanced our wonder that the long trod path  
Directs us now without more guides to see  
Those miracles wrought in preserving thee  
Were God's immediate acts, to whose intents  
Were often fitted weakest instruments,  
From whose success faith this impression bore,  
He that preserved thee would at length restore,  
Which now through such a labyrinth is done,  
We see the end, ere know how 'twas begun.

230

That big-bulked cloud of poisonous vapours in  
Whose dismal shades, our liberty had been  
Long in amaze of errors lost, was by  
A wholesome northern gale enforced to fly  
Easy as morning mists, so that the fate  
Seem'd not more strange, which did at first create,  
Than what did now destroy in it, did appear  
As far from Hope, as was the first from Fear.

240

When a rebellious tyranny had been  
So strengthened by a prosperous growth in sin  
That the contagious leprosy had left  
None sound but what were honest by their theft—  
Then to behold that hydra, which had bred  
So many, in an instant, her last head  
Submit to justice, is a blessing we  
Must praise i' th' raptures of an ecstasy,  
Till from the pleasing trance, being welcomed by  
Loud acclamations, raised from Loyalty,  
We come, we come, with all the reverence due  
To Heaven's best gifts, great Prince, to welcome you—  
You, who by suffering in a righteous cause  
Safely restored that Liberty, those Laws,  
Which after long convulsive fits were now  
Expiring, so that future times, told how  
This great work was performed, shall wonder most  
To see the fever cured, yet no blood lost.

250

260

But these are mercies fit to usher in  
Him to a throne, whose virtuous life hath been  
Beyond detraction good: therefore attend  
Those joys which Heaven to us, by you, did send:  
Whose sacred essence, waited on by all  
The most transcendant blessings that can fall,  
Within the sphere of human virtue, still  
Surround your throne! May all imagined ill

270

243 in it] If the poem were less badly printed, the extended form 'in it' for the usual 'in t' would have prosodic interest: but it is probably mere accident.

## England's Jubile

Die in the embryo ! May no dark disguise  
Of seeming friends, or foes that temporize,  
E'er prejudice your peace ! May your foes prove  
All blushing converts ! May all those that love  
You do't for zeal, not gain ; and though that we  
(What was of late your mark) our poverty  
Are still enforced to wear, oh may there thence  
Ne'er spring a thought to take or give offence !  
May all toward you be fraughted with desires  
That may in flaming zeal outblaze the fires  
That you were welcomed in with ! May delight  
Within your royal breast no opposite  
E're find, but so let gentle pleasure grow,  
That it may kiss the banks, but ne'er o'erflow !  
When Hymen leads you to the temple, let  
It be to take that gem which Heaven hath set  
The world's adorning ornament—that we  
May by that blest conjunction's influence see  
Such hopeful fruit spring from our royal stem  
As may deserve the whole world's diadem.  
May Peace adorn your throne ! Yet if the sword  
Must needs be drawn, may it no sound afford  
But victory, until extended power  
Adds weight unto your sceptre ! May no hour  
E'en set a seal to the records of Time,  
But what still makes your pleasure more sublime,  
Till they, being grown too pure for earth, shall be  
Called to the triumphs of Eternity !

280

290

By WILL. CHAMBERLAINE.

London, Printed for Robert Clavell  
at the Stags-head in St. Pauls  
Church yard, 1660.

292 sound] So in orig.

299 Chamberlaine] So *here* in orig. In *Pharonnida* 'Chamberlayne.'





# THEOPHILA,

OR

## LOVES SACRIFICE.

A

### Divine Poem.

WRITTEN BY E. B. Esq;

Several Parts thereof set to fit Aires by M<sup>r</sup> J. JENKINS.

*Longum Iter per Præcepta, breve & efficax per Exempla,  
Si Præceptis non accendimur, saltem Exemplis incitemur, atq; in  
Appetitu Rectitudinis nil sibi Mens nostra difficile æstimet,  
quod perfectè peragi ab Aliis videt. Greg. Mag. l. 9. c. 43.  
Id peragas Vitâ, quod velles Morte peractum.*



LONDON,

Printed by R. N. Sold by Henry Seile in Fleetstreet, and  
Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S. Pauls  
Church-yard. 1652.



# INTRODUCTION TO EDWARD BENLOWES

THE fate of Benlowes has been one of the hardest in the history of English poetry. Such approval as he met with, in his own time and from persons likely to sympathize with his general way of writing, was chiefly interested; he was savagely though very amusingly satirized by the greatest satirist, save one, of his own later day; he came in, long after his death, for sneers, suppressed and not suppressed, from Pope, as well as for a gratuitous salutation from Warburton's bludgeon<sup>1</sup>; and at the Romantic revival he was almost entirely passed over. Neither Ellis nor Campbell, who were both pretty equitable to the Caroline poets, gave him admission: even Southey, so far as I remember, lets him alone, which is a pretty clear sign that he did not know him. Of late he has received more attention. But most of it has been of the unsatisfactory bibliographical character, little calculated to allay the thirst of the clear spirit in life or after death: and most, even of this, has been due to the very cause which (it may be more than suspected) has made Benlowes so rare. At one time (see biographical note<sup>2</sup>), he was a rich man or at least well-to-do, and with the nascent interest in art which distinguished the Cavalier party, from the King downwards, he

<sup>1</sup> Notices of Benlowes have been apt to dwell only on Warburton's note at *Dunc.* iii. 21 which hits our poet's *titles*. But Pope himself, probably from some traditional Roman Catholic grudge at the convert-revert, had set the example. The actual passage just cited is not crushing:

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows.

But he had thought of including in *Prol. Sat.* the couplet:

How pleased I see some patron to each scrub;  
Quarles had his Benlowes, Tibbald has his Bubb.

with the note, at l. 250,—A gentleman of Oxford who patronized all bad poets of that reign.

<sup>2</sup> Information about Benlowes is mainly derived from Anthony Wood, with some slight supplements. According to it, he was born about 1603, the son and heir of a man of fortune who owned Brent Hall, in Essex. He was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1620; and after leaving the University, made the grand tour. Some say that he was brought up a Roman Catholic; others that he adopted Roman Catholicism abroad; but it is agreed that he died a faithful Anglican. According to Butler he served in the Civil War, which may have assisted his lavishness to friends and relations, and his expenditure on collecting and otherwise, in producing that exhaustion of his fortune which is also agreed upon. He spent the last eight years of his life at Oxford, making good use of the Bodleian, but (according to Wood) in a state of great poverty, which (on the same authority) even shortened his life by insufficient provision of food and firing during a severe winter. At any rate he died in December, 1676, aged seventy-three, and was buried in St. Mary's. Hazlitt attributes to him eight other works besides *Theophila*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography* ten with a possible eleventh; but all of these are short and most of them are in Latin.



## Edward Benlowes

set himself to embellish his principal work, *Theophila*, in a manner very uncommon before his time. An uncertain number (for hardly any two copies agree, and the tale seems to vary from six-and-thirty downwards) of illustrations—sometimes separate, sometimes in the text, and ranging from more than full folio plates to two-inch-square vignettes—decorate the poem. These have in most instances been ruthlessly ravished from it—often, in the case of those backing matter, to the mutilation of the text, and almost always to the danger and disintegration of the book. It is also probable that no very large number of copies was printed, while the poem was never reissued: so that its rarity is not surprising.

But rarity is very far from being always or necessarily a cause of neglect. On the contrary, it notoriously, and very often, serves as a direct attraction and stimulant to reprinters. It is more difficult to know whether to admit or disallow as a *vera causa* of Benlowes' obscurity, the fantastic ingenuity (as 'metaphysical' in reality as its prey) of Butler's attack. A similar combination of rarity and satire has had no doubt much to do with Shadwell's practical occultation: but this was never so complete as that of Benlowes, and moreover Dryden's consummate art had contrived to kill even curiosity about his victim. For few people care to explore simple and unmitigated dulness. There was something—at least after the eighteenth century was over—which might have excited, instead of quenching, this curiosity in Butler's 'Character of a Small Poet' where, after several pages of general ridicule, Benlowes is gibbeted by name. The woes of Mr. Prynne—when having put a new hat in a hat-box which had been unfortunately lined with leaves from *Theophila*, or something else of its author's, he suffered from singing in the head, vertigo, and even after blood-letting, a tendency to write harsh poetry; the poet's mastery of high-rope 'wit' and low-rope wit alike; his improvement on altars and pyramids by frying-pans and gridirons in verse; his troop-horse's furniture 'all in beaten poetry'; the fatal effect of his printed sheets even upon tobacco; his Macaronic Latin and so forth:—these are things which might rather tempt at least a slight exploration than discourage it. One does not object to a glimpse, at any rate, of the extravagant and absurd; though one may have a holy horror of the merely dull. And as for Warburton nobody, even in his own time, took him for much of an authority on poetry: while his condemnation was rather likely to serve as a commendation, after the beginning of the nineteenth century, to anybody except the neoclassic remnant, whether the individual took his ideas of poetry from Coleridge or from Wordsworth, from Southey or from Byron, from Shelley or from Keats.

We shall hardly be epigrammatic out of season if we solve or evade the difficulty by saying that accident probably assisted rarity, and that Benlowes himself certainly assisted Butler. He has done (except in the

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matter of the sculptresque embellishments which have so often disappeared) almost everything he could to 'fence his table' against at least modern readers. Some (let it be hoped not too many) would drop off at once on perceiving that 'Theophila' is but a name for the soul, in its mystical status as the bride of Christ. More might faint at the prospect before them on coming to the information in the Preface that 'The glorious projection and transfusion of ethereal light, both in the Sun and the six magnitudes, constitute, by astronomical computation, more than 300 suns upward to the Empyrean Heaven. A star in the Equator makes 12,598,666 miles in an hour, which is 209,994 miles in a minute, a motion quicker than thought.' For even Dante, though he may double Theology with Astronomy, does not cumulate both with Arithmetic in this fashion. And of those who still hold their course, across prefaces and prefatory poems, to the actual text, not a few more may break down at or a little past the gateway.

Benlowes has chosen one of the most awkward stanzas (if it is to be called a stanza) possible—a triplet composed of decasyllable, octosyllable, and alexandrine—the jolt of which only after long familiarity becomes rhythmical even to the most patient and experienced ear, and never reaches a perfect charm. These triplets are monorhymed: but the author begins with three on the same sound, and never expresses the slightest consideration as to symphonic or symmetrical effect in rhyme. He showers italics and capitals in a fashion which might give pause to the sternest stickler for literal typographic reproduction. But undoubtedly the most serious objects of distaste are likely to be found, where Butler long ago found them, in his style—taking that word in the wide sense which admits both diction and expression of thought.

Even before arriving at these one may quarrel (far from captiously) at his general plan and *ordonnance*. Despite more than one declaration of the author's design, explicit enough in intention, it is very difficult to put this design with any intelligible brevity: and his introductory panegyrists in verse take very good care not to attempt it. The Praelibation, Humiliation, Restoration, Inamoration, Representation, Contemplation, Admiration, Recapitulation, Translations, Abnegation, Disincantation, Segregation, Reinvasion, and Termination—as the several Cantos are headed—refuse reduction to any common denomination except perhaps this:—'a very discursive treatise on mystical theology and passions of the soul, succeeded by an equally discursive comment on the sins of the flesh.' The author adopts as his vehicle sometimes English, sometimes Latin, sometimes both in face-to-face translation. The mere lexicon of the vernacular parts is distinctively Caroline: out-of-the-way catchwords such as 'remora' and 'enthean,' both of which he shares with Chamberlayne, being alternated with extremely familiar phrases and archaisms, as well as with the hideous

## Edward Benlowes

abbreviations ('who's days' for 'who his days' and the like), which are the greatest blot upon the poetry of this time. He coins pretty freely (e.g. 'angelence' in a very early and by no means bad stanza) and one of the things which shocked Butler was the certainly tremendous Macaronic invention of *hypocondruncicus*: while one can imagine the almost stuttering rage of some critics to-day at such another word as 'Proteustant,' for the Covenanters. But, on the whole, his licences this way, though considerable and no doubt excessive, are certainly less frequent, if perhaps to the grave and precise more shocking, than the irresponsible and irrepressible libertinism of his composition as regards clause and sentence, material and contexture.

The late Greek rhetoricians, in that mania for subdividing and labelling figures which Quintilian soberly ridicules, might have lost themselves in endeavouring to devise tickets for the subdivisions of Benlowes' indulgence in good, or hectic, or horse-playful, conceit. Already the twentieth couplet of the 'Praelibation' provides us with this:—

Each gallon breeds a ruby;—drawer! score 'um—  
Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum,  
When our nose-carbuncles, like link-boys, blaze before 'um.

But an even less dignified use of 'the *blushing* grape of *western* France' occurs later:—

War hath our lukewarm *claret* broach'd with spears  
where it would be really interesting to know whether there is an earlier instance of the 'fancy' use of the word. It would not be easy to find a wilder welter of forced metaphors than here:—

Betimes, when keen-breath'd winds, with frosty cream,  
Periwig bald trees, glaze tattling stream:  
For May-games past, white-sheet *peccavi* is Winter's theme<sup>1</sup>.

And he surpasses even his usual quaintness when he concludes a long interruption of Theophila's address to him on heavenly things in the Fifth Canto:—

Fond that I am to speak. Pass on to bliss,  
That with an individual kiss  
Greets thee for ever! Pardon this parenthesis.

<sup>1</sup> Of course Benlowes, though he added the absurdity of 'cream,' borrowed this from the famous *locus* of Sylvester which Dryden ridicules in the Dedication to *The Spanish Friar*. But what is even more noteworthy, and to my knowledge has never yet been noted, is that Dryden himself, in the error which Scott has detected in quoting 'And periwig with *snow* the bald-pate woods' for Sylvester's 'wool' has been anticipated by Benlowes in another passage of *Theophila*,

When periwig'd with snow's each bald-pate wood,

Now, Dryden, who was twenty-one when *Theophila* came out, and was probably not past the stage when he wrote the 'Lines on Lord Hastings,' may very likely have read Benlowes himself.



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He does not hesitate to rhyme 'Hades' to 'Shades' and will draw attention in the margin, with modest pride, to a *versus cancrinus* (it is in Latin), that is to say one which reads the same with the letters taken backwards or forwards. I have thought it well to make no secret or 'abscondence' of these absurdities. They are such, and there are many others; indeed, the man who could commit some of them evidently could not have guarded himself against others if he would, and perhaps would not if he could. If any be of the mood of Butler on this particular occasion (for as I have hinted above his own method is often only that of Benlowes changed from unconscious indulgence to conscientious and deliberate utilization for comic effect), or of Boileau always, he had better abstain from Benlowes. For 'awful examples' of the metaphysical gone mad are on record plentifully already, and there is no need to do again what Johnson did sufficiently more than a hundred years ago in the *Life of Cowley*. Indeed, I do not know, despite the greater sureness of Crashaw's command of poetical expression, that Benlowes has ever gone beyond Crashaw when he pictured the eyes of St. Mary Magdalen as walking baths and portable oceans, though modern practice has brought out an extra whimsicality for us in this. But the arguments which have been sketched in the General Introduction apply here with special force. We know that Crashaw was not a fool; and, though there is no reason for adopting the opinions of parasites and pensioners<sup>1</sup> about Benlowes, there is nearly as little for agreeing with Butler that our poet was one. We come in him to one of the most remarkable examples provided by English literature of the extreme autumn of the Elizabethan *annus mirabilis*. The belief in conceits is as strong as ever: and though the power of producing them poetically is dying down, and except for flickers has almost died, a fresh, deliberate, critical, belief in *furor poeticus* has come to blow the embers. There is still a too exclusive reliance on one of the great pair of poetic instruments—the method of making the unfamiliar acceptable, of procuring a welcome for the strange. But the exercise and employment of this is forced, mechanical, what was called two hundred years later, in a fresh though only momentary revival of the circumstances, 'spasmodic.' One perfectly understands how, in presence of such things, men, especially not feeling any particular enthusiasm themselves, turned to the *other* method—the method of raising and inspiring the familiar, the ordinary, the common-sense. And one understands with scarcely less fulness and ease why men like Butler felt their own sense of the ridiculous stimulated and, as it were, exacerbated by the consciousness (half-conscious as it might be) that it was their own method which was thus caricatured and brought into contempt—that their own matters were at stake, or at least one side of them. Meanwhile the

<sup>1</sup> Who anagrammatized his name into 'Benevolus,' and swallowed up his fortune.



## Edward Benlowes

other side—that which leant to the new dispensation of Prose and Sense—was wholly and genuinely hostile to all the works, all the spirit, all the tastes, methods, intellectual habits of persons like the author of *Theophila*. The opportunity of such understanding is not fully provided till we know these persons in their own work—in that ‘horse-furniture of beaten poetry’ in which they ambled and jingled across the stage.

But we are, or ought to be, more disinterested now than Butler or even Dryden, though it is unnecessary to repeat what should have been said on this head before. And Benlowes, besides his interest of absurdity—his mere helotry which, though it might almost suffice for some, cannot be expected to do so for all—has other and less dubious claims. The earlier, larger, and better part of his poem is a really remarkable, and beyond all reasonable doubt a perfectly genuine, example of that glowing intensity of mystical devotion which plays, like a sort of Aurora, on the Anglican High Churchmanship of the seventeenth century, and has made it, to some, one of the most attractive phases of religious emotion to be found in all history. It may be prejudice or partisanship, but there seems to me some reason for connecting Benlowes’ return to Anglican orthodoxy, as contrasted with Crashaw’s permanent estrangement, with the freedom from *over-lusciousness* which is remarkable in the lesser poet. Benlowes is afraid of no metaphor, however extravagant and however doubtful in point of taste : but his metaphors are not, to use the Persian criticism,

Limber in loin and liquid on the lip

like those of some others. His ‘Clevelandisms,’ his astonishing contortions and bizarrenesses of thought and phrase, are not more incompatible with true and intense piety than some to be found in the poetical books of the Bible, and even no doubt, to some extent, owe suggestions to them. Those who insist upon ‘sanity’ as the first and last distinction of religion cannot like him ; but they will find (and as is notorious enough have found) not very much less difficulty with a rather formidable body of Prophets, Saints, Apostles, Fathers, Divine Poets, from the earliest and the latest days of Christianity.

Coming to still closer quarters, the eccentricity of *Theophila* does not prevent it from containing not a few passages, sometimes of length, that require very little allowance or apology from any tolerably catholic-tasted reader of poetry. There is a fine outburst, justifying its own pretty phrase,

The opal-coloured dawns raise fancy high,

beginning at stanza LXIII of the ‘Praelibation’ itself ; another, fantastic enough but not uncharming, on *Theophila* in penance, at Canto II. LXX sq. *Theophila*’s Love-Song, in the six-lined stanza, shows at once the relief from

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the stricture of the blood caused by the 'cross-gartered' triplet which Benlowes has perversely used elsewhere ; the address to the Ancient of Days at vi. LII sq. is really impressive (one rather likes the idea of Blake illustrating Benlowes anew) and at the end there is a delightful country-and-evening piece to match the opal-coloured dawns of the opening.

But (as was once said in a phrase which, as it happens, chimes in with the Latin anagram that cost Benlowes part of his fortune), apologies are things which *lector benevolo supervacanea, nihil curat malevolus*. It is at any rate open to the former, as well as to the latter, to treat this poet each after his own kind.

In the setting up of *Pharonnida* Singer's reprint, already modernized in spelling, was utilized ; but as *Theophila* is printed directly from the original it may be desirable to explain the principles of orthography which have been observed here, and will be observed in similar cases. I am, of course, well aware that there is, as there has long been, a habit of demanding adherence to original spelling, and of regarding those editions which comply with this demand as 'scholarly,' and those which do not as 'slovenly.' I disagree with the opinion and decline to comply with the demand. As a matter of fact, the retention of the old spelling gives the editor very little trouble, and the alteration of it a very great deal. But this is nothing. In the first place there is no real reason, in the case of any writer at any rate later than the beginning of the seventeenth century, for throwing in the way of the modern reader an unnecessary obstacle to enjoyment. In the second place, and in the case of such authors as those with whom we are now dealing, the advantage of the original spelling, even to the severest reader for knowledge and not enjoyment, is almost infinitesimally small. I have before writing these words carefully gone over a page, selected at random, of the text which follows. It contains twenty-six lines, and in round numbers over two hundred words. Of these (putting some classes of typographical peculiarity, to be mentioned presently, aside) exactly *eight* and *eight* only are spelt differently from our present system, and these differences supply us with the immensely important and interesting knowledge that 'less' was spelt 'lesse' (twice), that adjectives like 'natural' were spelt with two *l*'s (twice), that 'obey' was sometimes spelt 'obay,' that 'wild' and 'find' had a final *e* ; and that the contraction of 'over' was carelessly written 'o're' <sup>1</sup>. Of the *general* variations, the habit of beginning nouns with a capital can be neither surprising nor instructive to any one who has interest enough in English literature to open such a book as this : and it frets the eyes of some who have a good deal of such interest. The other habit of frequent

<sup>1</sup> By no means always. Those who think that each spelling should be registered, may also regret evidence that 'gem' and 'jem' were used according to the taste and fancy of the moment and the person ; and that 'to Day' with a capital, and 'to morrow' without, occur in the same line.

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italicizing (*without* personification or the like) has a still more fretting effect, and is very difficult to reduce to any logical system ; while though the presence of apostrophes in such words as 'pow'r' is undoubtedly important as showing metrical theory, and is therefore kept here, the absence of it in the genitive case is again fretting and sometimes confusing, so that it is worth correction. The same is not quite the case with Benlowes' frequent habit of printing whole words in capitals : and this is therefore frequently retained. But in those other things, general and particular, nothing is gained by the reproduction of what were in most cases mere arbitrary printers' caprices or fashions. And even putting aside, as a question not to be disputed, the question which makes the prettier page, there can be little dispute that retention of such things prevents that *horizontal* study of English poetry—that taking it all on equal terms—which some think the great *desideratum* and *desiderandum*. We want these things to be regarded as poems, not as curiosities and *bric-à-brac*. You cannot modernize Chaucer without loss, because his language itself is not modern : you cannot modernize Chatterton without unfairness, because his archaism was part of his deliberate method. But Chamberlayne and Benlowes lose (except in the very rarest instances) nothing at all and may gain something : while innumerable instances—whole lines, whole stanzas, whole passages, present not a single actual variation from modern practice except the initial capital. And the extraordinary 'harlequin' effect of the original printing of *Theophila*, of which a specimen is given, emphasizes unduly, for modern readers, the already sufficient eccentricity of the text. In every case where there is the slightest direct or indirect interest, historical, phonetic in the good sense, prosodic, grammatical, or other, attention will be drawn in the notes to the original spelling. Elsewhere, that method will be adopted which will give the poetry the best chance of producing any poetical effect of which it is capable.

After examining the minor poems attributed to Benlowes, I have decided to add only *two*, to *Theophila*. Most, as said above, are wholly in Latin ; and though I did not think it fit to exclude the Latin parts of his *magnum opus* there is no reason for including these. Some are very doubtfully his :—the initials E. B. being treacherous. The *Summary of Wisdom*, however, in a hundred triplets of the *Theophila* stamp, though it duplicates that poem largely does not do so wholly, and should therefore be given ; while the little musical piece which follows it is fresh, pleasing, and very characteristic<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I may perhaps refer to an article of mine on Benlowes in *The [American] Bibliographer* (New York, Jan. 1903) at the end of which is an elaborate collation, text and plates, of an unusually complete copy of *Theophila* by Miss Carolyn Shipman.



## Mens Authoris<sup>1</sup>

TE, mi CHRISTE, Tuæq; canam Suf-  
piria SPONSÆ;  
ARDORESq; pios, & GAUDIA cœlica,  
Mundo  
Abdita; divinæ pandam MYSTERIA  
Mentis,  
Accensasq; Faces CÆLO! Fuge, cæca  
Libido,  
Et Fastus populator Opum, Livorq;  
secundis  
Pallidus, & rabidis violenta Calumnia  
Dictis,  
Diraq; pacatas lacerans Discordia  
Mentes,  
Et Scelerum male-suada Cohors. TE,  
mitis IESV,  
Da mihi velle sequi! Gressus alato  
sequentis!  
DIVINÆ sum testa ROTÆ; Vas obline  
fido

Rimofum Gypso, sic Vas ego reddar  
Honoris:  
Sum tenebrofa Tui radiantis LUMINIS  
umbra,  
Quod, veniente Die, quod, decedente,  
viderem!  
Cujus nec VISUS Spatium, nec GLORIA  
Laudem,  
Nec VOX ulla capit MERITUM, nec  
TERMINUS Ævum!  
Unius est in Verba satis jurasse MAGI-  
STRI,  
Et TE præsentem Causæ petiisse  
PATRONUM!

Thema fit Æthereo sacrandæ THEO-  
PHILA TEMPLO,  
Pura repurgato solvens LIBAMINA  
Corde.

## The Author's Design

OF CHRIST, and of the SPOUSE's sighs,  
I sing,  
And of the joys that from those ardours  
spring,  
The world ne'er knew; of her soul's  
mystic sense,  
And of her heav'nly zeal. Blind Lust,  
pack hence,  
Hence Pride, exhausting Wealth;  
hence, Envy, fly,  
Pal'd at success; hence foul-mouth'd  
Calumny,  
And savage Discord, striving to divide  
United minds; with all Sin's troop  
beside.  
JESUS! grant I may follow THEE, my  
feet  
Wing THOU, and make them in pur-  
suance fleet!

Close up my cracks by faith, so shall  
I be  
A vessel made of honour unto THEE.  
I'm but a faint resultance from Thy  
light,  
Which, at Sol's rise and set, encheers  
my sight.  
No space Thy view, no glory bounds  
Thy praise,  
No terms do reach Thy worth, no age  
Thy days!  
May I but swear obedience to Thy  
laws,  
And crave THEE PATRON to my pre-  
sent cause!  
My subject's THEOPHIL, for Heav'n  
design'd,  
Offering pure Sacrifice with sacred  
Mind.

<sup>1</sup> Printed exactly from original as a specimen.



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LADIES,

We jangle not in schools, but strain to set  
Church-music, at which saints being met,  
May warble forth Heav'n's praise, and  
thence Heav'n's blessing get.

Church-anthems irksome to the  
factious grow;  
In what a sad case were they, trow,  
Should they be penn'd in Heav'n,  
where hymns for ever flow?

As, fir'd affections to your beauties  
move—  
So, stillatories be of love;  
That, what was vapour, may, by virtue,  
essence prove.

Survey THEOPHILA; her rules apply,  
That you may live, as you would  
die:  
Virtue enamels life; 'tis Grace does  
glorify.

O, may those fragrant flow'rs that in  
her grew,  
Blown by such breath, drench'd by  
such dew,  
Spring, and display their buds, ladies  
elect, in you!

To this Spring-Garden, virgins, chaste  
and fair,  
Coacht in pure thoughts, make your  
repair,  
To recreate your minds, and take fresh  
heav'nly air.

Ye snowy fires, observe her in each  
grace;  
So, may you, bright in soul as face,  
Have in the Gallery of Heroic Women  
place.

Nay, when your days and piety shall  
sum  
Up their completeness, may ye come  
To endless Glory's Court, and with  
blest souls have room!

## THE PREFACE

SAD Experience confirms, what the  
Ancient of Days foretold; that the last  
times shall be worst: for, in this dot-  
age of the world (where Atheism stands  
at the right hand of Profaneness, and  
Superstition on the blind side of  
Ignorance; where there is unmerci-  
ful oppression, and overmerciful con-  
nivence, her beloved favourites (who  
are of past things mindless, of  
future regardless, having different  
opinions, yet but one Religion, Money,  
one God, Mammon) do laugh at others,  
who fall not down, and worship the  
Golden Image that secular Nabucho-  
donosors have set up; but let them,  
who think themselves safe in the herd,  
being night-wildered in their intellects,  
prosecute their sensuality, which will  
soon, like Dalila, put out their eyes;  
for earthly complacencies and ex-  
terior gaieties are not only chaff in the  
hand, Vanity, but also chaff in the eye,  
Vexation of Spirit. How art thou,

foolish World, loaden with sin, fond of  
trifles, neglecting objects fit for Chris-  
tians, fit for men! Could thy minions  
consider, that thou canst give but  
what thou hast, a smoke of Honour, a  
shadow of Riches, a sound of Pleasure,  
a blast of Fame, which can neither add  
to length nor happiness of life; that  
thy whole self art an overdear bargain,  
if bought of the Devil, at the expense  
of a deadly sin, when as sudden chance  
or sickness may snatch and rend  
them hence in a moment, they would  
not then so madly *rant* it as they do,  
but court sobriety, being aware of the  
dangers that proceed from, and wait  
upon the abused opulency of an indul-  
gent fortune, whose caresses are apt to  
swell into exorbitances of spirit, and  
run wildly into dissoluteness of man-  
ners. But, for want of circumspection,  
men grow covetous as Jewish mer-  
chants, ambitious as Eastern poten-  
tates, factious as the giddy multitude,

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revengeful as jealousy, and proud as usurpers ; though soon such swallowed baits dissolve into a gally bitterness ; wherefore, it were highly to be wished, that in the midst of their extravagancies they would ponder, that nothing is more unhappy than the felicity of sinners, who prosper as if they were the beloved of GOD, when, indeed, by His patience they are only (probably) hardened to their more dreadful destruction ! How, how will eternal anguish be aggravated by temporary past happiness ! If we contemplate what unspeakable torments are for ever there, we should have no cause to envy *Worldlings* prosperity, but rather wonder that their portion on earth is not greater, and that ever they should be sensible of sickness, affront or trouble ; since, if their fortunateness should far exceed their ambition, it could not any way recompense that torture for an hour, which yet shall hold to the duration of an infinite Eternity ! when as all the play and pageantry of earth is ever changing, and nothing abides but the stage of the world, and the Spectator GOD. That bliss is not true of whose Eternity we may doubt. View then, Christian reader, the folly of illcounsel unmasked ; and demonstrated that all policy is wretched without piety, without Scriptural wisdom, without CHRIST the Essential Wisdom ; and that all iniquity has so much of justice in it, that it usually condemns, yea leads itself to execution ; witness Absolon's head, Achitophel's hands, and the surrender of Caesar's citadel, (summoned by Judgement's herald, and all his glory's cobweb-guard yielded to the storm) just before the statue of Pompey, whose ruin he had so ambitiously pursued. Would then any wise man choose to be Caesar for his glory, Absolon for his beauty, Achitophel for his policy, Dives for his wealth, or Judas for his office ? Seeing then that happiness consists not in the affluence of exorbitant possessions, nor in the humours of fickle honour, all external splendours being unsatisfactory, let Christians neglect terrestrial vanities, and retire into the recesses of Religion, nothing being so great in human actions as a pious

knowing mind, which disposeth great things, and may yield such permanent monuments, as bring felicity to mankind above the founders of empires ; being an Antepast to the overflowing Feasts of Eternity. Man endued with altitude of wisdom, in the sweetness of conscience and height of virtue, is of all creatures sub-angelical the Almighty's masterpiece, the image of his Maker, a candidate of Divinity, and model of the universe ; who, in holy colloquies, whisperings, and secret conferences with GOD, finds Him a torrent of pleasure, a fountain of honour, and an inexhaustible treasure ; whose divine life is a character of the Divine Nature, by taking GOD for the text, Truth for the doctrine, and Holiness for the use, without which the highest endowments of the most refined wit are but the quaint magic of a learned lunacy. Most wretched therefore are they, beyond all synonyms of misery, whose undisciplined education leaves them unfurnished of skill to spend their time in anything, but what in the prosecution of sin tends to death ; wealth and greatness rendering them past reproof, even ready to tempt their very tempter ; whereby they are wholly inclined to sensualities, being in their entertainments commonly intemperate, in their drink humorous, their humours quarrelous, their duels damnable, concluding a voluptuous and brutish life in a bloody and desperate death, preferring the Body before the Soul, Sense before the Spirit, Appetite before Reason ; temporary fooleries, fantastic visits, idle courtships, gay trifles, fascinating vanities (as if the pleasure of life were but the smothering of precious time in those things, which are mere puffs in expectation, vanity in enjoyment, and vexation of spirit in departure) before solid goodness, and eternal exultations. To divert thee, therefore, from such shelves of indiscreet vice, and to direct thee to the safe and noble channel of virtue, even to faith with good works, to piety with compassion, to zeal with charity, and to know the end which distinguisheth thee from a beast, and to choose a good end, which differenceth thee from an evil man, be so much thine own friend as to peruse seriously this



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spiritual poem which treateth on Sub-cœlestials, Cœlestials, and Super-cœlestials, whereby a delightful curiousness may steal thee into the pleasure of Goodness. Know then that Sub-cœlestials, or Sublunaries, have their assignment in the lowest portion of the universe, and being wholly of a corporeal nature do enjoy spiritual gifts, the chief of which is life, by loan only; where there is no generation without corruption, no birth without death. From the surface of the earth to the centre is 3,436 miles, the whole thickness 6,872 miles, the whole compass 21,600 miles; from its centre to the moon is 3,924,912 miles. Now Cœlestials, or æthereal bodies, are seated in the middle, which, participating of a greater portion of perfection, impart innumerable rare virtues, and influential efficacies to things below, not enduring a corruption, only subject, having obtained their period, to change. The glorious projection and transfusion of æthereal light, both of the sun and of the stars of the six magnitudes, constitute, by astronomical computation, more than 300 suns upward to the Emyrean Heaven. A star in the Equator makes 12,598,666 miles in an hour, which is 209,994 miles in a minute, a motion quicker than thought. Super-cœlestials are intelligencies, altogether spiritual and immortal, excellent in their beings, intuitive in their conceptions; such as are the glorious quire of the Apostles, the exulting number of the Prophets, the innumerable army of crowned Martyrs, triumphing Virgins, charitable Confessors, &c., or the blessed hierarchy of Angels, participating somewhat of GOD and man; having had a beginning as man, and now being immortal with GOD, having their immortality for His sempiternity; void of all mixture, as is GOD, and yet consisting of matter and form as doth man; subsisting in some subject and substance as doth man, yet being incorporeal, as is GOD; they having charity, impassibility, subtilty, and agility, having understanding without error, light without darkness, joy without sorrow, will without perturbation, impassibility without corruption; pure as the light, ordained to serve the Lord of Light. They are

local and circumscribed by place, as is man; yet are they in a place not properly by way of circumscription, but by way of definition; though they cannot be in several places at once, yet are they able in a moment to be anywhere, as GOD always is everywhere; of admirable capacity and knowledge, resembling GOD; yet ignorant of the Essence of GOD, much less see they all things in It, in that like man. Even these incorporeal substances would pine and starve, if an all-filling, and infinitely all-sufficient and superabundant GOD were not the object of their high contemplation, whose bliss of theirs is the nearest approach to that Divine Majesty, Who is a true, real, substantial, and essential Nature, subsisting of Himself, an eternal Being, an infinite Oneness, the radical Principle of all things; whose essence is an incomprehensible light, His power is omnipotency, and his beck an absolute act; Who, before the Creation, was a book rolled up in Himself, having light only in Himself; Who is a Spirit existent from everlasting to everlasting; One Essence, Three Subsistencies; whose Divine Nature is an essential and infinite Understanding, which knows all things actually always; which cannot possibly be comprehended by any finite creature, much less by Man grovelling on earth in the mud of error and gross ignorance, who are unable by any art or industry to find out the true nature, form and virtue of the least fly or gnat. The whole universe is the looking-glass of GOD's power, wisdom, and bounty; He loves as Charity, knows as Truth, judges as Equity, rules as Majesty, defends as Safety, works as Virtue, reveals as Light, &c. He is a never deficient Brightness, a never weary Life, a Spring ever-flowing, the Principle of Beginning, &c. If any creature knew what GOD is, he should be GOD; for none knoweth HIM but HIMSELF, Who is good without quality, great without quantity, present without place, everlasting without time; Who by a body is nowhere, by energy everywhere, above all by power, beneath all by sustaining all, without all by compassing all, within all by penetrating

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all, being absent seen, being present invisible; of Whom to speak, is to be silent, Whom to value is to exceed all rate, Whom to define, is still to increase in definition; Infiniteness being the right Philosopher's stone, which turns all metals into gold, and one dram of it being put, not only to a Seraphin, or to a whole element, but even to the least gnat in the world, or the least mote in the sun, is of force to make it true and very GOD: For, first, It maketh it to be the first Essence, derived from none other. 2. It maketh it to be but One, because there cannot be two Infinites; where there are two, there is division; where division, there is end of one, and beginning of another, and so no Infinite. 3. It maketh the subject to be immaterial, for no matter can be infinite; for, a body is contained, and, if contained, not infinite; being without matter, it is also without passion; for, *sola materia patitur*; and so becometh also immutable, for there can be no change without passion. 4. It maketh a thing to be immoveable, for whatsoever moveth hath bounds, but in Infinite there is no bounds. 5. The Infinite Thing is simple, for in composition there is division and quality, and so by consequent limits. Thus, Infiniteness distinguisheth from all creatures, and is first primary without cause, but existing absolutely in Himself, and of Himself, and is to all other things the cause and beginning, yet not diminishing Him, having all their essence, but no part of His Essence from Him. But oh, here the most superlative expressions of eloquence are no other than mere extenuations. I tread a maze, and thread a labyrinth on hills of ice, where, if I slip, I tumble into heresy; I am with St. Peter in the deep, where, without the Hand of Power, I should sink eternally, and be swallowed up by the bottomless gulf. The prosecution of this argument were fitter for the pens of Angels, than for the sons of corruption; whereof we may say, that if all should be written of Infiniteness, not only the whole world, but even Heaven itself would not suffice to hold the books which should be written. I satisfy my incapacity with rejoicing in GOD's incomprehensibility. And

now, descending from these amazing heights, know, reader, that Divine Poesy is the internal triumph of the mind, rapt with St. Paul into the third heaven, where she contemplates ineffables: 'tis the sacred oracles of faith put into melodious anthems that make music ravishing, no earthly jubilation being comparable to it. It discovers the causes, beginnings, progress, and end of things, it instructeth youth, comforteth age, graceth prosperity, solaceth adversity, pleaseth at home, delighteth abroad, shorteneth the night, and refresheth the day. No star in the sphere of Wisdom outshines it: Natural Philosophy hath not anything in it which may satisfy the soul, because that is created to something more excellent then all Nature; but this divine rapture chains the mind with harmonious precepts from a divine influence, whose operations are as subtle and resistless as the influence of planets; teaching mortals to live as in the sight of GOD, by whom the coverts of the thickest hypocrisy (that white Devil) are most clearly seen through. Now 'tis Judgement begets the strength, Invention the ornaments of a poem; both these joined form Wit, which is the agility of spirits: vivacity of Fancy in a florid style disposeth light and life to a poem, wherein the masculine and refined pleasures of the understanding transcend the feminine and sensual of the eye: From the excellence of Fancy proceed grateful similes, apt metaphors, &c. Sublime poets are by Nature strengthened, by the power of the mind inflamed, and by divine rapture inspired; they should have a plentiful stock to set up, and manage it artfully, their conceptions should be choice, brief, perspicuous, well-habited. In Scripture Moses, Job, David, Solomon, and others, are famous for employing their talents in this kind. St. Paul likewise cited three of the heathen poets (whom he calls *prophets*) as evident convictions of vice, and demonstrations of Divinity: viz. Epimenides to the Cretians, *Tit. i. 12 Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύσται, κατὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί.* Menander to the Corinthians, *1 Cor. xv. 33 Φθείρουσιν ἡθὴ χρησθ' ὁμιλῖαι κακάι.* And Aratus to the Athenians,



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*Acts xvii.* 28 Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἑσμέν. From these results I fell in love with our more divine and Christian poesy, observing that in the sayings and writings of our Blessed SAVIOUR and His disciples, there are no less than sixty authorities produced from above forty of David's Psalms. Hence from that high Love, which hath no weapons but fiery rays, my spirit is struck into a flame to enter into the secret and sacred rooms of *Theology*, and, reader, if thou wilt not prejudice thine own charity by miscrediting me, I dare profess, thou wilt neither repent of thy cost or time in reviewing these interval issues of spiritual recreation, which may thus, happily, prove a pleasant lure to thy pious devotion. May likewise thy charity suggest to thy belief, that I have done my best to that end, and if thou thinkest that I have wanted salt to preserve them to posterity, know that the very subject itself is balsam enough to make them perpetual. Delightest thou in a Heroic Poem? If actions of magnanimity and fidelity advancing moral virtue merit the title of heroic, much more may THEOPHILA, a combatant with the world, hell, and her own corruptions, gain an eternal laurel; whose example and precepts, well followed, will without doubt bring honour, joy, peace, serenity, and hopes full of confidence. The Composer hath extracted out of the even mixture of theory and action this cordial water of saving wisdom, by distilling them through the limbeck of Piety, whereof they drink to their soul's health, who not only take it in, as parched earth does rain, but turn it into nourishment by a spiritual digestion, being made like it Divine. This metrical Discourse of his serious day, to which he was led by instigation of conscience, not titillation of fame, inoculates grafts of reason on the stock of religion, and would have all put upon this important consideration, that the life of Nature is given to seek the life of Grace, which bringeth us to the life of Glory; the obtainment of which is his only aim, being fully persuaded, that as every new star gilds the firmament, and increaseth its first glory: so those, who are instruments of the conversion of

others, shall not only introduce new beauties, but, when themselves shine like other stars in glory, they shall have some reflexions from the light of others, to whose fixing in the orb of Heaven they themselves have been instrumental. He would not run thee out of breath by long-winded strains; for in a poem, as in a prayer, 'tis vigour not length that crowns it; Οὐκ ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ τὸ εὖ, ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ εὖ τὸ μέγα.

*Tædia ut Ambages pariant, nervosa Favorem*

*Sic Brevitas; Labor est non brevis esse brevem.*

He wisheth it might be his happiness to meet with such readers, as discern the analogy of Grounds, as well as the knowledge of the letter, and have as well a system of Reason, as the understanding of Words: yea, such as have judgement and affections refined, and with THEOPHILA be love-sick too, which love is never more eloquent, than when ventilated in sighs and groans, Heaven's delighted *music* being in the broken consort of hearts and spirits, the will there accepted for the work, and the desire for desert. Behold here in an original is presented an example of life, with force of precepts, happy who copy them out in their actions! Indeed examples and precepts are as poems and pictures; for, as poems are speaking pictures, and pictures are silent poems: so example is a silent precept, and precept a speaking example. And as musick is an audible beauty, and beauty a visible music: so precepts are audible sweets to the wise, and examples silent harmony to the illiterate, who may unclasp and glance on these poems, as on pictures with inadvertency; yet he who shall contribute to the improvement of the author, either by a prudent detection of an error, or a sober communication of an irrefragable truth, deserves the venerable esteem and welcome of a good Angel; and he who by a candid adherence unto, and a fruitful participation of what is good and pious confirms him therein, merits the honourable entertainment of a faithful friend. But he who shall traduce him in absence, for what in presence he would seem to applaud,

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incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander; and he who wounds him with ill reading and misprision, does execution on him before judgement.

Now He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, bring those to everlasting Life, who love the Way, and Truth in sincerity!

## The several Cantos

The { Praelibation.  
Humiliation.  
Restoration.  
Inamoration.  
Representation.  
Association.  
Contemplation.  
Admiration.

The { Recapitulation.  
Translations<sup>1</sup>.  
Abnegation.  
Disincantation.  
Segregation.  
Reinvitation.  
Termination.

Be pleased, Reader, first to correct these Typographical Errours.

*Acres circumfert centum licet Argus Ocellos,  
Non tamen errantes cernat ubique Typos.*

At the bottom B 4. Line 20. Read *Ecstasies*, Pag. 1. Stanza 1. *Strains*. p. 54. St. 23. *Condescent*, p. 76. St. 71. *Unbounded*. p. 84. St. 25. *Thee*. p. 106. St. 86. *doth most*. 132. 31. *non*. p. 144. rectifie the Figures. p. 169. St. 60. *repurgat*. 173. 90. *eversis*, 203. 82. *For*. 214. l. 12. *exanimis*. 217. l. 7. *splendet*. 239. 29. *didst*. 268. l. 25. *Nectare*, &c.

## Pneumato-Sarco-Machia : or Theophila's Spiritual Warfare

The life of a true Christian is a continual conflict; each act of the good fight hath a military scene; and our blessed SAVIOUR coming like a Man of War, commands in Chief, under the FATHER, who hath laid help upon One that is mighty, by anointing Him with the HOLY GHOST and with power. This world is His pitched field; His standard the cross; His colours Blood; His armour Patience; His battle Persecution; His victory Death. And in mystical Divinity His two-handed sword is the Word and Spirit, which wounds and heals; and what is shed in this holy war is not blood but Love;

His trumpeters are Prophets and Preachers; His menaces Mercies; and His arrows Benefits. When He offers Himself to us, He then invades us; His great and small shot are volleys of sighs and groans; when we are converted we are conquered; He binds when He embraceth us. In the cords of love He leads us captives; and kills us into life, when He crucifies the old, and quickens in us the new man. So then here is no death, but of inbred corruptions: no slaughter, but of carnal affections, which being mortified the soul becomes a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto GOD.

<sup>1</sup> Plural in orig.

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WHEN that great Gen'ralissimo of all  
Infernal janissaries shall  
His legions of temptations raise, enroll,  
And muster them 'gainst thee, my  
Soul;  
And ranks of pleasures, profits, hon-  
ours bring,  
To give a charge on the right wing:  
And place his dreadful troops of deadly  
sins  
Upon the left, with murth'ring gins:  
And draw to his main body thousand  
lusts,  
And for reserve—wherein he trusts,  
Shall specious Sanctity's Brigade pro-  
vide,  
Whose leader is Spiritual Pride:  
And having treacherously laid his trains  
In ambush, under hope of gains  
By sinning, as so many scouts, to find  
Each march and posture of thy mind:  
Then, Soul, sound an alarm to Faith,  
and press  
Thy Zeal to be in readiness;  
And levy all thy faculties to serve  
Thy CHIEF. Take Pray'r for thy  
reserve  
Under the conduct of His SPIRIT; see  
Under the banner that they be

Of thy Salvation's CAPTAIN. Then be  
sure  
That all thy outworks stand secure.  
Yet narrower look into th' indenting  
line  
Of thy ambiguous thoughts. Design  
With constant care a watch o'er every  
part;  
Ev'n at thy Cinque-ports, and thy  
heart  
Set sentinels. Let Faith be captain  
o'er  
The life-guard, standing at the door  
Of thy well-warded breast: disloyal  
Fear  
That corresponds with Guilt, cashier.  
Nor let Hypocrisy sneak in and out  
Thy garrison, with that spy, Doubt.  
The watchword be IMMANUEL. Then  
set  
Strong parties of thy tears; and let  
Them still to sally forth prepared stand,  
And but expect the Soul's command;  
Waiting until a blest recruit from High  
Be sent, with Grace's free supply.  
Thus where the LORD of hosts the van  
leads, there  
Triumphant palms bring up the rear.

## To My Fancy upon Theophila

FLY, Fancy, Beauty's arched brow,  
Darts, wing'd with fire, thence spark-  
ling flow.  
From flash of lightning eye-balls turn;  
Contracted beams of<sup>1</sup> crystal burn.  
Waive<sup>2</sup> curls, which Wit gold-tresses  
calls,  
That golden fleece to tinsel falls.  
Evade thou peach-bloom cheek-  
decoys,  
Where both the roses blend false joys.  
Press not the two-leav'd ruby gates,  
Which fence their pearl-portcullis  
gates.  
Suck not the breath, though it return  
Fragrant, as Phoenix' spicy urn.

Lock up thine ears, and so disarm  
The magic of enamouring charm.  
The lily-breasts with violets vein'd  
Are flow'rs, as soon deflow'r'd as  
gain'd.  
Love-locks, perfume, paint, spots dis-  
praise;  
These by the black-art spirits raise.  
Garnish no Bristows<sup>3</sup> with rich mine,  
Glow-worms are vermin, though they  
shine.  
Should one love-knot all lovelies tie,  
This one, these all, soon cloy and die.  
*Cupid*, as lame as blind, being gone,  
Live one with HIM, Who made thee  
one.

<sup>1</sup> Corrected to 'on' in my copy.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'Wave': but this is the common spelling for 'waive,' which seems to be required to match 'Fly' and 'Evade.'

<sup>3</sup> Bristol being famous as a stronghold and also for 'diamonds.'



## Commendatory Poems

Avoid exotic pangs o'th' brain,  
Nor let thy margent blush a stain.  
With artful method misc'line<sup>1</sup> sow :  
May judgement with invention grow.  
Profit with pleasure bring to th' test,  
Be ore refin'd, before imprest.

Pass forge and file, be point and edge  
'Gainst what severest brows allege.  
Mix balm with ink ; let thy salt heal :  
T' each palate various manna deal.  
Have for the wise strong sense, deep  
truth :  
Grand-sallet of choice wit for youth.

Cull metaphors well-weigh'd and clear,  
Enucleate mysteries to th' ear.  
Be wit stenographed, yet free ;  
'Tis largest in epitome.  
Fly through *Art's* heptarchy, be clad  
With wings to soar, but not to gad.

Thy pinions raise with mystic fire,  
Sometimes 'bove high-roof'd sense as-  
pire.

So draw THEOPH'LA, that each line,  
Cent'ring in Heav'n, may seem divine.  
Her voice soon fits thee for that quire ;  
W' are cind' red by intrinsic fire.

Magnetic Virtue's in her breast  
Impregn'd with Grace, the noblest  
guest.

Who in Love's albo<sup>2</sup> are enroll'd,  
Unutterable joys behold.  
Geographers Earth's globe survey,  
Fancy, Heav'n's astrolabe display.

Six hast thou view'd of Europe's  
Courts,  
Soon, as Ideas, pass'd their sports.

Sense, canst thou *parse* and *construe*  
bliss ?

Only souls sanctified know this.  
Then hackney not, to toys, life's span.  
The Saint's rear tops the Courtier's van.

In *Hope's* cell holy hermit be :  
Let ecstasies transfigure thee.  
There, as *Truth's* champion, strive  
always,

To storm Love's tower with hosts of  
praise.

Keep strong *Faith's* Court of Guard.  
The stars

March in battalia to these wars.

Zealous in pray'r besiege the sky,  
Conquests are crown'd by constancy :  
Stand sent'nel at the BRIDEGROOM'S  
gates ;

Who serve there, reign o'er earthly  
states,

Rais'd on *Devotion's* flaming wings  
Disdain the crackling blaze of things.

No music courts spiritual ears  
Like high-tun'd anthems ; this up-  
rears

Thee, Fancy, rapt through mists of  
fears,

And clouds of penitential tears ;  
Eagling 'bove transitory spheres,  
Till ev'n the INVISIBLE appears.

Divorc'd from past and present toys,  
'Spouse New Jerus'lem's future joys ;  
Be re-baptiz'd in Eye-dew-Fall,  
Of all forgot, forget thou all.

These acts well kept, commence, and  
prove  
Professor in Seraphic Love.

## A Friend's Echo, to his Fancy upon *Sacrata*

I

WHEN Fancy bright *SACRATA* courts,  
It is not with accustom'd sports ;  
'Tis not in prizing of her eyes,  
To the disvalue of the skies ;  
Nor robbing gardens of their hue,  
To give her flow'ry cheeks their due.

II

'Tis not in stripping of the sea  
For coral, to resign that plea  
It hath to the vermilion dye,  
If that her ruddy lips be nigh,  
Or that I long to see them ope,  
As if I thence for pearl did hope.

<sup>1</sup> 'Misc'line' in various forms = 'mixed seed.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Album' declined.



## Edward Benlowes

### III

Nor is't in promising my ears  
Rather to her than to the spheres;  
Or that a smile of hers displays  
As much content as *Phoebus'* rays,  
Or that her hand for whiteness shames  
The down of swans on silver Thames.

### IV

Let such on these Romances dwell,  
Who do admire Love's husk and shell.  
Hark, wanton fair-ones, all your fawns  
Are Happiness's hapless pawns:  
With these alone the mind does flag;  
Beauty is oft the soul's black bag.

### V

Pure flames that ravish with their fire,  
Ascend unmeasurably higher;  
Which, after search we find to be  
In virtue link'd with piety.  
The radiations of the soul  
All splendours of the flesh control.

### VI

Fond sense, cry up a rosy skin,  
SACRATA rosied is within:  
But brighter THEOPHIL behold,  
Whose vest is wrought with purpled  
gold.  
LOVE'S self in her his flame em-  
beams,  
LOVE'S sacrifice ZEAL'S rapture seems.

### VII

Of Paradise before the Fall  
This Saint is emblematical.  
Then, *Fancy*, give her due renown,  
She's Queen of Arts; this book, her  
crown.

SACRATA turns CASTARA unto us,  
And BENLOWES (anagramm'd) BENE-  
VOLUS.

JER. COLLIER<sup>1</sup>, *M.A. and*  
*Fell. of S. John's Coll., Camb.*

## Non me Palma negata Macrum, data reddet Opimum

A SMOOTH clear vein should have it<sup>2</sup>  
source

From Nature, and have Art but nurse:  
Which, though it men at Athens feasts,  
May fight at Ephesus with beasts.

Wits, rudely hal'd to *Momus'* bar,  
By braying beasts condemn'd are.  
Reason! How many brutes there be  
'Mong men, 'cause not inform'd by  
thee?

Vates Poet-Prophet is; if good,  
Alike both scorn'd, and understood.  
Though readers' censure's writers' fate,

Spleen sha'nt contract, nor praise  
dilate.

Or clap, or hiss. The moon sails  
round,  
Though bark'd at by each yelping  
hound.

The brighter she, the more they bark;  
But slumb'ring quetch<sup>3</sup> not in the dark.

Deign him, bright souls, your piercing  
glance,

(Art's foes are sons of Ignorance)  
So, freed from Night's rude overseers,  
The Poet may be tried by his Peers.

<sup>1</sup> This is not the famous Jeremy, who was born only two years before *Theophila* appeared.

<sup>2</sup> 'It' for 'it's,' as so often.

<sup>3</sup> 'Quetch,' more usually 'quitch,' 'to move,' 'stir.'

## Commendatory Poems

### A Verdict for the Pious Sacrificer

To shine, and light, not scorch, thy  
Muse did aim ;  
And so hath rais'd this quintessential  
flame.  
By th' salt, and whiteness of her lines,  
we think  
With holy water (tears) she mixt her ink ;  
And both the fire and food of this chaste  
Muse [use.  
Is more what Altars, than what Tables

Who does not pray with zeal thy Faith  
may move,  
Rightly concentric with thy Hope and  
Love ?  
So, in the Temple these religious  
hosts  
From Hecatombs may rise to Holo-  
causts.

WALTER MONTAGUE<sup>1</sup>,  
*Com. Manch. Filius.*

### A Glance at Theophila

WHO sacrificèd last ? The hallow'd  
air  
Seems all ensoul'd with sweet per-  
fume,  
Which pleasèd *Heav'n* deigns to  
assume,  
The smiling sky appeareth brightly  
fair ;  
Was't not THEOPHILA's fam'd sire,  
Say, sacred *Priest*, obtain'd the holy  
fire  
To bless, and burn his victim of sub-  
lime desire ?  
Know, curious mortal, this rare  
sacrifice,  
Scarce known to our now-bedrid  
age,  
Was got by *Zeal*, and holy *Rage*,  
And offer'd by *Benevolus* the wise :  
For, speckled *Craft*, and a loose  
fit  
Of aguish knowledge, glimm'ring  
acts beget ;  
Chaste *Piety* bears fruit to *Wisdom*,  
not to *Wit*.  
No tiger's whelp with blood-be-  
smear'd jaws,  
No cub of bears, lick'd into shape,  
No lustful offspring of the ape,  
No musky panther with close guileful  
claws,

No dirty grunting of the swine,  
No lion's whelp of e'er so high  
design,  
Is offer'd here : keep off, Unclean !  
Here's all divine.

The chosen wood (as harbinger to all  
Those future then, now passed  
rites)  
Was Laurel, that guards lightning  
frights,  
The weeping Fir, sad Yew for funeral,  
The lasting Oak, and joyful Vine,  
The fruitful Fig-tree billets did con-  
sign ;  
The peaceful Olive with cleft Juniper  
did join.

On knees in tears think altar'd  
THEOPHIL,  
Incensed with sweet *Obedience*,  
Who makes LOVE's life in death  
commence,  
Scaling with heart, hands, eyes,  
Heav'n's lofty hill :  
Her circled head you might behold  
Was glorified with burnish'd crown  
of gold,  
Embossed with gems ; embrac'd by  
Angels manifold.

Thus in a fiery chariot up SHE flies,  
Perfuming the forsaken earth

<sup>1</sup> A rather remarkable person, born about 1603, who died in 1677 after becoming a Roman Catholic, being imprisoned for Royalism in the Tower, and enjoying the abbacy of St. Martin, at Pontoise.

## Edward Benlowes

(The midwife orbs do help her birth),  
Into the glory of the Hierarchies.  
Where ecstasies of joys do grow,  
Which they themselves eternally do  
sow,

But 'tis too high for me to think, or thee  
to know.  
Priests thus by hieroglyphic keys  
Unlock their hidden mysteries.  
W. DENNIE, *Baronet*<sup>1</sup>.

### To the Author, upon his Divine Poem

TILL now I guess'd but blindly to what  
height  
The Muses' eagles could maintain their  
flight!  
Though poets are, like eaglets, bred to  
soar,  
Gazing on stars at Heav'n's mysterious  
pow'r;  
Yet I observe they quickly stoop to  
ease  
Their wings, and perch on palace-pin-  
nacles:  
From thence more usefully they Courts  
discern;  
The Schools where greatness does  
disguises learn;  
The stages where *She* acts to vulgar  
sight  
Those parts which statesmen as her  
Poets write;  
Where none but those wise poets may  
survey  
The private practice of her public play;  
Where kings, GOD'S counterfeits, reach  
but the skill  
In studied scenes to act the Godhead  
ill:  
Where cowards, smiling in their closets,  
breed  
Those wars which make the vain and  
furious bleed:  
Where Beauty plays not merely  
Nature's part,  
But is, like Pow'r, a creature form'd by  
Art;  
And, as at first, Pow'r by consent was  
made,  
And those who form'd it did themselves  
invade:  
So harmless Beauty (which has now far  
more  
Injurious force than States' or Mon-  
archs' power)

Was by consent of Courts allow'd  
Art's aid;  
By which themselves they to her sway  
betray'd.  
'Twas Art, not Nature, taught excessive  
power;  
Which whom it lists does favour or  
devour:  
'Twas Art taught Beauty the imperial  
skill  
Of ruling, not by justice, but by will.  
And, as successive kings scarce seem  
to reign,  
Whilst lazily they empire's weight sus-  
tain;  
Thinking because their pow'r they  
native call  
Therefore our duty too is natural;  
And by presuming that we ought [t']  
obey,  
They lose the craft and exercise of sway:  
So, when at Court a native Beauty  
reigns  
O'er Love's wild subjects, and Art's  
help disdains;  
When her presumptuous sloth finds  
not why Art  
In Pow'r's grave play does act the  
longest part;  
When, like proud gentry, she does  
level all  
Industrious arts with arts mechanical;  
And vaunts of small inheritance no less  
Than new States boast of purchas'd  
provinces;  
Whilst she does every other homage  
scorn,  
But that to which by Nature she was  
born:  
Thus when so heedlessly she lovers  
sways,  
As scarce she finds her pow'r ere it  
decays;

<sup>1</sup> Author of *The Shepherd's Holiday*, 1653, and other Poems, which might be included in this Collection if we had room. This piece strikes one as above the ordinary commendatory work.

## Commendatory Poems

Which is her beauty, and which un-  
supplied  
By what wise Art would carefully pro-  
vide,  
Is but Love's lightning, and does hardly  
last

Till we can say it was ere it be past ;  
Soon then when beauty's gone she  
turns her face,  
Asham'd of that which was erewhile her  
grace ;  
So, when a monarch's gone, the chair  
of State  
Is backward turn'd where he in glory  
sate.

The secret arts of Love and Pow'r ;  
how these

Rule courts, and how those courts rule  
provinces,  
Have been the task of every noble Muse ;  
Whose aid of old nor Pow'r nor Love  
did use

Merely to make their lucky conquests  
known

(Though to the Muse they owe their  
first renown ;

For she taught Time to speak, and ev'n  
to Fame,

Who gives the great their names, she  
gave a name),

But they by studying numbers rather  
knew

To make those happy whom they did  
subdue.

Here let me shift my sails ! and  
higher bear

My course than that which moral poets  
steer !

For now (best poet ! ) I divine would be,

And only can be so by studying thee.  
Those whom thy flights do lead shall  
pass no more

Through dark'ning clouds when they to  
Heav'n would soar ;

Nor in ascent fear such excess of light  
As rather frustrates than maintains the  
sight ;

For thou dost clear Heav'n's darken'd  
mysteries,

And mak'st the lustre safe to weakest  
eyes.

Noiseless, as planets move, thy numbers  
flow,

And soft as lovers' whispers when they  
woo !

Thy labour'd thoughts with ease thou  
dost dispense,

Clothing in maidendress a manly sense ;  
And as in narrow room Elixir lies,

So in a little thou dost much comprise.  
Here fix thy pillars ! which as marks  
shall be

How far the soul in Heav'n's discovery  
Can possibly advance ; yet, whilst they  
are

Thy trophies, they but warrant our  
despair :

For human excellence hath this ill fate,  
That where it virtue most doth elevate

It bears the blot of being singular,  
And Envy blasts that Fame it cannot  
share :

Ev'n good examples may so great be  
made

As to discourage whom they should  
persuade.

WILL. DAVENANT.

TOWER, May 13, 1652.

## For the Author, truly Heroic, by Blood, Virtue, Learning

*Scholar, Commander, Traveller* com-  
mixt ;

*Schools, Camps, and Courts* raise FAME,  
and make it fixt.

Your fame and feet have Alps and  
Oceans past : [Envy blast.

Fam'd feet ! which Art can't raise, nor

*Beaumont* and *Fletcher* coin'd a golden  
way, [play.

T' express, suspend, and passionate a

Nimble and pleasant are all motions  
there,

For two intelligences rul'd the sphere.

Both sock and buskin sunk with them,  
and then

*Davenant* and *Denham* buoy'd them up  
agen.

Beyond these pillars some think  
nothing is :

Great Britain's wit stands in a precipice.



## Edward Benlowes

But, Sir, as though Heav'n's Straits  
discover'd were,  
By science of your card, Unknowns  
appear:  
Sail then with prince of wits, illustrious  
*Dunne*<sup>1</sup>,  
Who rapt earth round with Love, and  
was its sun.

But your first love was pure: whose  
ev'ry dress  
Is inter-tissu'd *Wit* and *Holiness*;  
And mends upon itself; whose streams  
(that meet  
With *Sands*<sup>2</sup> and *Herbert's*) grow more  
deep, more sweet.

I, wing'd with joy, to th' PRAELIBA-  
TION fly;  
Thence view I Error's Tragi-comedy:  
With THEOPHIL from fear to faith  
I rise,  
The mystic Bridge, 'twixt Hell and  
Paradise.

Hell scap't seems double Heav'n:  
Renew'd, with bands  
Of pray'rs, vows, tears, with eyes, and  
knees, and hands,  
I see her cope with Heav'n, and  
Heav'n does thence,  
As in the *Baptist's* days, feel violence.

But her ecstatic SONGS OF LOVE  
declare,  
To *Jedidiah* she's apparent heir.  
Be those then next, The SONG OF  
SONGS. Love styles  
Her *fourth*, The *Second* Book of CAN-  
TICLES.

But with what dreadful yet delightful  
tones  
She sings when GLORIFIED! then,  
stingless drones  
Are Death and Hell: Joy's crescent  
then's increast,  
To fullest lustre, at her Bridal Feast.

Sixth, sev'nth, and eighth such ban-  
quets' frame would make  
Wisdom turn Cormorant; my spirits  
shake  
I'th' reading. Soul of joy! thy ravish-  
ing sp'rit  
Draws bed-rid minds to longing  
appetite.

Fame, write with gold on diamond  
pages; treat  
Upon the glories of a work so great.  
*Be't then enacted, that all Graces  
dwell  
In Thee* THEOPH'LA, *Virtue's Chro-  
nicle*:

Who gemm'st it in Jerusalem above,  
Where all is Grace and Glory, Light  
and Love.  
To that Unparallel this comes so  
near,  
That, 'tis a glimpse of Heav'n to read  
thee here.

O, blest Ambition! Speculations high  
Enchariot thee, Elijah-like, to the  
sky!  
What state worth envy, like thy sweet  
abode,  
That overtops the world, and mounts  
to GOD?

Walkt through your Eden stanzas, you  
invite  
Our ravisht souls to recreate with  
delight,  
In bow'r of compt discourse: great  
verse, but prose  
Such, none but our great MASTER could  
compose.

For bulk, an easy Folio is this all;  
Yet we a volume may each Canto  
call,  
For solid matter: where we should  
consult  
On paragraphs, mark what does thence  
result:

For, every period's of DEVOTION  
proof,  
And each resolve is of concern'd be-  
hoof.  
Peruse, examine, censure; oh, how  
bright  
Does shine RELIGION, chequer'd with  
delight!

Diffusive Soul! your spirit was soar-  
ing, when  
This manna dew'd from your inspirèd  
pen.  
Such melting passions of a soul divine,  
Could they be cast in any mould but  
thine?

<sup>1</sup> Donne.

<sup>2</sup> George Sandys.

## Commendatory Poems

Wonder arrests our thought ; that you  
alone  
In such combustions, wherein thousands  
groan,  
(And when some sparkles of the public  
flame  
Seiz'd on your private state, and scorcht  
the same)  
Could warble thus. Steer ships each  
pilot may

In calms ; but whoso can in stormy  
day  
May justly domineer. But what may  
daunt  
Him, who, like mermaids, thus in  
storms can chant ?  
Grace crowns the suff'ring, Glory the  
triumphing Saint.

TH. PESTIL,  
*Regi quondam à Sacris.*

THOSE ladies, Sir, we virtuosas  
call,  
But copies are to this original ;  
Whose charming empire of her grace  
does sense  
Astonish by a super-excellence.  
And, like as *Midas*' touch made gold ;  
so, thus  
THEOPHILA'S touch may make  
THEOPHILUS.

*Zeuxes* cull'd out perfections of each  
sort  
For his *Pandora* ; yet did all come  
short  
As far of this embellishment as she

Had been limn'd out in Painting's  
infancy.  
For, magisterial virtue draws no  
grace  
From corp'ral limbs, or features of the  
face.

Here Heav'n-born SUADAS<sup>1</sup>, star-like,  
gild each dress  
Of the Bride Soulespous'd to Happiness.  
Here Piety informs poetic art ;  
As all in all, and all in every part.  
For all these died not with fam'd  
*Cartwright*, though  
A score of poets join'd to have it so.  
T. BENLOWES, *A. M.*

## For the much honoured Author

THE winged Intellect once taught to fly  
By *Art* and *Reason*, may be bold to pry  
Into the secrets of a wand'ring star,  
Although its motions be irregular :  
And from the smiles and glances that  
those bright  
Corrivals cast, that do embellish night,  
Guess darkly at, though not directly  
know,  
The various changes that fall here be-  
low.  
And perching on the high'st perimeter,  
May find the distances of every sphere,  
Which in full orbs do move, tunicked so  
That the less spheres within the greater  
go,  
As cell in cell, spun by the dying fly ;  
Or ball in ball, turn'd in smooth ivory.  
Each hath a prince circled upon a  
throne,  
In a refulgent habitation.

Only the constellations seem to be  
Like nobles, in an aristocracy.  
Their Milky Way like *Innocence*, and  
thus  
Should all great actions be diaphanous.  
But the great Monarch, *Light*, dis-  
poses all :  
His stores are magazine, and festival :  
And by his pow'r Earth's epicycle may  
Move in a silver sphere, as well as they.  
Else, her poor little orb appears to be  
A very point to their immensity.  
Thus strung, like beads, they on their  
centres move ;  
But the great centre of this all, is LOVE.  
Though the brute creatures by the  
height of sense  
Foretell their calm and boisterous  
influence,  
Yet to find out their motions is man's  
part,

<sup>1</sup> 'Suada' or 'Suadela,' one of the subsidiary goddesses of Love and Marriage, who  
'persuades' the Beloved.

## Edward Benlowes

Not by the help of Nature, but of Art,  
Which rarefies the soul, and makes it  
rise,

And sees no farther than *that* gives it  
eyes.

And by that prospect will directly tell  
What regions stoop to every parallel.  
Which cities furr'd are with snow,  
which lie

Naked, and scorch'd under Heav'n's  
canopy.

How men, like cloves stuck in an  
orange, stand

Still upright, with their feet upon the  
land.

And where the seas oppos'd to us do  
flow,

Yet quench they not that heat where  
spices grow.

It sees fair Morning's rising neck beset  
With orient gems, like a rich carcanet.  
Who every night doth send her beams  
to spy

In what dark caves her golden trea-  
sures lie :

And there they brood and hatch the  
callow race,

Till they take wing, and fly in every  
place.

It sees the frozen Fir shrouding its  
arms,

While Cocus trees are courted with  
blest charms,

That swell their pregnant womb : whose  
issue may

Sweeten our world, but that they die  
by th' way.

It sees the Seasons lying at the door,  
Some warm and wanton, and some cold  
and poor ;

And knows from whence they come,  
both foul and fair,

And from their presence gilds, or soils  
the air.

It sees plain Nature's face, how rude  
it looks

Till it be polish'd by men and books :  
And most of her dark secrets can dis-  
cover

To open view of an industrious lover.

Whatever under Heav'n's great  
throne we prize

Or value, in Art's chamber-practice lies.  
But when before the ALMIGHTY JUDGE  
he come

To speak of HIM, my Orator is dumb.

Go then, thou silenced Soul, present  
thy plea

By the fair hand of sweet THEOPHILA.  
Hap'ly thy harsh and broken strains  
may rise

In the perfume of her sweet sacrifice ;  
And if by this access thou find'st a way  
To th' highest THRONE, alas ! what  
canst thou say ?

What can the bubble (though its breath  
it bring

Upon the gliding stream) say of the  
spring ?

Can the proud painted flow'r boast  
that it knows

The root that bears it, and whereon it  
grows ?

Or can the crawling worm, though  
ne'er so stout,

With its meand'rings find the centre  
out ?

Can Infinite be measur'd by a span ?  
And what art thou, less than all these,  
O man ?

*Man is a thing of nought !* yet from  
above

There beams upon his soul such rays  
of love,

As may discover by *Faith's* optic,  
where

The Burning Bush is, though not see  
HIM there.

The meekest man on earth did only see  
His shadow shining there, it was not  
HE.

And if that great soul, who with holy  
flame,

And ravish'd spirit to the Third Heav'n  
came,

Saw things unutterable, what can we  
Express of those things that we ne'er  
did see ?

The Senses' strongest pillars cannot  
bear

The weight of the least grain of glory  
there.

No more than where to bound, or com-  
prehend

Infinity, they can begin, or end.

Since then the Soul is circumscrib'd  
within

The narrow limits of a tender skin ;  
Let us be babes in innocence, and grow  
Strong *upwards*, and more weak to  
things *below*.

By sacred chemistry, the spirit must  
Ascend and leave the sediment to dust.

*This cordial is distilled from the eyes,*  
And we must sprinkle 't on the sacri-  
fice :



## Commendatory Poems

Offer'd i' th' virtue of THEOPH'LA'S  
name.  
Which must be to it holocaust and  
flame.  
Then, wing'd with *Zeal*, we may aspire  
to see

The hallow'd Oracles exprest by THEE,  
Who art LOVE'S *Flamen*, and with  
Holy fire  
Refin'st thy Muse, to make her mount  
the higher.

ARTH. WILSON.

## For the Renowned Composer

A POET'S ashes need nor brass, nor  
stone  
To be their wardrobe; since his name  
alone  
Shall stand both brass and marble to  
the tomb.  
Nor doth he want the cere-cloth's  
balmy womb  
T' enwrap his dust, until his drowsy  
clay  
Again enliven'd by an active ray,  
Shot from the last day's fire, shall  
wake, and rise,  
Attir'd with Light. No; when a  
Poet dies,  
His sheets alone wind up his earth.  
They'll be  
Instead of Mourner, Tomb, and Obse-  
quy;  
And to embalm it, his own ink he  
takes:  
Gum Arabic the richest mummy  
makes.  
Then, Sir, you need no obelisk, that  
may  
Seclude your ashes from plebeian  
clay.  
For, from your mine of Fancy now we  
see  
Y' have digg'd so many gems of Poesy,  
That out of them you raise a glorious  
shrine,  
In which your ever-blooming name  
will shine;  
Free from th' eclipse of age, and  
clouds of rust,  
Which are the moths to other com-  
mon dust.  
Then, could we now collect th' all-  
worshipt ore,

With which kind Nature paves the  
Indian shore;  
And gather to one mass that stock of  
spice,  
Which copies out afresh old Paradise,  
And in the *Phoenix*' od'rous nest is  
pent,  
All would fall short of this rich monu-  
ment.  
About the surface of whose verge,  
you stick  
So many fragrant flow'rs of Rhetoric  
That lovers shall approach in throngs,  
and seek  
With their rich leaves t' adorn each  
beauty's cheek;  
So that these sacred trophies will be-  
come  
In after-times your altar, not your tomb.  
To which the poets shall in well-dressed  
lays,  
Offer their victims, with a grove of bays.  
For here among these leaves, no  
speckled snake,  
Or viper doth his bed of venom make:  
No lust-burnt goat, nor looser Satyr  
weaves  
His cabin out, among these spotless  
leaves.  
A virgin here may safely dart her eye,  
And yet not blush for fear, lest any by  
Should see her read. These pages do  
dispense  
A julep, which so charms the itch  
of sense,  
That we are forc'd to think your guilt-  
less quill  
Did, with its ink, the turtle's blood  
distil.

T. PHILIPOT.



Pietatis, Pöeticesque, Cultori

IGNE cales tali, quali cum Nuncius  
Ora  
Seraphicus sacro tetigit Carbone  
Prophetæ.  
Macte DEÏ plenum Pectus; Te his  
dedito Flammis,  
Sancte Pöetarum Phœnix! Repara-  
bilis Ignis  
Te voret hîc Totum; Quo plus con-  
sumeris Illo,  
Hoc magis Æterno Tu consummaberis  
Ævo.

Incipe Censurâ major, qui Fonte  
Camænas  
Idalias tingis casto; Tua Metra  
Sionem  
Parnasso jungunt celebri; tam digna  
Lituris  
Nulla canis, quàm sunt omni dignis-  
sima Laude.  
Theiophilam resonare docens Modu-  
lamine diam,  
Impia priscorum lustrâsti Carmina  
Vatum.

Perge, beatifico correptus NUMINE,  
Perge,  
Vivida felici fundendo Pöemata  
Flatu,  
Pectore digna tuo, COELI penetrare  
Recessus:  
Et, quæ densa tegit Nubes, Mysteria  
claro  
Lumine perlustra, solito non concite  
Plectro,  
Quælibet altisono prosterne Piacula  
Versu.

Perfice, terrenum transcende, Pöeta,  
Cacumen:  
Conversus converte Vagos; Quos  
decipit Error  
Incautos, Meliora doce; Britonesque  
bilingues  
Lingua fac erudiat Britonum, sit  
quanta superbi  
Pectoris Ambitio et Veri Caligo;  
Camænis  
Subdola vesani depinge Sophismata  
Seculi. JO. GAUDENTIUS, S.T.D.

In Sanctos Theophilæ Amores

VIX mihi Te vidisse semel concessit  
Apollo,  
Inque tuo pictam Carmine Theiophi-  
lam:  
Quum gemino Ipse miser, sed fortu-  
natus Amore  
Deperii; dubius sic Ego factus  
Amans.  
Cur Dubius? Fallor. Nam, quamvis  
partibus æquis,  
Igne simul duplici me novus urat  
Amor,  
Afficitur tamen Objecto, atque unitur in  
uno,  
Totaque divisis una Favilla manet.  
Ne, Lector, mirêre; Novum est.  
Sed protinus Ignem,  
Si sine felle legas, experiêre meos.  
Theiophila! In cunctis Præcellentis-  
sima Nymphis;  
Nominis ad Famam quot Tibi Corda  
cadent!

Corporis, Ingeniique Bonis dotata  
triumphas,  
Binaque cum summa Laude, Tro-  
phæa geris.  
Docte, Tibi æternæ quales Specta-  
cula Chartæ,  
Quotque Illi efficient Pagina docta  
Procos!  
Sexus uterque pari, visâ Hac, ardebit  
Amore;  
Hacque frui ex æquo Sexus uterque  
volet.  
Ne vereare tamen, Cuncti licet Oscula  
figant  
Theiophilæ, ne sit casta, vel una Tibi.  
Famæ Ejus nil detrahitur si publica  
fiat;  
Hanc ut ament Omnes, Nil Tibi,  
Amice, perit.  
Tusolus Domina dignus censeberis Illâ,  
Illam qui solus pingere dignus eras.  
P. DE CARDONEL.

## Latin Commendatory Poems

### In celeberrimam Theophilam, feliciter elucubratam

ANNE novi, veterisve prius Monumenta  
revolvam  
Ingenii: et Tragicos superantia  
Scripta Cothurnos,  
Atque Sophoclaeis numerari digna Tri-  
umphis?  
Quàm bene vivificis depingitur  
Artibus Echo?  
Quàm bene monstriferas Vitiorum  
discutis Hydras?  
Carminibusque in doces quantum pec-  
caverit Ævum?  
Quanta Polucephalis repserunt Agmina  
Sectis?  
Sphinge Theologica quæ dia Poemata  
pangis?  
Mira et Vera canens, nodosa Ænig-  
mata solvis.  
Nec vitæ pars ulla perit, nec tran-  
sigis unam  
Ingratam sine Luce Diem; dum  
pervigil Artes  
Exantlas, avidisque bibis Permessida  
Labris. [catus Eoo,  
Jamque, velut primo Phoenix revo-  
Apparet nostris nova Sponsa Theo-  
phila Terris.  
Illius è roseis flammatur Purpura malis;  
Et Gemmis Lux major adest, et  
blandius Aurum

A Calamo, Benlose, tuo; dum Dotibus  
amplis  
Excolis, Ingeniique Opibus melioribus  
ornas.  
Lactea Ripheas præcellunt Colla  
Pruinas;  
Fronte Decor radiat, sanctoque Mode-  
stia Vultu;  
Suada verecundis et Gratia plena  
Labellis  
Assidet, et casti Mores imitata Poetæ,  
Te Moderatorem fuis amplectitur  
Ulnis.  
Hisce Triumphatrix decorata Theo-  
phila Gemmis,  
Celsior assurgit, Mundumque nitentior  
intrat  
Virginis comitata Choris; Quam  
Tramite longo  
Agmina Cecropiis stipant Heliconia  
Turmis.  
Non aliter quoties adremigat  
Æquoris Undas  
Frænatis Neptunus Equis, fluit ocyùs  
Antris  
Nereidum Gens tota suis, Dominumque  
salutant,  
Blandula cæruleo figentes Oscula  
Collo.

P. F.

Qui Virtutes Theo[p]hilæ prædicat, Religioni  
non Gloriæ studeat. Noverim Te, Domine,  
noverim me

LAUDIS in Oceano me submersistis,  
Amici: [patet.  
Maxima pars Decoris me nihil esse,  
Laus, famulare DEO, submissi Victima  
Cordis  
Est Hecatombæis anteferenda  
Sacris.  
CHRISTE, meæ da par ut sit mea Vita  
Camænæ;  
Sim neque Laus Aliis prodiga, parca  
TIBI.

O'ercome me not with your perfumes,  
O Friends!  
My greatest worth, to show I'm  
nothing, tends.  
*Praise*, wait on Heav'n. Th' Host of  
an humble heart  
Excels the sacred hecatombs of *Art*.  
Grant, LORD, my life may parallel my  
lays!  
*They* me too much, I *THEE* too  
little, praise.

## Edward Benlowes

### In Divinos Poetas

SANCTO Sancta Columba Musa Vati.  
Parnassus superæ Cacumen Æthræ.  
Christi Gratia Pegasus supremus.  
Vati Castalis Unda Dius Imber.  
Pennam dat Seraphin suis ab  
Alis.  
Agni scribitur Optimi Cruore.

Vati Bibliotheca Sphæra Coeli.  
Vitæ è Codice scenerans Medullam,  
Internos penetrat Poli Recessus.  
O, Conamina fructuosiora !  
O, Solamina delicatiora !  
Per Quæ creditur Angelus Poeta,  
Patronusque pio DEUS Poetæ !

### On Divine Poets

A HALLOW'D Poet's Muse is th' Holy  
Dove.  
Parnassus th' Empyrean Height above.  
His lofty-soaring Pegasus Christ's Love.  
Heav'n's Show'r of Grace is his Casta-  
lian spring.  
A Seraphin lends pen from his own  
wing.  
His ink is of the best LAMB'S purple  
dye.  
To Him Heav'n's sphere is a vast  
library.

Rais'd by th' advantage of th' Eternal  
Book,  
His piercing eye ev'n into Heav'n  
does look.  
O, what endeavours can more fruitful  
be !  
What comforts can we more delightful  
see !  
By which the poet we an Angel  
deem ;  
Yea, GOD to's sacred Muse does  
Patron seem.

### Ergo brevi stringam Cœlestia Cantu

AIMING to profit, as to please, we  
bring  
No usual hawk to try her wing.  
Come, come Theoph'la, fresh as  
May :  
Hark how the falc'ner lures ! This is  
Love's Holy-Day.  
Her stretch is for Devotion's quarry,  
which  
Mounts up her Zeal to eagle-pitch :

Cheerthou her present tim'rous flight,  
Whilst she thus cuts with wing the  
driving rack of height.  
From thence, 'bove sparkling stars,  
she'll spritely move,  
Her plumes of Faith being prun'd  
by Love.  
As Grace shall imp her pinion, more,  
Or less, she will, or flag, or 'bove  
what's mortal, soar<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Of these later pieces Davenant's has not only the most famous author but the most striking interest from contrast of style. Pestil (-ell) was a Cambridge man who contributed to *Lacrymae Musarum*. If Arthur Wilson is the A. W. who died in the year of our book he was a man of some mark. T. Phil[i]pot was a 'miscellaneous writer'; 'Gaudentius' the famous 'editor' of *Eikon Basilike*; Cardonel probably the father of Marlborough's secretary. Of T. Benlowes and P. F. I know nothing.

# THEOPHILA

## THE PRELIBATION TO THE SACRIFICE

### Canto I

#### THE ARGUMENT

Spes alit occiduas qui Sublunaribus hæret;  
 Rivales Jæsus non in Amore sinit.  
 Quid mihi non sapiat Terrâ, mihi dum sapit Æther?  
 Sed sapiet, sapias nî mihi, CHRISTE, nihil.

Awake, arise, Love's steersman, and first taste  
*Delight*; sound that; ere anchor's cast  
 On Joy; steer hence a pray'rful course to Heav'n at last.

#### STANZA I

MIGHT souls converse with souls, by  
 Angel-way,  
 Enfranchis'd from their pris'ning  
 clay,  
 What strains by intuition, would  
 they then convey!

#### II

But, Spirits, sublim'd too fast, evap'rate  
 may,  
 Without some interpos'd allay;  
 And notions, subtiliz'd too thin, ex-  
 hale away.

#### III

The Gold (Sol's child) when in  
 Earth's womb it lay  
 As precious was, though not sogay,  
 As, when refin'd, it doth itself abroad  
 display.

#### IV

Mount, Fancy, then through orbs  
 to Glory's sphere 10  
 (Wild is the course that ends not  
 there):

You, who are Virtue's friends, lend  
 to her tongue an ear.

#### V

Let not the wanton love-fights,  
 which may rise

From vocal fifes, flame-darting eyes  
 (Beauty's munition), hearts with  
 wounds unseen surprise:

#### VI

Whose basilisk-like glances taint the  
 air  
 Of virgin pureness, and ensnare  
 Entangled thoughts i' th' trammels of  
 their ambush-hair.

#### VII

Love's captive view, who's days in  
 warm frosts spends; 19  
 On's idol dotes, to wit pretends;  
 Writes, blots, and rends; nor heeds  
 where he begins or ends.

#### VIII

His stock of verse in comic frag-  
 ments lies:  
 Higher than Ten'riff's Peak he flies:  
 Sol's but a spark; thou outtray'st  
 all diamonds of the skies.

#### IX

'Victorious flames glow from thy  
 brighter eye;  
 Cloud those twin-lightning orbs  
 (they'll fry  
 An ice-vein'd monk), cloud them,  
 or, planet-struck, I die.



## X

'Indians, pierce rocks for gems;  
negroes, the brine  
For pearls; Tartars, to hunt com-  
bine  
For sables; consecrate all offerings  
at her shrine. 30

## XI

'Crouch low, O vermeil-tinctur'd  
cheek! for, thence  
The organs to my optic sense  
Are dazzled at the blaze of so  
bright angelence.'

## XII

Does Troy-bane Helen (friend)  
with angels share?  
All lawless passions idols are:  
Frequent are fuc'd cheeks; the  
virtuosa's rare:

## XIII

A truth authentic. Let not skin-  
deep white  
And red, perplex the nobler light  
O' th' intellect; nor mask the soul's  
clear piercing sight.

## XIV

Burn odes, Lust's paperplots; fly  
plays, its flame; 40  
Shun guileful courtisms; forge  
for shame  
No chains; lip-traffic and eye-  
dialogues disclaim.

## XV

Hark how the frothy, empty heads  
within  
Roar and carouse i' th' jovial sin,  
Amidst the wild Levaltos on their  
merry pin!

## XVI

Drain dry the ransack'd cellars, and  
resign  
Your reason up to riot, join  
Your fleet, and sail by sugar-rocks  
through floods of wine:

41 courtisms] = 'ceremonies of courtship.'

68 breams] = 'fish' chosen for rhyme merely; see the Latin, p. 411, l. 68, which is different.

## XVII

Send care to Dead Sea of phleg-  
matic age; 49  
Ride without bit your restive rage;  
And act your revel-rout thus on  
the tipping stage.

## XVIII

'Swell us a lusty brimmer,—more,—  
till most;  
So vast, that none may spy the  
coast:  
We'll down with all, though therein  
sail'd Lepanto's host:

## XIX

'Top and top-gallant hoise; we  
will outroar  
The bellowing storms, though  
shipwrackt more  
Healths are, than tempting'st sirens  
did enchant of yore.

## XX

'Each gallon breeds a ruby;—  
drawer, score 'um;  
Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th'  
quorum,  
When our nose-carbuncles, like link-  
boys, blaze before 'um.' 60

## XXI

Such are their ranting catches, to  
unsoul,  
And outlaw man; they stagger, roll,  
Their feet indent, their sense being  
drunk with *Circe's* bowl.

## XXII

Entombed souls! Why rot ye thus  
alive,  
Melting yoursalt to lees? and strive  
To strangle Nature, and hatch Death?  
Healths, health deprive.

## XXIII

The sinless herd loathes your sense-  
stifling streams,  
When long spits point your tale:  
ye breams  
In wine and sleep, your princes  
are but fumes, and dreams.

XXIV

I'd rather be preserv'd in brine, than  
rot 70

In nectar. Now to dice they've got:  
Their tables snare in both; then  
what can be their shot?

XXV

Yet blades will throw at all, sans  
fear, or wit;

Oaths black the night when dice  
don't hit;

When winners lose at play, can  
losers win by it?

XXVI

Egypt's spermatoc nurse, when her  
spread floor

Is flow'd 'bove sev'n teen cubits o'er,  
Breeds dearth: and spendthrifts  
waste, when they inflame the  
score.

XXVII

Tell me, ye piebald butterflies, who  
poise

Extrinsic with intrinsic joys; 80  
What gain ye from such short-liv'd,  
fruitless, empty toys?

XXVIII

Ye fools, who barter gold for trash,  
report,

Can fire in pictures warm? Can  
sport

That stings, the mock-sense fill?  
How low's your Heav'n! how  
short!

XXIX

Go, chaffer Bliss for Pleasure; which  
is had

More by the beast, than man;  
the bad

Swim in their mirth (CHRIST wept,  
ne'er laugh'd); the best are sad.

XXX

Brutes covet nought but what's  
terrene; Heav'n's quire

Do in eternal joys conspire;

Man, 'twixt them both, does inter-  
mediate things desire. 90

XXXI

Had we no bodies, we were angels;  
and

Had we no souls, we were un-  
mann'd

To beasts: brutes are all flesh, all  
spirit the heav'nly band.

XXXII

At first GOD made them one, thus;  
by subjecting

The sense to reason; and directing  
The appetite by th' spirit: but sin,  
by infecting

XXXIII

Man's free-born will, so shatters  
them, that they

At present nor cohabit may  
Without regret, nor without grief  
depart away.

XXXIV

Go, cheating world, that dancest  
o'er thy thorns; 100

Lov'st what undoes; hat'st what  
adorns:

Go, idolize thy vice, and virtue  
load with scorns.

XXXV

Thy luscious cup, more deadly than  
asp's gall,

Empoisoneth souls for hell: thou all  
Time's mortals dost enchant with  
thy delusive call.

XXXVI

Who steals from Time, Time steals  
from him the prey:

Pastimes pass Time, pass Heav'n  
away:

Few, like the blessed thief, do steal  
Salvation's Day.

XXXVII

Fools rifle Time's rich lott'ry: who  
mispend 109

Life's peerless gem, alive descend;  
And antedate with stings their  
never-ending end.

XXXVIII

Whose vast desires engross the  
boundless land

72 Probably 'table's' should be read: and possibly 'share.'

By fraud, or force ; like spiders  
stand,  
Squeezing small flies ; such are their  
nets, and such their hand.

XXXIX

When Nimrod's vulture-talons par'd  
shall be,  
Their house's name soon changed  
you'll see ;  
For their Bethesda shall be turn'd  
to Bethany.

XL

Better destroy'd by law, than rul'd  
by will ;  
What salves can cure, if balsams  
kill ?

That good is worst that does de-  
generate to ill. 120

XLI

Had not GOD left the Best within  
the power

Of persecutors, who devour ;  
We had nor martyrs' had, nor yet  
a SAVIOUR.

XLII

SAINTS melt as wax, fool's-clay grows  
hard at cries

Of that scarce-breathing corse,  
who lies

With dry teeth, meagre cheeks, thin  
maw, and hollow eyes.

XLIII

GOD made life ; give 't to man ; by  
opening veins,

Death 's sluic'd out, and pleuretic  
pains :

Make GOD thy pattern, cure thyself,  
alms are best gains.

XLIV

HEAV'N'S glory to achieve, what  
scantling span 130

Hath the frail pilgrimage of man !  
Which sets, when risen ; ends, when  
it but now began.

XLV

Who fight with outward lusts, win  
inward peace ;

Judgements against self-judges  
cease :

Who face their cloaks with zeal do  
but their woes increase.

XLVI

The mighty, mighty torments shall  
endure,

If impious : hell admits no cure.  
The best security is ne'er to be secure.

XLVII

Oaks, that dare grapple with Heav'n's  
thunder, sink

All shiver'd ; coals that scorch do  
shrink 140

To ashes ; vap'ring snuffs expire in  
noisome stink.

XLVIII

Time, strip the writhell'd witch ;  
pluck the black bags

From off Sin's grizzly scalp ; the  
hag's

Plague-sores show then more loath-  
some than her leprous rags.

XLIX

'Twas she slew guiltless Naboth ;  
'twas she curl'd

The painted Jezebel ; she hurl'd  
Realms from their centre ; she un-  
hing'd the new-fram'd world.

L

Blest then who shall her dash 'gainst  
rocks (her groans,

Our mirth), and wash the bloody  
stones

With her own cursed gore ; repave  
them with her bones. 150

LI

By Salique law she should not reign :  
storms swell

By her, which halcyon days dispel :  
Nought's left that's good where she  
in souls possest does dwell.

LII

'Twas her excess bred plagues ! in-  
fecting stars,

Infesting dearth, intestine wars  
Surfeit with graves the earth, 'mongst  
living making jars.

128 'Pleuretic' *sic. in orig.* but should be of course 'pleuritic.'

## LIII

My soul, enlabyrinth'd in grief,  
spend years

In sackcloth, chamleted with  
tears,

Retir'd to rocks' dark entrals, court  
unwitness'd fears.

## LIV

There pass with Heraclite a gentler  
age, 160

Free from the sad account of rage,  
That acts the toilsome world on its  
tumultuous stage.

## LV

There, sweet Religion strings, and  
tunes, and screws

The soul's the orb, and doth infuse  
Grave *Doric* epods in th' enthusiastic  
Muse.

## LVI

There, Love turns trumpets into  
harps, which call

Off sieges from the gun-shot wall ;  
Alluring them to Heav'n, her seat  
imperial.

## LVII

Thence came our joy, and thence  
hymns eas'd our grief ; 169  
Of which th' angelical was chief ;  
'Glory to GOD ; earth peace ; good  
will for man's relief.'

## LVIII

Quills, pluck'd from Venus' doves,  
impress but shame :

Then, give your rhymes to Vulcan's  
flame ;

He'll elevate your badger feet : he's  
free, though lame.

## LIX

Things fall, and nothings rise ! Old  
Virtue fram'd

Honour for Wisdom : Wisdom  
fam'd

Old Virtue : such times were ! wealth  
then Art's page was nam'd.

## LX

Lambeth was Oxford's whetstone :  
yet above

Preferment's pinnacle they move,

Who string the universe, and  
bracelet it for love. 180

## LXI

Virtue's magnific orb inflames their  
zeal ;

By high-rais'd anthems plagues  
they heal ;

And threefork'd thunders in  
Heav'n's outstretch'd arm repeal.

## LXII

Shall larks with shrill-chirpt matins  
rouse from bed

Of curtain'd night Sol's orient head ?  
And shall quick souls lie numb'd,  
as wrapt in sheets of lead ?

## LXIII

Awake from slumb'ring lethargy ;  
the gay

And circling charioteer of day,  
In's progress through the azure  
fields sees, checks our stay.

## LXIV

Arise ; and rising, emulate the rare  
Industrious spinsters, who with fair  
Embroid'ries checker-work the  
chambers of the air. 192

## LXV

Ascend ; Sol does on hills his gold  
display,

And, scatt'ring sweets, does spice  
the day,

And shoots delight through Nature  
with each arrow'd ray.

## LXVI

The opal-colour'd dawns raise fancy  
high ;

Hymns ravish those who pulpits  
fly ;

Convert dull lead to active gold  
by love-chemy.

## LXVII

As Nature's prime confectioner, the  
bee, 199

By her flow'r-nibbling chemistry,  
Turns *vert* to *or* : so, verse gross  
prose does rarefy.

## LXVIII

Pow'rs cannot poets, as they pow'rs  
up-buoy ;



Whose soul-enliv'ning charms  
decoy  
Each wrinkled care to the pacific  
sea of joy.

LXIX

As, where from jewels sparkling  
lustre darts,

Those rays enstar the dusky parts :  
So, beams of poesy give light, life,  
soul to arts.

LXX

Rich poesy ! thy more irradiant gems  
Give splendour unto diadems,  
And with coruscant rays emblaz'd  
Honour's stems. 210

LXXI

Thee, Muse (Art's ambient air, In-  
vention's door,  
The stage of wits) both rich and  
poor

Do court. A prince may glory to  
become thy wooer.

LXXII

Poets lie entomb'd by kings. Arts  
gums dispense ;  
By rumination bruis'd, are thence  
By verse so fir'd, that their perfume  
enheav'n's the sense.

LXXIII

Its theory makes all wiser, yet few  
better ;

Practice is spirit, art the letter ;  
Use artless doth enlarge, art use-  
less does but fetter.

LXXIV

Sharp sentences are goads to make  
deeds go ; 220

Good works are males, words  
females show :

Whose lives act precedents, pre-  
vent the laws, and do.

LXXV

So far we know, as we obey God ; and  
He counts we leave not His com-  
mand,

When as our interludes but 'twixt  
our acts do stand.

LXXVI

Honour's brave soul is in that body  
shrin'd,

Which floats not with each giddy  
wind

(Fickleas courtly dress), but Wisdom's  
sea does find :

LXXVII

Steering by *Grace's* pole-star, which  
is fast

In th' apostolic Zodiac plac'd 230  
Whose course at first four evangelic  
pilots trac'd :

LXXVIII

The Theanthropic Word ; that  
mystic glass

Of revelations ; that mass  
Of oracles ; that fuel of pray'r ;  
that wall of brass ;

LXXIX

That print of Heav'n on earth ;  
that *Mercy's* treasure

And key ; that evidence and  
seizure ;

*Faith's* card, *Hope's* anchor ; *Love's*  
full sail ; abyss of pleasure.

LXXX

Such saints' high tides ne'er ebb  
so low, to shelf

Them on the quicksand of their  
self-

Swallowing corruption : Sin's the  
wrack, they fly that elf, 240

LXXXI

Gloomier than west of death ; than  
north of night ;

Than nest of triduan blacks,  
with fright

Which Egyptscar'd when He brought  
darkness who made light.

LXXXII

Compar'd to whose storm, thund'r-  
ing peals are calm :

Compar'd to whose sting, asps  
yield balm :

Compar'd to whose loath'd charm,  
death is a mercy-psalm.

222 Orig. 'Presidents' as often.

242 triduan blacks] Characteristic for 'three days' darkness,' or 'mourning,' cf. II. 211.

236 seizure] In the legal sense.

LXXXIII

Her snares escap'd, soar, Muse, to  
Him, whose bright  
Spirit-illuminating sight  
Turns damps to glorious days; turns  
fogs to radiant light.

LXXXIV

Religion's Wisdom's study; that  
display, 250  
LORD, countermand what goes  
astray;  
And smite the ass (rude Flesh) when  
it does start or bray.

LXXXV

Soul, thou art less than Mercy's  
least; three ne'er  
Depart from sin: Shame, Guilt,  
and Fear:  
Fear, Shame, Guilt, Sin are four;  
yet all in one appear.

LXXXVI

Crest-fall'n by sin, how wretchedly  
I stray!  
Methinks 'tis pride in me to pray:  
Heav'n aid me struggling under this  
sad load of clay.

LXXXVII

No man may merit, yet did One,  
we hold;  
Who most do vaunt their zeal,  
are cold: 260  
Thus tin for silver goes with these,  
and brass for gold.

LXXXVIII

Renew my heart, direct my tongue,  
unseal  
My hand, inspire my faith, reveal  
My hope, increase my love, and my  
backslidings heal!

LXXXIX

Let language (man's choice glory)  
serve the mind:  
Thy Spirit on Bezaleel shin'd:  
Help, Blood, by faith applied! Thy  
spittle cur'd the blind.

XC

Turn sense to spirit; Nature's  
chang'd alone

Bygrace; that is the chemic-stone:  
And Thy all-pow'rful Word is pure  
projection; 270

XCI

Truth's touchstone, surest rule that  
ere was fram'd  
(Tradition, man's dark map, 's  
disclaim'd),  
The paper burns me not, yet I am  
all inflam'd:

XCII

For, as I read, such inward splendour  
glows;  
Such life-renewing vigour flows,  
That all, what's known of Thy most  
righteous will, it shows:

XCIII

Whose spells make Enoch's walk  
with Thee; withhold  
Corruption, and translate ere old:  
All Vaticans are dross; this magi-  
sterial gold.

XCIV

Thus, poor numb'd Tartars, when  
they're brought into 280  
Warm Persia's gem-pav'd court,  
are so  
Reviv'd, that then they live; till  
then half dead with snow.

XCV

Good thoughts from Thee infus'd I  
do derive;  
Good words effus'd Thou dost me  
give;  
Good works diffus'd by Thee, in  
Thee do live and thrive.

XCVI

Nerve-stretching Muse, thy bow's  
new strung; shoot  
Hymns to the BEST, from worst  
of men;  
Make arts thy tributaries, twist heart,  
tongue, and pen.

279 magisterial] In the alchemical sense 'pure' 'precipitated from an admixture.'  
286 bow's] The metre requires *is* in full but the habit of contraction prevailed.

## XCVII

But how can Eve's degenerate issue,  
bent

To sin, in its weak measures vent  
Thy praise: Unmeasurable! and  
Omnipotent? 291

## XCVIII

Shrubs cannot cedars, nor wrens  
eagles praise;  
Nor purblind owls on Sol's orb  
gaze:

What is a drop to seas, a beam to  
boundless rays?

## XCIX

Yet Hope and Love may raise my  
drooping flight;  
And faith in Thee embeam my  
night:

Great Love, supply Faith's nerves  
with winged hope—I WRITE.

## C

My spirit, LORD, my soul, my body, all  
My thoughts, words, works, hereafter  
shall 299

Praise Thee, and sin bemoan.

JESU, how lov'dst Thou me!

Me blessed, Thy Love make!

Me raised, Thy Love take!

JESU, my precious One!

May this, LOVE'S OFFERING, be!

My heart, tongue, eye, hand, bow'd  
knee,

As all came from, let all return to Thee!

NUNCsacra primus habet Finem, mea  
Cura, Libellus;

Jam precor impellat sanctior Aura  
ratem!

I felix, rapidas diffindas Cærula  
Syrtes;

Te Divina regit Dextera; Sospes  
abi.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

## THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE

## The Summary of the Poem

THEOPHILA, or Divine Love, ascends to her Beloved by three degrees: by Humility, by Zeal, by Contemplation. In the first she is sincere, in the second fervent, in the third ecstatical. In her humiliation she sadly condoles her sin, in her devotion she improves her grace, in her meditation she antedates her glory, and triumphantly congratulates the fruition of her Spouse. And by three Ways, which divines call the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive, she is happily led into the disquisition of sin by man; of suffering by CHRIST as Sponsor; of salvation by Him as Redeemer. In the Purgative Way she falls upon repentance, mortification, self-denial; helped in part by the

knowledge of herself, which breeds contrition, renunciation, and purpose of amendment: in the Illuminative she pursues moral virtues, theological graces, and gospel promises, revealed by CHRIST, as the great Apostle, which begets in her gratitude, imitation, and appropriation. In the Unitive she is wholly taken up with intuition of super-celestial excellences, with beatifical apprehensions and adherences, as to CHRIST in body, to the HOLY GHOST in spirit, to GOD the FATHER in a bright resemblance of the Divine Nature. All which are felt by the knowledge of CHRIST as Mediator; whence flow admiration, elevation, consummated in glorification. And were mysteriously

Stanza c] This, which even as printed has the *shape* of an altar, is in orig. framed with an actual altar outlined and shaded. See Introduction for Butler's flings at our poet's indulgence in this not uncommon nor uncomely freak.



## Theophila's Love-Sacrifice

intimated in the symbolical oblations of the star-led *Sophies*<sup>1</sup>, who by their myrrh signified faith, chastity, mortification, the purgative actions; by their incense implied hope, prayer, obedience, the illuminative devotions; by their gold importing charity, satiety, radiance, the unitive eminences: and it is the only ambition of THEOPHILA to offer these presents to her Beloved; by whom her sin is purged, her understanding enlightened, her will and affections inflamed to the communion of all His glories. Thus she, by recollecting past creation, present corruption, and future beatifical vision, endeavours to rouse us up from hellish security, worldly solicitude, and carnal concupiscence, that, being raised, we

may conform to the will, submit to the power, and sympathize with the Spirit of CHRIST, by a total resignation of self-comforts, abilities, ends; and by the internal acts of love, devotion, contemplation, she makes Sense subservient to Reason, Reason to Faith, and Faith to the written Word. By Faith she believes what He has revealed, and yields Him up all her understanding: by Hope she waits for His promises, and refers to Him all her will. By Charity she loves His excellences, and resigns to Him all her affections. And by all these she triumphs over sin, death, hell, in the sensual world, and by His virtue, grace, favour, enjoys an eminent degree of perfection in the intellectual.

## The Author's Prayer

O THOU most High, distinct in Persons, undivided in Essence! Eternal Principle of all substances, essential Being of all subsistences, Cause of all causalities, Life of our souls, and Soul of our lives! Whose DEITY is as far beyond the comprehension of our reason as Thy omnipotency transcends our impotency: We, wretched dust, acknowledge that Adam's fall, as it *deprived* us of all good, so hath it *depraved* us with all evil; for, from our production to our dissolution, our life, if strictly discussed, will be found wholly tainted, always tempted with sin. We discover our condition to be more corrupt than we can fully discover: the sense of our sin stupefies us, the sight of it reveals our blindness, and the remembrance thereof doth put us in mind of our forgetfulness of Thee. The number of our transgressions surpasseth our skill in arithmetic; their weight is insupportable, depressing us even to the abyss; their guilt more extense than anything but thy mercy. O LORD, we have loved darkness more than light, because our deeds were evil! therefore, Thou hast showed us terrible things; we have

sucked out the dregs of deadly wine! Our national crimes have extorted from Thy justice national judgements! Our hellish sins inflame Thy wrath, and Thy wrath inflames hell-fire against us! We want so much of happiness as of obedience (our beatitude consisting in a thorough submission of our determinations unto Thy disposings, and our practice to Thy providence), which causeth us, with humbly-pressing importunity, to implore Thy goodness (for His sake, who of mere love took upon Him a nature of infirmities to cure the infirmities of our nature) that Thou wouldst give us a sense of our senselessness, and a fervent desire of more fervency; and true remorse and sorrow for want of remorse and sorrow for these our sins. Oh, steer the mystical ship of Thy Church safe amidst the rocks and quicksands of schism and heresy, superstition and sacrilege, into the fair havens of Peace and Truth! Give to Thy disconsolate Spouse, melting in tears of blood, the spirit of sanctity and prudence! May the light which conducts her to Thy celestial Canaan be never mocked by new false lights of apostatizing

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Wise Men or Three Kings: to whom Benlowes extends the form commonly reserved for the Persian monarch.



## Edward Benlowes

hypocrisy, nor extinguished by barbarism! Thou, our FATHER, art the GOD of Peace; Thy SON, our SAVIOUR, the Prince of Peace; Thy SPIRIT, the Spirit of Peace, Thy servants, the children of Peace, whose duty is the study of Peace, and the end of their faith the Peace of GOD which passeth all understanding! Let all submit to Thy sceptre, adore Thy judgments, revere Thy laws, and love Thee above all, for Thine own sake, and others (even their enemies) for Thy sake, having Thee for our pattern, Thy precepts for our rule, and Thy Spirit for our guide.

And now, in particular, I throw myself (who have unmeasurably swerved from Thy statutes) upon Thy mercies; beseeching Thee to give me a deep sense of my own unworthiness, and yet withal sincere thankfulness for Thy assistances: grant that my sorrow for sin may be unfeigned, my desires of forgiveness fervent, my purpose of amendment steadfast; that so my hopes of Heaven may be advanced, and, what Thou hast sown in Thy mercy Thou mayst reap from my duty! Let religion and right reason rule as sovereign in me, and let the irascible and concupiscible faculties be their subjects! Give me an estate balanced between want and waste<sup>1</sup>, pity and envy; give me grace to spend my wealth and strength in Thy service; let all my melancholy be repentance, my joys spiritual exultations, my rest hope, my peace a good conscience, and my acquiescence in Thee! In Thee, as the principle of truth, in Thy Word as the measure of knowledge, in Thy law as the rule of life, in Thy promise as the satisfaction of hope, and in Thy union as the highest fruition of glory! Oh, Thou Spring of Bounty, who hast given Thy SON to redeem me, Thy HOLY SPIRIT to sanctify me, and THYSELF to satisfy me: give me a generous contempt of sensual delusions, that I may see the vanity of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, the shame of pleasures, the folly of sports, the inconstancy of honours, the danger of greatness, and the strict account to be given for all! Oh, then give me an un-

daunted fortitude, an elevated course of contemplation, a resignation of spirit, and a sincere desire of Thy glory! Add, O LORD, to the cheerfulness of my obedience, the assurance of faith, and to the confidence of my hope, the joys of love! Oh, Thou who art the fountain of my faith, the object of my joy, and the rock of my confidence, guide my passion by reason, my reason by religion, my religion by faith, my faith by Thy Word; be pleased to improve Thy Word by Thy SPIRIT; that so, being established by faith, confirmed in hope, and rooted in charity, I may be only ambitious of Thee, prizing Thee above the delights of men, love of women, and treasures of the world! Nothing being so precious as Thy favour, so dreadful as Thy displeasure, so hateful as sin, so desirable as Thy grace! Let my heart be always fixed upon Thee, possessed by Thee, established in Thee, true unto Thee, upright toward Thee, and entire for Thee! that being thus inebriated with the sweet and pure streams of Thy sanctuary, I may serve Thee to the utmost of each faculty, with all the extension of my will, and intention of my affections, till my love shall ascend from earth to Heaven, from small beginnings to the consummation of a well-regulated and never-ceasing charity! O GOD, who art no less infinite in wisdom than in goodness, let me, where I cannot rightly know Thee, there reverently admire Thee, that in transcendencies my very ignorance may honour Thee. Let Thy HOLY SPIRIT inflame my zeal, inform my judgement, conform my will, reform my affections, and transform me wholly into the image and imitation of Thy only SON! Grant that I may improve my talent to Thy glory, who art the impartor of the gift, the blessing of the action, and the assister of the design! So that having sown to the Spirit, I may by Thy mercies and Thy SON'S merits (who is the Son of Thy love, the anchor of my hope, and the finisher of my faith) reap life everlasting! And now, in His only Name vouchsafe to accept from dust and ashes the oblation of this weak, yet willing service; and secure the pos-

<sup>1</sup> There is humorous pathos in this, considering what we are told of Benlowes' fortunes.

## *Theophila's Love-Sacrifice*

session to Thyself, that sin may neither pollute the sacrifice, divide the gift, nor question the title. Fill my mouth with praises for these happy opportunities of contemplation, the managing of public actions less agreeing with my disposition; and though my body be retired, yet let my soul be enlarged (like an uncaptured bird) to soar in the speculation of divine mysteries! Oh, be praised, for that, in this general combustion of Christendom, Thou hast vouchsafed me a little Zoar, as refuge, in which my soul doth yet live to magnify Thee; but above all for my redemption from the execution of Thy wrath by the execration of the SON of Thy love, having made innocence to become guilty, to make the guilty innocent, and the Sun of Righteousness to suffer a total eclipse to expiate the deeds of darkness. Be Thou exalted for the myriads of Thy mercies in my travels through Europe, as far

transcending my computation as compensation; but chiefly for the hope Thou hast given me, that when I have served Thee in humbly strict obedience to the glory of Thy Name, Thou art pleased that I shall enter into the glory of my LORD to all eternity; where I shall behold THEE in Thy majesty, CHRIST Thy SON in His glory, the SPIRIT in His sanctity, the Hierarchy of Heaven in their excellency, and the saints in their rest; in which rest there is perfect tranquillity, and in this tranquillity joy, and in this joy variety, and in this variety security, and in this security immortality, with Thee, who reignest in the excellences of transcendency, and in the infinite durations of a blessed eternity. To whom, with the image of Thy goodness, and the breath of Thy love, O most glorious TRINITY and ineffable UNITY, be all sanctity and adoration sacrificed now, and for evermore. *Amen, Amen.*

INTO the most Holy Treasury  
Of the ever-glorious praises  
Of the MEDIATOR between  
GOD and man, CHRIST JESUS;  
The empyraean flame of the Divinity,  
Indefinable, interminable, ineffable;  
The immaculate earth of the Humanity,  
Inseparable, inconfusable, inconvertible;  
Mysterious in an hypostatical Union,  
Who is,  
The true Light enlightening the World  
The Eternal WORD,

By Energy incarnated,  
{ Embrightening our knowledge,  
{ Enlivening our Faith,  
{ Quickening our Hope,  
{ Enflaming our Love:  
Prostrated dust and ashes,  
With an adoring awfulness and trembling veneration.  
To his Infinite Majesty  
Doth humbly cast this mite  
(Acknowledging from GOD all opportunities of good) to be improved  
by His grace, to His glory<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The matter of these two cols. is in orig. continuous and arranged pedestal-fashion. But there is no *frame* as in the former case, and it is therefore not certain that Benlowes intended the shape.

Canto II. The Humiliation

THE ARGUMENT

Unde superbit Homo? cujus Conceptio, Culpa;  
Nasci, Poena, Labor, Vita; necesse mori.  
Totus homo pravus; Caro, Mens, Natura, Voluntas;  
Cœlicus ast Hominis Crimina tollit AMOR.

The Deiform'd soul, deformed by sin, repents;  
In pray'rs and tears, her grief she vents,  
And, till faith cheer her by CHRIST's love, life, death, laments.

STANZA I

ALMIGHTY Power, who didst all souls  
create;  
Who didst redeem their fall'n  
estate;  
Who still dost sanctify, and them  
redintegrate.

II

Source, river, ocean of all bliss,  
instil  
Spring-tides into my low-ebb'd  
quill:  
Each graceful work flows from (what  
works all grace) Thy Will.

III

LORD! Thou, before time, matter,  
form, or place,  
Wast all; ere nature's mortal race:  
Thyself, host, guest, and palace,  
nature's total space.

IV

When yet (though not discern'd)  
in that abyss<sup>10</sup>  
Creator, Word, and Spirit of bliss,  
In Unity the Trine, one GOD, ador-  
ed is.

V

Ere Thou the crystal-mantled  
Heav'n didst rear,  
Or did the earth, Sol's bride,  
appear,  
First race of intellectuals mad'st,  
Thee to revere.

VI

Praise best doth Inexpressibles  
express:

( 346 )

Soul, th' Architect of wonders  
bless;  
Whose all-creating Word embirth'd  
a nothingness.

VII

Who, brooding on the deep, produc-  
tion  
Dispos'd, then call'd out Light,  
which on<sup>20</sup>  
The formless world's rude face was  
all dispers'dly thrown.

VIII

When callow Nature, pluck'd from  
out her nest  
Of causes, was awak'd from rest,  
Her shapeless lump with fledg'd  
effects He trimly drest.

IX

Then new-born day He gilt with  
glittering sun  
(Contracted light); with changing  
Moon  
He night adorn'd, and hung up  
lamps, like spangled bullion.

X

The earth, with water mixed, He  
separates:  
Earth plants brought forth, and  
beasts all mates;  
The waters fowl, and fish to yield  
man delicates.<sup>30</sup>

XI

Then did of th' elements' dust man's  
body frame  
A perfect microcosm, the same  
He quickened with a sparkle of  
pneumatic flame.



## XII

More heav'nly specified by life  
 from th' Word;  
 That, Nature doth, this, Grace  
 afford;  
 And Glory from the Spirit design'd,  
 as threefold cord.

## XIII

Man, ere a child; by infusion wise;  
 though He  
 Was of, yet not for earth, though  
 free  
 Chanc'llor install'd of Eden's Uni-  
 versity.

## XIV

His virgin-sister-wife i' th' grove he  
 woo'd 40  
 (Heav'n's nursery); new fruit his  
 food,  
 Skin was his robe: clouds wash'd,  
 winds swept his floor.

## XV

Envy, that GOD should so love man,  
 first mov'd all good.  
 Satan, to ruin Heav'n's belov'd:  
 The serpent devill'd Eve, she's dam  
 to Adam prov'd.

## XVI

Both taste, by tasting, tasteless  
 both became;  
 Who all would know, knew nought  
 but shame:  
 They blush for that which they,  
 when righteous, could not name.

## XVII

Still in our maw that apple's core  
 doth stick,  
 Which they did swallow, and the  
 thick 50  
 Rind of forbidden fruit has left  
 our nature sick.

## XVIII

Now serves our guiltiness as winding  
 sheet,  
 To wrap up lepers; cover meet;  
 While thus stern vengeance does  
 our wormships sadly greet.

## XIX

'Disloyal slaves, look out, see, Mis-  
 chief revels;  
 Look in, see your own den of evils;  
 Look up, see Heav'n's dread Judge;  
 look down, see Hell's fierce  
 devils.

## XX

'Created in GOD's image to look high;  
 Corrupted, like to brutes, you lie:  
 Perdition's from yourselves: no cure  
 for those will die. 60

## XXI

'Your beauty, rottenness skinn'd o'er,  
 does show  
 Like to a dunghill, blanch'd with  
 snow,  
 Your glorious nature's by embasing  
 sin brought low.

## XXII

'Hence you the heavy doom of  
 death do gain,  
 Enforc'd unto laborious pain;  
 And th' Angel's flaming sword doth  
 you, expuls'd, restrain.'

## XXIII

Thus she reproach'd; yet more (alas)  
 remain'd;  
 Man's issue in his loins is stain'd:  
 Sin set his throne in him, and since  
 o'er all has reign'd.

## XXIV

Black sin! more hideous than green  
 dragon's claws, 70  
 Dun gryphon's talons, swart bear's  
 paws,  
 Than chequer'd panther's teeth, or  
 tawny lion's jaws.

## XXV

Forfeit to the Creator's thus man's  
 race,  
 And by the Word withdrawn is  
 grace,  
 From him the Spirit of Glory turn'd  
 His pleasing face.

45 dam] Of course as a play on *damnum* and perhaps with reminiscence of the actual French word. Benlowes often shows Fr. influences.



XXVI

Yet that this second race, in fallen  
plight,  
Might not with the first be ruin'd  
quite,  
The Word doth interpose to stop th'  
incensèd Might.

XXVII

Then undertakes for man to satisfy,  
And the sad loss of Grace supply  
That us He might advance to Glory's  
hierarchy. 81

XXVIII

Then Peace is preach'd i' th' woman's  
Seed; but then  
As men increase, so, sins of men,  
And actual on original heap'd, God's  
vex'd again.

XXIX

Till drench'd they were in Deluge,  
had no shore;  
And burnt in Sodom-flames, of  
yore;  
Plagued in Egypt, plung'd into the  
gulf of Core;

XXX

And gnawn by worms in Herod:  
sin's asp's womb,  
Plotter, thief, plaintiff, witness,  
doom,  
Sledge, executioner, hell's inmate,  
horror's tomb. 90

XXXI

Misgotten brat! thy trains are  
infinite  
To ruin each entangled wight;  
Mischiefs ne'er rest in men, th' have  
everlasting spite.

XXXII

Spite wageth war, then war turns  
law to lust;  
Lust crumbles faith into distrust;  
Distrust by causeless jealousy betrays  
the just;

XXXIII

The just are plunder'd by thy rage;  
thy rage

Bubbleth from envy; envy's page  
To thy misdeeds; misdeeds their  
own misfate engage.

XXXIV

Thus link'd to Hell's thy chain!  
Curs'd be that need 100  
Makes sinners in their sins pro-  
ceed:

Shame, to guilt's forlorn hope, leads  
left-hand files. Take heed.

XXXV

God's fort (the conscience) in the  
worst does stand;  
Though sin the town keeps by  
strong hand,  
Yet lies it open to the check at  
Heav'n's command.

XXXVI

Hence Hell surrounds them: in  
their dreams to fall  
Headlong they seem, then start,  
groan, crawl  
From furies, with excessive frights  
which them appal.

XXXVII

Ne'er was more mischief, ne'er was  
less remorse;  
Never Revenge on his black horse  
Did swifter ride; never to God so  
slow recourse! 111

XXXVIII

The age-bow'd earth groans under  
sinners' weight;  
While guiltless blood cries to  
Heav'n's height,  
Justice soon takes th' alarm, whose  
steel'd arm will smite.

XXXIX

Inevitable woes a while may stay,  
Vengeance is God's, who will  
repay  
The desperately wilful nor will  
long delay.

XL

'Tis darkest near daybreak. He will  
o'erturn  
Th' implacable, who mercy spurn

87 Cf. A. V. Ep. S. Jude ver. 11 'the gainsaying of Core.' Benlowes obviously has the context in mind.

102 left-hand files] Perhaps one of the *military* passages which drew Butler's fire.

Superlative abuses in th' abyss shall  
burn. 120

XLI

Death's hell Death's self out-deaths !  
Vindictive place !

Deep under depths ! Eccentric  
space !

Horror itself, than thee, wears a  
less horrid face !

XLII

Where pride, lust, rage (sin treble-  
pointed) dwell ;

Shackled in red-hot chains they yell  
In bottomless extremes of never-  
slaking Hell !

XLIII

Riddle ! Compell'd, at once, to live  
and die !

Frying they freeze, and freezing fry !  
On helpless, hopeless, easeless,  
endless racks they lie !

XLIV

And rave for what they hate !  
Cursing in vain, 130

Yet each curse is a pray'r for pain,  
For, cursing still their woe, they woo  
God's curse again !

XLV

Devils and shrieks their ears, their  
eyes affright !

There's blazing fire, yet darkest  
night !

Still paying, ne'er discharg'd. Sin's  
debt is infinite !

XLVI

Angels by one sin fell ; so, man :  
how then

May sinners stand ! Let's quit  
sin's den :

This moment's ours ; life hastes  
away ; delays gangrene.

XLVII

Conviction ushers Grace ; fall to  
prevent

Thy fall, Time's forelock take ;  
relent. 140

*Shall* is to come ; and *Was* is past ;  
then, *Now* repent.

XLVIII-XLIX] The poetry and the grotesque of the 'metaphysical' style are well  
shown in this pair of stanzas.

XLVIII

Before the sun's long shadows span  
up night ;

Ere on thy shaking head snows  
light ;

Ere round thy palsied heart ice be  
congealèd quite ;

XLIX

Ere in thy pocket thou thine eyes  
dost wear ;

Ere thy bones serve for calender ;  
Ere in thy hand's thy leg, or silver  
in thy hair ;

L

Preventing physic use. Think, now  
ye hear

The dead-awakening trump ; lo ;  
there

The queasy-stomach'd graves dis-  
gorge worms-fat'ning cheer 150

LI

Sin's sergeants wait t' attach you ;  
then make haste,

Lest you into despair be cast :  
The JUDGE unsway'd : take days at  
best, count each your last.

LII

*Time* posts on loose-rein'd steeds.  
The sun ere't face

To west, may see thee end thy race :  
Death is a noun, yet not declin'd  
in any case.

LIII

The cradle's nigh the tomb. That  
soul has woe,

Whose drowsy march to Heav'n  
is slow,

As drawling snails, whose slime  
glues them to things below.

LIV

Anathema to lukewarm souls. Lo,  
here 160

Theophila's unhing'd with fear,  
Clamm'd with chill sweat, when as  
her rankling sins appear.

LV

Perplex'd in crime's meand'ring maze,  
God's law,

And guilt, that does strict judgement draw,  
And her too carnal, yet too stony  
heart she saw.

LVI

'Yet rocks may cleave,' she cries.  
Then weeps for tears,  
And grieves for grief; fears want  
of fears;  
She hell, Heav'n's prison, views;  
distress, for robe, she wears.

LVII

Deprav'd by vice, depriv'd of grace;  
with pray'r,  
She runs Faith's course; breaks  
through Despair, 170  
O'ertakes Hope. Broken legs by  
setting stronger are.

LVIII

Shame, native Conscience, views that  
Holy One,  
Who came from GOD to man un-  
done,  
Whose birth produc'd a star, whose  
death eclips'd the sun.

LIX

She sees Earth-Heav'n, Flesh-spirit,  
Man-God in stamp  
Of Him who shakes, but does not  
cramp  
The bruised reed; snuffs puts not  
out the sputt'ring lamp.

LX

She sees for creatures the Creator  
came  
To die; the Shepherd prov'd the  
lamb  
For sacrifice, when Jews releas'd  
a spotted ram. 180

LXI

She sees defamed Glory, wronged  
Right,  
Debas'd Majesty, crush'd Might,  
Virtue condemn'd, Peace robb'd,  
Love slain! and all by Spite.

LXII

She streaming sees, like spouts,  
each broach'd vein  
With gore, not to be match'd  
again!

( 350 )

Her grief thence draws up mists to  
fall in weeping rain.

LXIII

Vast cares, long dumb, thus vent.  
'Flow tears, Soul's wine,  
Juice of an heart oppress; incline,  
LORD, to this heart-broke altar  
cemented with brine!

LXIV

'Remorseful clouds, dissolve in  
show'rs; 'tis blood 190  
Turns rocky hearts into a flood:  
Eyes, keep your sluices ope; Heav'n  
best by tears is woo'd.

LXV

'Thou, who one shoreless sea of all  
didst make,  
Except one floating isle, to take  
Vengeance on guilt; my salt flood  
rais'd, drown sin i' th' lake.

LXVI

'Oh, how these words, "Arise to  
judgement," quell!  
On wheels in torments broke I'd  
dwell,  
So as by grace I might be sav'd  
from endless Hell.

LXVII

'To Angel-intercessor, I'm forbid  
To pray; yet pray to One that  
did 200  
Pray to Another for Himself when's  
blood-drops slid.

LXVIII

'Father! Perfection's self in CHRIST  
does shine;  
Thy justice then in Him confine;  
Through's merits make Thy mercies,  
both are endless, mine!

LXIX

'See not, but through's abstersive  
blood, my sin;  
By which I being cleans'd within,  
Add perseverance. 'Tis as hard to  
hold as win.'

LXX

Her eyes are sentinels to pray'r, to  
moans  
Her ears, her nose courts charnel-  
bones;



Her hands breast-hammers are, her  
constant food is groans. 210

LXXI

Her heart is hung with blacks, with  
dust she cloyes

Her golden tresses ; weds annoys,  
Breeds sighs, bears grief, which,  
ibis-like, sin-snakes destroys.

LXXII

Thus mounts she drizzling Olivet ;  
the plains

Of Jericho she leaves. (While rains  
The farmer wet, they fully swell his  
earing grains.)

LXXIII

She, her own farmer, stock'd from  
Heav'n, is bent

To thrive ; care 'bout the pay-day's  
spent.

Strange ! She alone is farmer, farm,  
and stock, and rent.

LXXIV

The porcupine so's quiver, bow, and  
darts 220

To herself alone ; has all war's  
arts ;

Her own artillery needs no aid from  
foreign parts.

LXXV

Sad votaress ! thy earth, of late o'er-  
grown

With weeds, is plough'd, till'd,  
harrow'd, sown.

The seed of grace sprouts up when  
Nature is kept down.

LXXVI

Thy glebe is mellow'd with faith-  
quick'ning juice ;

The furrows thence hope-blades  
produce ;

Thy valley cloth'd with Love will  
harvest joys diffuse.

LXXVII

Live, Phoenix, from self-death. I' th'  
morn who dies

To sin, does but immortalize : 230  
Who study death, ere dead, ere th'  
Resurrection rise.

LXXVIII

Rachel, thy children goal and crown  
have won,

Ere they had skill or will to  
run.

Blest, who their whole day's work  
in their life's morn have done.

LXXIX

Like misty morn, she rose in dew ;  
so found

She ne'er was, till this sickness,  
sound ;

Till sin, in sorrow's flowing issue  
(tears) lay drown'd.

LXXX

Soul's life blood tears, prevailing  
pleaders, tame

Such rebels, as by Eve did shame  
Man's glory ; only these the old  
fall'n world new frame. 240

LXXXI

Lust causeth sin, sin shame, shame  
bids repent,

Repentance weeps, tears sorrow  
vent,

Sorrow shows faith, Faith hope,  
Hope love, Love soul's content.

LXXXII

Thus, from bruise'd spiceries of her  
breast, doth rise

Incense, sweet-smelling sacrifice ;  
Whilst she lifts up to Heav'n her  
heart, her hand, her eyes.

LXXXIII

' I'm sick with trembling, sunk with  
mourning, blasted

With sinning, and with sighing  
wasted ;

New life begins to breathe ; O joy,  
too long untasted !

LXXXIV

' Twice didst new life (by breath,  
by death) bestow 250

On man prevaricating, who,  
By yielding to a woman, made man  
yield to woe.

LXXXV

' Then didst his soul *restore* (as first  
inspire)

With second grace, renewing fire ;



Whence he hath part again in Thy  
celestial quire.

LXXXVI

'Once more for this Heav'n-denizen  
didst get

A never-fading coronet,  
Which was with two bright jewels,  
Grace and Glory, set.

LXXXVII

'Twas at my blood-stain'd birth  
Thy Love said, *Live* :

Links of Thy previous chain re-  
vive

Ev'n crumbled dust : so, thou my  
soul from death reprieve !

LXXXVIII

'CHRIST, th' unction art, Salvation  
JESUS ; in

Thy death redemption, blood for  
sin

Gives satisfaction, Thy Ascension  
hope does win ;

LXXXIX

'Thy session comfort. Though I  
did offend,

LORD, fears disband, give grace  
t' amend,

That, hope, which reaps not shame,  
may rise, and peace descend.

XC

'My pardon sign. The spear pierc'd  
Thee's the pen,

Thy blood the ink, Thy Gospel then  
The standish is, Oh, let my soul  
be paper clean !

XCI

'Kind, angry LORD, since Thou dost  
wound, yet cure ;

I'll bear the yoke, the cross endure ;  
Lament, and love ; and, when set  
free, keep conscience pure.'

XCII

Thus mourns she, and, in mourning  
thus, she joys ;

Ev'n that adds comfort which  
annoys ;

Sighs turn to songs, and tears to  
wine, fear Fear destroys.

XCIII

As holy flame did from her heart  
arise,

Dropt holy water from her eyes,  
While pray'r her incense was, and  
Love her sacrifice.

XCIV

Arm ! arm ! she breaks in with  
strong zeal ; the place

Sin quits, now garrison'd by Grace ;  
Illustrious triumphs do the steps of  
victors trace.

XCV

When the loud volleys of her pray'r's  
begin

To make a breach, they soon  
take in

The parapets, redoubts, and counter-  
scarps of sin.

XCVI

At once she works and fights : with  
lamp she waits,

Midst virgins, at the Bridegroom's  
gates,

With Him to feast her with His  
bridal delicates.

XCVII

To Heav'n now goes she on her  
knees ; which cry

Loud, as her tongue ; much speaks  
her eye :

Heav'n, storm'd by violence, yields.  
Eyes, tongue, and knees scale  
high.

XCVIII

'My last crave pardon for my first  
extremes ;

Be prais'd, who crown'st my morn  
with beams ;

Converted age sees visions, erring  
youth dreamt dreams.

XCIX

'Religion's its own lustre ; who this  
shun,

Night-founder'd grope at midday  
sun.

Rebellion is its own self-tort'ring  
dungeon.'

C

Man's restless mind, God's image,  
can't be blest

Till of this One, this All, possess.  
Thou our Soul's Centre art, our  
everlasting REST!

300

Pars superata Freti, Lucem præ-  
bentibus Astris;  
Longior at nostræ Pars superanda  
Viæ.

Da, DEUS, ut Cursus suscepti nostra  
propinquet  
Meta, laboranti grata futura Rati.

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM.

### Canto III. The Restoration

#### THE ARGUMENT

Lætior una Dies, Jesu, tua Sacra Canenti;  
Quàm sine Te, melicis Secula mille Lyris.  
Ut paveam Scelus omne, petam super Omnia Cælum;  
Da mihi Fræna Timor, Da mihi Calcar Amor!

The author's rapture; Grace is prais'd; a flood  
Of tears is pour'd for Albion's blood,  
Shed in a mist; for smot[e] Micaiahs, Peace is woo'd.

#### STANZA I

MUSE, twang the pow'rful harp, and  
brush each string  
O' th' warbling lute, and canzons  
sing

May ravish earth, and thence to  
Heav'n in triumph spring.

## II

Noble Du Bartas, in a high-flown  
trance,  
Observ'd to start from 's bed and  
dance;

Said: 'Thus by me shall caper all  
the realm of France.'

## III

As vicious meteors, fram'd of earthly  
slime,

By motion fir'd, like stars, do  
climb

The woolly-curdled clouds, and  
there blaze out their time,

## IV

Streaming with burnish'd flames;  
yet those but ray

10

To spend themselves, and light  
our way;

And panting winds, to cool ours,  
not their own lungs, play.

## V

So [when] enliven'd spirits ascend  
the skies,

Wasting to make the simple wise,  
Who bears the torch, himself shades,  
lightens others' eyes.

## VI

As Lust for Hell, Zeal sweats to build  
for Heav'n,

When fervent aspirations, driv'n  
By all the soul's quick pow'rs, to that  
high search are giv'n.

## VII

High is the sphere on which Faith's  
poles are hinged:

Pure Knowledge, thou art not  
restringed,

20

Thy flames enfire the bushy heart,  
yet leave't unsinged.

13 when] This is not in orig., but there is a space before 'enlivened' (not to mention the sense), and the metre requires something. The clash of 'when en-' probably puzzled the compositor. I have altered the full stop at 'wise' to a comma: but this is not necessary now if 'when' be inserted.

VIII

Suburbs of Paradise ! Thou saintly  
land  
Of visions, woo'd by Wisdom's  
band ;  
By dull mules in gold-trappings how  
dost slighted stand !

IX

Whose world's a frantic sea ; more  
cross winds fly  
Than sailor's compass knows ;  
saints ply  
Their sails through airy waves, and  
anchor still on high.

X

'Tis Holiness landst here ; where  
none (distasted)  
Rave with guilt's dread, nor with  
rage wasted ;  
Nor beauty-dazzled eyes with female  
wantons blasted. 30

XI

No childish toys ; no boiling youth's  
wild thirst ;  
No ripe ambition ; no accurst  
Old griping avarice ; no doting  
sloth there's nurst :

XII

No glutt'ny's maw-worm ; nor the  
itch of lust ;  
No tympany of pride ; nor rust  
Of envy ; no wrath's spleen ; nor  
obduration's crust :

XIII

No canker of self-love ; nor cramp  
of cares ;  
No schism-vertigo ; nor night-  
mares  
Of inward stings affright ; here lurk  
no penal snares.

XIV

Hence earth a dim spot shows ;  
where mortals toil 40  
For shot-bruis'd mud-walls (child-  
ish broil) ;  
For pot-gun cracks 'gainst ant-hill  
works ; oh, what a coil !

XV

Where Glutt'ny is full gorg'd ; where  
Lust still spawns ;  
Where Wrath takes blood and  
Avarice pawns ;  
Where Envy frets, Pride struts, and  
dull Remissness yawns.

XVI

Where Mars th' ascendant's : how  
realms shatter'd lie  
With scatter'd courts, beneath  
mine eye ;  
Which show like atoms chas'd by  
wind's inconstancy.

XVII

Here, th' Universe in Nature's frame  
doth stand,  
Upheld by Truth and Wisdom's  
hand : 50  
Zanzummims show from hence as  
dwarfs on Pigmy-land.

XVIII

How vile's the world ! Fancy, keep  
up thy wings  
(Ruffled in bustle of low things,  
Toss'd in the common throng), then  
acquiesce 'bove kings.

XIX

Thus, thou being rapt, and struck  
with enthean fire,  
In sky's star-chamber strike thy  
lyre :  
Proud Rome, not all thy Caesars  
could thus high aspire.

XX

Man's spiritual state, enlarg'd, still  
widening flows,  
As th' Helix doth : a circle shows  
Man's nat'ral life, which Death soon  
from its zenith throws. 60

XXI

Heav'n's perspective is over-reas'n-  
ing Faith,  
Which soul-entrancing visions  
hath ;  
Truth's beacon, fir'd by Love, Joy's  
empire open lay'th.

24 mules] A reminiscence possibly of Philip's 'ass laden with gold.' I note this as one of a thousand things that might be noted if the plan of this edition were different.

## XXII

This all-informing Light i' th' pregnant mind,  
 The babe Theophila enshrin'd :  
 Grace dawns when Nature sets :  
 dawn for fair day design'd.

## XXIII

Breathe in thy dainty bud, sweet  
 rose ; 'tis Time  
 Makes thee to ripened virtues  
 climb,  
 When as the Sun of Grace shall  
 spread thee to thy prime.

## XXIV

When her life's clock struck twelve  
 (Hope's noon) so bright 70  
 She beam'd, that queens admir'd  
 her sight,  
 Viewing, through Beauty's lantern,  
 her intrinsic light.

## XXV

As, when fair tapers burn in crystal  
 frame,  
 The case seems fairer by the flame :  
 So, does Heav'n's brighter love  
 brighten this lovely dame ;

## XXVI

Her soul the pearl, her shell out-  
 whites the snow,  
 Or streams that from stretch'd  
 udders flow ;  
 Her lips rock-rubies, and her veins  
 wrought sapphires show.

## XXVII

Attractive graces dance about her  
 lips ;  
 Spice from those scarlet portals  
 skips ; 80  
 Thence Gilead's mystic balm  
 (Grief's sov'reign balsam) slips.

## XXVIII

Such precious fume the incens'd  
 altar vents :  
 So, gums in air breathe compli-  
 ments :  
 So, rose's damask'd robe, prank'd  
 with green ribbons, scents.

## XXIX

Her eyes amaze the viewers, and  
 inspire  
 To hearts a warm, yet chaste desire  
 (As Sol heats all), yet feel they in  
 themselves no fire.

## XXX

Those lights, the radiant windows  
 of her mind,  
 Who would portray, as soon  
 may find  
 A way to paint the viewless, poise  
 the weightless wind. 90

## XXXI

But, might we her sweet breast,  
 Love's Eden, see ;  
 On those snow-mountlets apples  
 be,  
 May cure those mischiefs wrought  
 by the forbidden tree.

## XXXII

Her hands are soft, as swanny  
 down, and much  
 More white ; whose temperate  
 warmth is such,  
 As when ripe gold and quick'ning  
 sunbeams inly touch.

## XXXIII

Ye sirens of the groves, who, perch'd  
 on high,  
 Tune gutt'ral sweets, air-minstrels,  
 why  
 From your bough-cradles, rock'd  
 with wind, to Her d'ye fly ?

## XXXIV

See, lilies, gown'd in tissue, simper  
 by her ; 100  
 With marigolds in flaming tire ;  
 Green satin'd bays, with primrose  
 fringed, seem all on fire.

## XXXV

Th' art silver-voic'd, teeth-pearl'd,  
 thy head's gold-thatch'd,  
 Nature's reviver, Flora's patch'd,  
 Though trick'd in May's new raiment,  
 when with thee she's match'd.

91] This and the following stanzas give us (I say this not to say it again) one of the passages for which those who love poetry cannot spare Benlowes. It is one of the finest.



XXXVI

THOU, chaste as fair, Eve ere she  
 blush'd; from thee  
 The lib'ral arts *in capite*,  
 The virtues by knight-service, Graces  
 hold in fee.

XXXVII

A gracious soul, figur'd in beauty, is  
 Best portraiture of heavenly bliss,  
 Drawn to the life: wit-feign'd Pan-  
 dora vails to this. III

XXXVIII

So, Cynthia seems Star-chamber's  
 President,  
 With crescent splendour from Sol  
 lent,  
 Rallying her starry troop to guard  
 her glittering tent.

XXXIX

(Pearl'd dews add stars) Yet earth's  
 shade shuts up soon  
 Her shop of beams; whose cone  
 doth run  
 'Bove th' horned moon, beneath the  
 golden-tress'd sun.

XL

Wh' on sky, clouds, seas, earth,  
 rocks doth rays disperse,  
 Stars, rainbows, pearls, fruits,  
 diamonds pierce;  
 The world's eye, source of light,  
 soul of the universe. 120

XLI

Who glows like carbuncles, when  
 wing'd hours  
 Dandle the infant morn, which  
 scours  
 Dame Luna, with hertwinklingspies,  
 from azure tow'rs.

XLII

Thee, Theophil, Day's sparkling eye  
 we call;  
 Thy faith's the lid, thy love the  
 ball,  
 Beautying thy graceful mien with  
 form angelical.

XLIII

That lady-prioress of the cloister'd  
 sky,  
 Coach'd with her spangled vestals  
 nigh,  
 Vails to this constellation from  
 divinity.

XLIV

Virtue's her spring of honour, her  
 Allies 130  
 Are saints, Guard angels, Heav'n  
 her prize;  
 Whose modesty looks down, while  
 thus her graces rise.

XLV

Eugenia wit, Paidia art affords,  
 Eusebia truth for her upholds.  
 (Poets have legislative pow'r of  
 making words.)

XLVI

Her heart's a court, her richly-  
 temper'd breast  
 A chapel for Love's regent Guest:  
 Here feasts she sacred poets, she  
 herself a feast.

XLVII

Ye bay-crown'd Lords, who dig from  
 Wisdom's pits  
 The ore of arts, and with your  
 wits 140  
 Refine't, who prop the dotting world  
 in staggring fits;

XLVIII

And in Fame's court raise obelisks  
 divine;  
 Such symphonies do ye combine,  
 As may inspirit flesh with your soul-  
 ravishing wine.

XLIX

While Winter Autumn, Summer  
 clasps the Spring;  
 While tenter'd Time shall pæans  
 sing,  
 Your eagle-plumes (that others  
 waste) shall imp Fame's wing.

112 The political historian is sometimes severe on the Star-chamber: the literary  
 could collect a set of plays on the word which more than save it.

133 Note the correct quantification of Paidia as compared with her sisters.

134 Benlowes' note in the next line dispenses one from correcting 'upholds.'

## L

The rampant juice of Teneriffe recruits

Wildly the routed spirits: so, lutes,  
Harps, viols, organs; ah! and trumpets,  
drums, and flutes! 150

## LI

Though Art should humour grumbling basses still,

Tort'ring the deep-mouth'd catlins, till

Hoarse-thund'ring diapasons should the whole room fill;

## LII

Yet those but string this lady's harp; she'll try

Each chord's tun'd pulse, till she descry

Where most harmonious Music's mystic soul does lie.

## LIII

Now grace with language chimes: 'Thrice blest, who taste

Their Heav'n on earth, in Life's book grac'd;

Who leaving sense with sense, their spirit with spirits have plac'd.

## LIV

'With those divine patricians, who being not 160

Eclips'd with sense, or body's spot, Are in the spring of living flame

seraphic hot.

## LV

'One taste gives joys! joys at which words but rove;

Schools, purblind, grope at things above,

Cimmerian-like, on whose sun's brow clouds darkly move.

## LVI

'Heav'n's paths are traceless, by excess of light;

O'er fulgent beams daz'd eyes be-night.

Say Ephata, and clay's collyrium for my sight!

## LVII

'Transported in this ecstasy, befriend

Me, like the Stagirite, to end My thoughts in that Euripus, none can comprehend!' 171

## LVIII

This mystic chain, oh, lengthen'd still! imparts

Links, fett'ring 'bove all time-born arts;

Such sweet divisions from tun'd strings may ravish hearts.

## LIX

Best tenure holds by th' ear: in Saul, disguis'd,

When Satan oft tarantuliz'd,

The psalming harp was 'bove the swaying sceptre priz'd.

## LX

This Hymn, Zeal's burning fever, does refine

My gross hydropic soul; Divine Anthems unbowel bliss, and angels down incline. 180

## LXI

Angels shot forth the happiest Christmas news;

Ev'n CHRIST to warble hymns did use;

When Heav'n's high'st DOVE does soar, He wings of verse doth choose.

## LXII

No verse, no text. Since verse charms all, sing on;

Let sermons wait till Psalms be done;

Soul-raisers, ye prevent the Resurrection.

## LXIII

But, ah! in war (Wrath's midwife) which does tire,

Yet never fills the jaws of ire

(Keen as the evening wolf), can she yet use her lyre?

[152 catlins] So in orig., and better for 'catgut' than 'catlings,' which suggests 'kittens.' For Benlowes' interest in music see the subjoined poem on the subject.

## LXIV

Yes. She's unmov'd in earthquakes,  
 tun'd in jars 190  
 (Fear argues guilt); she stands  
 in wars,  
 And storms of thund'ring brass,  
 bright as coruscant stars.

## LXV

Virtue's a balsam to itself. Invoke  
 She Mercy did to oil steel's yoke:  
 Thus, in an iron age, this golden  
 Virgin spoke.

## LXVI

'Dread GOD! black clouds sur-  
 charged with storms, begin,  
 When purple robes hide scarlet  
 sin,  
 Ingrain'd from that life-blood, which  
 moated their souls in.

## LXVII

'Our sea-girt world (once Fort'nate  
 Isle, oh, change  
 Deplorable!) t'itself seems strange;  
 Unthrifty Death has spread where  
 thriving Peace did range. 201

## LXVIII

'Wat hath our lukewarm claret  
 broach'd with spears:  
 LORD, save Thy ark from floods  
 of fears,  
 Or Thy sad spouse may sink as deep  
 in blood, as tears!

## LXIX

'She chaws bread steep'd in woes,  
 gulp'd down with cries;  
 She drinks the rivers of her eyes;  
 Plung'd in distress for sin, to Thee  
 she fainting flies.

## LXX

'Tune th' Irish harp from sharps  
 to flats! Compose  
 Whatever vicious harshness grows  
 Upon the Scottish thistle, or the  
 English rose! 210

## LXXI

'No ramping lion its own kind  
 does fear,

No tuskèd boar, no rav'ning bear:  
 Man, man's Apollyon, doth CHRIST's  
 mystic Body tear.

## LXXII

'Ye sons of thunder, if you'll needs  
 fight on,  
 Lead your fierce troops 'gainst  
 Turkish moon,  
 Out of the line of Faith's com-  
 munication.

## LXXIII

'The large-commanding Thracian  
 force defy:  
 Like gun-stocks, though your  
 corps may fly  
 To earth, your souls, like bullets,  
 will ascend on high.

## LXXIV

'If GOD be then i'th' camp, much  
 more will He 220  
 In's Militant Church (His Temple)  
 be,  
 To chasten schism, and pervacious  
 heresy.

## LXXV

'LORD! rent's Thy coat, Love's type!  
 This sads the good!  
 Though Presters, rudely fierce,  
 fain would  
 Be heard; Thou hat'st uncivil pray'r,  
 and civil blood.

## LXXVI

'Ah, could dissembling pulpiteers  
 cry't good  
 To wade through seas of native  
 blood,  
 Break greatest ties, play fast and  
 loose, beneath Smect's hood!

## LXXVII

'By such were Catechisms, Com-  
 munion, Creeds  
 Disus'd! As March spawns frogs;  
 so, weeds 230  
 Sprung hence. Worst Atheist from  
 corrupted Churchman breeds.

224 Presters] Benlowes wanted a disyllabic form of 'Presbyter,' but one may be sure that he was not sorry to suggest 'Prestler John.'

228 Smect] Of course = 'Smectymnuus.'



## LXXVIII

'Use the LORD'S Pray'r, be th'  
Publican; recant  
The Pharisee; or else, avant  
With your six-hundred-sixty-six-word  
Covenant.

## LXXIX

'LORD, they, through faithless  
dreams, the Feast disown  
Of Thy Son's Incarnation!  
(Then whether will such Proteus-  
tants at last be blown?)

## LXXX

'That Feast of Feasts, Archangel's  
joy, Heav'n here  
Espous'd to earth, Saints' bliss,  
most dear  
Prerogative o' th' Church, the grand  
day of the year. 240

## LXXXI

'Man, first made good, himself un-  
made, and then  
The Word, made flesh, must  
dwell with men,  
That man, thus worse than nought,  
may better'd be again.

## LXXXII

'Dare to own truth. Drones seiz'd  
the bees' full bow'r;  
All's paint that butterflies deflow'r;  
As ants improve, so, grasshoppers  
impair their hour.

## LXXXIII

'When pirate-wasps sail to the  
honey'd grot,  
They'll find a trap-glass, death  
i' th' pot:  
Levites, slight not your breast-  
work for vain outworks got.

## LXXXIV

'We ken Kirk interest; Draco's laws  
recall; 250  
Repair the old Church; Saints the  
wall,  
True Pastors conduits, Grace the  
font, Love cements all.

## LXXXV

'Pass freely would we of oblivion  
An Act, and pardon all bygone,  
Would you smite hand on thigh, and  
say, What have we done!

## LXXXVI

'Truth's pensioners! your flocks  
bleat; food they need;  
CHRIST's flesh, their meat; blood,  
drink indeed:  
View Glory's crown; in season, out  
of season, feed.

## LXXXVII

'Ye friends to th' Bridegroom,  
stewards to the Bride,  
With oracles of truth us guide; 260  
Truth blesseth Church and State;  
faithful, till crown'd, abide.

## LXXXVIII

'So, when the Judge with His reward  
appears,  
You'll reap in joy what's sown in  
tears:  
Moist seed-times crown the fields  
with golden-bearded ears.

## LXXXIX

'Judge-Advocate to th' wrong'd!  
sure, Thou to guilt,  
Which would unmake Thy crea-  
tures, wilt  
Be just, when inquisition's made for  
blood that's spilt.

## XC

'At our ear's port land Peace and  
Truth! Oh, then,  
Welcome, as Sol to th' Russ in's  
den!  
As shore to shipwreck'd, as to towns  
dismantled, men! 270

## XCI

'Oh, might a second angel-choir  
ne'er cease  
To worms, worn out with War's  
distress,  
To sing, in all men's hearing, their  
blest song of Peace!

234 The number of the Beast.

250 ken] Sardonicallv as well as alliteratively, no doubt.

237 Proteustants] See Introduction.



XCII

'Peace! Home of pilgrims, first song  
at Christ's birth;  
Peace, His last legacy on earth;  
Peace, gen'ral preface to all good;  
Peace, saints' true mirth.

XCIII

'Love, thou support to martyrs! as  
jet straw,  
So us to our Belov'd dost draw;  
Thou art gold's true elixir, thou  
summ'st up the law.

XCIV

'Who can Divine Love speak in  
words of sense? 280  
Since, man, as ransom'd, angels  
thence

Transcends! Such is Christ's pas-  
sion's high pre-eminence!'

XCV

Here did she seal her lips, unluice  
her eyes

To flowing rhet'ric, and describes  
The world's a cask, its wine false  
mirth, its lees fool's prize.

XCVI

And now, by limpid spring of life-joy,  
where

Crystal is limbeck'd all the year,  
To God she would her Heav'n-  
ascending raptures rear.

XCVII

Taught hence, misguided Zeal,  
whom heats dispose  
To animosities, may close; 290

And bloody Fury's converts be, by  
pond'ring those.

XCVIII

Harmonious Beauty, feast our ear!  
They're kings  
At least, who hear when Love  
thus sings:

Love, to high Grace's key screws up  
low Nature's strings.

XCIX

Love, thou canst ocean-flowing  
storms appease;  
And such o'ergrown Behemoths  
please,  
As tax the scaly nation, and excise  
the seas.

C

If, Theophil, thy Love-Song can't  
assuage

The fate incumbent on this age,  
No time to write, but weep; for we  
are ripe for rage! 300

Ite sacrosanctæ Tabulata per Alta  
Carinæ;

Non opus est Fluviis, Lintea pan-  
do Mari.

Ite Rates Ventis, quo vos rapit Aura,  
secundis:

Brittica Cymba pias findat Amoris  
Aguas.

ANIMARUM SPONSUS IESUS.

## Canto IV. The Inamoration

## THE ARGUMENT

O, DEUS, aut nullo caleat mihi Pectus ab Igne !  
 Aut solo caleat Pectus ab Igne Tui !  
 Languet ut Illa DEO, mihi Mens simul æmula languet !  
 Cœlitus ut rapitur, me Violenta rapit !

She onset makes, first with love-darts aloof ;  
 Then, with Zeal's fireworks, storms Heav'n's roof ;  
 Whose Faith's shield, and Salvation's helmet are hell-proof.

THEOPHILA'S SOLILOQUY<sup>1</sup>

## STANZAS I, II

When Heav'n's Love paramount,  
 Himself reveals,  
 And to the suppliant soul, her pardon  
 seals,  
 At fear'd-Hope's doubtful gate, which  
 trembling fell,  
 (Who heav'nward sails, coasts by the  
 Cape of Hell,)  
 That her He deigns to take, she joys  
 in woes,  
 To have in labour pass'd the partu-  
 rition throes.

## III, IV

All travail-pangs, all new-birth heart-  
 deep groans,  
 All after-births of penitential moans,  
 Are swallow'd up in living streams of  
 bliss ;  
 When as the Heav'n-born heir, the  
 new man is, 10  
 By th'quick'ning Spirit of the High'st  
 re-born :  
 Time past hath pass'd her night,  
 present presents her morn.

## V, VI

See joy in light, see light in joy ; oh,  
 see,  
 Poor worthless maid, fruit brought  
 thee from Life's tree,  
 By th' Spouse and Spirit, saints' sole  
 supporters ! Rise

Then, Hell's apostate, and be heav'n  
 ly wise :

Thou art (let's interpledge our souls)  
 my One,  
 My All, though not by unity, by  
 union !

## VII, VIII

Ineffably mysterious knot begun ;  
 Saints mount, as dew allur'd by  
 beck'ning sun : 20  
 Love's faithful friends, what parallels  
 your guard,  
 Where Truth is sentinel, and Grace  
 the ward ?  
 The way is flow'r-strown, where the  
 guide is Love :  
 His Spirit with you below, your  
 spirit with Him above.

## IX, X

Reciprocal excess of joy ! Then, soar  
 My soul to Him, who man became ;  
 nay more,  
 Took sin itself, to cleanse thy sullied  
 clay,  
 But took it, only to take it away.  
 O Self-Donation ! peerless Gift, un-  
 known !  
 Now since that He is thine, be never  
 thou thine own ! 30

## XI, XII

O prodigy of great and good ! Faith,  
 sound  
 This Love's abyss, that does so  
 strangely bound

<sup>1</sup> The arrangement in orig. is curious. The stanzas are printed as here, and as they clearly must be, in six-line groups. But only the odd numbers (1, 3, &c.) are put at the heads, and the even (2, 4, &c.) accompany the fourth line of each stanza at the side.

Almightiness Itself! From whose  
veins, see,  
Unsluic'd, Love's purple ocean, when  
His free  
Red-streaming life did vanquish  
Death and Hell!  
That thou might'st live, He died!  
That thou might rise, He fell!

XIII, XIV

God so lov'd man, that naturalists  
may deem  
God to set man before Himself did  
seem!  
When man, with seeing blind, 'gainst  
God arose,  
And slew his only Friend, GOD  
sav'd his foes!  
Sol mourn'd in blacks! Heav'n's  
Viceroy, Nature, swoounded!  
Excess Love's reason was, Immensity  
Love bounded!

XV, XVI

Ye twins of light, as sunflow'rs be  
inclin'd  
To th' Sun of Righteousness; let  
Taste, refin'd,  
Like nothing as Love's Heav'nly  
Manna; and  
Let all but CHRIST feel rough, as  
Esau's hand;  
Let nought like's garment smell;  
let ears rejoice,  
But in expressless dictates of Love's  
whisp'ring voice!

XVII, XVIII

He's thy bright sun; 'twixt whom,  
and thy soul's bliss,  
Thy earthy body interposèd is;  
Whereby such dread eclipses causèd  
are,  
As fam'd astronomers can ne'er  
declare;  
Yet oft He shines; then, vanish ser-  
vile fears;  
Then, heav'nward filial hopes dry up  
thy trickling tears.

XIX, XX

Spiritual light spirituals clears: in  
Heav'n

Thou'lt view that full, what now by  
glimpse, like Steph'n,  
Thou canst but spy; there, shalt  
thou face to face,  
His light, His joy, His love, His  
pow'r, His grace,  
And His all-filling glory clearly see  
In optic emanations from Eter-  
nity!

60

XXI, XXII

I' th' ring of boundless lustre, from  
whose ray  
This petty world gleaneth its peep of  
day:  
Thou shalt be crown'd with wreaths  
of endless light:  
Here, oft's an interview in heat, and  
might,  
By inter-lucidations from above,  
Twining embraces with 's ensphering  
arm of love!

XXIII, XXIV

Most blessed souls, to whom He  
does appear,  
Folded within your arms, chaste  
Hemisphere!  
Oh, condescend! How 's lips shed  
love! life! merit!  
He makes His angels court of guard!  
By 's Spirit  
He crowns you with His grace! So,  
with His blood,  
When He redeem'd you, and con-  
sign'd His Flesh for food!

XXV, XXVI

Meat came from th' eater, from the  
strong did dew  
Sweetness; when as, incomparably  
true,  
Omnipotency's Self did largely shed  
His mystic oil of joy upon thy head:  
Then, trample sin in Babylon's gold-  
en cup;  
Treasures away she trifles, trifles  
treasures up.

XXVII, XXVIII

Oil of this lamp, obsequious soul,  
lights thee  
To thine approaching Heav'n! In  
sanctity

80

Be actuated then ; being up assum'd  
 By this bright sun, with this rich oil  
 perfum'd,  
 Th' art prepossess'd with heav'nly  
 comforts, which,  
 With their soul-cheering sweets, both  
 ravish and enrich.

XXIX, XXX

Poor, panting heart, Love's seat,  
 yearn for Joy's pith !  
 To have (thy highest bliss !) com-  
 munion with  
 The Father and the Son, one Spirit  
 with CHRIST !  
 And one in Them, as They are One !  
 Thou fly'st  
 Through grace to glory ! Vision shall  
 sublime  
 Thy faith, Fruition hope, Eternity  
 thy time ! 90

## THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SONG

XXXI, XXXII

Self ! oh, how mean an harmony it  
 breeds !  
 JESUS ! All names this Name of  
 names exceeds !  
 This Name's GOD's mercy at full  
 sea, 'tis Love's  
 High tow'r, Joy's loadstone ; this, my  
 spirit moves.  
 Hark : ' Rise, my love, my fair one,  
 come away ;  
 Ling'ring breeds loss ; I am thy  
 Leader, Light, and Way.'

XXXIII, XXXIV

What speed Speed's self can make,  
 soul, fly withal ;  
 Greatness and goodness most mag-  
 netical !

Shoot, like a flash of fire, to th' ruby  
 wine,

His precious blood, transcendently  
 Divine ! 100

(How poor those costly pearls were,  
 drunk by some)

My LORD, drink Blood to me ! Let  
 It to th' world's health come !

XXXV, XXXVI

All hope's unanchor'd but in That.  
 Thou art,  
 'Bove Indies' womb, rich to my love-  
 sick heart !  
 Flesh-fair endowments are but skin-  
 deep brags,  
 Varnish'd corruption ; wealth is but  
 Care's bags ;  
 The bagimposthumed chokes. Gold,  
 Beauty, Fame  
 Are sublunary mists to Saints' sera-  
 phic flame.

XXXVII, XXXVIII

JESUS ! This fans my fire, which has  
 at best  
 But grains of incense, pounds of  
 interest. 110  
 Go, int'rest ; take the principal, Thine  
 own :  
 Divine Love loves Thy loveliness  
 alone !  
 What flames to Thine proportionable  
 be !  
 LORD, hadst not first lov'd man, man  
 could not have lov'd Thee !

XXXIX, XL

Why lov'st us, but because THOU  
 wouldst ? Oh, why  
 For lepers would the Undefined die ?  
 That pen was dipt i' th' standish of  
 thy Blood,  
 Which wrote th' indenture of our  
 termless good !  
 O Love, 'bove wish ! Never such Love  
 enroll'd !  
 Who think their utmost flames  
 enough for Thee, are cold. 120

XLI, XLII

Whose Highness did not to be low  
 disdain,  
 Yet, when at lowest, highest did  
 remain !  
 Who bow'dst Heav'n's altitude, re-  
 fresh with flow'rs,  
 With JESSE's sov'reign flow'r, my  
 fainting pow'rs,

107 imposthumed] Orig. 'impostom'd.'



Which sink (as shaft-struck hart emboss'd) twixt grief,  
And joy: grief for my sin, joy for Thy free relief.

XLIII, XLIV

Wrack'd is with bitter-sweet extremes  
my mind,  
Shell'd, sheath'd, cag'd, coffin'd in  
her treacherous friend;  
Her always tempting mass of flesh  
she bears,  
Her hopes, did they not sprout from  
Thee, were fears: 130  
Hope, Thou perfume of lovers, for  
Thy sake

Love's generous, throws at all: life's  
but a petty stake;

XLV, XLVI

Scarce worth the prize. Love makes  
two spirits but one;  
Me, counterpart to Thy indenture,  
own;

I, active then as light, tread air and  
flame,

Without or wing, or chariot; and  
disclaim

All the faint sweets of earth. Thy  
Spirit views

How in Love's torrid zone Thy swel-  
t'ring martyr stews.

XLVII, XLVIII

Row me, ye dove-wing'd oars, whom  
Hope does buoy,

To wish'd-for hav'n, flowing with  
tides of joy! 140

Yet wish I not, my Joy, Thy joys  
above,

Merely for joy; nor pleasures of Thy  
Love,

Only for love of pleasure. No, let  
free

Spiritual languors teem! fruitful, yet  
virgins be!

XLIX, L

Give, give me children, or I die!  
Love, rest

Thy head upon the pillows of my  
breast!

When me Thou shalt impregn'd with  
virtues make

( 364 )

A fruitful Eden, all the fruitage take!  
Thy passion, Jonathan, below did  
move;

Rapt spirits, in high excess, flame  
with intensest love! 150

LI, LII

My life is hid with Thee in GOD!  
Descry

Thyself, O Thou, my plighted  
Spouse, that I

May ever glorious be! That my joy'd  
soul

With Thee may make up marriage!  
and my whole

Self Thee for Bridegroom have! My  
hope still sends

Up 'Come,' that I may enter with  
Thy feasted friends!

LIII, LIV

Oh, that long-long'd for Come! oh,  
Come! mine eyes,

Love's sentinels, watch, like officious  
spies!

Strike sparks of joy t' inflame Love's  
tinder! make

The exile view her home, the  
dreamer wake! 160

Tears raise the fire of Love! Ease  
sighs of air,

Fire's passion, wat'ry tears, and earthy  
self-despair!

LV, LVI

My sighs, condens'd to drops, com-  
pute hours spent!

Cancel the lease of my clay-tenement,  
Which pays dear rent of groans! oh,

grant a writ  
Of ease! I languish out, not live!

Permit  
A pass to Sion's Mount! But, I re-  
sign

My green-sick will, though sick of  
Love, to that of Thine!

LVII, LVIII

Waitings, which ripen hopes, are not  
delays;

Presence how great, how true's Love,  
absence says: 170

While lungs my breath shall organ,  
I'll press still

Th' exinanition of my o'ergrown will.  
'Behold, I quickly come.' O'erjoy'd  
I'm here!

Oh, Come! Till then, each day's an  
age, each hour a year.

LIX, LX

JESU! (That Name's Joy's essence!)  
hasten on!

Throngamorous sighs for dissolution!  
Fastidious earth, avaunt; with love-  
plumes soar,

My soul, to meet thy Spouse. Canst  
wish for more?

Only come! give a RING! Re-echo  
then,

'Oh, Come. Even so, LORD JESU,  
Come! Amen. Amen.' 180

LXI

Who's this inamor'd vot'ress? Like  
the morn

From mountain unto mountain  
born?

Who first, with night-drops dew'd,  
seem'd turtle-dove forlorn?

LXII

But now, ere warp'd body, near  
decay,

Stands, bow-like, bent, to shoot  
away

Her soul, ere prone looks kiss her  
grave, ere her last day,

LXIII

She (Love-fill'd) wants no mate, has  
rather one

Body too much. I' th' Spirit's  
throne

CHRIST's peace is fullest quire! Such  
loneness, least alone!

LXIV

When soft-flying Sleep, Death's sister,  
wings does spread 190

Over that curtain'd grave, her bed,  
Then, with prophetic dreams the

Highest crowns her head.

LXV

Behold, a comely Person, clad in  
white,

The all-enlight'ning sun less  
bright

Than that illustrious Face of His,  
which blest her sight.

LXVI

To her, in Majesty, His way He  
broke,

And, softly thus to her He spoke,  
'Come, come away.' 'My JESUS'  
says she. So, she woke.

LXVII

Her pray'rs, more passionate than  
witty, rise,

As Sol's postilion, bright; her  
eyes, 200

Wrestling with GOD for grace, bedew  
Love's Paradise.

LXVIII

Betimes, when keen-breath'd winds,  
with frosty cream,

Periwig bald trees, glaze tattling  
stream:

For May-games past, white-sheet  
peccavi is Winter's theme.

LXIX

Those daybreaks give good morrows,  
which she takes

With thanks, so, doubly good  
them makes.

Who in GOD's promise rests, in GOD's  
remembrance wakes.

LXX

Saints nothing more, saints nothing  
less regard,

Than LOVE's SELF, than self-love;  
unscar'd,

Though rack'd into an anagram, their  
souls being spar'd. 210

LXXI

Through virtuous self-mistrust they  
acted move

190 Death's sister] The substitution of 'sister' for the usual 'brother' though obvious is not trivial, and still less unpoetical. Grammar prevented it in the classical languages: our happy freedom therefrom allows it. And the attributes of Sleep are certainly more feminine than masculine.

194 sun] I should like to read 'sun's.'

Like needle, touch'd by th' stone  
of Love.  
Blest magnet, which attracts, and  
souls directs Above !

LXXII

Were she but mortal, she were satisfied,

So GOD liv'd in her, till she died ;  
His Word, her deed ; His Will, her  
warrant ; both, her guide.

LXXIII

Thus, this Devota breathes out  
yearning cries.

' Let not dust blind my sensual  
eyes,

When as my spirit's energy transcends the skies !

LXXIV

' Virtues raise souls. All's filial to  
Above ;

220

Low'st step is mercenary love ;  
Fraternal are the sides that Saint's  
ascent improve.

LXXV

' Manna to my enamour'd soul, art  
THOU !

The Spirit of Heav'n, distill'd,  
does flow

From Thy aspect ; by that, from  
brutes, we angels grow.

LXXVI

' Had I, oh, had I many lives, as  
years ;

As many loves, as love hath fears ;  
All, all were Thine, had I as many  
hearts, as hairs !

LXXVII

' From THEE my joy-extensions  
spreading flow ;

Dilating, as leaf-gold ! be n't  
slow,

230

O, THOU, my All, and more ! Love-  
lorn, THEE still I woo !

LXXVIII

' The widow press'd, till THEE to grant  
she bound ;

The virgin sought Thee, till she  
found ;

The publican did knock, till opening  
knocking crown'd.

LXXIX

' Though nought but dross I in my-  
self can spy,

Yet melted with Thy beaming Eye,  
My refuse turns to gold, by mystic  
alchemy ;

LXXX

' Then, whet thy blunt scythe, Time,  
and wing thy feet :

Life, not in length, but use, is sweet :  
Come, Death (the body brought abed  
o[f] th[e] soul), come, fleet !

LXXXI

' Be pulse, my passing-bell ; be skin,  
my hearse :

Night's sable curtains that disperse  
The rays of day, be shroud : dews,  
weep my funeral verse !

LXXXII

' Pity me, love-sick virgins !' Then,  
she swoon'd ;

O'ercome with zeal, she sunk to  
th' ground :

Darts of intolerable sweets her soul  
did wound.

LXXXIII

She lay with flaming Love impierc'd  
to th' heart :

Wak'd, as she bled, she kist the  
dart ;

Then sigh'd. ' Take all I am, or  
have ! All, All Thou art !'

LXXXIV

Then, sunk again. Reviv'd, Love's  
bow she bent,

250

And married string to shaft, and  
sent

Ejaculations, which the skies, like  
lightning, rent.

LXXXV

Piercing them through (feather'd  
with sighs) to show

She little paid, yet much did owe :  
The feathers sung, and fir'd, as they  
did upward go.

LXXXVI

No ice-fring'd cloud may quench  
Love's soaring flame :

Love is more strong than death,  
or shame.



Grown up all soul, the flesh sinks in  
a triple qualm.

LXXXVII

'I charge ye, Sion Virgins, let her still  
Enjoy her disencloister'd fill 260  
In these high ecstasies of Union and  
Will

LXXXVIII

'Do not with claps of hands, or noise  
of feet,  
Awake her from what is more sweet,  
Till the bright rising day-star light her  
to Heav'n's street.

LXXXIX

'Yield her, what her unfetter'd  
rapture gives,  
Since she's more where she loves,  
than lives :  
Transanimations, scaling Heav'n,  
break carnal gyves.

XC

'In Love's triumphant chariot plac'd  
she is ;  
Concentric are her joys with his ;  
Encharioted in fire, her spirit Heav'n-  
ripe for bliss.' 270

XCI

They're only found, who thus are lost  
in trance ;  
Transported to the high'st advance,  
With him, who was in spirit rapt to  
expressless glance.

XCII

Return'd, she cried : 'Oh, slay me  
thus again !  
Ne'er lives she who thus ne'er is  
slain !  
How sweet the wounds of Love ! No  
pleasure to Love's pain !

XCIII

'In furnac'd heat, Pyrausta-like, I  
fry !  
To live is faith ! 'tis gain to die !  
One life's enough for two ! Thou  
liv'st in me, not I !

XCIV

'How, midst regalias of Love's ban-  
quet, I 280  
Dissolve in Sweet's extremity !  
O languors ! Thus to live is in pure  
flames to die !

XCV

'Three kings three gifts to th' King  
of kings did bring ;  
Myrrh, incense, gold, to Man, God,  
King :  
For myrrh, tears ; incense, pray'rs ;  
gold, take Love's offering !

XCVI

'Oh, take Love's hecatomb !' Then,  
through her eyes  
Did Love enamouring passions rise :  
High'st Glory crowns Theophila's  
love-sacrifice.

XCVII

Not she, Mortality alone did die ;  
Death's but translation to the  
sky : 290  
All virtues fir'd in her pure breast  
their spicery.

XCVIII

As, when Arabia's wonder spices  
brings,  
Which fann'd to flames by her own  
wings,  
She, from the glowing holocaust in  
triumph springs :

XCIX

So, Virtue's pattern (priestess, altar,  
fire,  
Incense, and victim) up did spire ;  
'Victoria, Victoria,' sung all Heav'n's  
quire.

C

She echoing (echo, which does all  
surpass !  
God's sight is Glory's looking-  
glass !) 299  
Magnificats, Hosannas, Halleluiahs !

277 Pyrausta] *πυραίστης* 'a moth that is singed in a flame,' and thus a sort of salamander.

287 Love] So in orig. 'Love-enamouring' 'making Love Himself love' seems very like Benlowes.

300 Halleluiahs] Five syllables.



Pars Cursûs emensa mei, Pars restat  
aranda :  
Ex æquo Metam Vesper & Ortus  
habent.

Ergo per immensos properent cava  
Lintea Fluctus :  
Jactatam capiant Littora sancta  
Ratem !

AMANS ANIMÂ SATIATUR AMANTIS.

## Canto V. The Representation

### THE ARGUMENT

Mundus Opes, Animam Cœlum, Terramque resumpsit  
Terra : DEUS, Vitam cum tulit, Ipse dedit.  
Solus Amor facit esse DEUM ; Quem, Mente capaci,  
Si Quis conciperet, posset et esse DEUS.

The Author's vision, her ascent, Heav'n's place  
Descried, where reigns all glorious Grace,  
Where's all-sufficient Good, the sum of Bliss she has.

#### STANZA I

I'M vile, a thing impure, Corruption's  
son,

Earth-crawling worm, by sin un-  
done,

Whose suppliant dust doth own its  
shame, and t' Heav'n doth run.

#### II

Grace, intervene'twixt sin and shame,  
and tie

A hopeful bliss to misery !

LORD, pardon dust and ashes : both,  
yea worse, am I !

#### III

Though dust, Thy work : though clay,  
Thy Hand did turn

This vessel ; and, though ashes,  
th' Urn

Thou art, them to restore when sky  
and earth shall burn.

#### IV

Whilst that my Heav'n-allied soul  
does stay

Wholly on Thee, not Europe's sway  
Can elevate my wish, like one grace-  
darted ray.

#### V

Meet, meet my prison'd Soul's  
address ! oh, might

She view, through mould'ring earth,  
Thy Sight !

( 368 )

Grace perfects Nature's want : say  
here, 'Let there be light !'

#### VI

Then, though in flesh my spirit  
prison'd be,

She may by Faith ascend to THEE,  
And up be rais'd, till she shall mount  
to liberty.

#### VII

Clear-sighted Faith, point out the way ;  
I will

Neglect curl'd Phrase's frizzled  
skill :

20

Humble Devotion, lift thou up my  
flagging quill ;

#### VIII

Which faints at first approach ; my  
faith's too light

To move this mountain, reach  
this height :

Can squeaking reeds sound forth the  
organ's full delight ?

#### IX

I'm mute, for only light can light  
declare ;

A diamond must a diamond square ;  
Yet, where I dare not speak, there yet  
adore I dare.

#### X

Ear has not heard, nor eye has seen,  
nor can

Man's heart conceive (vast heart of  
man)  
The riches treasur'd up in Glory's  
ocean! 30

## XI

Tomes full of mystic characters  
enfense  
Those seas of bliss! To write to  
sense  
Heav'n's chronicle, would ask a  
Heav'n'd intelligence.

## XII

How, then, from flood of tears may  
an ark'd dove try  
Its vent'rous pinions, to descry  
That land, unknown to Nature? Vast  
Eternity!

## XIII

Fear gulfs unfathomable; nor desire,  
Ere of God's court thou art, t' as-  
pire  
To be of's council; pry not, but with  
awe admire.

## XIV

Dwarf-words do limp, do derogate,  
do scan 40  
Nor height, nor depth. Since Time  
began,  
What constitutes a gnat was ne'er  
found out by man.

## XV

Dares mortalslime, with rudertongue,  
express  
What ev'n Celestials do confess  
Is inexpressible? Thou clod of earth,  
first guess

## XVI

In like degrees from equinoctial  
track,  
Why men are tawny, white, and  
black?  
Why Bactria's camel two? Arab's one  
bunch on's back?

## XVII

Canst lead Leviathan with a silken  
string?  
Canst cover with a hornet's wing 50  
Behemoth? Canst thou seas into a  
nutshell bring?

## XVIII

Canst motion fix? countsands? recall  
past day?  
Show height, breadth, length o'th'  
spreading ray?

Discardinate the spheres? and rapid  
whirlwinds stay?

## XIX

Tell, tell how pond'rous Earth's huge  
propless ball  
Hangs poised in the fluent hall  
Of fleeting air? how clouds sustained  
are from fall?

## XX

How burnt the Bush, when verdure  
cloth'd its fire?  
How from the rock, rod-struck in  
ire,

Did cataracts gush out? How did the  
sea retire? 60

## XXI

Canst thou take post-horse with the  
coursing sun,  
And with him through the zodiac  
run?

How many stages be there ere the  
race be done?

## XXII

Then, tell how once heshot his beams  
down-right

From the same zenith, while for  
night,  
Mortals stood gazing at a doubled  
noonday's light?

## XXIII

Tell, how that planet did in after-days  
Turn Cancer, shooting Parthian  
rays,

Ten whole degrees revers'd, which  
did the world amaze.

## XXIV

Poor thingling man! Propitious  
Heav'n, assign 70  
Some angel for this high design!  
Heav'n's history requires at least a  
Seraphin.

## XXV

Oh, might some glorious Spirit then  
retire,  
And warble to a sacred lyre

The Song of Moses and the Lamb in  
Heav'n's full quire !

XXVI

'Twas at Night's noon, when sleep th'  
oppress'd had drown'd ;

But sleepless were oppressors  
found ;

'Twas when Sky's spangled head in  
sable veil was bound :

XXVII

For thievish Night had stole, and  
clos'd up quite,

In her dark lantern, starry light :  
No planet seen to sail in that dead  
ebb of Night : 81

XXVIII

When, lo, all-spreading rays the room  
surround !

Like such reflections, as rebound,  
Shooting their beams to th' sun, from  
rocks of diamond.

XXIX

This, to a wonder, summon'd my  
sight,

Which dazzled was at so pure light !  
A Form angelic there appear'd  
divinely bright !

XXX

I wish'd myself more eyes to view this  
gleam ;

I was awake, I did not dream ;  
Too exquisite delight makes true  
things feign'd seem. 90

XXXI

Model of Heav'n it was ; I floated long  
'Twixt joy and wonder ; passion  
strong,

Wanting due vent, made sight my  
speech, and eyes my tongue !

XXXII

Oft, my rapt soul, ascending to the eye,  
Peep'd through upon Angelity,  
Whose blaze did burnish'd plate of  
sparkling Sol outvie !

XXXIII

If gracious silence shin'd forth any-  
where

With sweet aspect, 'twas in this  
sphere ;

The soul of sweetness, and the spirit  
of joys mix'd here

XXXIV

From out Love's wing he must a  
pencil frame, 100

Who, on Time's cloth, would paint  
this flame :

None can portray this glorious draft  
but who's the same.

XXXV

Veil then, Timanthes-like, this guess'd  
at face,

(The curtain of that inward grace),  
Whose forehead with diaphanous  
gold impal'd was.

XXXVI

For, starry knobs, like diamonds, did  
attire

That front with glory, and conspire  
To lavish out their beams, to radiate  
that fire.

XXXVII

Whose amber-curling tresses were  
unbound,

And, like a glittering veil, spread  
round, 110

And so about the snowy shoulders  
sweetly wound.

XXXVIII

Whose robe shot forth a tissue-  
waving shine,

Which seem'd loose-flowing, far  
more fine

Than any interwoven silk with silver  
twine.

XXXIX

With gracious smile, approaching  
nearer, sat

This glorious thing : oh, humble  
state !

Yet, on the Vision inexpressive rays  
did wait.

XL

'Twas glorified Theophila sat there.  
I, mute, as if I tongueless were,

103 Timanthes] Orig. 'Timantes.' The story of the picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is well known.

Till her voice-music drew my soul  
into mine ear: 120

XLII

'Twas 'bove lute's sweetest touch,  
or richest air!

'I bring thee things (says she)  
are rare:

All subcelestial streams drops to  
this ocean are.

XLIII

'Hear, first, my progress. Loos'd  
from Nature's chain,

And quit from clay, I did attain,  
Swift as a glancing meteor to  
th' aerial plain:

XLIII

'Where, passing through, I did  
perfume the air

With sacred spice, and incens'd  
pray'r;

While grateful clouds their liquid  
pearl, as gift, prepare.

XLIV

'I spare t'unlock those treasures of  
snow; 130

Or tell what paints the rainy bow;  
Or what cause thunders, lightnings,  
rains; or whence winds flow.

XLV

'Those regions pass'd, where beard-  
ed comets light

The world to fatal woes; a bright  
Large orb of harmless fire inflam'd  
my heav'nward flight.

XLVI

'To azure-arch'd sky ascends my soul  
(Thence view I North and South-  
ern Pole),

Where globes in serpentine yet  
order'd motions roll.

XLVII

'Thence by the changing Moon's  
alternate Face,

Up, through unweari'd Phosphor's  
place, 140

I mount to Sol's diurnal and his  
annual race:

XLVIII

'By whose propitious influencethings  
are

Quickened below, this monarch  
star,

Making his progress through the  
signs, unclouds the air;

XLIX

'And, eight-score times outbulks the  
earth; whose race

In four and twenty hours' space  
'Bove fifty millions of Germanic  
leagues does pace.

L

'This giant with as many tongues as  
rays,

Speaks out, so oft as he displays  
His beams, which gild the world;  
that man his LORD should praise.

LI

'Through spheres I pass'd to stars,  
that nail Heav'n's court, 151

(My stay was with sky-wonders  
short,)

Which, by first Mover's force, are  
whirl'd about their fort.

LII

'Through the blue-spangled frame,  
my psalming tongue

Made th' orbs suspend their usual  
song,

To hear celestial hymns the glist'ring  
quires did throng.

LIII

'Chime out, ye crystal spheres, and  
tune your poles;

Skies, sound your bass; ere ye to  
coals

Dissolve, and tumble on the bonfire  
world in shoals.

LIV

'The *Primum Mobile* does seem  
immense, 160

And doth transfused influence  
Through all inferior orbs, as swift as  
thought, dispense.

LV

'Suppose, a millstone should from  
thence be hurl'd

Unto the centre of this world,  
'Twould make up sixscore years, ere  
it could down be whirl'd.



LVI

Now, enter'd I Heav'n's suburbs,  
pav'd with gems;  
No orient jewels cast such beams;  
(Oh, might this verse be wreath'd  
but with such diadems!)

LVII

'Sol's radiant fulgence in meridian  
skies 169  
Seem'd shade unto those clarities;  
Where Beauty's self might beautify  
her fairest eyes.

LVIII

'Tis 'bove high'st verge, where  
reason dares be bold;  
That Heav'n of GOD is of such  
mould,  
That eyes, till glorified, cannot the  
same behold.

LIX

'Tis purely spirit'al, and so must be,  
Above compare in all degree,  
With aught that draws its line from  
th' six days' pedigree.

LX

'Tis immaterial, 'bove the highest  
sphere,  
Doth brighter than the rest appear;  
Than orbs of fire, moon, sun, or  
crystalline more clear. 180

LXI

'Tis space immense, from whence  
apostates driv'n,  
Their rooms might so to men be  
giv'n  
With those confirm'd sons, th'  
indigenae of Heav'n.

LXII

'Absurdly some philosophers did  
dream,  
That Heav'n's an uncreated beam  
Which forth eternally from GOD  
HIMSELF did stream.

LXIII

'Tis but a creature, though its  
essence be  
To change unsubject, standing  
free  
On never-shaken pillars of Infinity.

( 372 )

LXIV

'Ocean of Joys! Who can thee fully  
state? 190  
For clearer knowledge man must  
wait;  
First shoot Death's Gulf, thy soul may  
then arrive thereat:

LXV

'For no one enters there, till he  
hath trod  
Death's path, then, from that period  
Elected souls ascend to Heav'n, to  
bliss, to GOD!

LXVI

(Zeal through me fires its way to  
speak, that I  
Would thither, like wing'd light-  
ning, fly,  
Were my flesh-curtain drawn that  
clouds my spirit's eye!

LXVII

What heights would souls affect,  
could they undress  
Themselves of rags, that them  
depress! 200  
How beautiful's the form of naked  
Holiness!

LXVIII

New light, life, love, joy, bliss there  
boundless flow!  
Thereshallmysoulthy glory know,  
When she her robe of clay shall to  
earth's wardrobe throw!

LXIX

Fond that I am to speak. Pass on  
to bliss,  
That with an individual kiss  
Greets thee for ever! Pardon this  
parenthesis.)

LXX

'Faith's the Soul's eye; as nothing  
were between,  
They that believe, see things  
unseen:

Close then thy carnal, thy spiritual  
eyes unscreen. 210

LXXI

'For, my transplanted spirit shall  
emblaze

Words, may make wonder stand at  
gaze :

Unboundless bliss doth ev'n the  
sep'rate spirit amaze.

LXXII

'Oh, fleet of intellectuals, glory-  
fraught,  
(Inestimable arras, wrought  
With heart-o'ercoming colours,) how  
ye pass all thought !'

LXXIII

Thou All-comprising, uncompris'd  
Who art

Ever, yet never made, impart  
Thou (Love's abyss, without or ebb  
or shore) a heart

LXXIV

Of Wisdom to attempt, proceed, and  
end 220

What never was, is, can be penn'd !  
May spots in maps (dumb teachers)  
empires comprehend ?

LXXV

'The sky-enchasèd diamonds lesser  
show

Than July's hairy worms that glow,  
Sampled with those rebounds un-  
bounded glories throw.

LXXVI

'That Vessel of Election, rapt to  
th' soil

Of highest bliss, did here recoil :  
I' th' same attempt 'tis honour to  
confess a foil.

LXXVII

'Sense knows not 'bove court-  
triumphs, thrones, or kings,  
Gems, music, beauties, banquet-  
ings, 230

Without such tropes it can't unfold  
spiritual things.

LXXVIII

'Oh, how that most unutterable  
blaze

Of Heav'n's all-luminating rays  
Does souls (disrob'd of flesh) both  
brighten, and amaze !

LXXIX

'That boundless solstice, with trans-  
parent beams,

Through Heav'n's triumphant  
arches streams,

And, gliding through each spirit with  
intrinsic gleams,

LXXX

'Pierceth to th' little world, and doth  
dispel

The gloomy clouds of sin, that  
swell

The soul, decoying it to ever-burn-  
ing Hell ! 240

LXXXI

'By glory, how are spirits made  
divine !

How super-radiantly they shine  
From th' ever-flowing spring of the  
refulgent TRINE !

LXXXII

'Beyond report of high'st discourse  
they dart

Their radiations, 'bove all art !

This cath'lic bliss o'erflows the most  
capacious heart !

LXXXIII

'Conceive a court, where all joys  
domineer,

Where seas of sweets o'erflow, and  
where

Glory's exhaustless mines, sport's  
endless springs, appear :

LXXXIV

'Where infinite excess of sweets  
ne'er cloy ! 250

Where, still fruition's feast em-  
ploys

Desire ! where who enjoy the least  
can't count their joys !

LXXXV

'One may t' a glimpse, none to a  
half can rise,

Had he more tongues, than heav'n  
has eyes !

Such, nothing see, as would in words  
this sight comprise !

<sup>213</sup> Unboundless] So in my copy, but corrected to 'unbounded,' which is of course obvious.

LXXXVI

'Can measures such Unmeasurables  
hold?

Can time Infinity unfold?  
Superlative Delights may be admired,  
not told.

LXXXVII

'When Glory's Heav'n is all one  
sunny blaze,  
That flowing radiance doth amaze,  
While on that inconceivable result  
we gaze! 261

LXXXVIII

'What king would not court martyr-  
dom, to hold  
*In capite* a city of gold,  
Where, look how many gates, so  
many pearls are told!

LXXXIX

'The structure's square; a firm  
foundation, [stone,  
Twelfefold, for each a precious  
The LAMB'S Apostles' names en-  
graven thereupon.

XC

'There sparkles forth the verdant  
emerald,  
The blue-ey'd sapphire therein  
wall'd,  
The topaz too, with that stone which  
from gold is call'd: 270

XCI

'There, jasper, chalcedon, chryso-  
prase shine,  
There sardonyx, and sardius join,  
There beryl, hyacinth, and amethyst  
combine.

XCII

'No sympathizing turkise there, to  
tell  
By paleness th' owner is not well,  
For, grief's exil'd to earth, and  
anguish groans in hell!

XCIII

'The streets with gold perspicuous  
are array'd,  
With blazing carbuncles inlaid;

271] Read 'chrysoprase, chalcedon'?

( 374 )

Yet, all seem night, to glories from  
the LAMB display'd.

XCIV

'For, thousand suns make an eclipse  
to those! 280  
The diamond there for pavement  
grows,  
As on its glitt'ring stock, and all its  
sparkles throws.

XCV

'And there, on every angel-trodden  
way  
Loose pearls, instead of pebbles,  
play,  
Like dusky atoms in the sun's em-  
bright'ning ray.

XCVI

'Had I a quill sent from a Seraph's  
wing,  
And skill to tune't! I could not  
sing  
The moiety of that wealth, which that  
all-glorious King

XCVII

'Of Heav'n enstates those in, who  
follow good,  
And prize't above their vital blood!  
Heav'n may be gain'd on earth, but  
never understood! 291

XCVIII

'As, when the sun shakes off the veil  
of night,  
And scatters on the dawn his light,  
He soon takes pris'ner to himself th'  
engaged sight:

XCIX

'So, when I view those indeficient  
beams,  
Oh, they in overfulgent gleams,  
Like diamonds, thaw'd to air, em-  
bubble forth in streams!

C

'Ev'n spirits, who have disrob'd their  
rags of clay,  
Laid up in wardrobe till that day,  
O'ercome, they dazzled are by each  
imperious ray! 300

286] Note this.

Sexta reperi, Pars antepenultima,  
Ponti,  
Imparibus restat perficienda Mo-  
dis;

Quam (si præstiterit Mentem DEUS  
OPTIMUS) addam  
Flammiferos Phœbus cum jugat  
ortus Equos.

EX OBSCURO SPECTABILE CÆLUM.

## Canto VI. The Association

### THE ARGUMENT

Panduntur Cœli, juvat hinc invisere Divûm  
Atria, mortali non adeunda Pede:  
Hic, Animæ pennis advecta THEOPHILA, cernit  
Agmina Cœlicolûm ducere sancta Chores.

Heav'n's order, beauty, glory is descried:  
Here, read the state o' th' Glorified,  
Which THEOPHIL i' th' heraldry of Heav'n had eyed.

#### STANZA I

'THOSE happy mansions, glorious  
Saint, discover,  
Where the bright Host of Spirits  
hover!  
Bring down all Heav'n before the  
eyes o' th' Heav'nly Lover.'

#### II

Frail man, with zeal and wonder here  
behold  
Clay cast into a heav'nly mould:  
Faith did, now Vision does Beatitude  
unfold.

#### III

The tenants in this splendid frame  
are they  
Whose grosser and unpolish'd clay,  
Calcin'd in graves, now robes of  
glory do array.

#### IV

Here martyrs sit enthron'd, who late  
did bleed 10  
Sap from their fertile wounds, to  
feed  
With oil the Church's lamps, and  
with red dew her seed.

#### V

These ovant souls, Knights of Saint  
Vincent are,  
For high achievements gain'd,  
each scar,  
To make a golden constellation,  
seems a star.

#### VI

Not by inflicting, but receiving blows,  
By suffering, they o'ercame their  
foes:  
How long, LORD, ere Thou dost  
avenge their blood on those?

#### VII

These own their bliss, sprung from  
the word and will  
O' th' LAMB, by whom they con-  
quer'd still 20  
Themselves, and that revolted band  
that Hell does fill.

#### VIII

Therefore, each prostrate casts, with  
th' elders, down  
At the LAMB's feet their palm and  
crown,  
Beholding round all eminences, but  
their own.

8 unpolish'd] Orig. 'unpolish,' an obvious oversight.

13 Knights of St. Vincent] i. e. 'conquerors.'



## IX

Th' Apostles here, with him, in  
 whose sweet tongue  
 The lute of high-tun'd Love was  
 strung,  
 When through so many regions he  
 the Gospel sung.

## X

The loving, lov'd Evangelist here lives  
 On Love's pure influence, and gives  
 No bounds to 's flaming love, but how  
 to heighten 't strives. 30

## XI

Love was his only theme. She, here  
 is crown'd,  
 Who near Death's tomb, Life risen  
 found ;  
 Whose eye-bowl was tear-brimm'd,  
 whose towel hair unbound.

## XII

Parch'd Afric's glory, born in 's  
 mother's eyes  
 (A happier offspring of her cries,  
 Than of her womb), here to ecstatic  
 Love does rise.

## XIII

The bounds are boundless of divine  
 Amour ;  
 Love hopes, and yet hath all  
 things, for,  
 In Heav'n's eternal heraldry, true  
 Love is *Or*.

## XIV

Fruition Love enfires, thence Zeal 's  
 renew'd ; 40  
 Love hath the SPIRIT's plenitude,  
 Burning with flames in splendour of  
 Beatitude !

## XV

Love caus'd the SON of GOD from 's  
 throne dismount,  
 And make Himself of no account,  
 Become a Man of Sorrows, who of  
 Joy 's the fount !

## XVI

This Love, by quire of Heav'n scarce  
 understood !

Could so much ill cause so much  
 good,  
 For man's redemption that GOD's  
 SON should shed His blood ?

## XVII

Thou, Love, when as my guilty soul  
 did dwell  
 In nest of ruin, didst unshell 50  
 My spirit (fledg'd with Grace) from  
 that disorder'd cell.

## XVIII

And, having crush'd the outward film  
 of earth,  
 Gav'st her, new form'd with Glory,  
 birth  
 That she might sty to th' Seat of  
 Beatific Mirth !

## XIX

And praise Thee, with those virgin-  
 souls, who in  
 The cloisters of their flesh have  
 been  
 Wash'd in their SAVIOUR's bath of  
 blood from spots of sin.

## XX

Flow'rs on our heads, as on their  
 stems, do grow,  
 Which into fadeless colours flow,  
 Nor cold to blast, nor heat to scorch,  
 nor age they know. 60

## XXI

Scenting 'bove thousand precious  
 ointments, shed  
 On consecrated Aaron's head ;  
 Above pearl'd dew on Hermon's sever-  
 fragrant bed.

## XXII

How far, immaculate flames, do you  
 excel  
 All that in thought's high turret  
 dwell !  
 What then can optics see ? What  
 then can volumes tell ?

## XXIII

If Beauty's self we could incarnate  
 see

34 The promotion of St. Augustine to special company with St. John and St. Mary Magdalene is noteworthy.

54 sty] Benlowes probably took this rare but good word (= 'rise') from Spenser.

Teeming with youth and joy, yet  
she  
Would not so beauteous as the Virgin-  
Mother be.

XXIV

Who, like a full-orb'd moon, our stars  
outshin'd 70  
In glorious fulgurance of mind!  
For whose surpassing splendour I  
this Ode design'd.

XXV

'Hail, blessed Virgin-Spouse, who  
didst bequeath  
Breath unto Him, who made thee  
breathe!

And gav'st a life to Him, who gave  
thee life from death!

XXVI

'Who bor'st Him in thy womb, whose  
hands did stack  
The studded orbs with stars, and  
tack

The glowing constellations to the  
Zodiac!

XXVII

'And, what improves the mystery  
begun, 79

New mysteries from thee were spun,  
He did, at once, become thy Father,  
Spouse, and Son!

XXVIII

'Conceiving HIM, as by the womb,  
so th' ear!

By th' Angels' tongue Heav'n cast  
seed there!

Thou heard'st, believ'dst, and thence  
didst breed, and thence didst  
bear!

XXIX

'Thou only may'st (so it be humbly)  
boast

To have brought forth the Eternal  
Host

By mystic obumbration of the HOLY  
GHOST!

XXX

'By thee did GOD and man embrace  
each other!

Thus, Heav'n to Earth became a  
brother!

( 377 )

Thus, thou, a Virgin, to thy MAKER  
wast a Mother! 90

XXXI

'Thy fleece was wet, when all the  
ground lay dry!

Dry, when all moist about did lie!  
As Aaron's rootless rod, so didst  
thou fructify!

XXXII

'Thou art, from whence Faith's  
burgeon sprang, the ground!

Before, in, after birth was found  
Pureness untouch'd, with Virgin-  
Mother's Honour crowned!

XXXIII

'Thou, shrine of Glory, ark of Bliss,  
thou high

Fair Temple of Divinity,  
In thee, the masterpiece of Nature  
I descry!

XXXIV

'My ravish'd Soul,' said she, 'extols  
His Name, 100

Who rules the Heav'n's expans'd  
frame,

Whose mercy rais'd me up to mag-  
nify the same.'

XXXV

Who can anatomize the glorious list  
Of heirs to GOD, coheirs with

CHRIST,

Who royalize it there by Grace's high  
acquist?

XXXVI

Whose several glories admirable are!  
And yet as infinite, as fair!

Where all's enjoyed at full; where  
everything is rare!

XXXVII

The joy of each one is the joy of all!  
Beatitude's reciprocal! 110

They drink CHRIST's cup of flowing  
wine, who pledg'd His gall!

XXXVIII

Silence most rhet'ric hath, and glories  
best

Do portray forth that royal feast,  
At which each blessed saint is an  
eternal guest!

XXXIX

Nor can a thought of earthly friend's  
annoys

Extenuate one grain of joys,  
While Mercy saves the wise, while  
Justice fools destroys!

XL

Strangely their intellects enlighten'd  
be!

Nature's compendium did not see  
One half; yea, ere he tasted the  
Forbidden Tree! 120

XLI

If, that sea-parting Prince, from cleft  
rocks' space

Viewing God's back-parts, thought  
it grace,  
What honour is it then to see Him  
face to face!

XLII

Who doth inspirit th' indeficient ray,  
Not dimm'd with a minute allay;  
Where, though no sun e'er rose, yet  
'tis eternal day!

XLIII

Where all are fill'd, yet all from food  
abstain!

Where all are subjects, yet all reign!  
All rich, yet have no bags that stifled  
wealth contain!

XLIV

Where each saint does a glorious  
kingdom own; 130

Where each king hath a starry  
crown;  
Each crown a kingdom, free from the  
rude people's frown.

XLV

Where each hath all, yet, more than  
all, they owe;

All subjects, yet no kings they  
know,  
Save King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
who quell'd their Foe.

XLVI

Where highest joy is their perpetual  
fare;

Their exercise Hosannas are;  
Spirits the choristers, the subject  
Praise and Prayer.

( 378 )

XLVII

The laureate King his Psalming voice  
doth raise,

And sings to's solemn harp high  
lays, 140

Being himself the organ to his  
MAKER's praise.

XLVIII

Enflam'd with holy zeal, and high  
desire,

Encircled with the enthean quire,  
Warbles this epinician canzon to his  
lyre.

XLIX

'Thou, Crown of Bliss, whose foot-  
stool's Earth, whose throne

Outshines ten thousand suns in  
one,

Who art the radical life of all true joy  
alone!

L

'Royal PROTECTOR! when in THEE,  
Light's sun,

Mortals would deem the last hour  
run,

We find no wane of day, but a  
solstitial noon! 150

LI

'When we Time's volumes of past  
thousands scan,

Thy origin with time to span,  
We find no track in infant age when  
it began!

LII

'Ancient of Days! to whom all times  
are now;

Before whom, Seraphims do bow,  
Though highest creatures, yet to their  
CREATOR, low!

LIII

'Who art by light-surrounded powers  
obey'd

(Heav'n's host Thy minist'ring  
spirits made),

Cloth'd with UBIQUITY, to whom all  
light is shade!

LIV

'Whose thunder-clasping Hand does  
grasp the shoal 160

Of total Nature, and unroll



The spangled canopy of Heav'n from  
pole to pole !

LV

'Who, on the clouds and winds, Thy  
chariot, rid'st ;

And, bridling wildest storms, them  
guid'st ;

Who, moveless, all dost move ; who,  
changing all, abid'st !

LVI

'The ocean Thou begirt'st with misty  
shrouds ;

That monster wrap'st in swathing  
clouds,

And, with Thy mighty Word controll'st  
tempestuous floods !

LVII

'Earth-circling oceans Thy displeas-  
ure flee ;

Mountains dismounted are by  
Thee ;

170

Those airy giants smoke if Thou  
incensèd be !

LVIII

'Innumerable troops of Joys do  
stand

Before Thy boundless Presence, and  
Unceasingly attend Thy ever-blissful  
Hand !

LIX

'Thou, LORD, good without quality,  
dost send

Bliss to all Thine ; great, without  
end ;

Whose magnitude no quantity can  
comprehend !

LX

'What's worthless man ? what his  
earth-crawling race ?

That Thou shouldst such a shadow  
grace,

And in unspeakable triumphant glory  
place !

180

LXI

'Who may thy Mercy's height, depth,  
breadth extend ?

In height it does to Heav'n ascend,  
Confirms the Angels, and in depth  
doth low descend,

LXII

'Lessening the pains o' th' damnèd  
ev'n in Hell ;

In breadth, from East to West does  
swell

And over all the world, and all Thy  
works excel !

LXIII

'Immense EXISTENCE ! Heav'n's  
amaz'd at Thy

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY !

Intelligences dread Thine all-com-  
manding Eye !

LXIV

'Ye wingèd heroes, whom all bliss  
embow'rs,

190

To HIM in anthems strain your  
pow'rs,

Whose sea of goodness has no shore,  
whose age, no hours !'

LXV

Then, o'er the trembling cords his  
swift hand strays,

And clos'd all with full diapaze ;

As, in a sounding quire the well-  
struck concert plays.

LXVI

Victorious jubilees, when echo'd clear  
From the Church Militant, are  
dear

To Heav'n's triumphing quire ; such  
no gross ear can hear.

LXVII

Music's first martyr, Strada's night-  
ingale,

199

Might ever wish (poor bird) to fall

On that excelling harp, and joy i' th'  
funeral !

LXVIII

Had it but heard those airs, where  
Music meets

With raptures of voice-warbled  
sweets,

Flowing with ravishing excess in  
Sion's streets.

LXIX

All, what symphonious breaths in-  
spire, all, what

194 diapaze] The *s* is a little interesting.



Quick fingers touch, compar'd,  
sound flat :  
Could I but coin a word beyond all  
sweets! 'Twere that.

LXX

What orders in New-Salem's Hier-  
archy,

In what degrees they' enstated be,  
Are wings that mount my thoughts  
to high discovery. 210

LXXI

Blest sight to see Heav'n's order'd  
Host to move

In legions glist'ring all above,  
Whose armour is true Zeal, whose  
banner is pure Love!

LXXII

Bright-harnessed Intelligences! Who  
Enucleate can your Essence so,  
As men may both your mighty pow'r  
and nature know!

LXXIII

Invisible, impassive, happy, fair,  
High, incorporeal, active, rare,  
Pure, scientific and illustrious spirits  
you are.

LXXIV

Guess at their strength, by One; was  
not almost 220

Two hundred thousand of an host  
By an Angel slain, when Assur's chief  
'gainst Heav'n did boast?

LXXV

In brightness they the morning star  
outvie;

In nimbleness the Winds outfly;  
And far surpass the sunbeams in  
subtility.

LXXVI

Archangels, those superior Spirits, are  
God's legates, when He will declare  
His mind to's chosen; Gabriel did  
thus prepare

LXXVII

God's embassy, when His Belov'd  
did tie

Our flesh to His Divinity; 230

209 they'] So in orig. : the apostrophe evidently indicating a slur.  
237 banded] = 'bandied.'

( 380 )

Grace was the kiss, the Union was  
the ring from high;

LXXVIII

Angels the posy sung: this, made  
our clay

O'er empyrean courtiers sway,  
Whenas the SPOUSE His mystic  
nuptials did display.

LXXIX

No sooner shall that great Archangel  
sound

His wakeful trump of doom to th'  
ground,  
And echo shall, as banded ball, make  
quick rebound;

LXXX

But, pamper'd graves, with all their  
jaws, shall yawn;

And seas, floods' nurse, strange  
shoals shall spawn

Of men, to wait o' th' dreadful Judge  
at's judgement's dawn. 240

LXXXI

To incorruption then corruption's  
night

Shall turn'd be; for that strange  
sight

Inebriates souls with deepest woes,  
or high'st delight!

LXXXII

Then shall my ear, my nose, my hand,  
tongue, eye,

Always hear, smell, feel, taste, espy,  
Hosannas, incense, off'rings, feasts,  
felicity!

LXXXIII

To act God's will, o'er sublunary  
things,

The Dominations sway, as kings;  
He curbs aërian potentates, by th'  
Pow'rs He wings;

LXXXIV

The Principates, of princes take the  
care, 250

T' enlarge their realms, or to  
impair;

Virtues in acting of His will have  
their full share;

LXXXV

Thrones HIM contemplate, nor from's  
presence move ;

To Cherubs HE reveals above  
Hid things ; He Seraphins inflames  
with ardent love.

LXXXVI

Precelling Seraphs show God's ardour  
still ;

Wise Cherubs His abyss of skill  
Ingoverning of all ; beatious Thrones  
instil

LXXXVII

To us His steadiness in's blessed  
throne,

Ever unalterably ONE ; 260  
Pow'rs, virtues, principates to His  
commands are prone ;

LXXXVIII

Dominions own His regal sway ;  
and so

Archangels, Angels swiftly show  
Agility that from the DEITY does flow.

LXXXIX

Their number's numberless, not half  
so few

As orient pearls of early dew ;  
Like aromatic lamps they in Heav'n's  
Temple show :

XC

And yet of them though vast the  
number be,

The thing that most does glorify  
Their MAKER's this, they differ  
specifically. 270

XCI

Of the first machine they the parcels  
are ;

Yet, if we them with GOD compare,  
Then with their wings they screen  
themselves, though else most  
fair.

XCII

Lawless Desire does never pierce  
their breast ;

Th' Almighty's face is still their  
feast ;

Their bliss in service lies, in messages  
their rest ;

XCIII

They speak with thought, achieve  
without a fee ;

Silence they hear, Ideas see ;  
Still magnifying HIM, who cannot  
greater be !

XCIV

Thus, they, with one fleet glance in-  
tuitive, 280

Into each other's knowledge dive ;  
And, by consent, thoughts, else in-  
scrutable, unrive.

XCV

Each one in Psalms Eternity employs ;  
Where use nor tires, nor fullness  
cloys ;

Enjoying GOD, their end, without an  
end of joys !

XCVI

Each ravishing voice, each instru-  
ment, each face

Compos'd such music, that I was  
In doubt, each so in tune, which did  
precede in grace :

XCVII

The spritely instruments did sweetly  
smile ;

The faces play'd their parts ; mean-  
while 290

The voices, with both graces, did  
them both beguile.

XCVIII

The Ninefold Quire such heav'nly  
accents there

In sweets Extension still do rear,  
As overpow'r the windings of a mortal  
ear.

XCIX

Who Music hate, in barb'rous discord  
roll ;

In Heav'n there is not such a  
soul ;

For, there's all-harmony. Saintssing,  
the damnèd howl.

258 beatious] This, though an ugly word, no doubt intentionally connects with  
'beatific' and 'beatitude.'

xciii-xciv] Cf. Dante, *De Vulg. Eloq.* I. ii.

c

Celestial sweets did this discourse  
excite ;  
Firm joy, fast ove, fix'd life, fair  
sight !  
But may a creature, its CREATOR'S  
glory write? 300

Nunc alti Plumbum scrutatur Viscera  
Ponti,  
Viscera Navarchæ non repetenda  
Manu !  
Hinc. procul optatam divino Lumine  
Terram  
Cernimus, optatum perficiamus  
Iter !

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

## Canto VII. The Contemplation

## THE ARGUMENT

Pango nec humanis Opus enarrabile Verbis,  
Quæ melius possem Mira silendo loqui !  
Da, Deus, Illa canam, quæ Vox non personet ulla,  
Metiar ut minimis Maxima Mira modis !

She launcheth into shoreless Seas of Light,  
Inexplicable, infinite !  
Whose beams both strike her blind, and renovate her sight !

## STANZA I

WERE all men Maros, were those  
Maros all  
Evangelists, met in Earth's Hall  
For grand-inquest of that which we  
Eternal call :

## II

Draw Time from's cradle (Innocence)  
could they,  
And piled heaps of ages lay  
Amass'd in one scale ; those would  
they find to weigh,

## III

Balanc'd with THEE, no more (when  
all is done)  
Than, if they vainly had begun  
To poise minutest atoms with the  
mighty sun.

## IV

Could they Earth's ball with numbers  
quilted see ; 10  
Yet, those throng'd figures sum  
not THEE,  
They were but ciphers to immense  
ETERNITY !

( 382 )

## V

Should every sand for thousand ages  
run,  
When emptied shores of sands  
were done,  
That glass no more THEE measures,  
than if now begun !

## VI

Had tongues Heav'n's mint, to coin  
each Angel-grace  
In dialect ; they'd fail o'th' space,  
Where all to come is one with all  
that ever was !

## VII

Faith, stretch thy line, yet that's too  
short, to sound  
Sea without bottom, without  
bound ; 20  
As circular, as infinite, O shoreless  
round !

## VIII

Immense ETERNITY ! What mystic art  
Of THEE may copy any part,  
Since THOU an indeterminable  
CIRCLE art !

## IX

Whose very centre so diffus'd is  
found,

That not Heav'n's circuit can it  
bound,

Then what, what may the whole  
circumference surround ?

## X

Heav'n's heroes, can ye find for th'  
ENDLESS end ?

Can pow'r's IMMENSITY extend ?

UBIQUITY enclose ? The BOUNDLESS  
comprehend ? 30

## XI

JEHOVAH's zone to this uncentred  
BALL,

Ecliptic, and meridional,

Who was before, is with, and shall  
be after all !

## XII

But now behold its height, above all  
height !

Plac'd beyond place ! Above light's  
light !

Rapt were the three Apostles by a  
glimpse o' th' sight !

## XIII

Oh, thou all-splendent, all transcend-  
ing Throne !

Compact of high'st Dominion !

That 'bove the super-eminence of  
lustre shone !

## XIV

From each of thine ineffably bright  
sides 40

Diffusion of such splendour glides,

As rolls 'bove thousand seas of joys  
in flaming tides

## XV

With such refulgence, that, if Che-  
rubs might,

With face unveil'd gaze on that  
sight,

Straight their spiritual natures would  
be nothing'd quite.

## XVI

Nature, put on thy most coruscant  
vest ;

Thy gaities show, brought to  
this test,  
As a crude jelly dropt from dusky  
clouds at best.

## XVII

Couldst thou impoverish every Indian  
mine,

And, from each golden cell, un-  
shrine 50

Those beams, that with their blaze  
outface day's em'lous shine :

## XVIII

Couldst find out secret engines to  
unlock

The treasuring casket of each  
rock,

And reap the glowing harvest of that  
sparkling shock :

## XIX

Couldst thread the stars (fix'd and  
erratic) here,

That stud the luminated sphere,

That all those orbs of light one con-  
stellation were :

## XX

Couldst join mines, gems, sky-tapers,  
all in one ;

Whose near-immense reflection

Might both outrival, and outvie the  
glorious sun : 60

## XXI

Could all thy stones be gems, seas  
liquid gold,

Air crystal, dust to pearl enroll'd,

Each star a sun, that sun more bright  
a thousandfold :

## XXII

Yet would those gems seem flints,  
those seas a plash,

Those stars a spark, that sun a  
flash ;

Pearl'd islands, diamond rocks, gold  
mines, all sullied trash :

## XXIII

Yea, were all eyes of earth, sky,  
Heav'n combin'd,

And to one optic point confin'd,



This super-radiant object would ev'n  
strike that blind !

XXIV

Blind, as the sable veil of gloomy  
night 70

(The Gospel's self but hints this  
SIGHT) :

All seem obscurer shades to this non-  
pareil LIGHT !

XXV

Amazing ! Most inexplicably rare !

Oh, if, but those who worthy are,  
None may this light declare—none  
may this light declare !

XXVI

Best eloquence is languid, high'st  
thoughts veil,

To think, to speak, wit, language  
fail ;

'Tis an abyss, through which no  
Spirit's eye can sail !

XXVII

Here Glory dwells, with lustres so  
surrounded,

That brightest rays are quite con-  
founded, 80

When they approach this radiant  
eminence unbounded !

XXVIII

Forth from this fulgurance such  
splendours fly,

As shall draw up frail dust on  
high ;

Which, else, would in its lumpish urn  
still bedrid lie.

XXIX

Before the ALMIGHTY's throne my  
soul I throw,

Whence all, that's good and great,  
does flow.

LORD, I that grace implore, which  
may this glory show !

XXX

Great God ! Thou all-beginning, un-  
begun !

Whose hand the web of Nature  
spun !

At once the plenitude of all, and yet  
but ONE ! 90

( 384 )

XXXI

Parent of beings, Entity's sole stud !  
Spirit's eternal spring and flood !  
Sprung of Thyself, or rather no way  
sprung ! Chief Good !

XXXII

Abstract of joys, whose Wisdom an  
abyss !

Whose Pow'r Omnipotency is !  
Whose soul-enlivening sight's the  
universal bliss !

XXXIII

Thou dost descend on wings of air  
display'd,

'Bove majesty itself array'd,  
Curtain'd with clouds, the Host of  
Heav'n attendants made ! 99

XXXIV

Essence of glory, Summity of praise !

Abash'd at Thy all-piercing rays,  
Heav'n's quire does chaunt unces-  
sant Alleluiahs !

XXXV

Diamonds than glass, than diamonds  
stars more bright ;

Than stars the sun, than sun  
Heav'n's light ;

But infinitely purer than Heav'n's  
self's Thy Sight !

XXXVI

Great is the earth, more large the  
air's extent :

Planets exceed ; the firmament  
Of stars outvies ; unlimited's the  
Heav'nly Tent :

XXXVII

But, as my tenter'd mind its spirits  
still

Strains forth, from less to more  
(LORD, fill 110

My outspent raptures by Thy all-re-  
pairing skill !)

XXXVIII

When I above air, stars, Heav'n, on  
would press

Rack'd thoughts to spheres beyond  
excess ;

Myriads of spheres seem motes to Thy  
Immense ONENESS !

XXXIX

Eternity is but Thine hour-glass !  
 Immensity but fills Thy space !  
 Whole Nature's six days' work took  
 up but six words' place !

XL

One word did th' all-surrounding sky-  
 roof frame,  
 With all its starry sparkling flame !  
 Not all created wisdom can spell out  
 THY NAME ! 120

XLI

Supreme COMMANDER of the rolling  
 stars !  
 Thy law sets to their progress bars,  
 Does epicycle their obliquely gliding  
 cars !

XLII

No lines, poles, tropics, zones can  
 Thee enthrall,  
 First MOVER of the spheric ball,  
 Above, beneath, without, within, be-  
 yond them all !

XLIII

What could, but thy all-potent Hand,  
 sustain  
 Those magazines of hail, snow, rain,  
 Lest they should fall at once, and  
 deluge all again ?

XLIV

By them Thou plenty dost to earth  
 distil ; 130  
 And man's dependent heart dost  
 fill :

Winds are van-couriers, and posti-  
 lions to Thy Will !

XLV

'Tis that the ominous cause of earth-  
 quakes binds

In subterranean grots ; that finds  
 Strange ruptures to enfranchise th'  
 ever-struggling winds !

XLVI

Thy sandy cord does proudest surges  
 bound ;  
 And seas, unfathom'd bottoms  
 sound ;

Thy semi-circling bow i' th' clouds  
 thy covenant crown'd !

XLVII

Earth's hinges hang upon thy fiat ; set  
 Midst air-surrounding waters, yet  
 Stand fix'd on that, like which, what  
 is so firm, so great ? 141

XLVIII

Yet earth's fast columns at Thy frown  
 do quake ;  
 And oceans dreadful horrors  
 make ;  
 Flints melt, the rocks do roll, the  
 airy mountains shake !

XLIX

Yea, Heav'n's self trembled, and the  
 centre shook,  
 With Thy amazing Presence strook,  
 When Power of pow'rs on Sina's  
 Mount His station took !

L

Each Ens (as link'd to Providence,  
 Thy chain)  
 Is govern'd by Thy fingers' rein !  
 Thou seeing us, we grace ; we, Thee,  
 do glory gain ! 150

LI

Who hast no eyes to see, nor ears to  
 hear ;  
 Yet see'st, and hear'st, all eye, all  
 ear !

Who nowhere art contain'd, yet art  
 Thou everywhere !

LII

The optic glass we of Thy prescience  
 may

Call th' Ark, where all ideas lay,  
 By which each entity Thou dost at  
 first portray !

LIII

Future events are pre-existent here,  
 As if they lately acted were ;  
 Than any new-dissect anatomy more  
 clear !

LIV

Each where, at once, Thou totally  
 art still 160

132 couriers] Orig. 'curriers.'

160 Each where] So in orig., but the word, which is Spenserian, should be revived  
 as one, i. e. 'eachwhere,' for 'everywhere' is not synonymous.

The same unchang'd; yet, at Thy  
will,  
Thou changest all; who, though  
Thou art unmov'd, dost fill

LV

Things that are most remote; in  
whose forecast

Contingencies do crowd so fast,  
As if past things were now, and  
things to come were past!

LVI

Though acts on earth cross to Thy  
will are done,

Besides Thy will yet acteth none;  
Preceding and succeeding will, in  
Thee are one!

LVII

Of whose vast Manor all the Earth's  
domains!

Though Earth, nor air, nor Heav'n  
contains, 170

Yet each obscurer grot Thy OMNI-  
PRESENCE gains!

LVIII

Though nought accrues to Thy  
unbounded state

From spirits, which Thou didst  
create,

Yet they Thy goodness and Thy love  
shall still dilate!

LIX

Thou, who mad'st all, mad'st neither  
sin, nor death;

Man's folly first gave them their  
breath;

That did abase whole Nature with  
itself beneath.

LX

But sin to cure, Thou in a crib gav'st  
man

EMANUEL! Divine-humane!

Who differing natures join'd; whose  
reign no ages scan! 180

LXI

And Thou, O MEDIATOR! Thou,  
whose praise,

Like morning dews, to first of  
days

Was sung by heav'nly choristers in  
seraph lays!

( 386 )

LXII

GOD, by the Holy Ghost, begat Thee,  
Lord!

Flesh took by the Eternal Word!  
Whose self-eternal EMANATION none  
record!

LXIII

As Thy eternal EMANATION's past;  
So to Eternity shalt last!

*In the beginning was the Word,*  
shows still THOU wast;

LXIV

There God in Essence, one in  
Persons Three! 190

Here Natures two in One agree!  
Thou, sitting in the midst of TRINAL-  
UNITY

LXV

At Heav'n's high council-table, dart'st  
such rays,

As strike ev'n cherubs with amaze!  
Of which the school, disputing all,  
it nothing says.

LXVI

Search we the ages past so long ago,  
None, none this Mystery could  
show,

Till in that maiden-birth, 'twas acted  
here below!

LXVII

A Dove hatch'd in that nest Thyself  
did build!

A Lamb that Thine own flock does  
shield! 200

A winter Flow'r that fram'd, from  
whence it sprung, the field!

LXVIII

The Jewish shepherds all affrighted  
are,

When heralds THEE proclaim'd  
i' th' air!

Yea, Magi came't adore, led by a new-  
born star!

LXIX

Yet, though thus wond'rously begot,  
thus born,

Sponsor for us, fall'n race, forlorn,  
T' ingratiate us with GOD, becam'st  
to man a scorn!



LXX

The Grace Self wast, th' Honour t'  
evangelize !

The sacred Function, as a prize,  
Thou took'st, yet that not on, till  
call'd in Aaron's guise ! 210

LXXI

Which God t' apostolize did bring  
to pass,  
By th' HOLY GHOST's descent, at  
face

Of Jordan's then blest streams, of  
which John witness was !

LXXII

Thence, led by th' HOLY GHOST to  
th' wilderness,  
There tempted by the Fiend's  
address,

Him overcam'st by *Scriptum est* ;  
hence our release !  
Then forth Thou went'st.—

LXXIII

Thy sermons, oracles ; acts, wonders  
were !

Those Faith begot, these others  
Fear !

By both, thus wrought in us, to THEE  
ourselves we rear ! 220

LXXIV

Thou gav'st the lame swift legs, the  
blind clear eyes !

Thou heal'dst all human maladies !  
Thou mad'st the dumb to speak !  
Thou mad'st the dead to rise !

LXXV

And art to dead men Life, to sick  
men Health !

Sight to the blind, to th' needy  
Wealth !

A Pleasure without pain ! a Treasure  
without stealth !

LXXVI

LORD, in, not of this world, Thy  
Kingdom is ;

Thy chos'n Apostles preach'd Thy  
bliss,

That none of all Thy creatures might  
salvation miss.

LXXVII

Abraham, long dead before, yet saw  
Thy day, 230

In Isaac born, and vows did pay !  
Type first, then antitype, and quick-  
'nest every way !

LXXVIII

Thy Gospel Wisdom's Academy  
show'd ;

Thy Mercy, Justice calm'd ; Life,  
view'd

Is Temperance ; Thy Death the flag  
of Fortitude !

LXXIX

Thou, altar, sanctuary, sacrifice,  
Priest, bread of life dost all suffice !  
Ne'er-cloying feast, where appetite  
by food doth rise !

LXXX

And, Son of Man, dost sin of man  
forgive ! 239

To be Thy victims hearts do strive,  
Who liv'dst that life might die, and  
di'dst that death might live !

LXXXI

Yet di'dst Thou not, but that (Spirit  
quicken'd) free

Thou might'st saints paradisèd see,  
Rejoic'd assurance give to them  
rejoic'd in Thee !

LXXXII

And that, from thence, to Satan's  
gloomy shades,

Made prison for the damnèd  
Hades,

Thou might'st Thy conquest show,  
Thy glory that ne'er fades !

LXXXIII

Thence loos'd Death's chains from  
body, up to rear it,

217] This extra hemistich is printed in orig. level with the number LXXIII of the next stanza as a kind of aside, a parenthetic ejaculation.

232 quick'nest] This, which is without apostrophe in orig., is rather hard to adjust even to Benlowes' singular stenography. I should like to read 'thou' for 'and.'

246 Hades] Rhyme noted in Introd.



That, when rais'd state THOU dost  
inherit,  
THOU might'st become to us an ever-  
quick'ning SPIRIT ! 250

LXXXIV

The FATHER to reveal gives to His  
SON

Thee, HOLY GHOST (thus Three  
in One)  
Of all peculiar Sanctifier, yet not  
alone !

LXXXV

The Father's love, and Son's ;  
Adoption's seal,

The Spring of sanctity, the Weal  
O' th' Church : Thyself in light of  
fiery tongues reveal !

LXXXVI

O Light unscann'd ! Of wisdom  
every glance

Beams only from Thy countenance ;  
Whose store, when emptied most  
itself doth most advance !

LXXXVII

Whose fruits are Gentleness, Peace,  
Love, and Joy, 260

All crown'd with bliss, freed from  
annoy ;  
Which neither Time, World, Death,  
Hell, Devil can destroy !

LXXXVIII

Thou art a feast, fram'd of that fruit-  
ful fare,

Which hungers waste not, but  
repair !  
A rich perfume, no winds can winnow  
into air !

LXXXIX

A light unseen, yet in each place  
dost shine !

A sound no art can e'er define !  
A pure embrace, that Time's assault  
can ne'er untwine !

XC

Floods of unebbing joys from Thee  
do roll !

Which, to each sin-disdaining soul  
Thou dost exhibit in an unexhausted  
bowl ! 271

( 388 )

XCI

This Wine of Ecstasy, by th' SPIRIT  
giv'n,

Doth raise the ravish'd souls to  
Heav'n !

Affording them those comforts are  
of Earth's bereav'n !

XCII

Thy union is as strict, as large thy  
merit !

No Heav'n but THEE, which  
Saints inherit

Through grace, divinest sap, deriv'd  
by th' Holy Spirit !

XCIII

When souls enflam'd by that highest  
light,

Fix on Thy glorifying sight,  
All glories else, compar'd to that, are  
dusky night ! 280

XCIV

When high'st infusions pass our  
highest sense,

Amazement is high eloquence,  
'Bove all hyperboles which fall to  
exigence.

XCV

Blest TRINITY, Th' art all ; above  
all, Good !

Beatitude's Beatitude !  
Which swallows us, yet swim we in  
this Living Flood !

XCVI

Th' art King of kings, of lords Lord !  
None like THEE !

Who, for Thy style hast Majesty !  
And for Thy royal robes hast  
Immortality.

XCVII

Mercy for throne ! for sceptre Justice  
hast ! 290

Immensity's for kingdom plac'd !  
And for Thy crown such glory as  
doth ever last !

XCVIII

For peace, what passeth understand-  
ing's eye !

Pow'r, irresistibility !  
For holiness, all what's most sacred,  
pure, and high !

## XCIX

For truth, Thy Word ! Wisdom for  
counsellor !

Omnipotence does guard Thy  
tow'r !

Thou minist'ring angels hast to act  
Thy sovereign pow'r !

## C

Omniscience Thine intelligencer is !  
For treasure Thou hast endless  
bliss !

300

For date eternity ! Oh, swallow me,  
ABYSS !

Ite, pii Cantus, Cantus quibus arduus  
Æther

Est Portus ; Portus, quem videt  
alma Fides.

Visuram Littus Navem, sacra Serta  
coronent,

Serta per innumeros non peritura  
Dies !

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

## Canto VIII. The Admiration

## THE ARGUMENT

Coeli trīna MONAS, TRIAS una, faveto precanti !

PERSONAS unā Tres DEITATE colo !

Sunt tria, sunt et idem, Fons, Flumen, Gurgēs aquarum :

Sic tria sunt unum, Sol, Jubar, atque Calor.

Th' Elixir centuples itself. But, oh,

Myriads of myriads must she so,

T' express God's Essence which no intellect can show !

## STANZA I

PROJECTION to my soul ! Thy sight's  
a wreath

O glory ; thou dost virtue breathe ;  
Thy words, like sacred incense, fuel  
and flame bequeath.

## II

Thou Maid of Honour in Heav'n's  
Court ! to break

Thy gold-twist lines shows judge-  
ment weak ;

Yet deign to hear my suit ; of GOD's  
hid Nature speak !

## III

Can counters sum up infinite ? Fond  
man,

Couldst grasp whole oceans in thy  
span,

And Phœbus couldst outface in his  
meridian ;

## IV

Tear rocks of adamant, and scale the  
wall

10

O th' glorious empyræan hall ;  
And worms to super-eminence of  
Seraphs call !

## V

Yet this, ev'n then, thou couldst nor  
learn, nor teach :

The World, unravell'd, cannot  
stretch

To sound th' Abyss. Itself alone it-  
self can reach.

## VI

Of all intelligences not all Light

Muster'd into one optic sight,

Can speak what each where is, yet no  
where seen to th' height !

## VII

Who out of nothing all things did  
compact ;

Whose will's His work, whose word  
His act :

20

Of whom, who says the most, must  
from His worth detract ?

VIII

How from the Essence the Creator  
flows !  
Or how the Word, what creature  
knows !  
Howth' Spirit, all in 't, all from 't, does  
Heav'n's assembly pose !

IX

Here they, who leave the Church's  
ship, are tost  
Till irrecoverably lost !  
Whose rudder is God's Word, steers-  
man, th' HOLY GHOST.

X

Archessence ! Thou, self-full ! self-  
infinite !  
Residing in approachless light !  
In the Incomprehensibilities of  
Height !

30

XI

Thy peerless uncreated NATURE is  
The super-excellence of BLISS !  
Where Holiness and Pow'r ; where  
Truth and Goodness kiss !

XII

Who only in THYSELF subsists, with-  
out  
Or form, or matter ! yet, no doubt,  
Inform'st the matter of the universe  
throughout !

XIII

No need compels THEE, no disasters  
sad  
Disturb thy state, no mirth makes  
glad ;  
Oblivion takes not from THEE, nor  
can mem'ry add !

XIV

With prudent rev'rence, thus. What-  
e'er's in God,  
His Essence is ; there's His abode ;  
Whose will His rule, whose Heav'n  
His court, whose hell His rod.

XV

He exists an active ENS, upholding  
both  
Itself, and everything that doth

27 th'] So in orig. : if correctly, Benlowes must have made 'steersman' trisyllabic.  
63 Creator,] No comma in orig., but required. 'Pause' corresponds to 'think' in 55.

Exist ; without distinction or of parts,  
or growth !

XVI

Not made by nothing (nothing no-  
thing makes) ;  
Nor birth from anything HE takes ;  
For, what gives birth, precedes :  
springs usher in their lakes.

XVII

Were HE material, then HE local were ;  
All matter being in place ; so, there  
Th' Incircumscribable would circum-  
scrib'd appear.

51

XVIII

HE's so diffusive, that HE's all in all !  
All in the universal ball !  
All out of it ! The only WAS, the IS,  
the SHALL.

XIX

To help thy reason, think of air ;  
there see  
Ubiquity unseen, and free  
From touch ; inviolable, though it  
pierced be.

XX

Mere air corrupts not, though con-  
vey'd unto  
All lungs ; for, thither it does go  
To cool them ; quick'neth all, as the  
world's soul doth show :

60

XXI

Moisture and heat, its qualities, are  
cause  
Of all production : yet, because  
This element's a creature, GOD  
Creator, pause.

XXII

Self-life the attribute of's Being is !  
His Will, of governing ! and His  
Command of execution ! and His  
love of bliss !

XXIII

All's tied in this love-knot : JEHOVAH's  
love.

Time's birth the Trinity does prove :  
Creator made, Word spake, and  
Spirit of GOD did move :

69

XXIV

'Let us in our own image man create.'  
Which Solomon does explicate ;  
Remember the Creators in thy youth-  
ful state.

XXV

The Father spake, the Son i' th'  
stream did move  
At His baptizing ; from above  
The Holy Ghost descended in the  
form o' th' Dove.

XXVI

Of Him, to Him, and through Him  
all things be :  
Of, through, and to declare the  
Three ;  
And in the HIM, the Unity of GOD we  
see.

XXVII

Thus Holy, Holy, Holy's nam'd, to  
show

A Ternion we in Union know : 80  
The notions issuing from the Trine,  
int' One do flow.

XXVIII

Whilst that I think on THREE, I am  
confin'd

To One ! while I have One in mind,  
I am let forth to Three ! Yet Three  
in One combin'd !

XXIX

Oh, inconceivable IDENTITY !

In One how may a Plural be !

Coequal both in attributes, and  
majesty !

XXX

The FATHER is true GOD i' th' Ternion :

The WORD unborn, yet after Son :

The SPIRIT GOD coessential ; Three,  
cause Three from One ! 90

XXXI

The Father and Word are One !

One, shows their power :

Are, distinct Persons. One does  
show'r

On Tritheists vengeance : Are, does  
Arians devour.

XXXII

One, yet not one ! The Father and  
the Son

In Persons two, from Father one  
By th' SPIRIT ; Son is one by resigna-  
tion !

XXXIII

The Word is what He was ; yet, once  
was not

What now He is ! for, He hath got  
A Nature more than once He had,  
to cleanse our spot !

XXXIV

For, ne'er had man from earth to  
Heav'n attain'd, 100

Had GOD from Heav'n to earth  
not deign'd

His Son ! now unto GOD man's way  
by Man is gain'd !

XXXV

EQUAL, and Son, the form of servant  
takes !

The world, unmade by sin, new  
makes !

EQUAL, Son, servant ! All are mys-  
teries, not mistakes !

XXXVI

Thus, by free grace is man's defection  
heal'd :

Behold the mystery reveal'd.

WORD, equal ; shadowing, Son ;  
Unction is servant seal'd !

XXXVII

Because GOD'S EQUAL, serpent's  
tempts are quell'd :

Yet He, as Son, to death must  
yield 110

For us ; by resurrection to regain the  
field.

XXXVIII

The SPIRIT is true GOD ; from ever He

Did reign with Both ! The TRINITY

Coequal, Coeternal, Coessential be !

XXXIX

The FATHER's full, though th' SON  
hath all engross'd !

Nor yet is aught of this all lost,

90 cause] So in orig., and possible, Benlowes often having comma between noun  
and verb. But it may, as often also, be 'cause = 'because.'

93 Tritheists] Orig. 'Tritheists.'



Though th' FATHER give Himself  
to th' SON by th' HOLY GHOST !

XL

For, though He freely thus give all  
His store ;

Yet hath He Infinite, as before !  
Conceive for glimpse some endless  
spring, or mine of ore ! 120

XLI

What soul will have this TRIAD for  
his book,

With faith must on the back-parts  
look,

For, with His glorious FACE, blind  
are ev'n Seraphs strook !

XLII

By speculation from Sol's substance,  
we

The FATHER ; from its splendour  
see

The SON ; from's heat the HOLY  
GHOST. Here, One is Three.

XLIII

The intellect, the memory, the will  
Resemblance make o' th' TRINE ;  
these fill

One soul, yet are distinct in outward  
workings still !

XLIV

Thus, to restore from fall, we may  
descry 130

THE TRINITY in UNITY !

Inscrutable ABYSS rebates our weaker  
eye !

XLV

Be ever-ever-ever blest, O TRINE !  
Ever Unitedness divine !

Who dost as well in ants, as in Arch-  
angels shine !

XLVI

The Principats, Thrones, Domina-  
tions, all

Archangels, Pow'rs celestial  
Are ministers attending on thy  
sovereign call !

XLVII

The government 'bove star-embroi-  
der'd hall,

Thus truly is monarchical, 140  
Where all are kings, and yet one King  
does rule them all !

XLVIII

Less than the thousand part I have  
express'd ;

Man's weakness cannot bear the  
rest.

For Thy expressless Nature, LORD, be  
ever blest !

XLIX

Soul of all sweets ! my love, life, joy  
and bliss !

To enjoy Thee's Heav'n ! Hell  
Thee to miss !

What's Earth's ? Ev'n Heav'n hath  
its beatitude from this !

L

Remove the needle from the pole-  
star, and

'Tis still with trembling motion  
fann'd,

Till it returns. No fixture but in  
GOD does stand. 150

LI

To saints all other objects prizeless be ;  
In GOD, the All of All, we see :

Feast to the taste, all beauty to the  
sight is He !

LII

Music to th' ear ; and those whom  
He unites,

Partake with Him in high'st  
delights !

Springtides of pleasures overwhelm  
their ravish'd sprites !

LIII

But, contraries, when opposite, best  
show.

(As foils set diamonds off, we know),  
See Hell, where caitives pine, yet still  
their tortures grow !

LIV

As metals fiery waves in furnace  
swell, 160

That founders run, to cast each  
bell ;

[39] Allusions to the Star-chamber (see note, p. 356) are not uncommon at this time :  
the special play of thought here is pretty obvious.

This, not endur'd ; more rage ten  
thousand times is Hell !

LV

Where souls still rave, adust with  
horrid pain !

They tug, they tear, but all in vain,  
For, them from raging smart, Hope  
never shall unchain !

LVI

Oh, that for trash these Esaus sold  
their bliss !

For sin, that worse than nothing is !  
This desperates their rage ! How they  
blaspheme at this !

LVII

This viper clings, corrodes, 'gainst  
which no ward !

God's beatific sight debarr'd, 170  
Renders their case 'bove all the pains  
of sense more hard !

LVIII

Oh, never-sated worm ! unpitied woes !  
Unintermitted ! what Sin owes,  
Hell pays ! The damn'd are anvils to  
relentless blows !

LIX

Fiends forfeit not their energy.  
There Cain

Fries, but for one lamb by him slain !  
Oh, what flames then shall butchers  
of Christ's flock sustain ?

LX

Earth's fatal mischief, prosp'rous thief,  
that thunder

Which tore the nations all asunder,  
Whom just Fate slew i' th' world's  
revenge, that conqu'ring wonder,

LXI

That ghost of Philip's hot-brain'd son  
may tell 181

Heart-breaking stories of his Hell !  
Too late he finds one soul did his  
whole world excel !

LXII

There, curs'd oppressors dreadful  
rackings feel !

Whose hearts were rocks, and  
bowels steel !

Oh, scorching fire ! (cries Dives) for  
one drop I kneel !

LXIII

Oblig'd is man, God's steward, to  
supply

Brethren, in CHRIST coheirs, who  
lie

Gasping in stiff'ning frosts, no cov'ring  
but the sky :

LXIV

Whose wither'd skins, sear as the  
sapless wood, 190

Cleave to their bones, for want of  
food,

Seem Nature's monsters thrown  
ashore by Mis'ry's flood.

LXV

Though all their physic's but a diet  
spare ;

Have no more earth, than what  
they are,

Nor more o' th' world, than graves, yet  
in Heav'n's love they share.

LXVI

Inestimable Love, from none be-  
reav'n !

Heav'n sunk to earth, earth mounts  
to Heav'n !

Just Judge ! to Dives Hell, to Laz'rus  
Heav'n is giv'n !

LXVII

Love, disengage us of ourselves !  
Love has

Nor bit, nor reins ! Rich, 'bove  
earth's mass ! 200

Fix'd in ideas of Love's soul-enliv'n-  
ing grace !

LXVIII

O Love ! O Height, above all height,  
to Thine !

Thy favour did to foes incline !

Unmeasurable Measure ! endless End  
of line !

LXIX

Love darts all thoughts to its Belov'd ;  
doth place

All bliss in waiting on His grace ;

It languisheth with Hope to view  
Him face to face !

194 Have] Apparently short for 'though they have.'

LXX

And ushers in that Beatific Love,  
Which so divinely flames above,  
And doth to vision, union, and frui-  
tion move ! 210

LXXI

Ice is a thing distinct from th' ocean  
wide ;  
But, melted by the sun, does glide  
Into 't, becomes one with 't, and so  
shall e'er abide.

LXXII

Desire 's a tree, whose fruit is love,  
the show'rs  
That ripen it are tears, the flow'rs  
Are languors, leaves afflictions,  
blossoms pray'r-spent hours.

LXXIII

O mental Pray'r, thy joys are high !  
Resort  
By thee 's to GOD ! Thou art the  
port  
Of inward peace from storms ! The  
path to Sion's Court !

LXXIV

By pray'r GOD's serv'd betimes ;  
remember who 220  
The blessing got by wrestling so ;  
Who early pray, they healthy, holy,  
happy grow.

LXXV

Then pray, before Light's rosy blush  
displays  
I' th' Orient Sol's encheering rays,  
When he from 's opal East to West  
obliquely strays :

LXXVI

Before the cock, Light's herald, day-  
break sings  
To's feath'ry dames ; ere roost-lark  
springs,  
Morn's usher ; when the dawn its  
mongrel hour forth brings.

LXXVII

Pray'r, thou art life's best act, soul's  
silent speech,  
The gate of Grace ; saints GOD  
beseech 230

238 confection] Used, it would seem, in the sense of 'completion,' familiar in *conficere*.

By prayer, but join'd with alms and  
fasts they HIM besiege !

LXXVIII

Fasting, the soul's delicious banquet,  
can

Add strength to pray'r, feast th'  
inner man,  
And throw up to Eternity the body's  
span !

LXXIX

Fasts, sackcloth, ashes, grovelling on  
the ground  
Saints studied have with pain ;  
and found  
With joy, that what degrades the  
sense, in Heav'n is crown'd !

LXXX

Prize Faith, the shield of martyrs,  
Joy's confection,  
Soul's light, the Prophet's sure  
direction,  
Hope's guide, Salvation's path, the  
pledge of all perfection ! 240

LXXXI

In Faith's mysterious Eden make  
abode ;  
With Jacob's staff, and Aaron's rod  
Frequent its grove, where none are  
but the lov'd of GOD !

LXXXII

The radiations of Faith's lamp excite  
Such a Colosse of sparkling light,  
That saints through worldly waves  
may steer life's course aright.

LXXXIII

Being in, not of this world, they  
comforts rear  
Above the pitch of servile fear :  
Terrestrial blossoms first must die,  
ere fruit they bear.

LXXXIV

Noclogging fetters of impris'ning clay,  
No wry-mouth squint-ey'd scoff  
can stay 251  
Their swift progression, soaring in  
their heav'nly way !

LXXXV

Thoughts on the endless weight of  
glory shall



Render ev'n crowns, as dung, and  
all

Afflictions light, as chaff chas'd on  
Earth's empty ball.

LXXXVI

The torch that shines in night, as  
eye of noon,

Is but as darkness to the sun :

Run after shades, they fly; fly after  
shades, they run.

LXXXVII

All worldly gays are reeds, without  
support,

Fitly with rainbow gleams they  
sort, 267

Want solidness; when gain'd, they  
are as false, as short.

LXXXVIII

While fools, like silly larks, with  
feathers play,

And stoop to th' glass, are twitch'd  
away,

Amidst their pleasing madness, to  
Hell's dismal bay!

LXXXIX

Oh, could embodied souls sin's bane  
view well,

Rather in flames they'd choose to  
dwell!

Not so much ill, as sin, have all the  
pains of Hell!

XC

A smiling conscience (wrong'd) does  
sweetly rest,

Though starv'd abroad, within  
doth feast;

Has Heav'n itself for cates, has GOD  
Himself for Guest! 270

XCI

May call Him FATHER; His Vice-  
gerent be!

An atom of DIVINITY!

Redeem'd by's SON, by the SPIRIT  
inspir'd, blest by ALL THREE!

XCII

His judge becomes His advocate!  
hath care

To plead for Him! The Angels  
are

His guardians! from his GOD him  
heights nor depths may scare.

XCIII

Oh, blest, who in His courts their  
days do spend!

And on that Sovereign Good de-  
pend!

His Word their rule; His Spirit their  
light; Himself their end!

XCIV

While pride of life, and lust o' th' eye  
do quite 280

Dazzle the world, saints out of  
sight

Retire, to view their bliss: on which  
some cantos write:

XCV

For, souls, sincerely good, in humble  
cell

Encloister'd, near Devotion's bell,  
By Contemplation's groves and  
springs near Heav'n do dwell.

XCVI

Bright-gifted soaring minds (though  
fortune-trod)

Are careless of dull Earth's dark  
clod;

Enrich'd with higher donatives;  
their prize is GOD!

XCVII

'Farewell.' As vanish'd lightning  
then she flies.

Oh, how in me did burnings rise!  
The only discord was 'Farewell.'  
Hearts outreach eyes. 291

XCVIII

The air respire those quintessential  
sweets

From whence she breath'd, and  
whoso meets

With such, the tuneful orbs he in  
that zenith greets.

XCIX

Dwell on this joy, my thoughts,  
react her part;

Such raptures on thy shuddering  
heart

Make thee all ecstasy by spirit-seizing  
art!



C

Chewing upon those Heav'n-en-  
chanting strains,  
My soul Earth's giddy mirth  
disdains;  
Fleet Joy runs races in my blood  
through thousand veins! 300

Contingit gratam victrix Industria  
Metam;  
Et mea nunc Portu fessa potire  
Ratis.  
Est Opus exactum, Cujus non  
poenitet Acti:  
Me juvat at Cæpti Summa videre  
mei.

OMNIA IN UNO, ET IN OMNIBUS  
UNUS.

MIRA mihi inter Authorem & Opus  
occurrit Symphonia: Ille Cælebs, Hoc  
Virgineum; Ille Philomusicus; Hoc,  
ipsum Melos; Ille Dilectus, Hoc ipsa  
Dilectio: Quis enim ad Vim Amoris  
explicandum vel copiosius dixit, vel  
impensius Opere perfecit, quàm Autor  
hic in sua THEOPHILA? quæ tantâ  
Florum Varietate conspersa est, ut quid  
prius legam, aut laudem, vix mihi post

repetitam Lectionem constare possit.  
Quid etiam Jucundius Animi Oculis,  
quàm sitientem tam cœlesti Nectare  
Animam adimplere? Sine me Deliciis  
igitur istis inebriari; & me Epulis,  
hisce, Mel & Amorem spirantibus,  
jugiter accumbere. Modus amandi  
DEUM non habet modum; nullus  
planè in hoc Genere Excessus datur.  
Scripserunt De Arte Amandi Varii, sed  
imperfectè admodum, & impurè; ac  
si, non tam Amandi quàm Peccandi  
Artem edocere professi essent: Quia  
hujusmodi illecebræ, dum sensim sine  
sensu Venenum hauriunt, Morbo sine  
Medelâ afficiunt. Hic autem sunt Dictu  
honestâ, Lectu jucunda, Scitu utilia, Ob-  
servatu digna, & Factu præstantissima.  
Eximium ergo hoc felicitis Ingenii Specimen,  
propter Multiplices Aculeos in Le-  
gentium Animos suaviter penetrantes,  
& penitioræ æternæ Veritatis Cognitio-  
nem instillatam, Auresque harmonice  
demulcentem, in Lucem emitti, non  
possum non lætari.

M. G. S.T.D.

Jam satis expertus Briticum Mare,  
contraho Vela;  
Naviget Ausonio Musa Latina Salo.  
Fallor, an externo venit Aura secundior  
Orbe?  
Portus in Latios versa Triremis eat.

## Ad piæ Poesios Cultum Invitatio

Vos, Eruditionis Candidati, quibus  
Crux DOMINI Gloriæ, Religio Cordi,  
Integritas Honori, Doctrina Orna-  
mento, Poesis sacra Oblectamento, qui  
Cupiditates Rationi, Rationem Reli-  
gioni, ut Christiani, subjugâstis, cum  
Musis convivamini devotioribus, ut  
perpetuâ Posteriorum vigeatis Memoriam.  
Non ad Mundi deliria, vos, Animæ  
piè anhelantes, sed, fulguris more, ad  
Sublimia nascimini. Credite Vosmet-  
ipsos DEI Filios, respondete Generi,  
vivite Cœlo, PATREM Similitudine  
referte; Quid enim evidentius cœlestis  
Originis Indicium, quàm humano Cor-  
pore Mentem Angelicam circumferre?  
Vosmetipsos ergo erigite, Dictatores,  
Magna loquimini, Magna vivite;  
Cæteros, ad inferiora depressos, Quad-  
rupedes non esse natos, pœniteat.  
O, quàm divina Res est Mens variis

ornata Disciplinis! Acquisitio Sapientiæ  
Carbunculos, & pretiosissimas Orientis  
Gazas antecellit: Nihil, Vobis o  
Animæ, DEI insignitæ Imagine, de-  
sponsatæ Fide, dotatæ Spiritu, redem-  
ptæ Sanguine, deputatæ cum Angelis,  
capaces Beatitudinis, æquè sit Curæ,  
quàm ut omnes altiores Animi vestri  
Vires in summum Illius Honorem, qui  
primum Illum Vobis inspiravit Æstum  
exeratis. Tanti enim est Quisque quanti  
Mens, quæ, præter DEUM, nihil  
excelsius in Terris Seipsâ complecti  
potest. Ad Se igitur revocetur, Secum  
versetur, in Se abeat, Sibi tota intendat,  
deque sua Sublimitate, & Autore  
semper adorando, cogitet. Hoc autem  
præstare non possit, nisi Vitia Corporis  
ableget, nisi Avaritiæ & Ambitioni  
renuntiet, nisi sui Juris sit, nisi Se  
denique a Sensibus separata, penitius

perfruat; tunc enim ad DEUM,  
Objectum suum, libera assurgat; Hæc  
autem ipsius in Seipsam Conversio ac  
Defixio, tantæ est Voluptatis, ut ex-  
cogitari nulla in hac Vita possit, quæ  
vel ad aliquam ejus particulam accedat.  
Ut igitur ad summum hoc Bonum,  
summis Ingeniis Propositum, per-  
veniat, Votis & Vocibus cohortamur:  
Imo DEUS in Vobis & velle, &

perficere operetur; Ipse Autor, Ipse  
Remerator, Ipse Causa effectiva &  
finalis; Cui soli, Nobilissimi, incumbite,  
& Unum Hoc agite, ut vos, DEO &  
Davidicæ Pietati consecratos, Sedes in  
GLORIÆ Templo æternæ excipiant.  
Sed, quia Heroes alloquimur, heroico  
nostram hanc Parænesin Carmine  
substringemus.

Vos, sacra Progenies CÆLI, celsique  
capaces,  
Pectoris, HEROES, salvete; Poemata  
Mundo  
Sancta triumphato diffundite; Versibus  
Orbis  
Ultimus applaudit: Spargant Præconia  
Musæ;  
Frivola Vesani Crepitacula spernite  
Sæcli.  
Excelsos Excelsa decet: Mens una  
Beatos

Reddit: præ Sanctis sordescant Cuncta  
Triumphis.  
Davidicæ Decor Vos aspirate Camœnæ.  
Felix Vena sacros potius prorumpat  
in Hymnos,  
Quàm micet eois Caput aspectabile  
Gemmis.  
Sic, celebretur Opus, donec Formica  
Profundum  
Ebibat, & vastum Testudo perambulet  
Orbem.

I. G. Sculp.

## Hecatombe IX

## Recapitulatio

ANIMÆ PIÆ ANHELANTIS DE-  
SCRIPTIO.

Beato THEOPHILÆ Virginis Incendio  
Quisquis flagrare gestis,  
In quo felicior Salamandrâ tri-  
umphes,  
Et instar Pyraustæ nascaris, instar  
Phœnicis moriaris;  
Ut ÆVITERNITATI resurgas,  
Non tam vitam deferens, quam  
conferens:  
Sanctoris Ovidii Carmina  
Cordis Oculis, & Oculorum Corde  
perlustres:  
Debuissent Incendia dia Ada-  
mantino Stylo  
In Tabula IMMORTALITATIS  
inciidi; 10  
Sed, quoniam pennæ ductibus  
scribenda fuere,

3 Pyrausta] See note sup. p. 367.

5 Æviternitati] It is very like Benlowes to show his knowledge of the uncontracted form.

## Canto IX

## The Recapitulation

AND PORTRAIT OF A HEAV'NLY  
BREATHING SOUL.

Whoso delights to burn in holy fire  
Of Virgin fair THEOPHILA,  
Joy, Salamander, in that flame;  
Thou so, Pyrausta born, may'st like  
the Phoenix burn,  
That to Eternity thou rise,  
Not losing life, but sowing well  
the same:  
A holier Ovid's smoothed  
verse  
With eyes of heart, with heart all  
eyes, behold:  
Such sacred flames by adaman-  
tine hand  
Ought to be plac'd in lasting  
urns; 10  
But, 'cause these writings needed  
aid of pens,

Pennas porrigat Scribenti Pietas  
pennator Ave,  
Et centum Oculos Legenti ocula-  
tior Argo.

## PORTICUS

Amor erga Magistrum, & Sodalem  
Languidiùs se movet, & quodamodo  
vegetat ;

Erga Parentem & Conjugem  
Expansiùs se exerit, & quasi sentit ;

Erga Patriam, & Patriæ Patrem  
Elatiùs se erigit, & Rationem  
induit :

At erga DEUM

Totus Ecstasin patitur, Sese tran-  
scendit,

Nec Modi, nec Limitis capax ;

Sed, separatarum instar Animarum,  
Cupit, æstuat, ebullit, anhelat !

Finitus INFINITATEM ambit, ac  
suspirat ! 12

## ARGUMENTUM

Musa sacrata struens Aras, ut NUMEN  
honoret,

Calcat, & odit haras, Musa peligna, tuas :  
Est Hæc, ut Clytie, studiosa Pedissequa  
Solis ;

Sol DEUS est, Solis Lumen AMANTIS  
amat.

## DISTICHON I

Musa, silere potes, vaga dum Citha-  
ristria Sylvæ  
Crispillat tremulo gutture mille  
Sonos?

## II

Ars acuit Concepta, Poesis acuminat  
Artem ;  
Spicula jactet Epos ; jacta coronet  
Eros :

Virtue, than birds more swift, unto  
the scribe lend wing,  
And let the reader's care more eyes  
than Argus bring.

## THE PORTICO

Love to the master, and the mate  
Stirs itself feebly in Life's lowest  
sphere ;

That to our parent, and the bed  
More large extends, and breathes  
a life of sense ;

That to our country, and its sire  
Self raises loftier in Reason's air :

But, that to GOD,  
Ravish'd with ecstasy, itself tran-  
scends,

Nor bounds, nor limits would  
it own ;

But, narrow'd that (like lovers, kept  
apart) 10

Warms, heats, yea boils, boils up  
and over !

Longs for th' Eternal, sighs for HIM,  
beyond that lover !

## THE ARGUMENT

Blest Muse the Altar builds, where Love's  
ador'd ;

And throweth down, loose wit, thy  
nest abhorr'd :

She, Clytie-like, to th' Sun of Glory  
turns ;

God is her Sun, with light of Zeal  
she burns.

## DISTICH I

Muse, canst be silent, when each  
charmèd grove  
Harbours a thousand warbling notes  
of Love?

## II

Art whets the mind, and hymns set  
edge on art :

Dart up an epod ; Zeal, crown thou  
the dart.

Arg. 2] It is rather odd that Benlowes in his Englishing softens *haras*, 'styes,' to 'nest' ; and omits the direct reference (*Peligna*) to Ovid altogether.

4] Here one has to choose between 'Epos' for 'Epode' in the Latin, and 'Epod' for 'Epic' in the English.



## III

Spes Arcus, sit Amor tibi Dextra,  
Fidesque Sagitta ;  
A Spe missa Fides, NUMEN Amore  
petit.

## IV

Estsacrum quod conor Opus : DEUS,  
annue Cœptis !  
Seminat Ista Fides, Spes alit, auget  
Amor.

## V

Mundus Ager, Semen Verbum, DEUS  
Ipse Colonus,  
Latro Satan, Lolium Gens mala ;  
Sancta, Seges. 10

## VI

Da mihi Cœlipetæ Fastigia, NUMEN,  
Alaudæ ;  
Mens, ut Avis, pennâ remigesulcet  
Iter !

## VII

Nôsse DEUM, bene posse Bonum,  
sunt Vota Piorum :  
Da mihi nôsse Bonum, da mihi  
posse, DEUS !

## VIII

Notio non Cœli, sed habet Dilectio  
Palmam :  
Tu mihi nôsse dabas Cœlica, velle  
dabis.

## IX

Quod volo, quod possum, quod sum,  
Tibi debeo, CHRISTE :  
Quod sum, quod possum, quod  
volo, CHRISTE, cape.

## X

Nil video sine Te, sapio nil, nil queo ;  
Solutus  
Sol meus es, meus es Sal, mea sola  
Salus. 20

## XI

Lux, Via, Vita pio, DEUS ; hac Face,  
Tramite, Corde,  
Qui videt, it, vivit, non cadit, errat,  
obit.

## XII

Da cumulem tua centenis ALTARIA  
Donis !  
Victima sint Versus, Ara Cor, Ignis  
Amor.

## III

Hope be thy bow, thy hand Love,  
Faith the shaft ;  
Let Hope shoot Faith to GOD with  
Love's strong draft.

## IV

Sacred's my theme ; may my first-  
fruits Him please !  
Faith plants, Hope nourishes, Love  
ripens these.

## V

This world's the field, GOD sows, His  
Word the seed,  
Satan the thief, the good, corn, th'  
ill, the weed. 10

## VI

LORD, mount me to the pitch of  
larks on high ;  
That I, as birds' wing'd oars, may  
cut the sky !

## VII

Saints would know GOD, so, as they  
good may do :  
Let me both know this good, and  
act it too !

## VIII

Heav'n's love, not knowledge doth  
the palm acquire :  
Who heav'nly knowledge gave, will  
give desire.

## IX

That aught I will, can, am, is, CHRIST,  
from thee :  
CHRIST, what I am, can, will, accept  
from me !

## X

No light, taste, strength without  
Thee ; Thou alone  
Art health unto my soul, my salt,  
my sun. 20

## XI

Thou, Light, Way, Life ; who sees,  
walks, liveth by  
That flame, path, strength, does not  
fall, fail, nor die.

## XII

Upon Thy altars let my verses  
prove  
The victim, heart the altar, the fire  
love !



XIII

Thura Preces, Lachrymæ Myrrhæ,  
Pietasque sit Aurum :  
Mentis Opus, Clysmus Cordis,  
Amoris Opes.

XIV

Hoc Hecatombæi Tibi Carminis  
offero Libum :  
Ut tu millenos, Nate Davide,  
Boves.

XV

Vult pia Musa DEUM ! Quoties volat  
altiùs, Alas  
Flagitat assiduè, SANCTA CO-  
LUMBA, Tuas ! 30

XVI

Ferre per Æthereas volitante Vigore  
Phalanges,  
Fulgida Chrysolithùm Lux ubi  
stellat Iter.

XVII

Carminè ducat Amor, quos terret  
Concio ; Mentès  
Elevet in Cœlum, quò nequit ire  
Fides !

XVIII

GratarepercussireferantModulamina  
Nervi ;  
Unica nec nostræ sit Synalæpha  
Lyræ.

XIX

Umbra mihi DEVS. —I, patulæ,  
Maro, tegmine fagi ;  
Tu, Siloame, veni ; Castalis Unda,  
vale.

XX

Vana profanorum calcando crepundia  
Vatum,  
Spirituale pius parturit Author  
Opus. 40

XXI

Vita quid est ? Fumus. Quid Forma ?  
Favilla. Quid Aurum ?  
Idolum. Quid Honos ? Bulla.  
Quid Orbis ? Onus :

XXII

Vita repentè fugit, citò Forma polita  
recedit,  
Aurum fallit, Honor deficit, Orbis  
hebet.

XIII

Pray'r frankincense, tears myrrh, be  
gold, soul's health :  
The mind's best work, heart's laver,  
and love's wealth.

XIV

I this verse-hecatomb to Thee do  
bring ;  
As Solomon his numerous offering.

XV

The pious Muse courts Heav'n ;  
when highest things  
She soars for, still she craves, BLEST  
DOVE, Thy wings ! 30

XVI

With active plumes fly up to th'  
angel-quire,  
Where chrysolites to gild thy way  
conspire.

XVII

Love may them lead by verse, whom  
sermons fright ;  
Bring them, where Faith comes not,  
into Heav'n's light.

XVIII

Oh, may our numbers in sweet  
music flow ;  
Nor the least harshness of elisions  
know !

XIX

Shade me, O LORD ! I seek not  
Virgil's tree ;  
Hence, springs profane ; glide, Si-  
loam, by me !

XX

Trampling vain labours, with loose  
wits defil'd,  
The hallow'd brain brings forth a  
spritely child. 40

XXI

What's life ? a vapour ; beauty ?  
ashes ; gain ?  
An idol ; honour ? bubble ; the  
world ? vain :

XXII

Life flits away, and beauty wanes at  
full,  
Gold cheats, and honour fades, the  
world is dull.

XXIII

Vita Voluptatis brevis est, Vitæque  
Voluptas;  
Non capit illa DEO quid sit  
Amante capi.

XXIV

Illa maritali quæ Tæda parata  
Leandro,  
Illa Sepulturæ Tæda parata  
fuit.

XXV

Mille Viæ Morti, proh, mille! sed  
unica Vitæ;  
Crimina qui non hîc eluet, ille  
luet. 50

XXVI

Bellica fædifragos pessundabit Ira  
Tyrannos:  
Non Vobis, Sceleri vincitis; Ultor  
adest.

XXVII

Peccantûm Limen, Peccati linquite  
Semen;  
Contagem ducit Proximitate Pecus.

XXVIII

Hinc, Joseph, fugis, fugis hinc sine  
Veste, Johannes;  
Proh Dolor! Ipse manes, Petre,  
manendo negas!

XXIX

Conscia Mens Noctesque, Diesque,  
Domique, Forisque  
Pungitur: In Sese Verbera Tortor  
agit!

XXX

Jussa decem, bis sex Credenda,  
Sacratio Cænæ,  
Heu, nimis in Templis, Lege  
loquente, silent! 60

XXXI

Grex perit hinc! Veniet, quâ non  
speratur in horâ,  
Judex: Terribilis Sontibus Ultor  
adest!

XXXII

Nec Prece, nec Pretio, nec Fraude,  
nec Arte, nec Irâ  
Vincitur! In Pænas Flamma  
perennis erit!

( 401 )

XXIII

Life's pleasure's short, and pleasure's  
life is vain;  
It knows not highest bliss, God's  
love, to gain.

XXIV

That torch which flam'd so bright in  
Hero's room,  
Did light her lov'd Leander to his  
tomb.

XXV

To death a thousand ways, to life  
but one:  
For sin who groans not, he for sin  
shall groan. 50

XXVI

Arm'd wrath, perfidious tyrants throws  
from high;  
They conquer Right, Sin them; th'  
Avenger's nigh.

XXVII

Sinner's first steps, sin's seed, and  
fruit avoid;  
Many by near infection are destroy'd.

XXVIII

Kill vice i' th' egg: John, Joseph,  
robeless fly;  
Peter, thou stay'st, and stay'st but to  
deny!

XXIX

By night and day, at home, and  
when abroad,  
Guilt stings the soul, and thereon  
lays its load!

XXX

Of Decalogue, Creed, Supper of the  
LORD,  
Though laws speak loud, our Church  
hath scarce a word! 60

XXXI

Hence flocks are pin'd. The JUDGE  
in time will come  
Unthought of: near to guilt's the  
Avenger's doom!

XXXII

Nor pray'r, nor price, nor fraud, nor  
rage, nor art  
Can help; ah, fear then flames'  
eternal smart!

XXXIII

Imbre rigante Genas, quoties Tibi  
CHRISTE, querebar,  
Nocte vigil, nullo Teste, Medela,  
veni !

XXXIV

Aspicis, & Pateris ? Scelus omne  
repelle, Colonus  
Nec gerat Arma suâ quâ serit Arva  
Manu !

XXXV

Vis, Amor, est exorsa DEO ; data  
Gratia gratis ;  
Hanc Vim THEIOPHILÆ Nomine  
Musa vocat. 70

XXXVI

Ureris ignifluis confossa THEOPHILA  
Telis !  
Sacra beatificans si cremet Ossa  
Calor,

XXXVII

Quo magis ardescis, magis, hoc, sis  
Follis ad Ignes ;  
Omnibus exundet, qui calet intus,  
Amor.

XXXVIII

Ure Tepescentes, Viresque Calen-  
tibus adde ;  
Igne crema, recrea Lumine, Mente  
bea.

XXXIX

Et Mare tentanti Pharos esto,  
Benigna, Poetæ,  
Dum pandit Vento Lintea plena  
sacro !

XL

Velapius Genius, Tu Sidus, Acumina  
Remi,  
Vates Nauta, Salum Vena, Poema  
Ratis. 80

XLI

Consecro Fræna tuæ moderanda  
Poetica Dextræ ;  
Sunt Donantis Honor, sed Ca-  
pientis Amor.

XLII

Stringesoluta, recudeproterva, revele  
prophana,

XXXIII

Wet-cheek'd, how oft I've moan'd  
to Thee, my Dear,  
All night awake, alone, O cure,  
appear !

XXXIV

See'st Thou, and suff'rest ? Stop  
sin's course, and birth ;  
Let not that hand bear arms, that  
sows the earth.

XXXV

Love's pow'r's infus'd from GOD, a  
free-giv'n grace ;  
THEOPHILA from Love takes name  
and race. 70

XXXVI

Thou burn'st, pierc'd THEOPHIL,  
with fiery dart ;  
If blessed heat enflames thy vigorous  
heart.

XXXVII

The more thou burn'st, the more be  
bellows still ;  
As thy flames grow, let those flames  
others fill !

XXXVIII

Heat the luke-warm, to those, more  
hot, give fire ;  
Bless GOD ; refresh with grace,  
enflame desire.

XXXIX

The poet's Pharos be that sets forth  
sail,  
While he steers sheet-fill'd with a  
holy gale.

XL

Pure wit's the sails, quick judgement  
oars, thou th' star,  
Pilot the scribe, sea vein, the ship  
hymns are. 80

XLI

I give wit's tackling to thy guiding  
hands :  
Honour in giving, love in taking  
stands.

XLII

Bind up what's loose, what's rash  
new-mould, refell

70 Theiophilæ] Benlowes takes the liberty of this form, to get the long syllable, after the analogy of *θειολόγος*, &c. In next line Theophila is more daring.

Supple manca, poliscabra, superba  
preme.

XLIII

Irrita sulphurei rides Crepitacula  
Mundi ;

Regnaque pro Nidis, quæ fabri-  
cantur, habes.

XLIV

Despicias Orbis Opes, opulentior  
Orbe, minorque

Orbis, majori pulchrior Orbe,  
micas.

XLV

Congestas effundis Opes, releventur  
ut Ægri :

Sic ab Amante tuo semper amere  
DEO. 90

XLVI

Scisque DEUM, notumque doces,  
doctumque vereris ;

Praxis habet Cultum ; Quæ canis,  
illa facis.

XLVII

Osa Malis, pretiosa Piis, Lyra viva  
Poetis,

Casta Fide, Genio candida, chara  
DEO.

XLVIII

Sylva Smaragdicomas quæ ventilat,  
invidet Auro

Crinis, & ad Cirros Gratia trina  
rubit.

XLIX

Gaudia tot spargunt splendentia  
Sidera Vultus,

Quot fovet Attis Apes, quot gerit  
Æthra Faces.

L

Invidet igniparis Adamantinus Ardor  
Ocellis,

Vibrat abinde sacras Pupula casta  
Faces. 100

LI

Emula puniceis Tinctura Corallina  
Labris ;

Livet ad Ambrosias pensilis Uva  
Genas.

LII

Mirarer Labrique Rosas, & Lilia  
Malæ,

What 's ill, lame help, smooth rough,  
depress what swell.

XLIII

Thou slight'st earth's rattling squibs,  
with sulphur fill'd :

Kingdoms such nests are as the birds  
do build.

XLIV

Above all worldly wealth thy riches  
rise ;

Thy microcosm the macrocosm  
outvies.

XLV

Thou lay'st out hoarded gold the  
poor to aid ;

So, with God's love, thy love to  
GOD's repaid. 90

XLVI

Thy sacred skill imparted reverence  
breeds ;

Thy worship's practice, and thy  
words are deeds.

XLVII

Fiends hate, saints prize, whence  
lyric strings sound clear,

Of spotless faith, pure mind, to th'  
Highest dear.

XLVIII

The emerald grove envies thy golden  
hair,

Whose curls make Graces blush  
themselves more fair,

XLIX

As many joys thy starry beauties  
shed,

As bees in Attis, gems in skies are  
spread.

L

The diamond sparkleth rage at thine  
eyebeams,

Whose chaste orbs brandish thence  
their sacred gleams. 100

LI

The coral die is blank'd at lips so  
red,

And livid grapes at rosy cheeks  
hang head :

LII

I'd gaze o' th' liliated cheek, and the  
lips' rose,



Mala sed exuperat Lilia, Labra  
Rosas.

LIII

Suavia mellifluo dimanant Verba  
Palato,  
Verbula Nectareis limpidiora Ca-  
dis.

LIV

Quas non Delicias, radiantibus ebria  
Guttis,  
Psaltria dia, creas! Ore Mel, Aure  
Melos.

LV

Spiras Tota Crocos, Violas, Opobal-  
sama, Myrrhas,  
Bdellia, Thura, Cedros, Cinnama,  
Narda, Rosas. 110

LVI

Ruris Aroma Rosas. Quot Cantica  
sacra profundis,  
Tot paris Ore Favos, tot jadis Ore  
Faces.

LVII

Dum jaciuntur ab Ore Favi, superæ-  
que Favillæ,  
Pascor, ut incendar; Flamma dat  
ipsa Dapes!

LVIII

Languet Olor dum spectat Ebur  
Cervicis: Ad Agnum  
Hæc Via susceptum Lactea mon-  
strat Iter.

LIX

Ningit in Alpinis mansura Pruina  
Papillis;  
Anser es His Cornix, Nix nigra,  
sordet Olor.

LX

Vellera cana Nivis, Manibus collata,  
lutescunt;  
Figis ubi Gressum pressa resultat  
Humus. 120

LXI

Lilia Lacte lavet, Violas depurplet  
Uva,  
Ære Crocos tingat, Murice, Flora,  
Rosas;

LXII

Nec potis est meritam Tibi texere  
Flora Corollam;

But oh, thy cheek, thy lip surpasseth  
those!

LIII

Grace pours sweet-flowing words from  
charming lips,  
Sparkling 'bove nectar which i' th'  
crystal skips.

LIV

Rare Psaltress, with Heav'n-drops  
inebriate,  
What sweets to mouth, and ear dost  
thou create?

LV

Sweet violets, saffron, balm, myrrh  
from thee flows,  
Bdell, incense, cedar, cinnamon,  
nard, the rose— 110

LVI

The rose, swain's spice: such heav'n-  
dew'd verse dost frame,  
As sweet as honeycomb, as bright  
as flame.

LVII

While combs, and flames divine from  
thee are cast,  
I'm fed, as fir'd; ev'n flames do nurse  
my taste!

LVIII

The swan pines at thy neck; this  
Milky Way  
Doth steps, begun to th' Holy LAMB,  
display.

LIX

There falls on thine Alp-breasts a  
lasting snow,  
To which snow's black, swans foul,  
the goose a crow.

LX

The hoary frost turns dirt, vied with  
thy hand,  
And, where thy foot does tread, it  
prides the land. 120

LXI

On lilies milk, on violets purple  
throw,  
On saffron gold, scarlet o' th' rose  
bestow;

LXII

Wreaths, worthy thee, fair Flora ne'er  
can weave;

Te, nec hyperbolicus, dum cano,  
Cantor ero.

LXIII

Floribus omnigenis, Gemmisque  
nitentibus ardens,  
Tu Paradisiaci Præda videris  
Agri.

LXIV

Quælibet in Vitâ Virtus sic æqua  
reluet;  
Ut dubitetur an hæc, illa, vel ista  
præit.

LXV

Desuper extat Amor; Tibi Mens  
contermina Cœlo,  
Regnat Honor, radiat Forma,  
triumphat Amor. 130

LXVI

Illud es Elixir, Chymicâ quod pro-  
tinus Arte,  
Mutet in auratas me, rude Pondus,  
Opes.

LXVII

Ignè Cinis fit agente Vitrum; micat  
Ignè Metallum;  
Corpus & hoc fieri Spiritus Ignè  
potest.

LXVIII

Magneti salit e Ferro celer Ignis  
Amoris;  
Imo Silex faculas, quis putet?  
intus alit.

LXIX

Durius at Saxo nil est, nil mollius  
Ignè:  
Dura sed ignitus Saxa resolvit  
Amor.

LXX

Hæc meditans, quis non Facibus  
solvatur Amoris?  
Tu Charis es, Studiis Tu Cynosura  
meis. 140

LXXI

Gemmula Mentis, Ocella Sintus, pia  
Flammula Cordis:  
Incepi Duce Te, Te Duce cœpta  
sequar.

LXXII

Sponsa creata DEO, Virtutum fulgida  
Cœtu,

( 405 )

Nor can our highest strains thee  
higher heave.

LXIII

With all-bred flow'rs, and glitt'ring  
buds thou beam'st;  
As if t' have cropt all Paradise thou  
seem'st.

LXIV

Each virtue's in thy life so pois'd, so  
fine;  
What's first? This? That? or  
'T'other? since all shine.

LXV

Love to thy soul deriv'd is from  
above,  
Where Honour reigns, sparks beauty,  
triumphs Love. 130

LXVI

In chemic art thou my elixir  
be;  
Convert to gold the worthless dross  
in me.

LXVII

Fire makes of ashes glass, makes  
metals shine;  
This fire my body may to spirit cal-  
cine.

LXVIII

Enamour'd iron does to the magnet  
fly;  
Yea, sparks in hardest flints conceal'd  
lie.

LXIX

Nothing more hard than stone, more  
soft than fire;  
Yet stones are melted by inflam'd  
desire.

LXX

Is't so? Who'd not dissolve in flames  
of Love?  
Be thou the grace, thou my thought's  
loadstar prove. 140

LXXI

Mind's gem, eye's apple, heart's in-  
tenser flame;  
Thou show'dst the way, I'll prosecute  
the same

LXXII

For GOD created, bright in Virtue's  
train,

Jus colis, Affectus suppressis, Acta  
regis.

LXXIII

Est Tibi Vita DEUS, Pietas Lex,  
Gloria CHRISTUS,  
Expetis Hunc, Tibi Qui semper  
Amore præit.

LXXIV

Quid Te, CHRISTE, Crucem perferre  
coegit? Amoris  
Ardor! Amaroris Pignus Amoris  
erat!

LXXV

Factus Amans, fit & Esca DEUS!  
Te nutrit IESUS:  
O Bonitas! Quales Hoc in Amante  
Dapes! 150

LXXVI

Est mihi Christus (ais) Laus, Splen-  
dor, Aroma, Triumphus,  
Musica, Vina, Dapes, Fama,  
Corona, DEUS.

LXXVII

Omnia Tu JESUS! præ Te, nihil  
Omnia! Coelum  
Exploraturæ, quàm mihi sordet  
Humus!

LXXVIII

Orbis es Exilium, Mors Janua, Patria  
Coelum;  
Dux sit Amor, Baculus Spes,  
Comes alma Fides.

LXXIX

Diffuat in Gemmas Oriens, in Car-  
mina Coelum;  
Nec Meritis Oriens, nec Polus  
æqua ferat.

LXXX

Fac timeam, fac amem; Quæ Te  
timet, acrius ardet;  
Nempe tui Cultûs Fons Timor,  
Amnis Amor. 160

LXXXI

Vox tua Norma mihi; Tibi Palmes  
adhæreo Viti;  
Totus es Ipse mihi, sim tua tota  
DEUS!

Weigh'st right, quell'st passions, and  
o'er deeds dost reign.

LXXXIII

GOD is thy life, Law virtue, Glory  
CHRIST;  
Him, who leads thee by love, thou  
lov'st Him high'st.

LXXXIV

CHRIST, to endure the cross, what  
did Thee move?  
The pledge of bitterness was pledge  
of Love!

LXXXV

Is GOD both meat and lover? CHRIST  
thy food?  
What banquet is this Lover! As  
sweet, as good! 150

LXXXVI

CHRIST's spice (thou say'st) light,  
triumph, praise to me;  
Music, wine, feast, fame, crown, GOD;  
all to thee.

LXXXVII

LORD, Thou art all in all! Thou  
lost, all's nought;  
How base seems muddy earth, where  
Heav'n is sought!

LXXXVIII

Earth's exile, Death the gate, my  
home's above;  
My staff's *Hope*, *Faith* companion,  
leader *Love*.

LXXXIX

Turn Indie into jewels, Heav'n to  
verse,  
Nor Indie can Thy worth, nor Heav'n  
rehearse.

LXXX

Let me Thee fear, and love; fear  
Love's heat blows;  
Fear is Devotion's fount, whence  
love o'erflows. 160

LXXXI

Thy word's my rule, I cleave to Thee,  
my Vine;  
LORD, Thou are all to me, I'm wholly  
Thine.

LXXXII

Comprecor, exaudi; patior, succurre;  
molestor,  
Auxiliare; premor, protege; flagro,  
fave!

LXXXIII

Te voco, laudo, rogo, colo, diligo,  
quæro, Redemptor,  
Affectu, Prece, Re, Spe, Pietate,  
Fide!

LXXXIV

Si Te contueor, liquefio, perusta  
Favillis;  
Ni Te contueor, sum glaciata  
Gelu!

LXXXV

O, Facibus superadde Faces, ut Tota  
liquescam!  
Sim vel Mortis Odor, sim vel  
Amantis Amor. 170

LXXXVI

Grata Procella, jugum mihi gratum,  
gratus & Ignis,  
Me quibus immergit, deprimit,  
urit Amor!

LXXXVII

Non mea sum, sed Amore DEI  
languesco! Sorores,  
Me stipate Rosis, languet Amore  
Sinus!

LXXXVIII

Nil Animantis habet, quæ Pectore  
vivit Amantis:  
Hoc in Amore mihi sit mora nulla  
mori!

LXXXIX

Unio sit Nobis, Animamque liqua-  
mur in unam!  
Unaque Vita Duos stringat Amor-  
que Duos!

XC

Tu super Omne places! Tua sum,  
Tu noster, & Ambos  
Mutuus Ardor agit, possidet unus  
Amor. 180

XCI

Uror, Io; Redamatur Amor! Voto-  
que fruiscor!  
Dum quod Amans redamor, dum  
quod Amante fruor.

( 407 )

LXXXII

Oh, hear my pray'r, my sufferings  
bear, my task  
Take off, redress my wrongs, grant  
what I ask!

LXXXIII

With pray'r, desire, faith, zeal, hope,  
deed I call,  
Laud, seek, love, pray, worship Thee  
all in all.

LXXXIV

If I behold Thee, I'm all flaming  
spice;  
If not behold Thee, I'm congeal'd  
to ice!

LXXXV

Add flames to flames, that I may  
melt away!  
Be I belov'd of Thee, or else Death's  
prey! 170

LXXXVI

Sweet seas, light yoke, a friendly  
flame I find,  
Which me with love doth drown, and  
burn, and bind.

LXXXVII

I'm not mine own, but faint for GOD  
above!  
Rose-deck me, Virgins, for I'm sick  
of Love!

LXXXVIII

Nought of a liver, hath a lover's  
heart!  
Or live belov'd, or life-bereft  
depart!

LXXXIX

Let us be one! In one, two melted  
flow!  
Let one life, as one love, inform us  
two!

XC

My only joy, I'm Thine; Thou mine;  
and both  
The like flame burns; th' one loves,  
as t' other doth. 180

XCI

Fire! Fire! Love is beloved! My  
Maker's mine!  
Loving, I'm lov'd! while with my  
Spouse I twine!



XCII

O, quid Amare ! Quid est Redamari !  
Gaudia nacta  
Tanta, stupendo tacet ! Tanta,  
tacendo stupet !

XCIII

Vivo DEO, morior Mundo, moriendo  
resurgo ;  
Inde, catenato Dite, triumphat  
Amor.

XCIV

Sic amet omnis Amans, sic immo-  
riatur Amanti :  
Ut Lyra Lusciniæ Vitaque Mors-  
que fuit.

XCV

Si mea Lumen habent, si Nomen  
Carmina ; Lumen  
Ex Oculo Sponsi, Nomen ab Ore  
venit. 190

XCVI

Argus eat, qui Talpa venit, radiatus  
Amore ;  
Vates Sperati fidus Amoris ero.

XCVII

Cingant Theiophilæ potius mea  
Tempora Lauri,  
Quam gemmans Capiti sit Dia-  
dema meo.

XCVIII

Nam, quid erunt, animæ Damno,  
Diademata Mundi ?  
Celsa ruunt, fugiunt blandula,  
prava necant.

XCIX

Ut præsens novit, sic postera noverit  
Ætas,  
Sive premamus Humum, Sive  
premamur Humo.

C

Finis Fine caret, nec Terminus ullus  
Amantem  
Terminat ; Hic Modus est non  
habuisse Modum. 200

XCII

O Love, belov'd ! Her, who such  
joys partakes,  
Silence makes wonder, wonders silence  
makes !

XCIII

To Heav'n I live, to Earth I die ;  
dying rise !  
So, Hell being chain'd, Love takes  
the victor's prize.

XCIV

Lovers so love, as for the lov'd to  
die !  
As Strada's lute was life and des-  
tiny.

XCV

If these my lays have either light, or  
name,  
Name from thy word, light from thy  
grace doth flame 190

XCVI

Who came a mole, goes Argus hence  
by Love ;  
I shall Faith's priest to hopeful Charis  
prove.

XCVII

Theophila's bays to me more honour  
brings  
Than gems that blaze on the proud  
heads of kings.

XCVIII

For what boot worldly crowns with  
soul's loss bought,  
Heights fall, spruce courtship fades,  
vice brings to nought.

XCIX

We may hereafter, as we now have  
found  
The voice of Fame above, so, under  
ground.

C

The last shall last ; Term can't Vaca-  
tion lend  
To th' Lover ; here 'tis end to have no  
END

188 Strada's lute] Benlowes merely alludes to what Ford and Crashaw had elaborately handled. And the piecing together of the allusion by the Latin and English is noteworthy.

Imus in Albionis, Freta per Latialia,  
 Littus;  
 Siste Britannales, Hâc Vice, Musa,  
 Pedes.  
 Anglica num præstent Latiis, Briti-  
 cisve Latina  
 Scire velim : Placeant quæ magis,  
 Illa dabo.

To see, not know, is not to  
 see :

Then, let our English reader be  
 Warn'd, not on Latian Alps to  
 roam ;

The next vale's path will lead him  
 home.

## PRÆLIBATIO

## AD THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIAM

QUÆ UNICA CANTIO A DOMINO ALEX. ROSSÆO IN  
 CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA EST<sup>1</sup>.

## Cantio I

## ARGUMENTUM

Evigiles, surgas, divini Rector Amoris ;  
 Delicium prius explores, quàm Gaudia tentes :  
 Ad Cœlos Cursum tandem pia Vota gubernent.

## TRISTICHON I

MUTUA si Mentis agerent Commer-  
 cia Secum,  
 Angelicum in Morem, terrenâ Mole  
 solutæ,  
 Intuitu quales possent effundere  
 Cantus !

## II

Spiritus ut subitô si sublimetur,  
 abibit  
 In Fumum, nimium chymicus nisi  
 temperet Æstum ;  
 Haud aliter perit omne nimis subtile  
 Noema.

## III

Aurum, Sole satum, Terræ inter  
 Viscera clausum,  
 Non pretio cessit, quamvis non  
 splenduit æquè,  
 Qualiter excoctum flagranti fulgurat  
 Igne.

## IV

Mens age, nunc Famæ Sphæram  
 conscende per Orbes ;  
 Errat enim quisquis non Cursum  
 dirigit illuc :  
 Virtutis Comites, Aures adhibete  
 Docenti.

## V

Ergò, nè Veneris lascivæ Prælia,  
 Cornu  
 Vocali accensa, aut Oculis flamman-  
 tibus Igne,  
 (Formæ Armis) cedant inopinis  
 Pectora Plagis.

## VI

Quarum pestiferis Oculis, jaculan-  
 tibus Ignem,  
 Virginitatis Honos purus maculatur,  
 & ipsa  
 Mens capitur Laqueis fictarum in-  
 cauta Comarum.

<sup>1</sup> The 'English reader,' after the broad hint given to him *not* to 'read Alexander Ross over' in the last stanza above, may be emboldened to ask why this Latin duplication is even given here? But the original of *Theophila* is too rare for the reproduction to be mutilated.

VII

Aspice Captivum Veneris, qui trans-  
igit Ævum  
In fervente gelu, colit Umbram;  
atque Ingeniosum 20  
Se credens, scribit, delet, laceratque,  
furitque.

VIII

Ejus Opes Fragmenta quidè sunt  
Comica, quorum  
Præsidio superat Tenariffæ Verticis  
auram.  
'Sol Tibi scintilla est, Tu Lumine  
Sidera vincis.

IX

'Victrix Flamma tuis Oculis micat  
acribus, Orbes  
Obnubas geminos lucentes, nàm-  
que rigentem  
Accendent Monachum, vel fiam  
Morte Bidental.

X

'Ob Gemmas Indi penetrant Saxa,  
Æthiopesque  
Oceanum ob Conchas, pretiosis  
Pellibus instat  
Tartara Gens; Omnes ejus dant  
munera Templo. 30

XI

'Flagrantes dimitte Genas, quæ  
fulgure nostras  
Perstringis Oculorum Acies, non  
ferre valentes  
Tales Angelico radiantes Lumine  
Vultus.'

XII

Estne Helene, Trojana Lues, atque  
Angelus idem?  
Passio non domita est insanæ Men-  
tis Idolum:  
Multæ se fucant, Paucae Virtutibus  
ornant.

XIII

Veriùs hoc nihil est; Cutis alba,  
rubore Rosarum  
Permista, eximium Lumen ne Men-  
tis obumbret,

23 Tenariffæ] Orig. has the *a*.

50 effrænem; 55 Aplustrum] Note Ross's preference for unusual forms as against *effrænus*, and in the other *aplustræ*. Also in l. 68 *aci*, 'garfish,' for 'breams.'

Nevè Animæ Visum penetrantem  
obnubulet unquam.

XIV

Ure Odas, Veneris Stratagemata  
chartea; Ludos 40  
Effuge, sunt Flammæ; fabrices ne  
Vinc'la, Dolosque  
Neve loquare Oculis; Oris Commer-  
cia vita.

XV

Spumea nonne audis Cerebella, &  
inania, ut intùs  
Et rugeant, nec non Joviali in  
Crimine Potu  
Luxurient, saltentque furentes, atque  
cachinnent?

XVI

Prædatas Cellas siccate, & mox  
Rationem  
Luxuriæ Vinculis submittite; per  
Freta Vini, &  
Mellis arundinei Scopulos date vela  
furentes.

XVII

Ad Senii Mare mortiferum transmit-  
tite Curas:  
Quadrupedem effrænem defessi agi-  
tate Furoris 50  
Bacchantes, Rabiem in Vini mon-  
strate Theatro.

XVIII

'Turgescant Vino Carchesia, donec  
in altum  
Provehimur Bacchi, Terræque Urbes-  
que recedant:  
Omnia sorbemus, sit ibi Naupactia  
Classis.

XIX

'Aplustrum simul & Carchesia  
pandite, Fluctus  
Horrissonos Fremitu superemus;  
Plura Salutis  
Naufragia hîc, quàm cùm cecinerunt  
Monstra marina.

XX

'Amphora quæque; parit (signato,  
Prome,) Pyropum;

Et tinctæ Baccho Buccæ, mihi  
 sæpè videntur  
 Tediferae, quoties Gemmis micat un-  
 dique Nasus. 60

## XXI

Cantibus alternis Homines sese esse  
 negantes,  
 Exleges fiunt. Titubant, seseque  
 volutant,  
 Atque Pedes sinuant, potant Cir-  
 cæa Venena.

## XXII

O, tumulatae Animæ, vivæ putresci-  
 tis ! usque  
 Ad Fæces Vester liquefit Sal : Quis-  
 que coercet  
 Naturam, & Mortem accelerat,  
 Spernitque Salutem.

## XXIII

Insontes Pecudes vestros odère  
 Liquores  
 Cum Nugas Vomitu & Punctis  
 distinguitis : Aci,  
 In Vino & Somno ; Proceres nisi  
 Fumus & Umbra.

## XXIV

Mallem condiri Muriâ, quàm Nectare  
 dulci 70  
 Putrere. Invitat miseros nunc Alea,  
 Mensæ  
 Illaqueant, nunquam felix datur  
 Exitus illis.

## XXV

Sed sine Mente uno jactu Patrimo-  
 nia perdunt :  
 Obscurant Noctem cum decipit Alea  
 Diris.  
 Vincitur en Victor ; num Victus vin-  
 cere posset ?

## XXVI

Denis & septem Cubitis si Nilus  
 inundat  
 Fertilis Egypti Campos, miseranda  
 sequetur  
 Esuries, Tabes sequitur sic sæva  
 Nepotes.

## XXVII

Dicite vos pictæ, vos, dicite, Papi-  
 liones,

( 411 )

Gaudia quæ Veris pensatis falsa, quid  
 estis 80  
 Lucratae, ex infrugiferis Nugisque  
 caducis ?

## XXVIII

Stulti qui propter Nugas divenditis  
 Aurum,  
 Dicite, num caleat quæ Flamma est  
 picta ? Voluptas  
 Num stimulans juvat ? ô, angustum  
 Cælum, inferiusque !

## XXIX

Ite, & Deliciis (fruitur quæis Bestia  
 sola)  
 Gaudia mutetis vera ; at Gens impia  
 turget  
 Deliciis ; CHRISTUS flevit ; Gens  
 optima luget.

## XXX

Nil nisi terrenum cupiunt Animalia  
 Bruta ;  
 Cœlestes Animæ cœlestia Gaudia  
 quærunt ;  
 Ast Homines mediæ Naturæ Dona  
 requirunt. 90

## XXXI

Gens humana foret si moles Corpo-  
 ris expers,  
 Angelicæ Naturæ esset ; si Mente  
 careret,  
 Brutiginæ : Caro Brutorum est,  
 Mens Angelicorum.

## XXXII

Principio Deus Hos univit, subji-  
 ciendo  
 Sensum Judicio Rationis, tum  
 moderando  
 Affectum Arbitrio Mentis, verum in-  
 ficiendo

## XXXIII

Libertatem Animæ, Crimen concus-  
 sit, ut Ipsæ  
 Jam nequeunt habitare simul, nisi  
 Lucta sequatur ;  
 Nec sine Tristitiâ divelli posse vide-  
 mus.

## XXXIV

Jam valeat Mundus fallax, spinosa  
 Voluptas 100



Cui Cordi est, quod perdit amat,  
quod Nobile spernit.  
I, Cole nunc Vitium, ride Virtutis  
Amantes.

XXXV

Mellito Cyatho, at Felle Aspidis  
haud meliore,  
Inficis incautas Animas ad Tartara,  
semper  
Mortales Magico & fallaci decipis  
Ore.

XXXVI

Dum Tempus fallis, Tempus te fal-  
lit, & aufert  
Prædam, dum Tempus perdis,  
Cœlestia perdis,  
Sed, cum Fure bono, pauci furantur  
Olympum.

XXXVII

Projiciunt Stulti pretiosum Temporis  
Aurum :  
Qui Vitæ Gemmam generosam pro-  
digit, ille 110  
Ad Barathrum graditur, Stimulisque  
agitatur Averni.

XXXVIII

Cui Terram amplecti vastam furiosa  
Cupido est,  
Vique Doloque simul ; Muscis hic  
Retia tendit,  
Ut foribus laxos suspendit Aranea  
Casses.

XXXIX

Cum Mors præscindet Nimrodi  
Vulturis ungues,  
Nomina cernemus subito mutata  
Domorum :  
Bethesda his fiet tandem Bethania  
tristis.

XL

Arbitrio subdi pejus, quàm Lege  
perire ;  
Pharmaca quæ curare valent, si  
Balsama perdunt ?  
Namque Bono quod degenerat, nil  
pejus habetur. 120

XLI

Sique Tyrannorum arbitrio non  
traderet ullos

( 412 )

Omnipotens Sanctos, crudeli Morte  
premendos,  
Nullum Martyrium foret, aut Salva-  
tor Iesus.

XLII

Stulti durescunt, sed Sancti, ut  
Cera, liquescunt :  
Corporis ad gemitum morientis,  
jamque jacentis  
Nudo Dente, Genis macris, Oculis-  
que cavatis.

XLIII

Vitæ Author Vitam præbet, largire  
Misellis ;  
Dissectis Venis præclusa est Janua  
Lethi :  
Sit Deus Exemplar ; te cura ; pasce  
Famentes.

XLIV

Ut Cœlum obtineas, heu, quantula  
Portio Vitæ 130  
Hic peregrinantis superest ! namque  
excipit Ortum  
Occasus subito, Finisque ab Ori-  
gine pendet.

XLV

Cum Vitiis cui Bella foris, Pax per-  
manet intùs :  
Cessat Judicium, quùm sese judicat  
ullus :  
Extrà vestiri Zelo est augere Dolores.

XLVI

Magnates, Vos magna manent Tor-  
menta, Tyranni  
Si sitis. Infernus Medicinam haud  
exhibet ullam :  
Securus nè sis, securus si cupis esse.

XLVII

Robora franguntur quæ Cœli Mur-  
mura temnunt ;  
Ardentem in Cineres Prunam consi-  
dere cernes ; 140  
Nec non in fumos clarum vanescere  
Lychnum.

XLVIII

Exue rugosam Sagam, jam Tempus,  
& aufer  
Peccati Achanis velamina nigra,  
Magarum

Leprosis pannis superabunt Ulcera  
foeda.

## XLIX

Insontem hoc Naboth Ferro super-  
avit, idemque  
Jezabelis pinxit Faciem, Centroque  
removit  
Tot Regna, atque novum dimovit  
Cardine Mundum.

## L

Felices hujus qui spargent Saxa  
Cerebro,  
Quique ea loturi maledicto Sanguine,  
sternetque  
Osse Vías: Cujus Gemitus sunt  
Gaudia nostra. 150

## LI

Non debet Salicâ regnare Hæc Lege,  
Procellas  
Excitat, Halcyonumque Dies dis-  
pellit, in Aula  
Mentis nil habitat Bonitatis, si regit  
Illa.

## LII

Luxuries ejus quot Morbos edidit?  
Astra  
Inficit, Esuriemque auget, Vivisque  
molesta est  
Dum crapulantur humum Tumulis  
civilia Bella.

## LIII

Mens mea, Mæstitiæ Labyrinthis  
septa, quot Annis  
In sacco, Lachrymis baccato, trans-  
ige Vitam!  
Clâm nigris in Speluncis ambito  
Tímores!

## LIV

Cumque Heraclito pacatum transige  
Tempus, 160  
A Turbis procul, & procul à Dis-  
cordibus Armis,  
Quæ Mundum insanum turbato in  
Pegmate versant.

## LV

Illic Relligio dulcis vel Pectine  
pulsat,  
Vel Digitis Cytharam, vel Cantu  
personat Antra,

Divinæ inspirat vel Dorica Carmina  
Musæ.

## LVI

Proque Tubis resonabit Amor Testu-  
dine, solvens  
Obsidione Urbes, quassatas Marte,  
vocansque  
In Cœlum, Imperii Sedem, mortalia  
Corda.

## LVII

Nostra hinc Lætitiâ, hinc Hymni  
Solatia nostra,  
Præcipue Angelici. Summo sit  
Gloria Patri, 170  
Pax Terris, Hominum succedat  
prompta Voluntas!

## LVIII

Pennæ quas Veneris Volucres dant,  
Dedecus addunt;  
Ergo, Vulcano Versus committite;  
tollet  
Ille pedes Melis; liber, sed claudicat  
Ille.

## LIX

Tollitur en Nihil, ast Aliquid cadit!  
ô, ubi Merces  
Antiquæ Virtutis Honos! Sapientia  
quondam  
Virtutem evexit; coluisti, Plute,  
Minervam.

## LX

Cos fuit Oxonii Lambeth! tamen  
Ille Volatu  
Exuperat longè Pinnacula Divitia-  
rum,  
Qui Virtutem ambit, puro Virtutis  
Amore. 180

## LXI

Virtutis Radiis accenditur Illius  
Ardor,  
Et Pestes omnes Modulis fugat ille  
canoris,  
Fulminaque extinguit per Cœli Ex-  
pansa trisulca.\*

## LXII

An matutinæ Volucres cantando  
citabunt  
Solem ex nocturnis Tenebris, tecto-  
que Cubili?

Atque Animæ vivæ in Tenebris &  
Morte jacebunt?

LXIII

Evigilate ergò de Somno, & Nocte  
soporâ;

Increpat ecce Moras nostras Auriga  
Diei,

Sol dum cæruleos moderatur in  
Æthere Currus.

LXIV

Jamque experrecti, Textrices mille  
Laborum 190

Conspicite aerias, quæ fingunt Arte  
stupendâ

Mæandros, texuntque suis per inania  
Telis.

LXV

Surgite, Sol Aurum per summa  
Cacumina spargit,

Condit Aromatibus Lucem, dum  
spargit Odores,

Cuncta sagittiferis Radiis Dulcedine  
replet.

LXVI

Erigit in Cælum Mentis Lux aurea  
Phœbi:

Pulpita qui fugiunt, Hymnis capiun-  
tur. In Aurum

Vertit Amor Plumbum, Chymico  
præstantior omni.

LXVII

Utque Opifex Naturæ Apis est, Tra-  
gemata fingens

Mellea, dum sugens chymicè trans-  
format in Aurum 200

Flores; ditatur sic plumbea Carmine  
Prosa.

LXVIII

Nullus Rex Vatem, sed Regem Car-  
mine Vates

Evehit, Ille Animas languentes  
excitat, Ille

Ad Mare Pacificum Curas trans-  
mittit edaces.

LXIX

Ut Gemmæ radiant, atque æmula  
Lumina Stellis,

Per Loca transmittunt tenebrosa:  
ita docta Poesis

( 414 )

Et Lucem, ac Animam, Vitamque  
dat Artibus ipsam.

LXX

O dives, ridens, radiansque Poetica  
Gemmis,

Nobilitas Splendore tuo Diademata  
Regum!

Tu Gentilitium Clypeum depingis  
Honoris. 210

LXXI

Te, (quæ circundas Artes velut Aere)  
Teque

Rerum inventarum Portam, Scenam  
Ingeniorum,

Tam dives, quàm pauper amat,  
Regesque procando.

LXXII

Vates & Reges Tumulo conduntur  
eodem;

Ruminat Ars quodcunque accenditur  
Igne Poetæ,

Sensibus ut nostris divinum exhalet  
Odorem.

LXXIII

Prudentes reddit Speculatio, non  
meliores:

Littera solum Ars est, sed Praxis  
Spiritus; Usus

Arte valet, sic Ars usu; qui seperat,  
aufert.

LXXIV

Languida Facta quidem Dictis  
stimulantur acutis, 220

Verba ut Femellis, Maribus sic Facta  
probantur:

Sit Vita Exemplar, fac, Leges præ-  
veniantur.

LXXV

Maxima Cognitio nostra est servire  
Tonanti,

Tunc nos morigeros Mandatis æsti-  
mat, Actus

Excipiunt quandò quædam Inter-  
ludia nostros.

LXXVI

Illorum Mentis sola ad Sublimia  
tendunt,

Quorum non quovis agitantur Pectora  
Vento,

Utque Aula instabiles, sed in Æquore  
nant Sapientis.

LXXVII

Non alia his Cynosura nitet quàm  
Gratia, quamque

Portat Apostolicus collustrans Sig-  
nifer Orbem: 230

Hâc Evangelici Cursum rexere  
Magistri.

LXXVIII

Hicque Theanthropos Sermo, tum  
mystica Vitra

Oris fatidici, nec non Oracula tanta,  
Fomentumque Precum, tum Murus  
Aheneus hîc est;

LXXIX

Cœli Sculptura hîc, Pietatis Clavis,  
& ipsa

Gaza, Instrumentum, Spesque An-  
chora, Charta fidelis,

Atque Voluptatis Gurgis, sic Navis  
Amoris.

LXXX

Nunquam sic refluit Sanctorum  
Fluctus, ut ipsos

Urgeat in Syrtes Errorum cuncta  
vorantes,

Peccati Clades fugiunt, ut naufraga  
saxa. 240

LXXXI

Ut Casus Mortis, Noctis Septentrio,  
Non tam

Obscuri, aut Tenebræ triduanæ,  
quas super omnem

Egyptum induxit, qui Lucem &  
Sydera fecit.

LXXXII

Tempestati hujus collata Tonitrua  
languent;

Si Stimulos spectes Aspis fert Bal-  
sama, Mors est

Vel Pietas, hujus cùm Carmina  
fæda videbis.

LXXXIII

Hujus cùm laqueos mea Musa eva-  
seris, illuc

Tende Alis, ubi Lux Mentes quæ  
luminat, ardet;

Et Nebulas abigit, tenebrasque Nitore  
resolvit.

LXXXIV

Sit tibi Relligio curæ, quam discute,  
meque 250

Errantem cohibe, DEUS alme, &  
percutie Carnis

Ignavæ (si quando salit vel rudet)  
asellum.

LXXXV

Mens minor es minimo Cœli indul-  
gentis Amore:

Peccatum haud linquunt Terror,  
Pudor, atque Reatus;

Quatuor hi Comites Cœtum glome-  
rantur in unum.

LXXXVI

Peccato defectus ego, nunc perditus  
erro;

Namque orare mihi vesana Superbia  
visa est.

Luctantem, DEUS alme, leva sub  
Pondere Terræ.

LXXXVII

Nemo merere potest, meruit tamen  
Unus, & horum

Qui jactant Sese, Zelum frigescere  
cernis, 260

His stannum, Argentum est, æs  
Aurum sæpè videtur.

LXXXVIII

Cor renova, Linguam mihi dirige,  
porrige Dextram,

Inspiresque Fidem, Spemvelo detege  
tectam:

Erige collapsum, crescat Vis semper  
Amoris.

LXXXIX

Lingua, Decus nostrum, Menti ser-  
vire memento.

Spiritus ille tuus Bezaliel illustravit.  
Mors Fide me salvat, Cæcis das

Lumina sputo.

XC

Spiritus ex sensu fiat, nam Gratia  
sola

Naturam vertit, chymichus Lapis  
ecce repertus,

Et Verbum omnipotens sola est  
Projectio pura. 270



XCI

Verbum, Cos veri, nec Regula certior  
ulla :

Rejicimus Mappam tenebrosam  
Traditionum.

Non urit me Charta, tamen Mens  
ignibus ardet.

XCII

Dum lego, Mens intus magno Splen-  
dore coruscat,

Et novus ecce Vigor penetrat Præ-  
cordia, namque

Omnia describit Placitorum Arcana  
tuorum.

XCIII

Hujus Carminibus tecum versantur  
Enochi ;

Avertit Mortem, transfert nos ante  
Senectam :

Dat Vaticanus Scorium, purum hinc  
nitet Aurum.

XCIV

Sic cum pigra gelu Gens Tartara,  
splendida Gemmis <sup>280</sup>

Tecta subit Sophiæ, subito Fervore  
refecta,

Quæ nive semianimis fuerat, se  
vivere sentit.

XCV

Infundis mihi Tu Meditamina sancta,  
meoque

Effundis pia Verba Ore, & laudando  
per Orbem

Diffundis mea Facta, tuo quæ Munere  
vivunt.

XCVI

Musa, mihi Chordas tendens, cane  
Facta Bonorum

Hymnis, sed pravos taceas ; Artesque  
Tributum

Dent tibi, tu Cordi Linguam, Pen-  
namque ligabis.

XCVII

Degener at Soboles Evæ, pollutaque  
Culpis,

An Te Mensurâ tenui comprehendere  
posset, <sup>290</sup>

Omnipotens quum sis, nec mensu-  
rabilis unquam ?

XCVIII

Arbustum Cedros, Aquilam non  
regulus effert

Laudibus, aut cernit Phœbeas noctua  
Flammæ,

Gutta quid Oceano ? Radiis Jubar  
infinitis ?

XCIX

Languentem sed Spes & Amor per  
inane volatum

Ferre valent, in Te noctem Fiducia  
lustrat ;

Grandis Amor, suppleto Fidem, Spēi  
scribimus Alis.

C

Spiritus, alme DEUS, Mens, Corpus, &  
omnia Facta,

Et Verba, & Mentis Meditamina,  
postea discent

Et Laudes celebrare tuas, &  
Crimina flere. <sup>300</sup>

O, quantum JESU me diligis !  
Ergo Beatum

Me tua jam reddat Dilectio,  
suscipiatque

Erectum rursus Dilectio  
MAXIME JESU !

Hæc ara est, atque hæc mea  
victima dulcis amoris.

Cor, Oculus, Lingua, atque Manus,  
Poplesque reflexus

A te sunt Cuncta hæc, ad te sint Cuncta  
vicissim <sup>1</sup>.

Post Homerum Iliada, post Vossæum  
Grammaticen, post Rossæum, celebra-  
rium illum Virgilio Evangelizantis  
Autorem, Carmen Heroicum con-  
scribere audax planè videatur Facinus.  
Tenuitatis quippe meæ, & imparis longè

in Poesi venæ conscius, cum non possum  
quod vellem, volo tamen quod possum  
effundere.

Est aliquid prodire tenus si non datur  
ultra.

<sup>1</sup> This is again, in the original, arranged and framed altar-wise.

## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

Cantio III. Latino Carmine donata. Restauratio

## ARGUMENTUM

Authoris Raptus, laudatur Gratia ; fusæ  
Sunt Lachrymæ charo Britonum pro Sanguine fuso  
Obscurè, petitur Pax ictis prisca Michaiis.

## TRISTICHON I

SOLLICITES mea Musa Lynam, digi-  
toque pererra  
Argutæ Chelyos Chordas, & Cantica  
psallas  
Quæ rapiant Terras, & scandant  
Astra Triumphis.

## II

Ecstatico raptus Motu Bartæius  
Heros,  
Lecto subsiliens, alacres ducensque  
Choræas,  
Dixit ; In hunc Morem saltabunt  
Gallica Regna.

## III

Seu Meteora Soli viscoso Semine  
facta,  
Quæ, motu succensa suo, super  
ardua tendunt  
Nubila, Stellarum nec non de More  
coruscis

## IV

Effulgent Flammiis ; Duntaxat at illa  
relucent 10  
Ut Sese absumant, & nos per  
Compita ducant ;  
Nec pro se Venti, sed Nobis, Flamina  
spirant :

## V

Enthea sic superas mea Mens  
ascendit ad Arces,  
Sese dispendens, Stolidos ut reddat  
Acutos ;  
Qui Tædam præfert Aliis, Se Lumine  
privat.

## VI

Qualitèr Inferno sudat vesana  
Libido :

Sic Cœlo aspirat divini Zelus Amoris ;  
Scrutari Hoc Mentis contendit tota  
Facultas.

## VII

Cardinibus subnixæ Fides conver-  
titur altis ;  
Purior haud ullis præclusa Scientia  
Metis ; 20  
Flamma, Cor accendens, non Ignis  
Signa relinquit.

## VIII

Horti florentis blandum Po[i]mæria,  
sancta  
Visorum Tellus, Sapientum grata  
Cohorti,  
Auratis Asini Phaleris Ludibria  
prostat.

## IX

Huic Mare fit rabidum Mundus,  
Discordia major  
Est ubi Ventorum, quàm Pyxis  
nautica nôrit :  
Incumbit Sanctus Velis, tenet An-  
chora Cœlum.

## X

Appulit hîc Pietas, ubi non confracta  
Dolore  
Conscia Mens fremitat, Rabie aut  
consumpta malignâ ;  
Lumina lascivæ Veneris nec Fulgure  
tacta. 30

## XI

Non Nugæ Hîc Pueri ; Juvenis non  
fervidus Æstus ;  
Ambitus Ætatis maturæ nullus ;  
Avari  
Grandævi haud Vitium ; non Otia  
pigra coluntur

22 Poimæria] Sic in orig.

## XII

Non Gula, lascivi aut Pruritus turpis  
Amoris,  
Turgidus haud Fastus, non invidiosa  
Rubigo,  
Ira nec ardescens, aut Obduratio  
Cordis.

## XIII

Non Amor invadit proprius, vel  
Pectora Curæ  
Scindentes, Schisma aut Doctrinæ  
mobile flatu,  
Non cæci pungunt Stimuli, nec Poena  
Latebris.

## XIV

Hinc macula apparet Tellus obscura,  
ubi certant <sup>40</sup>  
Pro vanis Homines, puerilis more  
tumultûs;  
Formicæ, veluti peterent, munimina,  
scloppis.

## XV

Est ubi Luxuries satiata, Libidoque  
spumat,  
Sanguis ubi Irato, petiturque ubi  
Pignus Avaro,  
Turget ubi Ambitio, Livor fremit,  
Otia torpent.

## XVI

Imperio Martis remanent quàm  
Regna revulsa,  
Dispersis Aulis! sub nostro Lumine  
quæ sunt  
Pulvis ut exiguus Ventorum Flatibus  
actus.

## XVII

Hic stat formosi polydædala Machina  
Mundi,  
Sustentata Manu Veri, summique  
JEHOVÆ. <sup>50</sup>  
Apparent instar Nanorum exindè  
Gigantes.

## XVIII

Quàm vilis Mundus! pia Musa,  
innitere Pennis  
Firmis, (terreno fueras detenta  
Tumultu,  
Jactatâ & Turbâ) demùm transcende  
Monarchas.

## XIX

Raptus in hunc morem divino con-  
citus Igne,  
Ætheris in Camerâ stellatâ percute  
Chordas:  
Aspirare tui nequeunt huc, Roma,  
Regentes.

## XX

Sese dilatans Animus fit latior usquè  
Sicut Helix; Hominis status at  
Nativus, ut Orbis,  
Quem subitò à Zenith deturbant  
Fata superno. '60

## XXI

Perspiciens Ratione Fides oculatior  
Aulam  
Sideream, Mentis rapiunt sua Visa  
serenas;  
Veri accensa Pharos per Amorem  
Gaudia pandit.

## XXII

Hæc Lux quæ Radiis conuestit  
singula claris,  
Theiophilam, inclusit Prægnanti  
Mente decoram;  
Excipit occiduum Naturæ, Gratia,  
Solem.

## XXIII

Fundat Aroma Calyx, Rosa quam  
dulcissima, Virtus  
Illustris matura siet tua Tempore  
justo,  
Explicet ac Radius divinus Floris  
Honorem.

## XXIV

Anni Procurso duodeni sic sua  
Forma <sup>70</sup>  
Enituit, Formam Dominæ stupuère  
potentes;  
Spectantes Animæ Lucem per  
Corporis Umbram.

## XXV

Ardet Crystallo veluti Lucerna polito,  
Cujus transparens decoratur Fabrica  
Flammis;  
Hæc ita divino splendet Virgo  
Nitore.

## XXVI

Mens Gemmam superat, superat sua  
Concha pruinam,

Flumina vel Lactis manantia ab  
Ubere pleno :  
Venæ Saphiros præcellunt, Labra  
Rubinos.

XXVII

Circùm Labra volant Charites sua  
mille venustæ,  
Suavia Puniceis labuntur Aromata  
Portis, 80  
Indè fluunt cunctos medicantia  
Balsama Morbos.

XXVIII

Emittunt tales Altaria Sancta  
Vapores ;  
Tales Blanditias halant Fragrantia  
Gummi ;  
Sic Rosa coccineâ spirat præflorida  
Veste.

XXIX

Attonitos reddunt Spectantùm  
Lumina Vultus,  
Afficiunt quamvis Præcordia fervida  
castis,  
Attamen Ardoris sunt ipsa immunia,  
Flammis.

XXX

Lampadas hasce volet quisquis de-  
pingere, quisquis  
Exprimeret clarâ radiantes Luce  
Fenestras,  
Pingeret Aspectum fugientem, pon-  
deret Austrum. 90

XXXI

Suave videremus Pectus, micat Eden  
Amoris,  
Illis Monticulis nascuntur Mala  
decoris,  
Quæ Mala de vetitâ sanarent Arbore  
nata.

XXXII

Mollities, Candorque Manûs tran-  
scendit Oloris  
Plumas ; est talis cujus moderatior  
Ardor,  
Qualis cùm coeunt Radius Phœbeus  
& Aurum.

XXXIII

Jucundæ Nemoris Syrenes, Musica  
turba,

Gutturibus quarum dimanat dul-  
cior Aer,  
Illam quid petitis cunabula vestra  
perosæ ?

XXXIV

Ecce Latus claudunt Argentea Lilia  
castum, 100  
Calthæ fulgentes Auri flammantis  
amictu,  
Ignes evibrat cùm Lauro Primula  
Veris.

XXXV

Margaron excellunt Dentes ; Tegmen,  
Caput, Auri,  
Vox præit Argento, de Te Natura  
Vigorem  
Sumit, Panniculis est præ Te squal-  
lida Flora.

XXXVI

O, Formosa, Pudica tamen, seu  
Chava, priusquàm  
Candida purpureo suffuderat Ora  
Rubore  
A Te Virtutes, Artes, Charitesque  
profectæ.

XXXVII

Ad vivum depicta manet non  
Pulchrior Icon  
Quàm pia Mens pulchro quæ  
splendet Corpore clausa : 110  
Hujus Cœlesti cedit Pandora Decor.

XXXVIII

Aulæ Sideribus pictæ sic Cynthia  
Præses  
Apparet, Phœbi Splendoribus aucta  
refractis,  
Fulgida Stellarum dum stipant  
Castra Phalanges.

XXXIX

(Astra Pruina refert) subitò Telluris  
at Umbrâ  
Objectâ Lucem retrahit, cui Conus  
opacus  
Falcata supra Lunam, sub Lumine  
Solis.

XL

Qui Cœlum, Nubes, Terras, Mare,  
Saxaque lustrat,  
Qui penetrat Gemmas, Fructus,  
Stellas, Adamantas ;



Mundi Oculus, claræ Promus Con-  
dusque Diei. 120

XL I

Cujus gliscentes imitatur Flamma  
Pyropos,  
Purpureas Aurora Fores dum  
pandit Eoò,  
Noctis lucentem Dominam, Famu-  
lasque repellens.

XLII

Theiophilam radians Lumen Te  
appello Diei,  
Palpebra quippè Fides tua fit, seu  
Pupula Fervor,  
Vultus Angelico speciosos More  
venustans.

XLIII

Ætheris illa potens, casta & Regina,  
reclusi,  
Plurima vestalis quam cingit Virgo  
propinqua,  
Disparet, dia hæc si Constellatio  
splendet.

XLIV

Nobilitas vera est Virtus, Cognatio  
Sancti, 130  
Tutela Angelicus Chorus est,  
Cœlumque Brabium;  
Cujus demissus, dum surgit Gratia,  
Vultus.

XLV

Eugenia Ingenium, Paidia ministrat  
Acumen;  
Thesaurus Veri charos Eusebia  
præbet.  
(Cudendi Voces Vati concessa  
Potestas.)

XLVI

Aula Cor est formosa sibi, divinius  
Ejus  
Pectus, Sacratæ Penetralia candida  
Amoris;  
Hic Sibi Delicio est, Sanctos reficitque  
Poetas.

XLVII

Illustres Domini, quos Laurea Serta  
coronant,  
Artes qui eruitis, qui cultas reddi-  
tis Artes, 140

( 420 )

Estis & infirmi qui Sustentacula  
Mundi;

XLVIII

Qui struitis Famæ Monumenta  
perinclita Templo,  
Mellea de Vobis Modulamina talia  
manent,  
Qualia divino mulcerent Pectora  
Succo.

XLIX

Dum succedit Hyems Autumno, Ver  
premit Æstas,  
Dum recitat Modulis Tempus  
Pœana vetustis,  
Vestris Vos Famæ Plumis repara-  
bitis Alas.

L

Illud quod præbent sublimia Tænera  
Vinum,  
Insanè Vires poterit reparare  
fugatas;  
Sic Citharæ, atque Tubæ, sic Organa,  
Tympana, Sistra. 150

LI

Conciliat quamvis reboantia Mur-  
mura Basso  
Ars, torquens Nervos graviore  
usque, sonoro  
Fulmine dum complent Aulam  
Diapasona totam;

LII

Ista parùm valeant; Dominæ Testu-  
dine tensâ  
Hujus, Chordarum Pulsum tenta-  
verit Omnem,  
Dum Mens Harmoniæ pertracta est  
Pollice docto.

LIII

Gratia inest Verbis; O, terque  
quaterque beati,  
Queis Cœlum Terris, æterno  
Codice scripti!  
Qui, Sensu amoti, cupiunt Com-  
mercia Mentis!

LIV

Inter Eos qui divino de Semine  
creti, 160  
Non obscurati Sensu nec Corporis  
Umbrâ,

Seraphicè exardent vivacis Origine  
Flammæ.

LV

Gaudia dat Gustus, non exequanda  
Loquelis !

Ritu Cimmericoque Scholis pal-  
panda superna,

In quorum Solis Frontem sunt  
Nubila densa.

LVI

Callis inaccessus nimio fit Lumine  
Coeli ;

Splendidior Radius teneros per-  
stringit Ocellos :

Ephata fare, Lutum Visu me reddet  
acuto.

LVII

Hoc Raptu emotus divino, fac mihi  
talis

Contingat Finis, Stagaritæ qualis,  
in illo 170

Euripo, quem non ullus comprehendere  
posset !

LVIII

Mystica præbeat hæc (ô sit protensa !) 190  
Catena

Nexus, qui stringat vel quavis  
fortius Arte !

Talia lenitos rapiant Modulamina  
Sensus.

LIX

Musica pervadit Mentem, cum per-  
citus Oestro

Insano Saulus, Genio fremuitque  
maligno,

Gemmea præ Plectris sordebant  
Sceptra Tyranni.

LX

Hujus inardescens Hymni me  
Flamma repurgat

Fœcibus à Terræ : Cantus Pene-  
tralia Coeli

Divini reserant, deducunt Agmina  
pura : 180

LXI

Agmina pura Dei celebrant Natalia  
læta ;

Hymnos vel Christus modulatur ;  
Sancta Columba

Coeli, summa petens, Numerorum  
deligit Alas.

LXII

Nî Versus, non sit Textus, quia  
quælibet Hymni

Incantant ; actis famuletur Concio  
Psalmis,

Antè Diem summum, per Vos  
demortua surgunt !

LXIII

Ast ubi grassatur Furiis Bellona  
tremendis,

Stragibus, heu, lassato, sed haud  
satiata recedens,

Prædatrice Lupâ truculentior, Or-  
gana pulset ?

LXIV

Est equidem non Mota Solo, pacata  
Tumultu : 190

Degeneres trepidant ; manet illa  
invicta Catervis,

Displosi metuit nec rauca Tonitrua  
Scloppi.

LXV

Insunt Virtuti sua Balsama ; sollici-  
tavit

Intensè Numen Gladii mollire  
Rigorem :

Ætatis Ferrosic Aurea Virgo profatur.

LXVI

Ingruit, O, Numen Venerandum !  
dira Procella,

Coccina purpureæ cum velant  
Crimina Vestes,

Effuso tinctæ pretioso Sanguine  
Vitæ !

LXVII

Orbis Aquis cinctus, fortunatissimus  
olim,

O, deplorandum ! quantum muta-  
tus ab illo ! 200

Pax ubi floruerat pia, Mors ibi pro-  
diga regnat !

LXVIII

Rubrum deprompsit Vinum Mavor-  
tius Ardor !

Conserves Arcam, Deus, in Tor-  
rente Timorum,

170 Stagaritæ] Sic in orig.

Aut tua subsidat Lachrymis, tum  
Sanguine, Sponsa !

LXIX

Est Panem Lachrymata suum,  
Gemitusque resorbet :

Lumina pro Potu sua sunt in  
Flumina versa !

Ipsa, immersa Malis, ad Te Selan-  
guida confert.

LXX

Ad Modulos Compone graves, Pater  
Orbis, acutos

Hybernæ Chelios ! quævis Dis-  
cordia Concors

Esto, Scoti fuerit super, aut Insigni-  
bus Angli !

210

LXXI

Non inter Socios sævo Formido  
Leoni ;

Vel prædabundis inter se con-  
venit Ursis ;

Mutua Pernicies, lacerat, Vir, Corpus  
Iesu !

LXXII

Si modò fert Animus, pugnetis Ful-  
mina Martis,

Turcico & invisam Labaro dedu-  
cite Lunam,

Sacra relinquentes Fidei Confinia  
rectæ.

LXXIII

Agminibus Thracum densis conten-  
dite ; quamvis

Sclopporum seu Truncus iners,  
Caro vestra deorsùm

Tendat, summa petent Animæ de  
more Globorum.

LXXIV

Numinis in mediis si sit Præsentia  
Castris,

220

In Templo residet multò magis  
Ille sacrato,

Hæresin ut pellat, perversaque Schi-  
smata purget.

LXXV

Hæc Tunicam rupère Tuam, Dolor  
undè Bonorum !

Zelotæ quamvis raucâ Te Voce  
fatigant,

Voto indignaris civili Sanguinemixto.

( 422 )

LXXVI

Fallaces potuère Bonum suadere  
fuisse

Præcones, per Diluvium vadare  
Cruoris ?

Præstigiis uti, Summosque resolvere  
Nexus ?

LXXVII

Inde Catechismi neglecti, & sacra  
Synaxis !

Herbæ hinc sylvestres, seu Ranæ  
Vere Palustres !

230

Athea Schismatici Corruptio pessima  
Cleri.

LXXVIII

Prætextus fugiant speciosos, sunt  
fideles ;

Cultu divino repetantque Precamen  
Iesu ;

Fœderis aut valeant Mystera dira  
trisexti.

LXXIX

Sic seduxerunt illos Insomnia vana,  
Vilescent illis adeò ut Natalia Christi !

(Nemo tenet Nodis mutantem Protea  
Vultum.)

LXXX

Festum Festorum, supremæ dulce  
Cohorti ;

Inclinat Cœlum hîc Terris, hinc  
Gaudia Sanctis ;

Judice Relligione Dies primarius  
Anni.

240

LXXXI

Factus Homo bonus est primum,  
tum degener ; Ipse

Sermo Caro Factus, nostra haud  
Commertia vitans,

Pejor ut is nihilo, meliori Sorte  
fruatur.

LXXXII

Audetis Verum profiteri ? Pabula  
pascunt

Fuci aliena ; merum Pigmentum  
Papiliones ;

Tettix deperdit, redemit sibi Tem-  
pora Myrmex.

LXXXIII

Mellea dum repetunt Vespæ Spelæa  
rapaces,

Illis Insidiis structis merguntur in  
Ollâ,  
Corporis haud tanti sint ac Muni-  
mina Mentis.

LXXXIV

'Kirk-Int'rest kenimus'; Leges re-  
vocate Draconis. 250

Instaurate vetus Templum; Sunt  
Mœnia Sancti,  
Seu Tubus est Pastor, Fons Gratia,  
Gluten Amorque.

LXXXV

Vobis præteritos ignoscat Musa  
Furores,  
Singula propitio condant Oblivia  
Velo,  
De Rebus moveat si Vos Metancea  
peractis.

LXXXVI

Veri Cultores, balantes pascite Christi  
Agnos; quippè Merum Sanguis,  
Caro dapsilis Esca:  
Illos pascentes semper, spectate  
Coronam.

LXXXVII

Dispensatores Sponso, Sponsæque  
fideles,  
Nos sacra divini ducant Oracula  
Veri, 260  
Relligione Status floret, data Gloria  
Fidis.

LXXXVIII

Cùm Judex veniet, Merces erit ampla  
Labori,  
Pro Lachrymis Vobis manabunt  
Gaudia Rivis,  
Auratæ surgunt Spicæ sementibus  
udis.

LXXXIX

Læsis, Omnipotens Vindex! certò  
æqua rependes  
Illis, qui sese fœdo maculâre Reatu,  
Sanguinis innocui cum sit Detectio  
fusi!

XC

Aurea Pax aures, Verumque appellat  
amicum!  
Lumina non Phœbi latebris tam  
grata Borusso,

250 kenimus] Cf. *Introd. on Butler's wrath at Benlowes' macaronics.*

( 423 )

Urbibus eversis Homines, vel Littora  
Fractis. 270

XCI

O, si cœlestis vel tandem Turma  
secunda,  
Nobis, Bellorum diris Cruciatibus  
haustis,  
Grata salutiferæ resonaret Cantica  
Pacis!

XCII

Pax Domus est fessis, Pax ad Natalia  
Christi  
Cantio prima fuit, Terris suprema  
Voluntas,  
Pax Bonitatis amans, Pax Sanctis  
vera Voluptas.

XCIII

Martyribus fulcimen Amor, ceu stra-  
men Achates  
Attrahit; ad nostrum sic nos perducis  
Amantem,  
Elixir Auri verum, Compendia Legis!

XCIV

Ullanè Divinum narret Facundia  
Amorem? 280  
Quippè redemptus Homo Naturas  
nobiliores  
Angelicas superat; Tanti sit Passio  
Christi!

XCV

Hic demùm tacuit; Lachrimarum  
Flumina manant  
Ex oculis, illi Mundus Cadus esse  
videtur,  
Gaudia falsa Merum, Stultorum portio  
Fæces.

XCVI

Et nunc Lætitiæ vivæ de Fonte  
micanti,  
Pura ubi perpetuo Chrystalla fluentia  
Cursu,  
Mens erit æthereas conscendere  
Raptibus Oras.

XCVII

Hinc Documenta sibi Zelus male-  
sanus habebit,  
Ardores Cujus tradunt in Prælia  
sævi, 290



Hinc fera depositis mitescant Secula  
Bellis.

xcviii

Auribus exhibeas Epulum, selecta  
Venustas!

Dum sic cantat Amor, Reges dulcedine capti:

Gratia Naturæ Nervos intendit  
Amore.

xcix

Horrissonas Amor ipse potes sedare  
Procellas,

Cantibus & placare tuis immania  
Cete,

Quæ Dominatrici diverrunt Marmora  
Caudâ.

c  
Si tua, Virgo, nequit compescere  
Erotica Musa

Incumbens Ævo Fatum miserabile  
nostro,

Pro Scriptis Lachrymæ; Nam Gens  
est danda Furori! 300

Provecti, tandem Latiales linqui-  
mus Oras,

Te petimus Patrium, Terra Bri-  
tanna, Solum.

Hic ubi Nemo citis designet Lit-  
tus Ocellis:

Egressæ faveant Fluctus, & Aura  
Rati.

## Upon the Vanity of the World

LONG have I sought the wish of all  
To find; and what it is men call  
True Happiness; but cannot see  
The world hath it, which it can be,  
Or with it hold a sympathy.

He that enjoys what here below  
Frail elements have to bestow,  
Shall find most sweet bare hopes at first;  
Fruition by fruition's burst,  
Sea-water so allays the thirst. 10

Whoever would be happy then,  
Must be so to himself; for, when  
Judges are taken from without,  
To judge what we are, fenc'd about,  
They do not judge, but guess, and  
doubt.

His soul must hug no private sin;  
For, that's a thorn conceal'd i'th' skin;  
But Innocence, where she is nurst  
Plants valiant Peace; so, Cato durst  
Ev'n then be best, when Rome was  
worst. 20

God-built he must be in his mind;  
That is, Divine; whose faith no wind  
Can shake; when firmly he relies  
Upon the ALMIGHTY, he outflies  
Low chance, and fate of destinies.

As fountains rest not till they lead,  
Meand'ring high, as their first head:  
So, man rests not till he hath trod  
Death's height: then, by that period,  
He rests too, rais'd in soul to GOD. 30  
OWEN FELTHAM.

POTESTAS Culminis est Tempestas  
Mentis, Splendorem habet Titulo,  
cruciatum Animo; desuntque Inopiæ  
multa, Avaritiæ omnia. Ne petas  
igitur, devota Anima, esse qualis in  
Anglia Dux Buckinghamiæ, & in Aula  
Cæsaria Princeps ab Eggenberg, & in  
Hispania Comes D'Olivares, & in  
Imperio Ottomanico Mustapha Bassa  
fuere; nec tibi magis arideant cerus-  
satæ Laudes, & calamistrata Encomia,

quàm sinceræ & sacrosanctæ Amoris  
Anhelationes. Seculi delectatiunculas  
devita, & Cælorum Jubilo recreaberis:  
delicatura nimis es, si velis gaudere cum  
Mundo, & postea regnare cum CHRISTO:  
Amarescat Mundus, ut dulcescat DEUS.  
Quamdiu est in te Ægypti Farina,  
Manna cæleste non gustabis; Gustat  
DEUM cui Libido Seculi Nauseam parit:  
Exinanitio nostra plenitudinis Cœli  
capaces reddit. Si vis frui Sole, verte

Owen Feltham] Not the worst verses of the author of the *Resolves*.

## The Vanity of the World

dorsum Umbrae: nec amaris à Mundo, nisi à CHRISTO repulsa, nec à CHRISTO, nisi à Mundo spreta. Dejecit se de Culmine Majestatis qui à DEO ad Consolatiunculas Creaturulae confugit. O quam contempta recula<sup>1</sup> est homo nisi supra humana se erexerit! Beatum nil facit Hominem, nisi qui fecit Hominem; minimum enim Dei omnis Orbis Magnitudine est magnificentius. Paucis, nec tibi ignominiosum sit pati

quod passus est CHRISTUS, nec gloriosum facere quod fecit Judas. Morere Mundo, ut vivas Deo. Quicumque cum DEO habet Amicitiam, Felicitatis tenet Fastigium. Hæc unica Laus, hic Apex Sapientiae est, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda: Mortis ergo Meditationi, & Aeternitatis Contemplationi Lucemulae tuæ Oleum impendas. Vale.

STORMS on the mind from Honour's  
hill descend;  
Titles external beams add not to bliss:  
The poor wants much, the covetous  
all. My soul,  
No painted praise, nor flow'r'd encom-  
iums prize  
Equal to pious breathings of pure love:  
Eschew the petty pleasures of the time,  
And Heav'n's refreshments make thy  
jubilee:  
Imagine not to swim in worldly pomp,  
And afterwards to reign with Christ  
in bliss;  
Earth must be gall, that God may  
honey prove: 10  
He the best relish hath of Heav'n, who  
most  
Disdains the base licentiousness o' th'  
age;  
We must be emptied of ourselves, before  
We can have entrance into th' heav'nly  
court:  
If we desire fruition of the sun,  
Then must our backs upon the shade  
be turn'd;

Disclaim'd by Christ are those the  
world doth love,  
And those whom Christ does love, the  
world contemns:  
He of his greatness doth himself divest,  
Who goes from God, and creature-  
comforts seeks. 20  
Oh, what a mean despised thing is  
man,  
Unless he raise himself above the earth,  
Since nought but his Creator makes  
him high!  
Let's think 't no shame t' endure what  
Christ endur'd,  
Nor glory to do that which Judas did;  
Dead to the world, let's be alive to  
God,  
Who gain His favour are supremely  
blest:  
This is the height of wisdom, to desire  
Those things in life, which thou wouldst  
dying crave:  
Then on the thoughts of death thy  
lamp's oil spend, 30  
And muse upon that state which ne'er  
shall end<sup>2</sup>.

## Mundo immundo

NON possum, non Arte loqui; Furor  
addit Acumen:  
Crimina taxantur, Nomina salva  
latent.  
Munde, quid hoc sibi vult? tantò  
longinquius erras,  
Quantò plùs graderis; Te Cacoethes  
habet.  
In quos Schismaticas torsisti sæviùs  
Hastas,

Quàm quos Virtutis cœlitus Umbo  
tegit.  
Protege me, Cœlum! Quis adest?  
Oppressor avarus,  
Cui prior est Nummus Numine,  
Libra Libro.  
Numme, potens Deus es! Sic undique  
supplicat Auro,  
Omnipotens veluti Numen inesset  
Ei; 10

<sup>1</sup> *recula*] For this diminutive ('thinglet,' 'trifle') B. might quote Plautus and Apuleius: *creaturula* and *consolatiuncula* must be ecclesiastical if he did not coin them.

<sup>2</sup> This blank verse translation (with couplet-tip) of the preceding Latin prose paragraph is curious: and it might, at the time, have been much worse.

## Edward Benlowes

Aurum Nequitiae Pater est, & Filius Orci;  
 Os promit Nectar; Mens Aconita vomit.  
 Hic vorat, utque rapax ruit in nova  
 frusta Molossus;  
 Vasta Sitim pariunt Æquora, Terra  
 Famem;  
 Tota nec explerent Pellæas Æquora  
 Fauces,  
 Terraque sat tantæ non erit una  
 Fami.  
 Perfida quisquis amat, se perdit, & odit  
 amando:  
 Plus habet Ille Dei, qui minus Orbis  
 habet.  
 Dum captat, capitur; Dæmon licet  
 Omnia spondet,

Dat Mundus, magnum præter inane,  
 nihil. 20  
 Plena Fames, mellita Lues, Persuasio  
 fallax,  
 Gloria Flos, Pulvis Gaza, Tiara cinis.  
 Tendiculas, Pigmenta, Dolos, Crepita-  
 cula, Fumos;  
 Has rauco Merces Guttur laudet  
 Anus.  
 Insatiata Fames rapto superincubet  
 Auro,  
 Porcus & aggestas grunniat inter  
 Opes.  
 Littera R hebræa, pelasga, latina no-  
 tabunt  
 Quodd, malus, ER-RO-RES<sup>h</sup> nil nisi,  
 Mundus habet<sup>1</sup>.

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

### Canto X. The Abnegation

#### THE ARGUMENT

What's potent Opulency? What's remiss  
 Voluptuousness? World, what's all this,  
 To that the Soul's created for, Eternal Bliss?

#### STANZA I

VARIOUS are poets' flames; some,  
 eclogues write,  
 Others describe a horrid fight,  
 Some lyric strains, and some the  
 epic do delight:

#### II

But, here my sharpen'd Muse shall  
 entertain

The scourges of satiric vein,  
 To lash the world, in which such  
 store of vices reign.

#### III

No grandee patron court I, nor  
 entice

Love-glances from enchanting  
 eyes,  
 Nor blandishments from lipping  
 wanton's vocal spice.

#### IV

No such trite themes our fired genius  
 fit, 10

Of which so many pens have writ:  
 Prudential souls affect sound Reason,  
 not slight wit.

#### V

Blest talents which the Gospel's  
 Pearl do buy:

Frail hopes that on the world rely,  
 Where none are sav'd by faith, but  
 by' infidelity.

#### VI

The way to gain more ground, is to  
 retreat;

Our flight will be our foe's defeat;  
 Minds conqu'ring great delights,  
 triumph in joys more great:

#### VII

Pull me not, *World*; nor can, nor  
 will I stay;

Juggler, I know what thou canst  
 say: 20

Thy magic spells charm easy sense  
 but to betray.

<sup>1</sup> Observe the most Benlowesian eccentricity of the subscribed *h* to get the Hebrew *resh*.  
 15 by'] Cf. note on 'they' *supra*, p. 380.



## VIII

Wits toil to please thee, sables yield  
their skins ;

The silkworm to thy wardrobe  
spins ;

Rocks send their gems, seas pearls,  
to purvey for thy sins.

## IX

Thou bright'nest cupboards with  
throng'd massy plate ;

Heap'st ermin'd mantles of estate ;

Shew'st rich caparison'd champing  
coursers at thy gate.

## X

Thou cull'st of Nature's spoil from  
air, earth, seas,

The wing'd, hoof'd, finny droves,  
to please

Gluttons, who make themselves  
spittles of each disease. 30

## XI

And shall, like Dives, a sad reck'ning  
pay ;

Feasts hasten'd on his fun'ral  
day ;

Death brought the voider, and the  
Devil took away.

## XII

Tell me no more, th' art sweet, as  
spicy air ;

Or, as the blooming Virgin, fair ;

And canst with jovial mirth resusci-  
tate from care.

## XIII

Boast not of ruby lips, and diamond  
eyes,

Rose cheeks, and lily fronts, made  
prize,

With dimpled chins, the trap-pits  
where a fondling lies.

## XIV

Death's serjeant soon thy courted  
Helens must 40

Attach, whose eyes, now orbs of  
lust,

The worms shall feed on, till they  
crumble into dust.

## XV

Boast, *World*, who unto revels dost  
decoy

Thy fav'rites, that they're bath'd  
in joy ;

Disdaining saints, who precious time  
in pray'r employ :

## XVI

Who, where they come, with purer  
rays of light,

Dazzle thy bat-ey'd legions quite,  
*Rage, Impudence, and Ignorance,*  
the imps of Night.

## XVII

Fool, thy attractives, in no limits  
pent,

Indulge to surfeits, not content, 50  
And but illude the mind, not give it  
ornament.

## XVIII

Gild o'er thy bitter pills with guileful  
arts ;

Sweet potions brew for frolic  
hearts :

When most thou smil'st, thou attest  
most perfidious parts.

## XIX

With thee dwells fawning *Craft*, and  
glozing *Hate*,

Th' allurements of imperious state,  
Which barks, like calms, invite unto  
a shipwreck'd fate.

## XX

*Guile*, rule the world, that doth in  
madness roll :

Great things the better oft con-  
trol,

Where *Pride* is coach'd, *Fraud*  
shopp'd, and taverns drown the  
soul. 60

## XXI

*Folly* in ruffling storms with *Frenzy*  
meets,

Ebbing, and flowing o'er the  
streets

O' th' care-fill'd pompous city, which  
exiles true sweets.

30 spittles] Of course = 'spitals.'



XXII

Oh, fretting broils in populous  
bustle pent,  
Where still more noise than sense  
they vent,  
And, now as much to gold, as late  
to battles bent!

XXIII

*World*, reason if thou canst. Thy  
sports leave stings;  
Thy scenes, like thee, prove empty  
things;  
Thou glorious seem'st in paint, from  
whence all falsehood springs.

XXIV

So, rainbow colours on doves' necks  
have shone 70  
In hue so diverse, yet so one,  
That fools have thought them all,  
the wiser knew them none.

XXV

I'll countercharm thy spells, that  
souls, ere thee,  
May trust wild Irish seas; who flee  
Distress'd to thy relief, thou say'st;  
'What's that to me?'

XXVI

Fawn, and betray, and Treason's  
self outdare,  
T' o'erthrow by raising is thy care,  
But I'll ungull thy minions, undis-  
guise thy ware.

XXVII

Thy gold's dross, glitt'ring troubles  
are thy bliss,  
By pomp thou cheat'st, thy all's  
amiss: 80

Thou art Sin's stage, the Devil  
prompts, Flesh actor is.

XXVIII

Spectator *Sense* applauds each  
witching gin,  
But, unto *Reason's* eye within,  
Thou seem'st Hell's broker, and the  
servile pimp of Sin.

XXIX

Thus peaches do rough stones in  
velvet tire;

Thus rotten sticks mock starry fire;  
Thus quagmires with green emeralds  
crown their cheating mire.

XXX

So, Mermaids lovely seem in  
beauty's guise,  
With voice, and smiles, draw ears,  
and eyes,  
But whom they win, they sink;  
those never more shall rise. 90

XXXI

Thy shop's but an exchange of  
apish fashion,  
Thy wealth, sports, honours are  
vexation,  
Thy favours glist'ring cares, sweet  
surfeits, woo'd damnation.

XXXII

Base proverbs are thy counsels to  
enthrall.

'Each for himself, and God for  
All':

'Young saints' (I dread to speak it)  
'to old devils fall.'

XXXIII

Rain on thy darling's head a Danaen  
shower,

Let him be drench'd in wealth,  
and power;

What then? Th' hast storm'd, and  
seiz'd on all in one short hour.

XXXIV

Oh, thou Pride's restless sea! swoln  
fancies blow 100

Thee up, dost blue with envy  
grow,

Brinish with blood, like the Red  
Sea, with lust dost flow.

XXXV

Remorseless *Rage*! thou in thy  
fifth act's breath,

When blood does freeze to ice of  
death,

And life's jail'd up for Nature's  
debt, where art? Beneath.

XXXVI

*World*, ev'n thy name a whirling  
storm implies,

102 blood—lust] The suggestion to transpose these is obvious: and is supported by  
a minute <sup>2</sup> and <sup>1</sup> over the words in my copy.

Where men in generations rise,  
Like bubbles, dropsied bladders of  
the rainy skies.

## XXXVII

Some straight sink down, whom  
waters' sheet does hide ;  
Some, floating up and down,  
abide ; 110  
The longest are so circumvolv'd, as  
rest's denied.

## XXXVIII

So, have we rid out storms, when  
Eol's rave  
Plough'd up the ocean, whose  
each wave  
Might waken Death with noise, and  
make its paunch a grave.

## XXXIX

The sick ship groan'd, fierce winds  
her tacklings rent ;  
The proud sea scorn'd to be shore-  
pent ;  
We seem'd to knock at Hell, and  
bounce the firmament.

## XL

Clouds then ungilt the skies, when  
lightning's light  
Flash'd thousand glimmering  
days t' our sight,  
But thunder's cannons soon turn'd  
those flash'd days to night. 120

## XLI

Thus art thou, *World*, life's storm,  
at death distress ;  
Starving's the bottom of excess :  
Thyself a piteous creature, how  
can'st me redress ?

## XLII

No : hadst less cruel been, th' hadst  
been less kind ;  
Oil's in thy gall to heal my mind :  
Thus Hell may help to Heav'n,  
Satan a soul befriend :

## XLIII

A good cause with good means  
some use, yet fare  
But ill, when others, of thy care,  
Whose cause is bad, and means ill  
us'd, successful are.

## XLIV

No wonder Sin's career, uncheck'd,  
runs on, 130  
Since here life's joy it hath alone,  
Which, though thou bragg'st is giv'n,  
no sooner's giv'n, than gone.

## XLV

Pomp, Pleasure, Pelf, idolatriz'd by  
fools,  
Dispute we now in Wisdom's  
schools :  
Ambition's quenchless fire i' th'  
spring of judgement cools.

## XLVI

Pride bladders tym'p'nous hearts, till  
prick'd by fear,  
Soon they subside by venting  
there :

Unsafe ascents to pow'r do watching  
dangers rear.

## XLVII

Fearful, and fear'd is Pomp ; Ambi-  
tion steep  
Does Envy get, and Hatred  
keep ; 140

High state wants station ; honour-  
thirsting minds can't sleep.

## XLVIII

Summon Aspiro, with his looms of  
state  
To weave Pride's web, in spite of  
fate ;

Who, once got up, throws down  
the steps did elevate.

## XLIX

He hates superiors, 'cause superiors,  
and

Inferiors, lest they's equals stand ;  
And on his fellows squints, that are  
in joint command.

## L

Th' ambitious treach'rous are, and  
hoodwink'd quite ;

Their giddy heads have dazzled  
sight,

For Jealousy clothes Truth in  
double mists of spite. 150

## LI

His eye must see, and wink ; his  
tongue must brave,

And flatter too; his ear must  
have  
Audience, yet careless be: thus acts  
he king and slave.

LII

So, brightest angel blackest devil  
hides;  
High'st rise to lowest downfall  
slides;  
A mathematic point thus East and  
West divides.

LIII

Bright Wisdom sends dark Policy to  
school,  
Proves the contriver but a fool,  
Who builds his maxims on a preci-  
pice, or pool.

LIV

Great ones, keep realms from want;  
they'll you from hate: 160  
Life's not so dear as wealth; for,  
that  
Holds single bodies, this the body  
of the State.

LV

Who bad desires conceive, they  
soon wax great  
With mischief, then bring forth  
deceit,  
So, brood they desolation, till it  
grows complete.

LVI

Let such as sail 'gainst Virtue's wind,  
use skill  
To tack about; for, what's first  
ill,  
Grows worse by use, and worst  
by prosecution still.

LVII

Ev'n that to which Pride's tow'ring  
project flies,  
When grasp'd, soon by fruition  
dies: 170  
Great fears, great hopes, great plots,  
great men make tragedies!

LVIII

Achitophel and Absalom prov'd  
this,

Whose brains of their designs did  
miss;  
Teaching deep Machavels; 'Fraud  
worst to th' Plotter is.'

LIX

Fallacious they, and fallible have  
been,  
Who made Religion cloak theirs in:  
Man's greatest good, or greatest ill is  
from within.

LX

Those policies that hunt for shadows  
so,  
As let at last the substance go,  
Which ever lasts, make wretched end  
in endless woe. 180

LXI

Hadst for thy household stuff the  
spoil of realms,  
Couldst thou engross Cathaiah's  
gems,  
And more then triplicate Rome's  
triple diadems;

LXII

Couldst with thy feet toss empires  
into air,  
And sit i' th universal chair  
Of State; were pageants made for  
thee, the whole world's Mayor;

LXIII

Yet those but pageants were; thou,  
slave to sense;  
To him, not's own, all things dis-  
pense  
But storms; thou happier wast i' th'  
preterperfect tense.

LXIV

Steward, give up th' account, the  
audit's near 190  
To reckon how, and when, and  
where;  
Where much is lent, there's much  
requir'd: Doomsday's severe.

LXV

Thus, proud Ambition is by Con-  
science peal'd;  
Vapours sent up, awhile con-  
ceal'd,

169 tow'ring] Orig. 'touring.'

174 Machavels] The *i* is often missed at this time in various forms 'Matchavil,' &c.



In thund'ring storms pour down at  
length, when all's reveal'd.

LXVI

Though Pride's high head doth  
brush the stars, yet shall  
Its carcass, like a sulphur ball,  
Plunge into Flames' abyss. Pride  
conca'd Satan's hall.

LXVII

The mighti'st are but worms ; pale  
cowards they  
Abash'd shall stand at that Great  
Day, 200  
When Conscience, King of Terrors,  
shall their crimes display.

LXVIII

Giants of earth, avisos may you  
tell,  
That though with envied state you  
swell,  
Yet, soon within Corruption's charnel-  
house you'll dwell.

LXIX

Sceptres are frail, as reeds : who had  
no bound,  
Are clasp'd within six foot of  
ground ;  
Whose epitaphs next age will be  
oblivion found.

LXX

Such yesterday, as would have been  
their slave,  
To-day may tread upon their  
grave,  
That flats the nose : best lectures  
dust-seal'd pulpits have. 210

LXXI

Who toss'd the ball of Earth, in dark  
vaults rest :  
All what that gen'ral once possess  
Was but a shirt in's tomb, who van-  
quish'd all the East.

LXXII

Invading Cyrus in a tub of gore,  
Might quaff his fill, who evermore

Had thirsted blood : him timeless  
Fate midst triumphs tore.

LXXIII

Weigh things ; Life's frail, Pomp  
vain ; remember Paul,  
(The way to rise will be to fall,)  
In's high commission, low, in's low  
conversion, tall.

LXXIV

Soul, wou'dst aspire to th' High'st ?  
clip Tumor's wing ; 220  
To th' test of Heav'n thy axioms  
bring :  
Best politic David was. Who con-  
quers Sin's the King.

LXXV

Let raisèd thoughts, Elijah-like,  
aspire  
To be encharioted in fire :  
Faith, Love, Joy, Peace, the wheels  
to saints' sublime desire.

LXXVI

Avaro cite, as void of grace, as stor'd  
With gold, the GOD his soul  
ador'd ;  
Wealth twins with fear : why start'st ?  
Unlock thy unsunn'd hoard :

LXXVII

I'll treble't by the philosophic stone ;  
This makes thee stare. Why, thus  
'tis done, 230  
To passives actives join in due  
proportion.

LXXVIII

Behold vast sums unown'd ! Thou  
hutch-cramm'd chink,  
Art made as nothing with a wink,  
Thou, bred from Hell, with Hell-  
deeds souls to Hell dost sink

LXXIX

Gold is the fautress of all civil jars,  
Treason's reward, the nerve of  
wars,  
Nurse of profaneness, suckling rage  
that kingdoms mars.

202 avisos] In the abstract sense of the original Spanish, which we have more gener-  
ally Englished into 'advice-boat.'

220 Tumor] So in orig. The context supports 'Timur' or Tamerlane. But 'tumour'  
(='swelling pride') or 'rumour' would make sense.



LXXX

Thou potent Devil, how dost thou  
bewitch

The dreggy soul, spot'st it with  
itch!

This slave to thee, his slave, was  
never poor, till rich. 240

LXXXI

Now chest th' all worshipp'd ore  
with rev'rend awe;

Sol's gold, and Luna's silver draw  
(Should Hell have these, 'twould  
plunder'd be) to sate thy maw.

LXXXII

While gripes of famine mutiny  
within,

And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd  
skin

O' th' poor, whose pining want can  
not thy pity win :

LXXXIII

Having their gravestones underneath  
their feet,

Breathe out their woes to all they  
meet,

While thou to them are flintier than  
their bed, the street.

LXXXIV

Blinded with tears, with crying  
hoarse, forlorn 250

They seem to be of all, but scorn:  
Death than delay (Want's bloodless  
wound) is easier borne.

LXXXV

Thy dropsy breeds consumption in  
thine heir ;

Who thus t' himself: 'I'll ease  
your care,

Measure not grounds, but your own  
earth : Die now to spare.

LXXXVI

'What's rak'd by wrong, and kept  
by fear, when mine,

Shall spread, as I'm—then  
brood the shine,

Penurious wretch, till thou by empty  
fullness pine.

LXXXVII

'Thy care's to lessen cost ; how  
slow thy pays !

How quick receipts ! Lov'st fast-  
ing-days, 260

But 'tis to save ; thus starv'st in  
store, thee plenty slays.

LXXXVIII

'When shall I rifle every trunk and  
shelf

Of this old mucky wretched elf,  
Who turns, as chemists do, all that  
he scrapes, to pelf ?

LXXXIX

Oh, sordid frenzy ! Anxious maze  
of care !

Oh, gripple covetize to spare,  
And dream of gold ! The miser's  
heav'n, the Indian's snare.

XC

Oppression is the bloodshot in their  
eyes ;

Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies:  
Fool, read, this night Death may thy  
dunghill soul surprise. 270

XCI

Think not for whom thou dost thy  
soul deceive,

And injur'd Nature so bereave ;  
But still thy knotty brain with wedge-  
like anguish cleave.

XCII

Struck blind with gold, brood on  
thy rapines, till

Thou hatch up stinging cares to  
th' fill :

The heaviest curse on this side  
Hell's to thrive in ill.

XCIII

Go, venture for't with sharks ; haste,  
miser old

Toth'hook, because the bait is gold:  
Pawn thy soul for't, as Judas did,  
when's LORD he sold.

XCIV

Possessors are, as Saul, possess'd,  
who cross 280

257 I'm—shine This is one of several places where B.'s oddities leave almost any room for conjecture. We may suppose that 'I'm' is the familiar half-completed oath and 'shine' has the slang sense of 'shiner' = 'money.'

Heav'n's law ; gain, got by guile,  
proves loss ;  
Getting begets more itch ; Lust's  
specious ore is dross.

XCV

Who sow to sin shall reap to judge-  
ment ; train

To Hell is idolizèd gain.  
Canst death, or vengeance bribe ?  
If not, dread ceaseless pain.

XCVI

Why so fast posted by thy struggling  
cares,

And self-slaying fraud, with all  
their snares ?

Stay, view thyself ; Destruction her  
crack'd glass prepares.

XCVII

His pursy conscience opens now.  
'I've run

On rocks' (he howls) 'too late to  
shun,

Lost use, and principal ! Gold, I'm  
by thee undone !'

XCVIII

If, to exhort be not too late, attend  
The wholesome counsel of a friend,

Renounce thy idol, and prevent thy  
wretched end.

XCIX

Sound for Faith's bottom with Hope's  
anch'ring cord ;

Repent, restore, large alms afford,  
The dismal freight of sinking sins  
cast overboard.

C

He who returns to's avarice left, his  
sore

Grows desp'rate, deadlier than  
before,

His hopes of Heav'n much less, his  
fears of Hell much more. 300

Oceani Monstrum natat infrænabile,  
Lingua ;

Naves sæpè pias hæc Echeneis  
habet ;

Cui paro Naumachiam, Freta con-  
turbata pererrans,

Sit Remoque meo, Lis, Remoræ-  
que tuæ.

SPES REBUS AFFIXA FUGACIBUS,  
UNO

FRANGITUR AFFLATU.

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

### Canto XI. The Disincantation

#### THE ARGUMENT

Crispulus hic, nulli Nugarum Laude secundus,  
Cui Mens Lucis inops, Stulta Ruina Domûs ;  
Qui Cereri, Bromioque litat, Luxuque liquescit ;  
Huic ne putrescat, pro Sale Vita datur.

Volupto, crown'd with bliss of fools, is bent  
To wine, feasts, gauds, loose merriment ;  
Runs on in Lust's career, till Grace stops with 'Repent.'

#### STANZA I

O headless, heady age ! Ogiddy toys !  
As humble cots yield quiet joys ;  
So prouder palaces are drums of  
restless noise.

( 433 )

#### II

'Twas in the blooming verdure of the  
year,  
When through the twins Sol's  
course did steer,

F f

That a spruce gallant did, on sum-  
mons, straight appear.

III

Glitt'ring in brav'ry, like the Knight  
o' th' Sun ;

Whose nags in Hyde-park races run  
This ev'n. 'Tis sure Volupto, old  
Avaro's son.

IV

Hot shows the day, by th' dust upon  
his head,

10

And all his clothes so loosely  
spread,

He's so untruss'd, as if it were not  
long to bed :

V

His hands keep time to th' tune of's  
feet, his pace

Is dancèd measures, and 'tis  
grace

Enough, o'er's shoulder to afford  
a quarter-face.

VI

Act, 'bove French monkeys, anti-  
masks he might

Before the apes (spectators' right)

Such dops, shrugs, puppet-play show  
best by candle-light.

VII

How mimic hum'rous garbs in  
various kind

Do chequer whimsies in the  
mind !

20

As diff'ring flow'rs on Peru's Wonder  
gard'ners find.

VIII

Hast thou black patches too? for  
shame, forbear ;

Smooth chins should not have  
spots, but hair :

But thou art modish, and canst  
vapour, drink, and swear.

IX

How blazing tapers waste Life's  
blink away

In socket of their mould'ring clay !

How powder'd curls do sin-polluted  
dust bewray !

X

As Prudence fram'd Art to be  
Nature's ape ;

So Pride forms Nature to Art's  
shape :

Corrupted wine is worst that's  
press'd from richest grape. 30

XI

Wilt Reason's sense dissolve in  
senseless wine ?

And sing, while Youth's frail gem  
does shine,

' Come, Laughter, stretch our spleen ;  
come sack in crystal shrine !

XII

' First, wine shall set, next shall  
a wanton dame

Our blood on fire, then quench  
our flame.'

But, brute, Repentance shall, or  
Hell thy wildfire tame.

XIII

Now, with the gallon ere thou try'st  
a fall,

Think o' th' handwriting on the  
wall :

If Bacchus th' inturn gets, down  
Conscience goes and All.

XIV

Shouldst thou but once the swinish  
drunkard view,

40

Presented in a mirror true,

Quite sous'd in tavern juice ; in him,  
thyself thou'dst rue.

XV

A nobler birth, with an ignoble  
breast,

Rich corpse without a mind's  
a beast :

He's raz'd from Honour's stem, who,  
Riot, is thy guest ;

XVI

Thy guests swoln dropsies, and dull  
surfeits are :

The gluttons' teeth their graves  
prepare ;

They're sick in health, and living  
dead, whose maw's their care.

18 dops] Low bows or courtesies.

## XVII

Go, corm'rants, go, with your luxurious flock,  
 Rap'd from three elements ; we mock<sup>50</sup>  
 Your musky jelly, pheasant, candid  
 apricock.

## XVIII

To Arabs, that they send their Phœnix write ;  
 In 's spice nest be cook'd it might:  
 Far fetch'd, dear bought, best suits  
 the Apician appetite.

## XIX

Go, with thy stags embalm'd, entomb'd in paste ;  
 On tenants' sweat feeds rampant waste :  
 We prize 'bove wild intemp'rance a  
 Carthusian fast.

## XX

Excess enhanceth rates : thou, on this score,  
 Grind'st 'twixt thy teeth the starving poor,  
 Who beg dry crumbs, which they with tears would moisten o'er. 60

## XXI

Laz'rus, thy skin's Death's sheet,  
 'twixt that and bone  
 There's no parenthesis ! be-moan,  
 Dives, CHRIST'S members now, or thou shalt ever groan.

## XXII

France, pamper'd stallions, to the grave y' are driv'n :  
 Nought satisfies the soul but Heav'n,  
 Th' art empty, World, from morn, through noon to doting ev'n.

## XXIII

In twice-dyed Tyrian purple thou dost nest,

51 candid] *sic* in orig.

53 spice] The metre wants 'spicy.'

75 Hypocondrunkicus] See Introd. Some timid person has altered this tremendous coinage where it appears in the *Summary of Wisdom* (*v. inf.*), to *hypocondriacus* in the B. M. copy.

Restless, with heaving fumes oppress,  
 Which cause tumultuous dreams,  
 foes to indulgent rest.

## XXIV

From hence the Spark (what pity 'tis ! ) is ill,<sup>70</sup>  
 Grown crop-sick. Post for physic's skill ;  
 Phlebotomize he must, and take the vomit pill.

## XXV

Doctor, the cause of this distemper state us.  
 ' His cachexy results from flatus  
 Hypocondrunkicus ex crapulâ creatus.'

## XXVI

School him, whose Heav'n is sense, whose reason dim ;  
 Who wastes his time, as Time wastes him :  
 Give o'er his soul, Divine ; Tailor, make's body trim.

## XXVII

Now, sheath'd in rustling silks, new suits display ;  
 Thy Clothes outworth thee : wise men say,<sup>80</sup>  
 Hedge-creeeping glow-worms never mount to starry ray.

## XXVIII

Yet, who's born under Jupiter shall move  
 I' th' sphere of Honour, Riches, Love ;  
 Say wizards. Under Jove w' are all born, none above.

## XXIX

Still to be pounc'd, perfum'd, still quaintly drest,  
 Still to be guarded to a feast  
 By fawning looks, and squinting hearts, like an arrest.



XXX

Still to have toting waits unseal  
thine eyes,  
In bed, at board, when sit, when  
rise :  
Such, Card'nal-like, their Paris prize  
'bove Paradise. 90

XXXI

Know, worldlings, that Prosperity's  
a gin,  
If wantoniz'd, breeds storms  
within :  
To torture turns the metamorphosis  
of sin.

XXXII

Pomp its own burthen is, whose  
slippery state  
Oft headlong, by too rash debate,  
Tumbles for value of a straw, pulls  
on its fate.

XXXIII

His heart-blood seethes ; that blood  
sends up in heat  
Fierce spirits ; those, i' th' eye,  
their seat,  
Fires kindle ; fiery eyes, like comets,  
ruin threat.

XXXIV

Fierce Balaam, hold thy hand, and  
smite no ass 100  
But him i' th' saddle ; he, alas !  
Wounds through her sides himself :  
wrath through the soul doth pass.

XXXV

Duels for blood, like Moloch's idol,  
gape.  
Thou, turn'd a swine out of an ape,  
First put'st on peacock's pride, at  
last the tiger's shape.

XXXVI

They're gross, not great, who serve  
wild laws of blood ;  
Such, only great, who dare be  
good :  
Grace buoys up Honour, which,  
without it, sticks in mud.

XXXVII

Make thorough search : as hard to  
find thy cure,

88 toting] 'Observing,' 'watching carefully.' Cf. Lanceland, *P. P.* (B text), xvi. 22.

( 436 )

As circle's puzzling quadrature, 110  
Or, next way by North Sea to sail to  
China sure.

XXXVIII

Lo, idle sloth in lap of Sodom plac'd.  
'Here lies he'—did occasions  
waste,  
Invaluable now, irreparable past.

XXXIX

Go, wanton with the wind : misus'd  
hours have  
A life, no other than the grave :  
Most, for life's circumstance, the  
cause of living waive.

XL

The privy council of the glorious  
TRINE  
Did in creating man combine ;  
Angels look'd on, and wonder'd at  
the soul divine ! 120

XLI

Which storehouse of three living  
Natures is,  
Doth the vast world epitomize,  
Of whom, ev'n all we see's but a  
periphrasis !

XLII

Now, to what end can we conceive  
man's frame,  
Save to the glory of GOD's name,  
And His eternal bliss, included in the  
same.

XLIII

Fools, living die ; saints, dying live :  
seeds thrive  
When earth'd ; who die to sin  
survive ;  
So, to come richer up, pearl-fishers  
deeper dive.

XLIV

Now's courtesan appears, who blows  
Love's fire, 130  
Her prattling eyes speak vain  
desire ;  
To catch this art-fair fly the follow-  
ing trouts aspire.

XLV

The gamesome fly that round the  
candle plays,

Is scorch'd to death i' th' courted  
blaze :

Thus is the amourist destroy'd by  
lustful gaze.

XLVI

This dame of pleasure, does, to seem  
more bright,

Lattice her day with bars of night;  
Spots this fair sorceress cloud, more  
to enforce delight.

XLVII

This Helen, who does Beauty counter-  
feit,

And on her face black Patches set  
(Like tickets on the door) shows that  
she may be let. 141

XLVIII

She'd coach affection on her cheek :  
but why

Wou'd Cupid's horses climb so  
high

Over her alpine nose, t' o'erthrow  
it in her eye?

XLIX

Truth's apes, beware ; such wheels  
your earth do wear ;

Horses with rugged hoofs will tear ;  
Who living's coach'd with pride, shall  
dying fall with fear.

L

(But, noble ladies, virgins chaste, as  
fair ;

Sweet modest sex, that virtuous are,  
Ye first, my honour ; my respect, ye  
second, share. 150

LI

Angelic forms, far be it to perplex,  
Or cast aspersion on your sex :  
Loose art in those, your native beam-  
ing lustre decks.

LII

So, have I seen the limner's hand  
design

A ruder piece, near one Divine,  
With this coarse face, to make that  
other beauty shine.)

LIII

Her eyes spread nets, her lips baits,  
and her arms

Enthralling chains: Sense hugs the  
charms

Of Idleness and Pride, while Reason's  
free from harms.

LIV

Tempestuous whirlwinds revel in the  
air 160

Of her feign'd sighs : her smile's  
a snare,

Which she as slyly sets, as subtly does  
prepare.

LV

Scarce is the toy at noon to th' girdle  
drest ;

Nine pedlars need each morn be  
prest

To launch her forth : a ship as soon  
is rigg'd to th' West.

LVI

At length she's built up with ac-  
counted grace ;

The spark's inflam'd with her set  
face,

Her glancing eye, her lisping lip, her  
mincing pace.

LVII

On those, his optic faculties do play,  
Like frisking motes in sunny day,  
Like gaudy nothings in the Trigon  
glass that ray. 171

LVIII

On her, profusely now he spends his  
ore ;

Scarce the Triumvir lavish'd more  
When he did costly treat his stately  
Memphian whore.

LIX

Thou, inconsiderate flash, spend'st  
precious days

In dances, banquets, courtisms,  
plays,

To gain the shade of joy, which,  
soon as gain'd, decays.

141 and 195] See note below for the illustration of this.

171 Trigon] I confess myself puzzled as to which of the various senses of this word  
—'game of ball,' 'harp,' 'triangle,' &c.—applies here.

176 courtisms] 'Ceremonies of courtship' as above, p. 337.

## LX

Which, barely tasted makes thee  
 long the more ;  
 Enjoy'd, 'tis loath'd, was lov'd  
 before :  
 Thus, nor Mirth's flood, nor ebb can  
 please, nor sea, nor shore. 180

## LXI

His pulse beats Cupid's march, and's  
 itching vein  
 Must vent loose lines, whence  
 souls are slain ;  
 Which, by augmenting lust, will but  
 augment his pain.

## LXII

Ah, mighttoo forward Sin be check'd  
 by Fear !  
 But, what may cure that eye, that  
 ear,  
 Which, being blind and deaf, brags  
 best to see and hear !

## LXIII

Thy Juno's but a cloud : she is not  
 she  
 Thy fond esteem makes her to be ;  
 Her basilisk's double eyesight kills  
 with viewing thee.

## LXIV

She murders poisons, thence com-  
 plexion's found 190  
 To murder hearts. Oh, joys  
 unsound  
 From light-bred daughters, though  
 they weigh ten thousand pound !

## LXV

Tell me not, simp'ring Lais, that  
 thy ray  
 Can blood, turn'd ice, unfreeze,  
 like May ;  
 Whose spotted face to Virtue does  
 soul-spots betray.

## LXVI

Ceruse, not lilies there ; thy blush-  
 ing rose  
 Its tincture to vermilion owes :  
 Curs'd be those civil wars Love's  
 royalty oppose.

## LXVII

Say not, a noble love to thee he  
 bears ;  
 While's hand writes odes, his eye  
 drops tears ; 200  
 That tim'rously he's bold, burns,  
 freezes, dares, and fears.

## LXVIII

Nor tell me, Nymphodoro, that  
 Love's throes  
 For her, rob thy repast, repose :  
 Thou pul'st not to repent, but to  
 bebrine thy woes :

## LXIX

Woes, worse than waitings at the  
 five men's trade ;  
 Worse than, when sick, through  
 sloughs to wade  
 In stormy night, hard jolted on a  
 dull tir'd jade.

## LXX

Shake off these remoras would thee  
 undo :  
 The virtuous loveliest are. Grace  
 woo ;  
 What jeweller for glass will orient  
 pearl forgo ? 210

## LXXI

The soul, that beauteousness of  
 Grace exquires,  
 And to decline By-path's desires,  
 Must inward bend the rays of his  
 selected fires.

## LXXII

Unmuffle, ye dim clouds, and dis-  
 inherit  
 From black usurping mists his  
 spirit ;  
 From rocks, that split vain hopes, to  
 heav'nly comforts rear it.

## LXXIII

B' entrench'd ere midnight larums ;  
 undergo  
 The penance of repentant snow,  
 Which, melting down, will quench,  
 and cleanse, as it doth flow.

190] = (again I suppose) 'she makes herself look killing with cosmetics compounded of poisons, which are drugs made more murderous' or 'destroyed as poisons.'  
 205] What was this trade?

LXXIV

Repentance health is, giv'n in bitter  
pill ; 220

Best rectifier of the will ;  
The joy of angels, love of GOD, the  
hate of ill.

LXXV

Action's the life of counsel ; bathe  
thy soul,

I' th' LAMB's red Laver ; in dust  
roll,

Before Despair ; Hell's serjeant  
comes, drink Sorrow's bowl.

LXXVI

Ere th' icy mantle of a wrinkled skin  
Candies the bristles of thy chin,

Repent ; ere chap-fall'n door shall  
let Death's terrors in.

LXXVII

Never too late does true Repentance  
sue ; 229

Yet, late repentance seldom's true :  
Who would not, when they might,  
may, when they would, it rue.

LXXVIII

For minutes of impertinent delight,  
Lose not, oh, lose not Infinite !

Scorn to be vassal to base Sin, and  
hellish Spite.

LXXIX

Why dost outsin the Devil ? He  
ne'er soil'd

With lust, or glutt'ny was ; ne'er  
foil'd

With drink, ne'er in the net of sloth-  
fulness entoil'd.

LXXX

I may persuade, yet not prevail !  
Sin-charms

Bewitch him, till Wrath cries to  
arms :

Sin's first face smiles, her second  
frowns, her third alarms. 240

LXXXI

Sinners are fondly blind when they  
transgress ;

All woes are, than such blindness,  
less :

That wretch most wretched is, who  
slights his wretchedness.

LXXXII

Presumption slays her thousands !  
too late then

For to advise of danger, when  
Vengeance, that dogs their steps,  
shall worry them in's den.

LXXXIII

Gallants, should Trophies Cæsarize  
your power,

Should beauty Helenize your  
flower,

Should Mammon Danaize ye with  
his golden shower ;

LXXXIV

Yet, when Revenge shall inward  
thunders send, 250

And Sodom-storms on souls  
descend,

Salvation scorn'd, what rests but every  
tort'ring fiend !

LXXXV

That GOD refus'd, who you from  
depth of nought

To being, nay, well-being brought !

Ingrate, for talents lent, return your-  
selves sin-fraught.

LXXXVI

Bad great ones are great bad ones :  
foul defect

It is, when pow'r doth Shame  
protect ;

Such, will do what they will, but,  
what they ought, neglect.

LXXXVII

Virtue by practice to her pitch does  
soar ;

But they, who such a course give  
o'er, 260

Shall sadly wish for Time, when Time  
shall be no more.

LXXXVIII

Ye, brittle sheds of clay, resolve ye  
must

Into originary dust,

When swift-heel'd Death o'ertakes  
you. Where's then all your  
trust ?

LXXXIX

Men in their generations live by  
turns ;



Their light soon to its socket  
burns ;  
Then to converse with spirits they  
go, and none returns.

XC

Tomb-pendant scutcheons, pompous  
rags of state,  
Those gorgeous bubbles but relate  
The thing that was, ne'er liv'd : 'tis  
Goodness gildeth Fate. 270

XC I

Grace outlasts marble vaults ; that  
crowns expense ;  
Brass is shortliv'd to innocence :  
Time's greedy self shall one day  
find its preter-tense.

XCII

When heav'n's that had their deluge-  
dropsy, shall  
Their burning fever have ; when all  
Is one combustion ; when Sol seems  
a black burnt ball :

XCIII

When Nature's laid asleep in her  
own urn ;  
When, what was drown'd at first,  
shall burn ;  
Then, sinners into quenchless flames,  
Sin's mulct, shall turn !

XCIV

Ne'er shall a cooling julep such  
appease, 280  
Whom brimstone torrents without  
ease  
Enrage, i'th' dungeon of dark flames,  
and burning seas !

XCV

In centre of the terrible abyss,  
Remotest from supernal bliss,  
That horrid, hideous, gloomy, end-  
less dungeon is !

XCVI

Fools, who hath charm'd you ? Sue  
betimes divorce

From your vain world ; where  
power did force  
A rape, there let not choice make  
marriage, which is worse.

XCVII

Man is a world, and more ; for this  
huge mass  
Shrunk, as a scroll, away shall  
pass ; 290  
Whilst his pure substance is as ever-  
lasting glass.

XCVIII

The world is like the basilisk's fell  
eyes ;  
Whose first sight kills ; first seen,  
it dies :  
Man, by a brave disdain, its pois'n-  
ing venom flies.

XCIX

Gay World, who thee adores, thou  
great wilt make ;  
Pearl may he quaff, and pleasures  
take  
Of sense, but must descend into the  
sulph'ry lake !

C

Is Hell the upshot thou to thine  
canst lend ?  
Crawl, grovelling trifles, to your  
end ;  
Vanish beneath my scorn. Go,  
World, recant, amend. 300

Provehimur Portu, Terramque relin-  
quimus illam  
Quæ natum Gremio prima rigente  
tulit.  
O felix Oculus Portum visurus  
Amantis,  
Sit licet in Lacrymas naufragus  
ipse suas !

DEDIGNOR INDIGNA <sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Here, in orig., is the illustration referred to above—a very fine plate engraved by Hollar, representing in half-length a lady with a fan in her hands, her face and neck spotted with sign-patches as in the Latin verses *inf.* and the English *sup.* st. xlvii. In these Latin verses *Venerilla* and *Lanissa*, if not classical, are also not ugly.

In lenocitantes hujus Tempestatis Venerillas, Juvenum  
Scrobes, Animarum Voragines

IN nova fert Animus mutatas dicere  
Formas

Spectra, salax quarum Mente Libido  
furit.

Ludicra depicti jam prodit Imago  
Theatri,

En hic Scena vaftris insidiosa Dolis.  
Ergò mihi nunquam nisi Personata  
videnda es?

Si vis Personam sumere, sume tuam.  
Cui loquor? Ipse tuâ deludor Imagine;  
Vera

Quid facies, cum vel fallere picta  
potes?

Picta Genas, discincta Sinus, nudata  
Papillas;

Albor Cerussâ fit, Minioque Rubor. 10  
Vendere si non vis Carnem, conclude  
Macellum;

Nec Lupa mentitâ decipe Carne  
Procos.

Nunc emere haud fas est, quia Quad-  
ragesima, Carnes;

Venales Mammæ ergò, Lanissa, tege.  
Affigis Maculas dum Signa loquacia  
Malis,

Mercandum Pretio Corpus adesse  
notas.

Quæ primam extenuat Culpam, rea  
sæpè secundæ est;

Sæpius è primâ Labe secunda venit.  
Plurima compositos conservat capsâ  
Colores;

Sic Faciem tibi, cum cætera vendis,  
emis. 20

Suavia viscosis renuo libare Labellis,  
Ne teneat Fucus fixa Labella tuus.

Quàm levis Incessus! quàm Lumina  
pæta vagantur!

Verbula quàm molli Gutturæ fracta  
fluunt!

Quid me blanda tuis fallacibus obruis  
Hirquis?

Serpentem Gremio, Virus in Ore  
geris.

Non amat, hamat Amor tuus, ò Trive-  
nifica, nostro

Non opus est Cultu, Te nimis ipsa  
colis.

Sidera contendas Oculi sint, Pur-  
pura Malæ,

Electrum Crines, Dens Ebur, Ora  
Favi. 30

Consulto Speculo geris Omnia; fallit  
Imago:

1 Te nam (an jures) sera Ruina  
manet.

Sed quorsum in miseras labuntur  
Carmina Nugas?

Præsens, est absens, pars minor illa  
sui.

Quid velit hæc Pictura loquens? quem  
postulat Usus?

Ut suspendatur nonnè Tabella nitet?  
Quid tunc è tanto restabit Amantibus  
Igne?

Fumus iners, tristis Fæx, inamœnus  
Odor.

Ne jactes igitur Formam, fucata;  
Megæram 39

Formosam fieri sic quoque posse reor.  
Dicite, Doctores, huic quæ Complexio?

Quinta.

Quis placet huic Sensus, dicite?  
Sextus erit.

Sub quo signo orta? Opposito sub  
Virginis Astro.

Edita sub caudâ, credo, Draconis erat.  
Quænam illi fuerit Mens? Subdola.

Lingua? dolosa.

Quæ Metamorphôsis? Prodigiosa  
sibi.

Naso, suam Metamorphôsin quæ scri-  
bere possit,

Quotidiè Formas cum novet ista  
Venus?

2 Insceleratissimam Seculi Licentiam, cujus in melius  
commutandi exilis admodum supersit Spes

TOTUS adèd in Maligno (mali ligno)  
positus est Mundus, ut vehementer  
hujusmodi Satyris egeat. Ubiquè nunc

locorum damnosa Malorum Vitia,  
noxiarum instar herbarum, citissimè  
pullulescunt. Perjuria, Superbia, Te-

1 Versus cancrinus quoad Literas [author's note].

2 Above this in orig. is a map of the two hemispheres inscribed *Typus Orbis Terrarum*.

mulentia, &c. Terram sub Mole Pec-  
catorum non ruere admirabile, cùm  
Cœli, qui ingentia illa Corpora Solis,  
Lunæ, Stellarum, præter suam Vasti-  
tatem non solum ferunt, sed circum-  
ferunt, absque Ruinæ Periculo; unicum  
tamen Peccatum ferre nequiverunt, sed  
statim per solidas illas Machinas, pec-  
catum, cum suo Authore Lucifero, delap-  
sum, etiam Terram penetrans, ad Fun-  
dum Abyssi infernalis descendit.

ACTOR Homo, Cœlum Spectator, grande  
Theatrum [Dies.  
Mundus, Vita frequens Fabula, Scena  
Undè ego, sublimi positus, Deliria  
Mundi 20  
Defleo, dum Vitij Pondere tristè  
gemit.  
Esse quid hoc dicam, perversa quod  
Omnia cerno!

<sup>1</sup> Terapitaerio ventosa Superbia Curru;  
Siste rotas, Currus ferventes siste;  
Loquamur.  
Nunc opus est leviores Lyræ. Tu,  
Cyprie Bubo,  
Ore procax, Novitatis amans, Veneris-  
que Satelles,  
Callidus incautas Philtris mollire  
Puellas,  
Splendida rimaris petulanti Lumine  
Spectra,  
Et Mala quæque Bonis præfers, Deliria  
Veris, 40  
Frivola vaniloquo Mendacia gutture  
jactas,  
Mentis inops, Ratione carens, Virtutis  
inanis,  
Volveris effuso suadente Libidine Luxu,  
Lauta coronatis ambis Convivia Mensis,  
Sunt tibi Deliciæ, Risus, Jocularia  
Cordi,  
Futilibus fatuus Garritibus Aera pulsas,  
Quique ciet Nugas, Donaria summa  
reportat,  
Illicitumque putas nihil; Omne, quod  
officit, optas;

Densis quàm Tenebris mergitur  
Orbis iners!  
Talia tartareo crevere Piacula Seclo,  
Vix Terris Scelerum mox Modus  
ullus erit.  
Luxus ovans, impurus Amor, maculosa  
Libido,  
Persica Mollities, Spes levis, Ira  
gravis.  
Carnificina Boni, sed Iniqui sedula  
Nutrix,  
Orbis es, Illecebras nil nisi turpis  
habet.  
Fraus juvat, hinc justa est, fallique &  
fallere gaudes; 30  
Mors Jocus, Infernus Fabula, Sanna  
Polus.  
Heu, Pietas ubi prisca! Profana ò  
Tempora! Mundi  
Fæx, Vesper, propè Nox; ò, mora!  
CHRISTE, Veni!

Expetis ut fulvum Mundus vertatur in  
Aurum;  
Auritæ de Gente Midæ reor esse Ne-  
potem: 50  
Stulte, tuas Vestes, Avis ut Junonia  
plumas,  
Aspicias; in Cute curandâ malè con-  
teris Ævum.  
O, Genus insipidum! sani tibi mica  
Cerebri?  
Auscultet tumido Gens implacabilis  
Ore.  
Luxuries prædulce Malum, blanditur,  
& angit:  
Innumeras parit ipsa Cruces, nutritque,  
Voluptas:  
Vita vices morientis habet, morerisque  
superstes.  
Sed, quid ago? Surdis cantatur  
Fabula. Fati  
Vespera mox veniet! quid inexorabilis  
hæres?  
Cuncta tenere putes; tu percipis omnia;  
Solum 60  
Hoc nescis, Pantæn quod es insanissi-  
mus Andræn.

## In strenuos hujus Seculi Compotores, & Gulones Perditissimos<sup>1</sup>

QUALIS hîc Boatus? quæ Vociferatio? | Cantharum, quantus quantus est, in  
Auscultemus. Aut bibite, aut hunc | Capita impingam vestra. Sic enim

61 We need not suppose that Benlowes put in the Greek for anything but metre's sake.

<sup>1</sup> Above these passages respectively the orig. has two little vignettes in text, one



assuefacti (à sue facti) sunt; Qui tamen Ipsi nondum hesternam edormiverunt Crapulam. Heu, quàm petitis perituri peritura! Labantes ad Præcipitium impellitis, & ad Infernum proruentibus, calcar subditis! Interim tamen vos accusat Conscientia, Testis est Memoria, Ratio Iudex, Voluptas Carcer, Timor Tortor, Oblectamentum Tormentum! Undè, hi vorando, bibendo, ludendo, dormiendo, moriendo, justè obliviscantur sui, qui vivendo (nisi jurando) semper oblitī sunt Dei.

TURGIDUS iste quis est? ambas perpotus ad Aures,  
Qui tradit rabidæ Fræna soluta Gulæ;  
Qui plures avido Calices ingurgitat haustu; 20  
Cui Venus in Vinis, Ignis in Igne furit;  
Cui Venter Deus est, & lauta Culina Sacellum;  
Orgia cui madidi grata profana Dei;  
Cui sunt Liba Dapes, & Compotatio Festum;  
Et Pietas plenâ Lance litare Gulæ;  
Plurima qui spondet, perfusus Tempora Baccho;  
Omnia quæ Sociis, cras, sine fronte negat;  
Cujus Lingua vomit spumantia Vota Salutis,  
Obrutus est nimio dum sine Mente Mero.  
'Vivamus liquidi, potemus, edamus, ovemus; 30  
Nulla Sepulcorum nascitur Uva Cavis:  
Mordaces Curas solvamus Vociferando,  
Sic permittamus lætiùs ire Dies:  
Falle Diem, strue Serta, Scyphum rape, tingere Nardo;  
Si tibi Cura mei, sit tibi Cura Meri:  
Prome Falerna, remitte Pavenda, propellito Nubes:  
Leviathæ Os utinàm nunc mihi grande foret!

Gemmatīs sī Musta bibam flammantia Poclis,  
Inde frequens Naso Gemma repentē micet. 39  
Plurima sic olidis epotat Vina Tabernīs,  
Ut referat brutas sordida Vita Sues:  
Immersus Vitii Barathro, Scelerisque Profundo,  
Ebrius Errorum Nectare, Porcus ovat.  
Immemor ipse sui, nimiùm memor ipse Suorum,  
Carneus iste Cadus, Viva Culina cluat.  
Nocturno reboat dum cæca Plataea Tumultu,  
Quodvis ex animo suavè peregit Opus.  
Una Salus tibi sit nullam potare Salutem:  
Te Puer in triviis erudiisse potest.  
Qui mihi Discipulus, Bibo sis, cupis atque doceri; 50  
Huc ades, Abdomen spernere disce tuum.  
Pondus iners, Carnis Cumulus, Vini-que Culullus,  
Progenies Grylli, Dux Epicurus haræ;  
Cœnum, non Cœlum sapis, Ingluviem-que saginas,  
Non Mentem; solùm pro sale Vita datur.  
Ditia sorbebit subitò Patrimonia Guttur;  
Quod tua peccarunt Guttura, Vitra luunt.  
Quæ Mare, Terra, Polus, Pisce, Alite, Vite ministrant,  
Desidis alta Gulæ Cuncta Barathra vorant.  
Efferat Tempestas Cellæ, Barathrum-que Macelli! 60  
Exanimestumulet mortua Turbatuos!  
Hoc verbo concludo, nec os tibi subli-  
lino: Nequam es:  
Exitio, nisi te corrigis, Ipse tibi.

EHEU, quàm Magnificus iste jam ægrotat miserè! ecce, Linteola Manu contrahit, distorto Ore & distento Labia dispan-  
dit, anhelis Pulmonibus difficile spirat, longum Vale Mundo dicit, tenebrescentes Oculos circum-

volvit, & suburbia Mortis intrat. Lectores, clarum hîc Speculum Fragilitatis cernite. Gregor. Magnus Lib. 4. Cap. 38. Dialogorum, de Chrysorio Romano tradit Historiam, de quo, an Divitiis, seu Vitiis magis abundaverit,

representing a Caroline dandy in full dress standing ostentatiously, and the other the same person sitting drinking—and drunken.



incertum fuit. Cum, quasi expirans,  
anxiaretur, apparere illi teterrimi,  
Dæmones, ipsum certatim prensantes,  
trahereque ad Inferna annixi; Ille,  
Horrore tremuit, seque super Lectum  
huc atque illuc vertere miseris cœpit  
Modis. Nec dubitaret Quisquam  
Spiritus sibi apparuisse, qui probè  
illius Gestus, & Lamenta consideraret.  
Postremò, ipse, cùm jam Amicorum

Auxilio desperasset, ad Hostes con-  
versus, Inducias, oro, Inducias, inquit,  
Inducias, vel tantum usque ad mane!  
cui, Dæmones; Stulte, hac nocte  
eripietur tibi Anima. Dum hoc pos-  
cendo ingeminat, Animam exhalavit!  
Væ vobis miseris, qui in ipsis Volup-  
tatum Blandimentis, sævis Pauperum  
Oppressionibus, & iniquis Præliandi  
Ardoribus subito auferimini! 95

INSTARE, heu, summum, Mens, tibi  
crede Diem,  
Actus Fabellæ jam tibi quintus adest,  
Namque stat ad Mortis Limina Vita  
tremens;  
Quid modò, dum Muris imminet Hostis,  
agas? 99  
Te rapit subito Mors inopina Gradu!  
An non supremi Judicis Ora times?  
Mente soporatâ Cuncta quieta fluunt,  
Exagitat sævis evigilante Minis!  
Stat vinctum rigido sons Adamante  
jecur,  
Undique constrictum Crimine, Lege,  
Nece!  
Stare tamen nullo mens queat ægra  
Loco!  
Afflictum Pectus quis tolerare potest!  
Me Tremor, Impietas, Flagra, Ge-  
henna rotant!  
Totus in Aspectu sum rea Massa Dei!  
Heu, quàm terribilis Sontibus Ultor  
adest! 110  
Qui Flagellorum millia mille parat!  
Quis dabit hisce Modum, quæis Modus  
omnis abest!  
Supplicium Æternum! Dirus ut ille  
Sonus!  
Nullis Inferni Flamma domatur aquis!  
Æstus at infusæ Gurgite crescit Aquæ!  
Nunc, Mundi quid Honos, Gaza, Jocus-  
que, valent!  
Vos, speciem fumi, quicquid habetis,  
habet;  
Perfidiosa sequi Ludicra Mundus  
amat;  
Tristia sub placido melle Venena  
latent;  
Quo magis arrident, sunt metuenda  
magis; 120

Turgida ventoso Pectora Folle replent.  
Inter Acidalias, ceu Sybarita, Rosas  
Crevi, Præda feris scrutanda Rogis!  
Prædonum Paphiâ mitior Ira face;  
Cultorem perdis; qui tibi vivit, obit;  
Arbore seu Chavæ, prima Venena necis,  
Arbore sic CHRISTI Vita secunda fluit.  
Hac, hac sit nostrâ Meta terenda  
rotâ!  
Jam nunc Justorum Fata subire velim!  
Pro Te, CHRISTE, pati, est vincere,  
Vita mori: 130  
Te peto dum superest Halitus; Oro,  
fave.  
Hanc, DEUS, ex magno mittis Amore  
Crucem:  
Sum miser, ah, misero fer miseratus  
Opem!  
Nunc opus est Precibus, nunc Ope,  
CHRISTE, tuâ!  
Unus Opem, Vulnus qui dedit, Ille  
ferat!  
Pœnitet admissi Criminis; oro DEUS,  
Sanguinis inspergat, Gutta vel una  
tui!  
Sperem, vix ullam Spes ubi cernat  
Opem!  
Singula baptizem Corporis Acta mei!  
Sint Lachrymæ Mentis Gaudia sola  
meæ! 140  
Quæ suaves aliquid, Nectaris instar,  
habent;  
Tristia qui spargit, Gaudia abindè  
metet;  
Lætitiæ Segetem flebilis Unda parit:  
Languet, sola sonet Lachryma! Lingua  
sile.  
HÆC, LECTOR, SICCIS QUÏ TUEARE  
GENIS!

## Mundi Contemptus

DELICIÆ, Luxus, laqueata Palatia,  
 Gemmæ,  
 Incautos, veluti blanda Venena, ne-  
 cant;  
 In Trabea Livor, Gemmâ Timor, Ira  
 sub Auro;  
 Bullatum his Pectus plurima Pestis  
 agit.  
 Est Honor umbra Rei. Quid Honoris  
 Spes? minus umbrâ;  
 Umbram finge umbræ, spes id  
 Honoris erit;  
 Dum placet, illudit; dum splendet,  
 fallit; amœnam  
 Sic referens bullam, frangitur illa  
 micans:  
 Aurea pacatam turbant Laquearia Men-  
 tem,  
 Et Vigiles Noctes Purpura sæpè  
 trahit; 10

Oblongas videt ire vigil sua Tædia  
 Noctes,  
 Præque ipsis longas Noctibus ire  
 Dies:  
 Sæpè Equitem excussit, fractâ Cervice  
 Sedentis,  
 Ad Titulos properans Ambitionis  
 Equus:  
 Illis, scepstrigeri quos lactat Gloria  
 Mundi  
 Auratis Tectis, fit peregrina Salus.  
 Divitias Avidus per aperta Pericula  
 Ponti,  
 Retia quæ Mentis, concumulare  
 studet.  
 Hæc, mihi ne noceant cauto, cretata  
 facessat 19  
 Ambitio, & fulvi sordida Cura Luti.  
 Felix qui streperi Ludibria rideat Orbis,  
 Aspernans Ævi luxuriantis Opes.

## THE SWEETNESS OF RETIREMENT

## OR THE HAPPINESS OF A PRIVATE LIFE

## Canto XII. The Segregation

## ARGUMENT

Tu, mihi Thema, Quies Animæ, sanctus-  
 que Recessus;  
 Rores dum saturant me, Deus alme,  
 tui.  
 Vera Quies, Paucos nosti, notissima  
 Paucis;  
 Dum fugio Plures, te peto, vera Quies  
 Carmina Secessum? Potius Devotio quærit:  
 Sic quadrant Modulis Pectora sancta  
 suis.  
 Turbat Apollineas clamosa Molestia  
 Musas;  
 Christicolæ Modulossed magis illa gravat.  
 Sit procul Urbs, prope Vota mihi;  
 mihi reddar, & intus  
 Plena Fide perstet Mens mea, plena  
 Deo! 10  
 Hoc Nemo est Templum, patuli Laquearia  
 Rami;  
 Fit sacræ Truncus quisque Columna  
 Domûs:  
 Pervia Sylva patens est Porta, Cacumina  
 Pinnæ;  
 Baptismi Pignus Rivulus omnis habet:

Dat Mensam Collis sacram mihi Cespitem  
 tectus;  
 Pectoris Ara Fides, Zelus Amorque  
 focus.  
 Si quis Baptistes in Eremo prædicet, Ecce  
 Pulpita, in arboreâ Sede locata, patent.  
 Hic licet elatâ dare Verba precantia Voce;  
 Et sine Teste, Deo nec nisi Teste,  
 loqui. 20  
 Ipsa monent tremulas quatientia Flamina  
 frondes,  
 Per nos fundendas Corde tremente  
 Preces.  
 Antevolansque cavo Suspiria nostra  
 Susurro,  
 Dum gemit Aura levis, Tu geme, Cultor,  
 ait.  
 Voce Deum celebros; Concordes sponte  
 Choristæ,  
 Sunt Præcentores, dum modulantur,  
 Aves.  
 Amen subijcio; dat Amen, quasi Clericus,  
 Echo.  
 Sylva placet, Luxus Desidiose, Vale.

## THE ARGUMENT

True Bliss! Thou know'st but few, to few art known;  
 While we shun many, thee alone  
 We court, and all enjoy in thee, when all are gone.

## STANZA I

WASTE not another word on fools;  
 forsake  
 What grates the ear, pure notions  
 take;  
 Know, that the smoothest hones the  
 sharpest razors make.

## II

Ill suits it with a russet life, to  
 write  
 Court-tissue: swains, by thresh-  
 old's sight,  
 Observe, as well as lords by clocks  
 of gold, Time's flight.

## III

Whose crystal shrines, like oysters,  
 gape each hour,  
 Discov'ring Time by figures' pow'r:  
 That is the nobler watch, foreshows  
 the threat'ning show'r.

## IV

While cumb'rous gain does various  
 cares obtrude, 10  
 The richer mind courts solitude,  
 And does guile (subtle to beguile  
 itself) exclude.

## V

More than high greatness humble  
 goodness draws;  
 Elm rafters, mantled o'er with  
 straws,  
 Outbless Escurial tow'rs that seem  
 Heav'n's cupolas.

## VI

Each city-shop's a trap; each toy, a  
 yoke;  
 What wise man willingly would  
 choke  
 Himself in thicker clouds of griping  
 care, than smoke?

## VII

Who would not fly that broil, whence  
 Bliss is flown;

Where, in Time's dregs, Religion's  
 grown 20  
 From best, to all (flow tears of  
 blood!), from all, to none.

## VIII

LORD, guide Thy Church, which  
 interests impair;  
 Who, without knowledge, factious  
 are,  
 They little mind the flock, so they  
 the fleece may share.

## IX

Why climb'd they else the pulpit, as  
 Lot's brother,  
 With fire in one hand, knife i' th'  
 other?

'Twas vip'rous Nero slew his own  
 indulgent mother.

## X

As Peace Heav'n's blessing; so is  
 War His rod,  
 Man-hunting beast, a scourge from  
 God,  
 Which doth unhinge the world;  
 fierce grapes in Wrath's press  
 trod. 30

## XI

Let me, in Grief's prerogative, be  
 bold  
 To question such, as dare to  
 hold  
 That they the SHEPHERD lov'd, when  
 they forsook the fold.

## XII

Such scramblers at the shearing  
 feasts, I shun;  
 Forgetting, and forgotten, run  
 To fraudless swains. I have a Friend  
 compliant won;

## XIII

By his example may my life be penn'd,  
 May he read, like himself, his  
 friend:

21 This is a puzzling line. One would expect 'From best to all . . . to best to none,'  
 or 'From best to worst . . . from all to none.' Cf. *Summary* version *inf.*

Souls in conjunction should, like  
stars, kind influence send.

XIV

Us Sympathy, the mind's true priest,  
does join ;

'Tis Grace makes social love  
divine ;

Tun'd octaves unisons are, duos in  
one combine.

XV

When two enweav'd are in one high  
desire,

They feel, like angels, mutual fire ;  
Flames intellective live, material  
flames expire.

XVI

Vain World, thy friends are thieves  
of Time ; twice they

Are robb'd ; for, Time's self steals  
away,

Leaving a dull December for a  
sportive May.

XVII

Fools' chat is built on sand ; but  
blest who hives

Discourse, that on Heav'n's sweet-  
ness lives,

Such, as to raise the fire to high-born  
Virtue strives.

XVIII

For birds of Paradise the proper  
fare

Is purest vapour of the air ;

Souls nourish'd from the influ'nce  
of GOD'S SPIRIT are.

XIX

Dew fattens earth, the earth yields  
plants, and then

The plants feed beasts, the beasts  
feed men ;

Man on His WORD should feed, who  
gave him origin.

XX

From public roads, to private joy's  
our flight ;

To view GOD'S love, we leave  
man's sight ;

Rich in the purchase of a Friend,  
who gilds delight.

60

XXI

Thus go we, like the heroes of old  
Greece,

In quest of more than golden  
fleece,

Retreating to sweet shades, our shat-  
ter'd thoughts we piece.

XXII

So, when the Sun, commander of  
the day,

Muffles with clouds his glorious  
ray,

He clearer afterwards doth his bright  
face display.

XXIII

Kings, too much seen, grow mean.  
Renown does dawn

From cots, unsightly hang'd, and  
drawn

With spider-woven arras, and their  
cobweb-lawn.

XXIV

Victorious Charles the Fifth, who  
had acquir'd

Fame, wealth, and what could be  
desir'd

By greatest emperors, left all, to live  
retir'd.

XXV

That sea-dividing Prince, whose  
sceptred rod

Wrought freedom to the Church  
of God,

Made in the Mount of Horeb forty  
days' abode.

XXVI

In wilderness the Baptist shin'd more  
clear,

In Life's night starry souls appear :

They who themselves eclipse, are to  
Heav'n's court more dear.

XXVII

But, now what need we cite examples  
more,

This by our SAVIOUR heretofore

Was practis'd, who, whole nights  
retir'd, did GOD implore.

XXVIII

Examples are best precepts. Sweet  
Secess,



The nurse to inbred Happiness,  
How dost thou intellects with fuller  
knowledge bless !

XXIX

Waft us, all-guiding Pow'r, from wild  
resort,  
By Cape of Hope, to Virtue's  
Port,  
Where Conscience, that strong cham-  
pion, safely guards the fort.

XXX

Here, Liberty, ev'n from suspicion  
free,  
Does terminate our fears ; by  
Thee  
We conquer lusts : each sense wears  
Reason's livery. 90

XXXI

With Thee, like cloister'd snails, is  
better state,  
Than to be lions in a grate :  
The world hers, coop'd like Bajazet,  
does captivate.

XXXII

But, here (the type of ever-smiling  
joys,  
Without disturbing fears, or noise),  
We bright-ey'd Faith, with quick-eyed  
Art, in Truth's scale poise.

XXXIII

Religious Mary's leisure we above  
Encumber'd Martha's cares ap-  
prove ;  
Uncloister'd, we this course beyond  
Court's splendour love.

XXXIV

Seated in safe repose (when circling  
Earth 100  
Suffers by rage of war, and dearth),  
Secure from plagues and angry seas,  
we manage mirth.

XXXV

The low-built fortune harbours Peace,  
when as  
Ambitious high-roof'd Babels pass  
Through storms ; content with  
thankfulness each blessing has.

XXXVI

So fragrant vi'lets, blushing straw-  
berries,

Close-shrouded lurk from lofty  
eyes,  
The emblem of sweet bliss, which  
low and hidden lies.

XXXVII

No mask'd fraud, no tempest of  
black woes,  
No flaunting pride, no rage of  
foes, 110  
Bends hitherward, but soon is laid,  
or overblows.

XXXVIII

We rule our conquer'd selves ; what  
need we more ?  
To gadding Sense we shut the  
door ;  
Rich in our mind alone. Who wants  
himself, is poor.

XXXIX

Slander is stingless, Envy toothless  
here ;  
The russet is well lin'd we wear ;  
Let cits make chains the ensigns of  
their pomp appear.

XL

Faith link'd with Truth, and Love  
with Quiet too,  
O'er pleasant lawns securely go ;  
The Golden Age, like Jordan's  
stream, does here reflow. 120

XLI

For fields of combat, fields of corn  
are here,  
For trooping ranks, tree-ranks  
appear ;  
War steels the heart, but here we  
melt heart, eye, and ear.

XLII

Oh, might a sacred Muse Earth's  
frenzy calm !  
On that we'd pour such suppling  
balm,  
As might vain trophies turn to an  
unfading palm.

XLIII

Then should each He, who wears  
the face of man,  
Discern their emptiness, and span  
The vulgar's trivial idols, and their  
follies scan.

XLIV

Though in rough shells our bodies  
kernell'd are, 130  
Our roof is neat, and sweet our  
fare,  
Banish'd are noisome vapours to the  
pent-up air.

XLV

No subtle poison in our cup we fear,  
Goblets of gold such horrors bear;  
No palace-Furies haunt, O rich  
Content! thy cheer.

XLVI

How great are those who use, like  
gold, their clay;  
And who like clay, gold, great are  
they;  
To grandeur, slighted titles are the  
ready way.

XLVII

Courts' amplest shine nor adds, nor  
takes from minds  
That pierce the world, true merit  
binds 140  
Bright souls unto it, whilst a fog th'  
ignoble blinds.

XLVIII

Humble, not slav'd; without dis-  
comfort sad;  
Tim'rous, without despair; and  
glad,  
Without wild freaks, we are. The  
world's or fool, or mad.

XLIX

From Taurus when Sol's influence  
descends,  
And Earth with verdant robe be-  
friends,  
And richer showers, than fell on  
Danae's lap, dispends;

L

When early Phosphor lights from  
eastern bed  
The grey-eyed morn, with blushes  
red;  
When opal colours prank the orient  
tulip's head: 150

LI

Then walk we forth, where twinkling  
spangles shew,  
Entinselling like stars the dew,  
Where buds, like pearls, and where  
we leaves, like em'ralsds, view:

LII

Birds by grovets in feather'd gar-  
ments sing  
New ditties to the non-ag'd  
spring;  
Oh, how those traceless minstrels  
cheer up everything!

LIII

To hear quaint nightingales, the  
lutes o' th' wood,  
And turtle-doves, by their mates  
woo'd,  
And smelling violet sweets, how do  
these cheer the blood!

LIV

While teeming Earth flower'd satin  
wears, embost 160  
With trees, with bushes shagg'd,  
with most  
Clear riv'lets edg'd, by rocking winds  
each gently tost;

LV

The branching standards of the  
chirping grove,  
With rustling boughs, and streams  
that move  
In murm'ring rage, seem Nature's  
consort, tun'd by Love.

LVI

We to their hoarse laments lend  
list'ning ears;  
And sympathize with them in tears,  
Sadly rememb'ring British Sion's  
acted fears!

LVII

Then, our sad hearts are prick'd,  
whence spring forth cries;  
From those, drain'd through the  
bruise'd soul, rise 170  
Faith-fumes, by Heav'n's fire drawn,  
which drop through melting  
eyes!

154 grovets] Rare.

162 rocking winds] Had Benlowes read Milton?

165 Rage] *Sic in orig.* but in my copy altered to 'base' = 'bass' which is probably right.

## LVIII

'Cause hungry swords devour'd man's  
flesh, like food,  
And thirsty spears were drunk  
with blood :  
LORD, how Thy Spouse turns mum-  
mied earth ! her gore a flood !

## LIX

Edge-hill with bones look'd white,  
with blood look'd red,  
Maz'd at the number of the dead :  
A theme for tears in unborn eyes to  
be still shed !

## LX

How many bound with iron, who  
did 'scape  
The steel ! and Death commits  
a rape  
On them in jails, who her defied in  
warlike shape ! 180

## LXI

Cross-biasness to grace our ruin  
spinn'd !  
Harrow'd with woes, be Heav'n  
our friend !  
Sodom 'gainst Nature, we 'gainst  
light of Truth have sinn'd !

## LXII

This draws eye-tribute from Com-  
punction's den ;  
Grace, guard Thy prostrate sup-  
pliant then,  
Who am the chief of sinners, and  
the worst of men !

## LXIII

My guilt before Thy Mercy-seat I  
lay,  
For His sake save me, who gave  
way

To die for sinners ! Ah, Sin kills  
Him every day !

## LXIV

Sin ne'er departs, till humbled in  
deep fears, 190  
Embalm'd in pray'rs, and drown'd  
in tears,  
The fragrant Araby breathes no per-  
fume like theirs.

## LXV

More fruitful those, unwitnessed,  
appear ;  
Gems are too cheap for every  
tear :  
Deep Sorrow from itself doth its high  
comfort rear.

## LXVI

Salt tears, the pious convert's  
sweetest sport,  
To hopeful joys the ent'ring port,  
Ye waft blest mariners to Sion's  
glorious court.

## LXVII

But whither stray'st thou, Grief ?  
Pearl'd dew arrays  
As yet the virgin-meads, whose  
gays 200  
Unbarb'd, perk up to prank the  
curl'd stream that plays.

## LXVIII

By rushy-fringed banks with purling  
rill,  
Meand'ring underneath the hill :  
Thus, stream-like, glides our life to  
Death's broad ocean still.

## LXIX

The pleasant grove triumphs with  
blooming May,  
While Melancholy scuds away ;  
The painted quire on motley banks  
sweet notes display.

## LXX

Earth's flow'r-wov'n damask doth us  
gently woo,  
On her embroider'd mantle to  
Repose, where various gems, like  
constellations, shew. 210

## LXXI

Ourselves here steal we from our-  
selves, by qualms  
Of pleasure, rais'd from new-  
coin'd Psalms,  
When skies are blue, earth green,  
and meadows flow with balms.

## LXXII

We there, on grassy tufted tapes-  
tries,

199 whither] Orig. 'whether.'



In guiltless shades, by full-hair'd  
trees,  
Leaning unpillow'd heads, view  
Nature's ants, and bees.

LXXIII

Justly admiring more those agileants,  
Than castle-bearing elephants ;  
Where industry, epitomiz'd, no  
vigour wants.

LXXIV

More than at tusks of boars we  
wonder at 220  
This moth's strange teeth ! Legs  
of this gnat  
Pass large-limb'd gryphons ; then, on  
bees we musing sat ;

LXXV

How colonies, Realm's hope, they  
breed ; proclaim  
Their king ; how nectar-courts  
they frame ;  
How they in waxen cells record  
their prince's fame :

LXXVI

How kings amidst their bands in  
armour shine ;  
And great souls in small breasts  
confine ;  
How under strictest laws they keep  
up discipline ;

LXXVII

How all agree, while their king lives,  
in one ;  
But dead, the public Faith's o'er-  
thrown, 230  
Their State becomes a spoil, which  
was so plenteous grown.

LXXVIII

Abstruser depths ! here Aristotle's  
eye  
(That Ipse of philosophy,  
Nature's professor) purblind was, to  
search so high.

LXXIX

Thinking, which some deem idle-  
ness, to me  
It seems life's Heav'n on earth to  
be ;

By observation God is seen in all we  
see.

LXXX

Our books are Heav'n above us, air  
and sea  
Around, earth under ; Faith's our  
stay,  
And Grace our guide, the Word our  
light, and CHRIST our way. 240

LXXXI

Friend, view that rock, and think  
from rock's green Wound  
How thirst-expelling streams did  
bound :  
View streams, and think how Jordan  
did become dry ground.

LXXXII

View Seas, and think how waves,  
like walls of glass,  
Stood fix'd, while Hebrew troops  
did pass ;  
But clos'd the Pharian host in one  
confused mass.

LXXXIII

These flow'rs, we see to-day, like  
Beauty, brave,  
At ev'n will be shut up, and have  
Next week their death, then buried  
soon in stalks, their grave.

LXXXIV

Beauty's a flow'r, Fame puff, high  
State a gaze, 250  
Pleasure a dance, and Gold a  
blaze,  
Greatness a load : these soon are  
lost in Time's short maze !

LXXXV

As solemn statesmen slight mere  
childish toil,  
Framing card-structures : angels  
smile,  
And pity so, when life straight flits,  
man's tearing broil.

LXXXVI

Search Empire's dawn, unwind  
Time's ball again,  
Unreel through ages its snarl'd  
skein ;

222 sat] An unlucky word, in more than tense.



Run back, like Sol on Ahaz' dial;  
see 'All's vain.'

LXXXVII

This did I from THEOPHILA descry  
(Not her fair-feather'd speech  
could fly <sup>260</sup>  
To ground, but my ear's pitfall  
caught it instantly;

LXXXVIII

Though her informing voice be  
parted hence,  
Tides of impressive notions thence  
Flow, soft as showers on balm, and  
sweet as frankincense).

LXXXIX

The conqueror who wades in blood  
for pow'r,  
Cannot ensure th' ensuing hour;  
Death soon may his ovation's  
sweetest nectar sour.

XC

All's vain. Th' Assyrian lion, Per-  
sian bear,  
Greek leopard, Roman eagle,  
where?  
Where is fam'd Troy, that did so  
proudly domineer? <sup>270</sup>

XCI

Troy's gone, yet Simois stays. Oh,  
Fortune's play!  
That which was fix'd is fled away,  
And only what was ever-flitting still  
does stay!

XCII

Vast pyramids uprear'd t' inter the  
dead,  
Themselves, like men, are sepul-  
chred;  
Ambitious obelisks, ostents of pride,  
dust wed.

XCIII

Heav'n sees the crumbling fabric of  
Earth's ball,  
That dust is man's original;  
To Him all nature is as wither'd  
leaves that fall:

XCIV

Terrestrials transient are. Kings  
fight for clods; <sup>280</sup>

Heav'n's Heir is mightier Prince,  
by odds,  
Ev'n all is his, and he is CHRIST's,  
and CHRIST is GOD's.

XCv

Thoughts, dwell on this. Let's be  
our own death's-head.  
The glorious Martyr lives, though  
dead,  
Sweet rose, in His own fadeless  
leaves envelopèd:

XCVI

Heav'n was His watch, whose starry  
circles wind  
All ages up; the hand that sign'd  
Those figures, guides them; World,  
thy clocks are false and blind.

XCvII

Time in Eternity's immense book is  
But as a short parenthesis; <sup>290</sup>  
Man's life, a point; God's day is  
never-setting bliss.

XCvIII

Could man sum up all times, so, as  
if there  
A moment not remaining were;  
Yet all those close-throng'd figures  
seem but ciphers here.

XCIX

Could calculators multiply Time's  
glass  
To myriads more of years; alas,  
Those sands, to this duration, as a  
minute pass.

C

Such mental buds we from each  
object take,  
And, for CHRIST'S Spouse, of  
them we make  
Spiritual wreaths, nor do we her  
own words forsake. <sup>300</sup>

CI

'Arise, O North, and thou, O South-  
wind, blow;  
Let scent of flow'rs, and spices flow,  
That the BELOVED may into His  
Garden go.'

CII

Whose beauty flow'rs, whose height  
made lofty trees,

# CANTO XII] *The Sweetness of Retirement*

Whose permanence made Time,  
and these  
Pay tribute by returns to Him, as  
springs to seas.

CIII

This steals our soul from her thick  
loom, t'aspire  
To canzons, tin'd with enthean  
fire;  
Taking high wing to soar up to the  
angel-quire.

CIV

By suchlike speculations would we  
sty 310  
To th' Sun of Righteousness!  
though I  
A star am less than least of all the  
galaxy.

CV

The burden to each hymn is this.  
'Thy ways,  
LORD, are inscrutable! All days,  
All tongues, are few, are weak, to  
sound Thy endless Praise!'

CVI

Oh, that a Voice more audible, and  
high'r  
Than that shrill trump, when all's  
on fire,  
Might all men's hearts and tongues  
with Thy renown inspire!

CVII

Nature, bless GOD, His benefits be  
sung,  
While that an ear can hear a  
tongue; 320  
Commerce with Him is th' only  
trade, all else but dung.

CVIII

'But dung'—the wild inhabitant  
repeats  
From her inhospitable seats:  
But, now 'tis noon; prepare we for  
our costless meats.

CIX

'LORD of all grassy and all glassy  
plains!

308 tin'd] 'lighted.'

327] Embase = 'lower'; 'emboss' = 'raise' obviously enough. But why 'woody  
veins'? Was he thinking of coal-mines?

( 453 )

Whose mighty hand doth wield  
Fate's reins,  
Who dost embase the hills, emboss  
the woody veins.

CX

'By Thee, the pirate, who by Nile  
being bred  
Has land for table, pool for bed,  
Camels, Arabia's wand'ring ships, by  
Thee are fed; 330

CXI

'Thou with Thy inexpressibly im-  
mense  
Finger of active Providence,  
The World's great Harbinger, dost  
all to each dispense.'

CXII

Strict temperance so cooks our mess,  
that we  
With no brain-clouds eclipsèd be:  
The driest clearness makes the  
brightest ingeny.

CXIII

The mount's our table, grass our  
carpet, well  
Our cellar, trees our banquet,  
cell  
Our palace, birds our music, and our  
plate a shell.

CXIV

Nature pays all the score. Next  
fountain has 340  
Bath, drink, and glass; but our  
soul's glass  
Presents Religion's face. Our meal's  
as short as grace.

CXV

See, where the udder'd cattle find us  
food;  
As those sheep cloth; these  
hedgerows wood.  
See, now a present brought us from  
the neighbourhood:

CXVI

Ev'n th' herb that cramp and tooth-  
ache drives away,

330 sty] as before 'rise.'

And bribes ear-minstrels not to  
play;  
And from arch'd roofs to spongy  
bellows dews does stay;

CXVII

That makes quick spirits and agile  
fancy rove,  
And genuine warmth i' th' brain  
does move, 350  
'Bove furs or fires; whose pipe's  
both ventiduct, and stove;

CXVIII

That mounts invention with its active  
smoke;  
Draught of Promethean fir'd-air  
took,  
Renerves slack joints, and ransacks  
each phlegmatic nook.

CXIX

That lust cloyes which expectance  
swells; but, here

Are dainties, that whet taste and  
ear;  
Where all are cheer'd with joy, and  
overjoy'd with cheer.

CXX

But, having travers'd more of ground  
to-day,  
Let us, for our refreshment, stay,  
And with next rising sun, complete  
next closing lay. 360

Irati sævas Maris evitare Procellas  
Quæ potuit, felix est nimis illa  
Ratis;  
Littoris optati Prospectu Navita  
gaudet;  
Gratulor emensam nec minùs ipse  
Viam.

ANIMI PABULUM CONTEMPLATIO.

## THE PLEASURE OF RETIREMENT

### Canto XIII. The Reinvitation

#### THE ARGUMENT

FELIX qui Suus est, Animi propriique  
Monarcha;  
Laus est Imperii ponere Jura Sibi.  
Felices Animæ, pulso Plutone Tyranno,  
Quæ datur Elysiis imperitare Plagis!  
Maximus internum quisquis superaverit  
Hostem,  
Major Alexandro, Cæsare major erit.  
Fabritium Æacidæ, Senecam præpono  
Neroni,  
Hic hiat Immenso, postulat Ille parùm.  
Ecquid habent Reges, nisi Membris Teg-  
men & Escam?  
Quæ vel Nobiscum vile Mapale tenet. 10

Ipse mihi Regnum, summâ dominabor in  
Aula  
Mentis, & hoc quod sum vel minor esse  
velim.  
Rex est quem Ratio regit, & quem ducit  
Honestum;  
De Regno videas regia Sceptra queri.  
Aspice quid Cineres sit Cæsaris inter, &  
Iri,  
Est unus Color his omnibus, unus Odor.  
Ergo.  
Affectus superans, & qui superatur ab illis,  
Non nisi Victor ovat, non nisi Victus  
obit.

347 bribes &c.] It would probably be impossible to find a more characteristic conceit than this for the supposed virtue of stilling *tinuitus aurium*. The whole passage has, I think, in the general ignorance of our poet, escaped collectors of the Praise of Tobacco for the most part. If Lamb did not know it, it is a pity.

THE ARGUMENT

Who Chance, Change, Hopes, and Fears can under bring  
Who can obey, yet rule each thing,  
And slight Misfortune with a brave disdain, he's king.

STANZA I

WHEN lavish Phœbus pours out  
melted gold;  
And Zephyr's breath does spice  
unfold;  
And we the blue-eyed sky in tissue-  
vest behold.

II

Then, view the mower, who with big-  
swoln veins,  
Wieldeth the crookèd scythe, and  
strains  
To barb the flow'ry tresses of the  
verdant plains.

III

Then view we valleys, by whose  
fringed seams  
A brook of liquid silver streams,  
Whose water crystal seems, sand  
gold, and pebbles gems;

IV

Where bright-scal'd gliding fish on  
trembling line<sup>10</sup>  
We strike, when they our hook  
entwine:  
Thence do we make a visit to a  
grave divine.

V

With harmless shepherds we some-  
times do stay,  
Whose plainness does outvie the  
gay,  
While nibbling ewes do bleat, and  
frisking lambs do stray.

VI

With them, we strive to recollect,  
and find  
Dispers'd flocks of our rambling  
mind;  
Internal vigils are to that due work  
design'd.

VII

No puffing hopes, no shrinking fears  
them fright;  
No begging wants on them do  
light;<sup>20</sup>  
They wed Content, while Sloth feels  
want, and Brav'ry spite.

VIII

While swains the burth'ning fleeces  
shear away,  
Oat-pipes to past'ral sonnets play,  
And all the merry hamlet bells  
chime holy day.

IX

In neighb'ring meads, with ermine  
mantles proud,  
Our eyes and ears discern a crowd  
Of wide-horn'd oxen, trampling grass  
with lowings loud.

X

Next close feeds many a strutting-  
udder'd cow;  
Hard by, tir'd cattle draw the  
plough,  
Whose galled necks with toil and  
languishment do bow.<sup>30</sup>

XI

Near which, in restless stalks, wav'd  
grain promotes  
The skipping grasshopper's hoarse  
notes;  
While round the aery choristers dis-  
tend their throats.

XII

Dry seas, with golden surges, ebb  
and flow;  
The ripening ears smile as we go,  
With boasts to crack the barn, so  
numberless they show.

XIII

When Sol to Virgo progress takes,  
and fields

6 barb] This verb in the sense of 'barber,' 'to clip,' has Elizabethan precedent.



With his prolongèd lustre gilds ;  
When Sirius chinks the ground, the  
swain his hope then builds.

XIV

Soon as the sultry month has mellow'd  
corn, 40  
Gnats shake their spears, and  
wind their horn ;  
The hinds do sweat through both  
their skins, and shopsters scorn.

XV

Their orchards with ripe fruit im-  
pregnèd be,  
Fruit that from taste of death is  
free,  
And such as gives delight with choice  
variety.

XVI

Yet who in 's thriving mind improves  
his state,  
And Virtue steward makes, his  
fate  
Transcends ; he's rich at an inesti-  
mable rate.

XVII

He shuns prolixer law-suits ; nor  
does wait  
At thoughtful grandee's prouder  
gate ; 50  
Nor 'larming trumpets him, nor  
drowning storms amate.

XVIII

From costly bills of greedy Emp'rics  
free,  
From plea of Ambidexter's fee,  
From Vicar Any-Thing, the worst of  
all the three.

XIX

He in himself, himself to rule, re-  
tires ;  
And can, or blow, or quench his  
fires :  
All blessings up are bound in  
bounding up desires.

XX

His little world commands the  
great : he there  
Rich Mem'ry has for treasurer ;

42 shopsters] a good word. Indeed most things in these two cantos are 'good,'  
either in the Polonian sense, or a better.

The tongue is secretary to his heart,  
and ear. 60

XXI

While May-Days London gallants  
take a pride,  
Coach'd through Hyde Park, to  
eye, be eyed,  
Which day's vain cost might for the  
poor a year provide ;

XXII

He may to groves of myrrh in  
triumph pace,  
Where roots of Nature, flow'rs of  
Grace,  
And fruits of Glory bud. A glimpse  
of Heav'n the place.

XXIII

This the Spring-Garden to spiritual  
eyes,  
Which fragrant scent of gums out-  
vies ;  
Three kings had thence their triple  
mystic sacrifice.

XXIV

Oh, happier walks, where CHRIST,  
and none beside, 70  
Is journey's End, and Way, and  
Guide !

Where from the humble plains are  
greatest heights descry'd.

XXV

Heav'nward his gaze. Here does a  
bower display  
His bride-room, and SCRIPTURIA  
Herself is bride ; each morn presents  
his marriage-day.

XXVI

What ecstasy's in this delicious  
grove !  
Th'unwitness'd witness of his love !  
What pow'r so strongly can as  
flam'd affections move !

XXVII

The larks, wing'd travellers, that  
trail the sky,  
Unsoil'd with lusts, aloft do fly, so  
Warbling SCRIPTURIA, SCRIPTURIA  
on high.

CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

XXVIII

(T' have been affected by a virgin  
heir,  
Rich, young, and chaste, wise,  
good, and fair,  
Was once his first delight, but  
Heav'n restrain'd that care !

XXIX

Thou, Providence, didst both their  
wills restrain ;  
Thou mad'st their losses turn to  
gain ;  
For thou gav'st Heav'n to her, on  
him dost blessings rain !)

XXX

But stop, pleas'd thoughts ; A high'r  
love's here design'd ;  
Fit in each breast to be enshrin'd ;  
Bright angels do admit no sex, nor  
does the mind. 90

XXXI

To all her lovers thousand joys  
accrue ;  
And comforts, thicker than May's  
dew,  
Show'r down on their rapt souls, as  
infinite as new !

XXXII

Her oracles directing rules declare,  
Unerring oracles, Truth's square ;  
Her soul-informing light does Earth  
for Heav'n prepare.

XXXIII

All beatizing sweets, as in their  
hive,  
At her fair presence do arrive,  
Which are to drooping spirits best  
restorative.

XXXIV

To whose sight eagles, parallel'd,  
are blind ; 100  
Had Argus thousand eyes, he'd  
find  
Darkness, compar'd with her illumi-  
nating mind.

XXXV

The Sun does glean his splendour  
from her eyes ;  
Thence burn we' in sweets, as  
Phoenix lies  
Glowing on Sol's ray-darted pile of  
spiceries.

XXXVI

From precious limbeck sacred loves  
distil  
Such sublimations, as do fill  
Minds with amaz'd raptures of  
their chemic skill.

XXXVII

That such soul-elevations still might  
stay,  
We'd bear and do, both vow and  
pay, 110  
And serve the LORD of Lords by her  
directive way !

XXXVIII

Soon as our ear drinks in His [high]  
command,  
Be't acted by our heart, and  
hand ;  
Under His banner we shall Satan's  
darts withstand.

XXXIX

May He accept the music of our  
voice,  
While on His goodness we  
rejoice,  
And while each melting Psalm  
makes on His Grace its choice.

XL

On feast-days from that bow'r to  
church we haste,  
Where Heav'n dissolves into re-  
past,  
When we regalios of the mystic  
Banquet taste. 120

XLI

Oh, delicacies, infinitely pure !  
To souls best nutriment and cure !  
Where Knowledge, Faith, and Love  
beatitude ensure.

xxviii-xxix] These two apparently autobiographic stanzas are interesting, as adding  
a possible new detail to Benlowes' scantily known history.

103] Not quite a 'minor' line, this !

112 high] Written in above the line in my copy.

## XLII

Poor Solomon's provision, poor to  
this,  
Manna, Heav'n-dewing banquet,  
is :

Who reigns in Heav'n becomes on  
earth our food and bliss.

## XLIII

Oh, Sacramental cates, divinely  
drest !

GOD the Feast-maker, CHRIST the  
Feast,

The HOLY GHOST Inviter, and the  
Soul the guest !

## XLIV

All joys await the blessed convives,  
knit 130

All excellences are in it,  
This overcomes our spirits, over-  
pow'rs our wit !

## XLV

For us, poor worms, that Glory's  
SOVEREIGN died !

Oh, let our fleshly barks still ride  
At anchor in calm streams of His  
empiercèd Side !

## XLVI

This is Heav'n's Antepast ! By Union  
He's One to All, and All to One  
In Love's intrinsic Mystery to souls  
alone !

## XLVII

Ecstatic raptures loose our hearts on  
high

With Joy's ineffability ! 140

Exub'rant sweets o'erwhelm, as tor-  
rents, tongue and eye.

## XLVIII

Such life-infusing comforts, from  
above,

Our souls with inward motions  
move,

That totally for GOD we quit all  
creature-love !

## XLIX

Should He condemn us, yet would  
Love compel

Him down with us, and we would  
dwell

Rather than without Him in Heav'n,  
with Him in Hell.

## L

Soul of my soul ! when I a joy  
receive

Disjoin'd from Thee, let my  
tongue cleave

To's palate ! Me of all, not of this  
Feast bereave ! 150

## LI

Not in the winter solstice of my  
years,

When shivering snow surrounds  
deaf ears,

And dreary languishment Death's  
gashly vizard wears ;

## LII

When they shall tremble that the  
house defend ;

The columns which support it  
bend ;

The grinders fail, the watch through  
casements objects blend ;

## LIII

Then shine, dear LORD ! when  
quivering Winter's dress

Is icicled with hoary tress ;

When all streams frozen are, but  
tears, through Love's excess ;

## LIV

When periwigg'd with snow's each  
bald-pate wood, 160

Bound in ice-chains each strug-  
gling flood ;

When North Seas bridled are, pris'n-  
ing their scaly brood.

## LV

Then let those freezing hours be  
thaw'd by pray'r !

As wells in winter warmer are

By circumsession of refrigerating  
air.

## LVI

That, nipp'd with cold, or parch'd with  
heat, resign

136 Antepast] Nothing to do with time, but opposed to 'repast'—a foretaste. The word is Taylorian.

160] See Introd.



CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

We may our will in each to Thine,  
Be't less or more, be't low or high,  
be't storm or shine.

LVII

After Night's soot smears Heav'n,  
Day gilds its face ;  
Wet April past, sweet May takes  
place ; 170  
And calm air smiles, when ruffling  
winds have run their race.

LVIII

Who hope for mines, scorn dross ;  
such only get  
Who lose a game to win the set :  
Worldlings, he's rich who's good ;  
above's his cabinet.

LIX

To well-tun'd tempers things that  
disagree  
Have oft some likeness ; thus, we  
see  
Wind kindles fire ; discord makes  
concord harmony.

LX

Affliction tunes the breast to rise, or  
fall,  
Making the whole man musical ;  
We may affliction Christians' second  
baptism call. 180

LXI

Who CHRIST for Spouse, His cross  
for jointure has ;  
His hand supports, where's rod  
doth pass :  
The LORD of Angels, He the King  
of Suff'rings was.

LXII

Love's life took Death, that Death  
Love's life might gain !  
The Sovereign died that slaves  
might reign !  
The world can't books that should  
be writ of Him contain.

LXIII

Those have the greatest cross, who  
cross ne'er bore ;  
They're rich in want, who GOD  
adore ;

Who does supply all emptiness with  
His full store.

LXIV

Saint Paul, the Gentiles' doctor, rich  
'bove kings, 190  
And high 'bove Oratory's wings,  
Rapt up to Heav'n, had nothing, yet  
possess'd all things.

LXV

The rav'n of birds proves caterer,  
and feasts  
Elijah ; so the lion of beasts  
Was Samson's purveyor ; quails to  
murm'ring Jews were guests.

LXVI

Midst thorns environ'd, Love sweet  
roses finds ;  
Steep ways lie plain t' inamor'd  
minds ;  
Love gilds all chains (surpris'd not  
thrall'd), with comfort binds.

LXVII

Then, threaten, World, a goal shall  
bolt me in ;  
He's free as air, who serves not  
Sin ; 200  
Who's gather'd in himself, his Self is  
his own inn.

LXVIII

Then let fierce Goths their strongest  
chains prepare ;  
Grim Scythians me their slave  
declare ;  
My soul being free, those tyrants in  
the face I'll stare.

LXIX

Man may confine the body, but the  
mind  
(Like Nature's miracles, the wind  
And dreams) does, though secur'd,  
a free enjoyment find.

LXX

Rays drawn in to a point more  
vig'rous beam ;  
Joys more to saints, engoal'd, did  
stream ;  
Linnets their cage to be a grove, bars  
boughs esteem. 210

199 goal] So in orig., of course = 'gaol.' So in 209 'engoaled.'



LXXI

Burnish'd to glory from Affliction's  
flame,

From prison to a sceptre came  
The lov'd and fear'd ELIZA—titles  
vail t' her name.

LXXII

She pass'd the furnace to be more  
refin'd ;

From flames drew purity of mind,  
Not heat of passion ; hence, being  
tried, she brighter shin'd.

LXXIII

Here wound, here lance me, LORD,  
thy Austin cries,

Dissect me here for Paradise !  
The Cross the altar be, so Love be  
sacrifice !

LXXIV

Imprint Thy Love so deep into my  
heart, 220

That neither hunger, thirst, nor  
smart,  
Gain, loss, nor thralldom, life nor  
death us ever part !

LXXV

Should foes rip up my breast with  
piercing blade,

My soul would but have passage  
made,  
Through which to Heav'n she might  
in purple riv'lets wade.

LXXVI

Forbid the banns 'twixt soul and  
body join'd,

The corpse but falls to be refin'd,  
And re-espous'd unto the glorified  
high mind.

LXXVII

Who makes th' Almighty his delight,  
he goes

To martyrdom, as to repose ; 230  
The Red Sea leads to Palestine,  
where all joy flows.

LXXVIII

Steel'd 'gainst Affliction's anvil, let's  
become

Proud of the World's severest  
doom ;  
No majesty on earth is like to mar-  
tyrdom.

LXXIX

' Enter into thy Master's joy ' 's so  
great,

This thought is with such flames  
replete,  
That from th' High Court of Mercy  
souls all deaths defeat !

LXXX

Who saith, ' Fear not, ' Him must we  
fear alone ;

Blest, whom no fear makes Faith  
be gone ;  
How many must they fear, who fear  
not only ONE ! 240

LXXXI

We are but once to our grave's port  
brought in,

To which from birth w' have  
sailing been,  
It matters not what way, so we 'scape  
rocks of sin.

LXXXII

But, hark, 'tis late ; the whistlers  
knock from plough ;

The droiling swineherd's drum  
beats now ;  
Maid's have their curtsies made to  
th' spongy-teated cow.

LXXXIII

Larks roosted are, the folded flocks  
are pent

213] Here is in text of orig. an engraving of Queen Elizabeth praying in her oratory with the following letterpress at the sides of the cut: 'Having reformed Religion: established Peace: reduced Coin to the just value: delivered Scotland from the French: revenged domestical Rebellion: saved France from headlong Ruine by Civil Warre: supported Belgia: overthrown the Spanish invincible Navie: expelled the Spaniards out of Ireland: received the Irish into Mercie: enriched England by her most prudent Government 45 Years: *Elisabeth* a vertuous and triumphant Queen: in the 70th year of her Age, in most happy and peaceable manner departed this Life: leaving here her mortal parts until by the last Trump she shall rise immortal.'

245 droiling] = 'drudging.' not very uncommon both as noun and verb in seventeenth century. Note the conceit in next line.

# CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

In hurdled grates, the tir'd ox sent  
In loose trace home, now Hesper  
lights his torch in 's tent.

LXXXIV

See glimmering light, the Pharos of  
our cot ; 250

By innocence protected, not  
By guards, we thither tend, where  
Ev'nsong's not forgot.

LXXXV

O, Pray'r ! thou anchor through the  
worldly sea !

Thou sov'reign rhet'ric, 'bove the  
plea

Of flesh ! that feed'st the fainting  
soul, thou art Heav'n's key.

LXXXVI

Blest season, when Day's eye is  
clos'd, to win

Our heart to clear th' account,—  
when Sin

Has pass'd the audit, ravishments of  
soul begin.

LXXXVII

Who never wake to meditate, or  
weep,

Shall sure be sentenc'd for their  
sleep ; 260

Night to forepass'd day should still  
strict sentry keep.

LXXXVIII

Oh, let them perish midst their  
flaring clay,

Who value treasures with a day  
Devoutly spent ! Faith's the true  
gem, the world a gay.

LXXXIX

So wasteful, us'rer, as thyself, there's  
none,

Who lovest three true gems for  
one

That's counterfeit ; thy rest, fame,  
soul for ever gone !

XC

When dark'ning mists our hemi-  
sphere invade,

Of all the air when one blot's  
made,

Mortals immantled in their silent  
gloomy shade, 270

( 461 )

XCI

Then for an hour (elixir of delight !)  
We, Heav'n beleag'ring, pray and  
write,

When every eye is lock'd, but those  
that watch the night.

XCII

Saints fight on bended knees ; their  
weapons are

Defensive patience, tears, and  
pray'r ;

Their valour most, when without  
witness, Hell does scare.

XCIII

May whiter wishes, wing'd with Zeal,  
appear

Lovely unto Thy purest ear,  
Where nothing is accepted but  
what's chaste, and clear !

XCIV

Life's hectic fits find cordials in  
Pray'r's hive, 280

Transcendently restorative,  
Which might our iron age to its first  
gold retrieve.

XCV

See, list'ning Time runs back to  
fetch the Age

Of Gold, when Pray'r does  
Heav'n engage ;

Devotion is Religion's lifeblood ;  
'tis GOD's page,

XCVI

Who brings rich bliss by bills of  
sure exchange ;

The blessings that the poor  
arrange

For alms receiv'd that day, beatifies  
our grange.

XCVII

Dance, Nabals, with large sails on  
smiling tides,

Till the black storm against you  
rides, 290

Whose pitchy rains interminable  
Vengeance guides !

XCVIII

But, LORD, let Charity our table  
spread ;

Let Unity adorn our bed ;

And may soft Love be pillow under-  
neath our head !

XCIX

Enrich'd, let's darn up Want; what  
Fortune can

Or give, or take away from man,  
We prize not much: Heav'n pays  
the good Samaritan.

C

Thus, Life, still blessing, and still  
blest, we spend;

Thus entertain we Death, as  
friend,

To disapparel us for Glory's endless  
end. 300

CI

Who, thus forgot, in graces grows,  
as years,

Loves cherish'd pray'r, unwitness'd  
tears,

Rescu'd from monstrous men, no  
other monster fears.

CII

They who their dwelling in Abdera  
had,

Did think Democritus was mad;  
He knew 'twas so of them. The  
application's sad.

CIII

Knew but the World what comforts,  
tiding on,

Flow to such recollection,

It would run mad with envy, be  
with rage undone.

CIV

Oh, Sequestration! Rich, to world-  
lings' shame; 310

A life's our object, not a name:  
Herostratus did sail, like witch, i' th'  
air of fame.

CV

Get long-breath'd chronicles, ye  
need such alms,

Sue from diurnal briefs for palms,  
Injurious grandeur for its frantic  
pride wants balms.

CVI

In aery flatt'ries Rumour, not Fame  
lies;

Inconstancy, Time's mistress, cries

( 462 )

It up, which soon by arguing Time,  
Truth's parent, dies.

CVII

Fame's plant takes root from virtue,  
grows thereby;

Pure souls, though fortune-trod,  
stand high, 320

When mundane shallow-searching  
breath itself shall die.

CVIII

Oh, frail applause of flesh! swoln  
bubbles pass.

Turf-fire more smoke than splen-  
dour has;

What bulwark firm on sand? what  
shell for pearl may pass?

CIX

But saints with an attentive hope  
from high,

On Heav'n's parole do live and  
die;

Passing from Life's short night to  
Day's Eternity.

CX

Who blessedly so breathe, and leave  
their breath,

Of dying life make living death;  
Each day, spent like the last, does  
act a Heav'n beneath. 330

CXI

Death's one long sleep, and human  
life no more

Than one short watch an hour  
before;

World! after thy mad tempest 'tis  
the landing shore.

CXII

Mid point betwixt the lives of Loss,  
and Gain;

The path to boundless Joy, or  
Pain;

Saint's birthday, Nature's dread:  
Grace doth this bandog chain.

CXIII

When Moses from high Pisgah's top  
descried

Fair Canaan, type o' th' Heav'nly  
Bride,

He breath'd out his joy-ravish'd soul,  
so sweetly died.



CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

CXIV

To Immortality the grave's a womb ;  
We pass into a glorious room <sup>341</sup>  
Thorough the gloomy entry of a  
narrow tomb.

CXV

LORD, as THOU mad'st (most pow'rful  
One in Three)  
The world of nothing ; so, let me  
Make nothing of the world, but  
make my all in Thee !

CXVI

Pardon the by-steps that my soul  
has trod,  
Most great, good, glorious, gracious  
GOD !  
Seal Thou the bill of my divorce to  
Earth's dull clod !

CXVII

Thy boundless source of Grace the  
scarlet spot  
Scour'd white as wool, that first  
did blot <sup>350</sup>  
Th' original in man, that was so  
fairly wrote.

CXVIII

Check not my hope, but spur my  
fear to Thee,

Vivitur exiguo—Facile assentior sapientissimo Aguri, DEUM obsecranti ut nec Divitias sibi, nec Egestatem, sed tantum ad degendam Vitam donaret Necessaria. Vita privata, quàm delectas! Corporis spectem Valetudinem?

Navis es in Portu, tumidæ secura  
Procellæ ;

Mens Desideriis hîc vacat alta suis.  
Liberiore Polum contemplor Corde,  
quiescit

Hîc Mens tuta, sibi libera, plena DEO.  
Quæ sibi multa petit, petit anxia multa,  
Voluntas ;

Et cui plura dedit Sors, Mala plura  
dedit.

Alta cadunt, inflata crepant, cumulata  
fatiscunt ;

(Prose) 2 Aguri] The Agur of Prov. xxx.  
critic would be apt to suggest *auguri*.

( 463 )

Virtue to court, and vice to flee !  
Love, lend thou me thy spur ; fear,  
thou my bridle be.

CXIX

From hence, to run in heav'nly paths,  
I'll strive ;  
My slender pen to th' world I  
give ;  
My only study shall be how to live,  
to *live*.

CXX

None blest, but those, who, when  
last trump shall send  
It summons, find the JUDGE their  
friend.  
The end doth crown the work ;  
great GOD crown thou my  
END. 360

O, ter felicem, fortunatumque quieto  
Cui natat in Portu nescia Cymba  
Metûs !  
O DEUS! optato sistant mea Carbasa  
Cœlo !  
Omnis ab æthereis Spes sit habenda  
Plagis.

EST SUMMUS, JESU, TUA GRATIA  
QUÆSTUS.

Nusquam salubrior Aer. Frugalitatem?  
Nusquam minoris vivitur. Quæstum?  
Nusquam Lucrum innocentius. Vitæ  
Integritatem? Nusquam alibi minùs  
Corruptelæ.

Crimine vixque suo plena Crumena  
caret.

Celsior immundi Mens despicit Orgia  
Mundi,

Indignabundo proterit illa Pede. 10  
Munde, vale ; quid me fallacibus allicis  
Hamis ?

Sophrosynen sacrâ Sobrietate colo :  
Regia sit ramosa Domus, Rivosque  
Falernum ;

Arcta, sed ampla, DEUM si capit, illa  
Domus.

I only note this because a certain class of



Florea gemmatâ subrident Pascua  
 Veste,  
 Fætaque nativâ explicat Arbor Opes.  
 Caltha, Rosæ, Tulipæ, Violæ, Thyma,  
 Lilia florent,  
 Dum gravido Zephyrus rore maritat  
 Humum.  
 Frugibus exultant Valles, Grege Pascua,  
 Rupes  
 Fontibus, inonso Crine triumphat  
 Ager ;  
 Terra Famem, levat Unda Sitim, fugat  
 Umbra Calorem ;  
 Dat Togam Ovis, Lignum Sylva,  
 Focumque Silex.  
 Quod satis est Vitæ, satis est ; Præste-  
 tur Egenis  
 Quod reliquum : Vitæ sat Toga,  
 Panis, Aqua.  
 Non Mensis quæcunque Dapes cele-  
 brantur in istis  
 Prægustantis egent ; Vite Venena  
 latent.  
 Hic Parasitus abest, fugit hinc Gna-  
 thonica Pestis ;  
 Cura nec hic Animos irrequieta  
 coquit.  
 Cholica, Spasmus, Hydrops, Vertigo,  
 Podagra recedunt ;

Grata Sapore beat Mensa, Sopore  
 Thorus.  
 Pange DEO Laudes, positis Mens  
 libera Curis ;  
 Cætera si desint, Numine dives eris.  
 Sis modico contenta, gravis Nulli ;  
 Ipsa Misellis  
 Quas impendis Opes, has an habebis ?  
 habes.  
 Quod CHRISTUM decuit, deceat Te.  
 Noverit uti  
 Quisquis præsentis Sorte beatus erit.  
 Sic Abrahæ gaudebo Sinu ; dum,  
 Dives, in Orco  
 Æternum diro deliciose peris.  
 Vita beata, tuas quæ possim pangere  
 laudes ?  
 Mille cui Vitas, si mihi mille, darem !  
 Da, velut spero, bene, CHRISTE, spi-  
 rem !  
 Da, velut credo, bene, CHRISTE, vivam !  
 Unus hac qui Spe fruitur, fruetur  
 Mortuus Astris.

Amico.

Si lenis tremulâ Quies in Umbra  
 Sit Cordi, huc propera, ferasque Tecum  
 Totum quicquid habes Libentiarum.

## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

### Cantio VII

A DOMINO JEREMIÂ COLLIERO IN VERSUS LATIALES TRADUCTA

### Contemplatio

#### ARGUMENTUM

Proripit in vastum Lucis se VIRGO Profundum,  
 Quam nullæ exequunt Voces, nec Limite claudant ;  
 Obtundunt Radii Visum, renovantque Vigorem.

#### TRISTICON I

SI Maro Quisque foret, fierent si  
 quique Marones  
 Præcones sacri, Conventus &  
 Orbis apertus,  
 Quo scrutarentur Virtus Æterna  
 quid esset.

#### II

SI vel ab innocuis possent deducere  
 Cunis  
 Primævum Tempus, congestaque  
 Secula mille  
 Inferrent Trutinæ ; tamen hæc sub  
 Pondere justo

[Title of Translation] The caution is perhaps once more advisable that this is a Jeremy Collier *senior*, and not the Nonjuror.

## III

Ponentes, norint tandem non  
 mominis esse  
 Majoris, frustrâ quàm si cum Sole  
 potenti  
 Exiles tentent atomos librare Balance.

## IV

Si Terræ Molem numeris spectare  
 refertam 10  
 Possent, non istis tua constet  
 Summa Figuris,  
 Æterno cyphræ comparent qualiter  
 Ævo!

## V

Si Sabulum flueret, per Sæcula mille  
 marinum,  
 Quando deficeret vacuatis Littus  
 Arenis,  
 Æquè Te primò mensum est Clep-  
 sammion illud.

## VI

Cœlitus impertita foret Facundia,  
 Linguis  
 Aligeros referens, Spatium tamen  
 haud æquarent,  
 Est ubi prorsus idem cum fluxis  
 Omne futurum.

## VII

Tende Fides bolidem, brevis at  
 nimis illa nequibit  
 Expertis Fundi Maris explorare  
 Profundum, 20  
 Limite constricti nullo, nec Littore  
 cincti.

## VIII

Æterna haud unquam commensura-  
 bilis Ætas,  
 Nulla Tui partem poterit de-  
 scribere Penna;  
 Circulus es siquidem cui non est  
 Terminus ullus.

## IX

Vel cujus Centrum tam se diffuderit,  
 ipsum  
 Ambitus ingentis nequeat circun-  
 dare Cœli,  
 Exterius poterit quid circumcingere  
 Corpus?

7 mominis] Lucretian. Cf. Collier's fancy for spondaic endings, at least at first.

## X

Vos, quibus Æthereus Vigor est,  
 num Fine carentem  
 Finem exquiratis? num Immensum  
 extendere fas est?  
 Claudere Ubiquemanens? comprê-  
 dere & INFINITUM? 30

## XI

Hujus Zona DEUS sine puncto,  
 maximus, Orbis  
 Ante Mare, et Terras, et quod  
 tegit omnia Cœlum,  
 Qui fuit, est, & erit cùm cuncta  
 creata peribunt.

## XII

Quin contemblemur suprâ Sublimia  
 quæque,  
 Ultra quemque Locum, super  
 omnes Luminis Orbes!  
 Pectus Apostolicum rapuit Radiatio  
 trinum.

## XIII

Circumquaque micans Solium Præ-  
 signe! supremo  
 Imperio constans, & Majestate  
 verendâ!  
 Cætera transcendens, quem nullus  
 Fulgor adæquet!

## XIV

Cingit utrumque Latus vel inenarra-  
 bile Lumen! 40  
 Quod circumfusus tanto Splen-  
 dore coruscat,  
 Æquora Lætitiae superet flammantia  
 mille.

## XV

Quod sic Effulgens si conspectare  
 liceret,  
 Detectâ Facie Cherubinîs, Lumine  
 tanto  
 Perculsi, in Nihilum remearent illicò  
 primum.

## XVI

Indue Te Tunicâ, dives Natura,  
 coruscâ,  
 Ornamenta tamen, tanto collata  
 decori,  
 Sunt tua, concretus seu lapsus  
 Nubibus Humor.

## XVII

Indorum posses Opibus spoliare  
 Fodinas,  
 Illos, auratis, Radiosque recludere,  
 Cellis, 50  
 Qui collucentes cum Phœbi Lampade  
 certant :

## XVIII

Arcanâ posses reserare peritiùs  
 Arte  
 Intima cujusvis ditis penetralia  
 Rupis,  
 Illinc Thesauros nec non auferre  
 nitentes :

## XIX

Errantes, fixasque simul connectere  
 Stellæ  
 Posses, quæ rutilis exornant  
 Æthera Bullis,  
 Luminis ut coeant cuncti Orbes  
 Sydus in unum :

## XX

Jungere si posses Gemmas, Aurique  
 Fodinas,  
 Æthereasque Faces, radiata Reflectio  
 quarum  
 Fulgida rivalis superaret Lumina  
 Solis : 60

## XXI

Si Lapides Gemmæ, riguum Mare  
 funderet Aurum,  
 Margara si Pulvis fieret, Chrystallus  
 & Aer,  
 Sol quodvis Sydus, plures Sibi mille  
 Nitores ;

## XXII

Gemmæ illæ Silices essent, Mare  
 parva lacuna,  
 Stellæ istæ Scintilla forent, Fla-  
 gratio Phœbus :  
 Aurum, Gemma micans, Adamantes,  
 sordida Scruta :

## XXIII

Si Terræ, complexa forent, & Lumina  
 Cœli,  
 Optica & unius peterent Confinia  
 Centri,  
 Hoc prius Objectum vel cæcum  
 redderet illud.

## XXIV

Cæcum, seu piceæ Velamen Noctis  
 opacum, 70  
 (Innuitur Sacro duntaxat Visio  
 Textu)  
 Hujus respectu Lucis sunt quælibet  
 Umbræ.

## XXV

O, planè infandam, summoque Stu-  
 pore refertam !  
 Si Nemo nisi qui dignus describere  
 possit,  
 Hanc sanè LUCEM possit describere  
 Nemo.

## XXVI

Selecti Eloquii cujusvis languet  
 Acumen,  
 Defecit Ingenium, Verborum hîc  
 curta supellex ;  
 Hanc Lumen Mentis nullius tranet  
 Abyssum.

## XXVII

Hîc residet tantis circumdata Gloria  
 Flammis,  
 Quales confundant Aciem vel  
 maxime acutam, 80  
 Huc tendat propiore nimis quæ  
 improvida Gressu.

## XXVIII

Splendor dimanat talis Fulgoribus  
 istis,  
 Qualis pulveream sublimet in  
 ardua Molem,  
 Urnâ quæ compôsta secùs remanêret  
 inertî.

## XXIX

Numinis ante Thronum Summi  
 provolvo meipsum,  
 Profluit undè Bonum quodvis ut ab  
 ubere Fonte :  
 Hoc Decus ut pandam faveat tua  
 Gratia Cœptis.

## XXX

Magne DEUS, sine Principio, tamen  
 omnis Origo,  
 Cujus Naturæ telam Manus inclyta  
 nevit ;  
 Unâ qui Virtute tuâ Loca singula  
 comples. 90

## XXXI

Alme Parens rerum; qui fulcis  
quodque creatum,  
Vitam Spiritibus qui præbes, con-  
tinuasque,  
Ortus es ipse Tibi, Bonitatis Origo  
supremæ.

## XXXII

Lætitiæ Summa es, cujus Sapientia  
Abyssus,  
Ad quodvis sese tendit tua vasta  
Potestas,  
Ac cunctos Facies reddet jucunda  
beatos.

## XXXIII

Aeris expansis puncto dilaberis  
Alis,  
Induis Augustæ Te Majestatis  
amictu,  
Te Nubes velant, Te stipant Agmina  
Cœli.

## XXXIV

Omnis Honoris Apex, Summæ es  
Fastigia Laudis, 100  
Ad Radios latè sparsos suffusa  
Pudore  
Hymnos decantat, cœlestis Turma,  
perennes.

## XXXV

Gemmæ quàm superant vitrum!  
quàm Sidera Gemmas!  
Sidera quam Phœbus! quàm Phœ-  
bum Gloria Cœli!  
Purior ast ipsis longè est tua Visio  
Cœlis

## XXXVI

Magna quidem Tellus, se profert  
latius Aer,  
Planetæ excedunt, Stellarum Regia  
major,  
Supremi fines nec habent Tentoria  
Cœli.

## XXXVII

Mens mea dum Zelo conatur plura  
referre  
Fervida protenso, Pectus, Dæus alme,  
repleto 110  
Igne novo, nullum languorem Car-  
mina noscant.

## XXXVIII

Cum super Aerios tractus, & Sidera  
Musæ  
Urgeo Progressus, uni Tibi mille  
videntur  
Sphæræ, non secus ac atomi sub  
Sole minuti.

## XXXIX

Est Ætas æterna tibi seu clepsydra  
tantum,  
Immensum nisi sit Spatium complere  
valet nil,  
Cujus sex Verbis rerum Natura creata  
est.

## XL

Omnia complectens totius Fabrica  
Cœli,  
Cum Stellis rutilis, Verbo surgebat  
ab uno,  
Quomodò mortalis narret Sapientia  
Nomen? 120

## XLI

Ætheris, Arbitrio, Crystalla micantia  
volvis,  
Illis consignat Virtus tua cœlica  
Metas,  
Obliquos horum moderatur Dextera  
Currus.

## XLII

Nullæ Te Zonæ, Tropicive, Polive  
retardent,  
Cum sis Sphæralis Motor Primarius  
Orbis,  
Intra, extra, supra, quîn ultrà singula  
perstans.

## XLIII

Ingentes Pluviæ atque Nivis susten-  
tat acervos  
Omnipotens tua sola Manus, quâ  
nempè remotâ  
Diluvium humanum perdat genus  
omne secundum.

## XLIV

Hisce ministratur stillatis Copia  
Terris, 130  
Et confisa Tibi mortalia Corda  
replentur,  
Flamina Ventorum peragunt tua  
Jussa per Orbem;



## XLV

Hæc Tu, quando voles, cæcis in-  
clusa cavernis  
Constringis, validoque sinis pro-  
rumpere motu,  
Undè Tremore gravi Tellus concussa  
dehiscit.

## XLVI

Undarum furias Vinculis compescis  
Arenæ,  
Oceanum arcanum vasti scrutare Pro-  
fundum,  
Te memorem pacti monstrat Thau-  
mantias Iris.

## XLVII

Cardinibus Verbi Tellus innixa  
potentis,  
Aer quam cingit, nec non circum-  
fluit Humor, 140  
Ponderibus librata suis immobilis  
astat.

## XLVIII

Ejus sed Frontem Te corrugante  
Columnæ  
Firmatæ trepidant, Fremitu Mare  
Littora plangit,  
Solvuntur Silicibus Rupes, Montes-  
que vacillant.

## XLIX

Insuper intremuere Poli, Centrum-  
que recussum  
Terræ, quæ Vultûs perculsa Stupore  
verendi,  
Accedit Montem Sina dum summa  
Potestas.

## L

Imbutum Vitâ quodvis tua Cura  
focillat,  
Divinis Cursum cujusvis flectis  
Habenis,  
Gratia de Vultu, de Vultu Gloria  
manat. 150

## LI

Non Tibi sunt Aures, non sunt Tibi  
Lumina, verum  
Percipis Auditum quodvis, & cernis  
acutè ;  
Te Locus haud capiat, tamen Ipse  
per Omnia præsens.

( 468 )

## LII

Optica coelestis dicamus Specta  
Pronoias,  
Arcam, quâ positas Idæas videris  
omnes,  
Ad quas conceptas formaveris Icona  
quamvis.

## LIII

Quippè præexistunt sic hîc Eventa  
futura,  
Sicut abhinc multo non tempore  
gesta fuissent ;  
Cernimus haud dissecta recens tam  
Corpora clarè.

## LIV

Totus ubique semel remanes, Tu  
semper es idem, 160  
Attamen Arbitrio commutas omnia  
solo,  
Tu complere remota soles Immo-  
bilis Ipse.

## LV

Sic interponunt se contingentia  
Turmis  
Sollerti Curæ, quæ mirè cuncta  
gubernat,  
Ac modò præteritum, sit præteritum-  
que futurum.

## LVI

Arbitrio quamvis malè sint conformia  
quædam,  
Nil tamen omnino citra hoc procedat  
in Actum ;  
Prævia, successura simul manet una  
Voluntas.

## LVII

Te penes ingentis sunt Climata  
dissita Mundi,  
Quamvis nec Tellus, nec Temet  
continet Æther, 170  
Obscurum lustrat Præsentia quod-  
libet antrum.

## LVIII

Quamvis ab istis quas tu formaveris  
olim  
Mentibus, accedat nil ad Præconia  
clara,  
Attamen æternum celebrabunt  
munera Amoris.

LIX

Præter Peccatum & Mortem tu  
cuncta creasti,  
Hæc sua Stultitiæ humanæ primor-  
dia debent,  
Illud Naturam conspersit Sordibus  
omnem.

LX

Sed quò curares Peccati Vulnera,  
Nobis  
Donas IMMANUEL, sibi qui non  
sumere nostram  
Naturam renuit, qui non Præsepe  
recusat. 180

LXI

O, dulcis noster Mediator! Munera  
cujus  
Laudis seu rores, Æterno, matutini  
Sunt celebrata Choro cælesti Canti-  
bus altis.

LXII

Concurrente, DEUS, genuit Te  
Flamine Sancto,  
Tu Verbo æterno contentus sumere  
Carnem;  
Qualitèr emanans homini fas dicere  
non est.

LXIII

Sicut ab Æterno fuit Emanatio mira;  
Hæc sic æternum mirè durabit in  
ævum:  
Principio Verbum, monstrat Te  
cuncta præisse.

LXIV

Unum est esse Tibi, paritèr Tu  
trinus & unus; 190  
Et duplex Natura Tibi conspirat in  
unâ,  
Ipse trin-unius resides Deitatis  
Honore;

LXV

Deque tuo Radii Solio tot mille  
refulgent,  
Quales Aligerùm non possint Lumina  
ferre;  
De quibus evolvunt Nil docta Noe-  
mata Cleri.

LXVI

Ætatum, pateat, Monumenta legendo  
priorum,

( 469 )

Hæc sacra quòd nullus potuit  
Mysteria nobis  
Pandere, Virgineo priùs ac sunt  
edita Partu:

LXVII

Nido à Se structo fuit hîc exclusa  
Columba,  
Ille Gregem partus fuit hîc qui  
protegat Agnus, 200  
Se producentem, Flos, qui forma-  
verat Agrum:

LXVIII

Agmine Cœlicolùm Te Concele-  
brante corusco;  
Pectora Pastorum subito trepidâre  
pavore;  
Te, monstrante Magi venerantur  
Sydere Cursum.

LXIX

Cùm sis divinâ mirandus Origine  
tali,  
Viliamortalis pateris Convitia Gentis,  
Irato ut possis nos conciliare  
Parenti.

LXX

Lætus Honoris erat proprii tua  
Gratia Præco,  
Es tu dignatus sacratum Munus  
obire,  
Ast Aaronis eras solito de more  
vocatus. 210

LXXI

Ac ut divino constarent singula  
Verbo,  
In te de superis descendit Spiritus  
auris,  
Lenes propter aquas Jordanes, teste  
Johanne.

LXXII

Hinc in Desertum perductus Flamine  
sacro,  
Dæmonis appulsu tentatus, Codice  
verùm  
Hunc superas Scripto, fuit undè  
Redemptio nostra.  
Protinùs egressus.

LXXIII

Actus Sermones, Oracula mira  
fuêrunt,

Hæc genuère Fidem, nec non  
genuère Timorem,  
Erectas Animas ad Te tollamus  
utrisque. 220

LXXIV  
Firmatum claudis gressum tribuisti,  
Lumina Cæcis,  
Morbo languentes diro quocunque  
levabas,  
Defunctis Vitam, Mutis dederas-  
que Loquelam.

LXXV  
Defunctis Tu Vita, Salus mortalibus  
ægris,  
Tu cæcis Lumen, Tu rerum copia  
egenis,  
Thesaurus furtum spernens, sincera  
Voluptas.

LXXVI  
Non ex hoc Mundo Regnum Tibi,  
RECTOR OLYMPI,  
Nuncia Apostolico procedunt Pec-  
tore læta,  
Ut tua sit totum Miseratio nota per  
Orbem.

LXXVII  
Mortuus ante Diem conspexit fidus  
Abraham, 230  
Vota tibi pariter nato solvebat Isaco,  
Antitypum atque Typus, versare per  
omnia vivus.

LXXVIII  
Est Evangelicus, Sapiens Academia,  
Codex,  
Justitiam vicit Clementia blanda  
severam,  
Sobrius ut Vitam ducebas, Fortis  
obibas.

LXXIX  
Es Tu, sacra Domus, Tu purum  
Altare, Sacerdos,  
Tu Vitæ Panis, citrà fastidia Festum,  
Ex Escis ubi acuta novis exurgit  
Orexis.

LXXX  
Mortali natus mortalia Crimina  
deles,  
Victima grata foret Tibi quodvis  
Pectus honestum, 240

( 47° )

Ob Genus humanum qui velles  
fundere Vitam.

LXXXI  
Non dedignatus, Crucis es tolerare  
probrosæ  
Tormina, quò nobis concessus sit  
Paradisus ;  
Quò pia Sanctorum Solentur Gaudia  
Mentes.

LXXXII  
Ferrea Tartarei diffringens Clastra  
Tyranni,  
Dira tenebrosi Phlegetontis Monstra  
coerces :  
Sic tua cuncta Tibisubigebat Dextera  
victrix.

LXXXIII  
Tu Virtute tuâ solvebas Vincula  
Mortis,  
Atque reviviscens superam contendis  
in Arcem,  
Inspirat Vitam Læthatis Spiritus  
Oris. 250

LXXXIV  
Te, Pater, electis ut signet Dona  
Salutis  
Spiritus Alme, dedit Nato (sic  
Trinus in Uno)  
Sanctificas Omnes propriè, non solus  
at Omnes.

LXXXV  
Patris Amor, nec non Nati, cœleste  
Sigillum,  
Præsidium Sanctis, felix Pietatis  
Origo,  
Alta salutiferæ pandas Mysteria  
Linguæ.

LXXXVI  
O Jubar immensum Radiis insigne  
coruscis,  
Omnis ab aspectu Sophiæ Radiatio  
clara,  
Non collata potest minui tua Copia  
cunctis.

LXXXVII  
Gaudia sunt Comites, Clementia,  
Pacis Amorque; 260  
Quorum pacatum perturbant nulla  
Tenorem

Tristia ; Quem Mundus, nec Mors,  
nec destruat Orcus.

LXXXVIII

Festum ex selectis quod constet  
talibus Escis,

Qualitèr haud acris possit consumere  
Orexis,

Dives Odor quem non dispergat  
Ventus in Auram :

LXXXIX

Lux Oculos fugiens, tamen Ipse per  
Omnia splendes,

Tu Sonus es qualem non Musicus  
explicet ullus,

Arctus es Amplexus, quem Tempora  
nulla resolvant.

XC

Exindè irrefluo voluntur Gaudia  
Cursu,

Qualia inexhaustis soleas præbere  
Culullis, <sup>270</sup>

Cordibus, a foedâ Peccati Labe  
remotis.

XCI

Ecstaticum hoc Vinum quod tradit  
Spiritus Almus,

Sidereum motas extollit ad Æthera  
Mentes ;

Terrenis orbas Cœli Solatia mulcent.

XCII

O quàm sacrati connectit Gluten  
Amoris !

Ros fuit Ambrosiæ divino qualis  
ab Ore !

Sunt tua quæ solùm faciunt Com-  
mercia Cælum.

XCIII

Illustres Animæ, succensæ hoc  
Lumine summo,

Quando tuos Vultus radiantes Luce  
tuentur,

Quodque Decus reputant obscuræ  
Noctis adinstar. <sup>280</sup>

XCIV

Sublimis nostros superans Infusio  
Sensus,

Tu stupor Eloquii Nomen mereare  
profundi,  
Æquet hyperbolicus quem nullus  
Sermo superbus.

XCV

Sacrosancta Trias, complecteris  
Omnia solùm,

Exuperans quodcunque Bonum,  
super Omnia Felix,

Nos haustura, tamen vivo hoc in  
Fonte natamus :

XCVI

Imperio REX magne tuo par nulla  
Potestas,

Augusto cujus Majestas provenit Ore,  
Pulchrâ es perpetui præinctus

Veste Decoris.

XCVII

Justitia est Sceptrum, Solium mise-  
ratio Mitis, <sup>290</sup>

Regna perimmensos extendunt cœ-  
lica Tractus,

Gloria permansura, Tibi, per Sæcla  
Corona.

XCVIII

Pax Intellectûs tua quodvis præstat  
Acumen,

Obsisti poterit tua vasta Potentia  
frustrâ,

Numen es Ipse sacrum, Sacro  
purgatius omni.

XCIX

Ore fuit Verum, Sapientia Pectore  
manat,

Ante tuam excubias agit Omni-  
potentia Turrim,

Aligeri peragunt tua Jussa verenda  
Ministri.

C

Perspicit Obtutu vel cuncta Scientia  
primo,

Thesaurò frueris per Te sine Fine  
beato, <sup>300</sup>

Tempus es Æternum ; Quæ me  
demergat Abyssus !



## Peroratio Eucharistica

SUMMAS Tibi agit Grates, maxime  
Cœlorum PRÆSES, æternūque adorandum  
Numen, Servus tuus humillimus,  
quem post tot varias mundanarum  
Sollicitudinum Procellas, vastosque  
Curarum Fluctus, cū olim Hollandiam,  
Brabantiam, Artesiam, Germaniam,  
Austriam, Hungariam, Styriam,  
Carinthiam, partem Italiæ, nec non  
Galliæ incolumem in Patriam reduxisti.  
Quām gratum enim mihi placidum,  
post tot periculosas inter peregrinandum

Agitationes, Quietis Pacisque Interval-  
lum, ut devotæ LEGUM tuarum Obser-  
vationi totus exindè vacem! Tu,  
benigne DEUS, dulcissimum hoc mihi  
Otium concedis, quo Tibi Soli prompto  
libentique Animo inservire statui: sicut  
per Te vivo, sic Tibi viverem, & quic-  
quid a Gratiâ acceperim, in Honorem  
refunderem! Hæc ergò Laudi &  
Gloriæ solius sapientis & immortalis  
DEI submissè consecrentur<sup>1</sup>.

CONDITOR Omnipotens Cœlique  
Solique! supremum  
Cujus ad Arbitrium cuncta creata  
fluunt;  
Clementer Finem lassis imposito  
Rebus,  
Nec plus terrenis Mens operosa  
vacet:  
Omnia solertèr sub utroque jacentia  
Phœbo [scio.  
Perpendens, tandem non nisi vana  
Quæ sese bifido Scaldis discriminat  
Alveo  
Vidi, Teque tuâ, Rhene palustris,  
Aqua:  
Non iter excelsæ remoratæ Nubibus  
Alpes,  
Quæ nec in aeris Nix sedet alta Jugis;  
Vidimus oppositos vario sub Climate  
Mores; 11  
Vidimus innumeras quas vehit Ister  
Aguas:  
Diverso didici diversa Idiomata Tractu,  
Quæque Observatu sunt bene digna,  
scio:  
Gallica Mobilitas, Fraus Itala, Fastus  
Iberi,  
Teutonica Ebrietas nota fuere nimis.  
Quamlibet in Partem Regina Pecunia  
Mundum  
Flectit, acerba Meum Bella Tuumque  
gerunt.  
Me conservanti per mille Pericula,  
Grates  
Qui possim meritassolvere, CHRISTE,  
Tibi! 20

Cerno, detestans Vitium, lassusque  
Tumultu,  
Quod, non Vita, prior Vita, sed  
Error erat.  
Velle Meum, sit velle Tuum, Regnator  
Olympi!  
Cui soli Grates Mens agit, egit, aget.  
Si plures mihi Vita futura superstet  
in Annos,  
Huic sit juncta piâ Sedulitate Fides!  
Nam nil contulerim benè docto sanus  
Amico,  
Spiritus ut sano Corpore sanus agat.  
Nosse, & amare DEUM; Promissis  
credere CHRISTI, 29  
Consulere Afflictis, edocuisse Rudes,  
Accumulare Bonis Inopes, succurrere  
Lapsis,  
Obnixè Votis Ista petenda meis.  
Vertam Bodleias, congesta Volumina,  
Gazas,  
Quæ Vaticano proxima, Roma, tuo:  
Nocturnâ versanda tamen, versanda  
diurnâ,  
Præ cunctis aliis Biblia Sacra Manu:  
Undè, ut Apis sese sustentat Nectare  
Cellæ;  
Sic vivam lectis Floribus hisce piis.  
Talia fac, vives, Lector; Quicumque  
beatus  
Esse cupis, tali Vita sit acta modo. 40  
Me Vitam, atque Necem tibi pro-  
posuisse memento:  
Elige sivè velis vivere, sivè mori.

FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> The reference to Benlowes' travels is interesting, though there seems to be something lost after *Galliæ*. Where was the country retreat so agreeably described in the last cantos? He must probably have got rid of Brent Hall by this time: but it *may* be this. From the allusion to the Bodleian in the following lines he must already have been thinking of establishing himself at Oxford.

THE  
SUMMARY  
OF  
WISDOME.

---

BY  
EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

---

*Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World; if any Man love the World, the love of the FATHER is not in him: For all that is in the World, the Lust of the Eyes, the Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life, is not of the FATHER, but is of the World; and the World passeth away, and the Lust thereof. But He that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever. I Joh. 2. 15, 16, 17.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Humphry Mosely*, and are to be sold  
at the *Princes Arms* in *St. Pauls Church-*  
*yard*, 1657.

## THE SUMMARY OF WISDOM<sup>1</sup>

*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him, &c.* 1 JOH. ii. 15, 16, 17.

I  
WORLDINGS we court not, envy not,  
nor fear;  
May friends to virtue lend their  
ear:  
While sinners split on shelves, saints  
to Heav'n's harbour steer.

II  
Earthlings! what's heap of wealth?  
what's Honour's height?  
What's Pleasure's May? can toys  
so slight  
Bless Heav'n-descended souls with  
life's eternal light?

III  
Riches from most men, swift as  
eagles, fly;  
Honours on popular breath rely;  
Pleasure's a flash;—and All com-  
bin'd, but Vanity.

IV  
Why dot'st thou, World, on these?  
we will not stay: 10  
Juggler, we know thy tempting  
way;  
Which is, by charms to mock our  
sense, and then betray.

V  
Art toils to serve thee; sables yield  
their skins;  
The silkworm for thy wardrobe  
spins;  
The rock with gems, the sea with  
pearls, emboss thy sins.

VI  
To bribe thy palate, Lust drains  
earth, air, seas;

Whence finny, wing'd, hoof'd  
droves must please  
The glutton, made thereby a spittle  
of each disease.

VII  
False World, asp's poison equals not  
thy gall,  
Embittering souls to Hell. Thus  
all 20  
Thy darlings thou delud'st with thy  
enchanting call.

VIII  
I wonder not unbridled fools run  
on;  
Since all their Heav'n's on earth  
alone;  
Which, though thou seem'st to give,  
as soon as giv'n, 'tis gone.

IX  
Kiss, and betray, then Nero's rage  
outdare;  
He, whom thou hugg'st, should  
most beware:  
I shall unmask thy guiles, and thy  
fond gulls unsnare.

X  
Thy smile is but a trap, thy frown a  
bubble,  
Thy praise a squib, thy beauty  
stubble;  
Who know thee best, have found a  
theatre of trouble: 30

XI  
Where men and devils meet; and  
sense, compact  
With fraud, gild every vicious  
fact:

<sup>1</sup> As has been noted in Introduction, and as carefull (or even careless) readers of *Theophila* will notice at once, this piece is a sort of cento of *Theophila* itself. But the mosaic is a curious one, the constituent pieces are sometimes slightly altered, and, unless I mistake, there are new links and patches. At any rate, as extremely rare and as a sort of authentic abridgement, it seemed worth giving.

## *The Summary of Wisdom*

Where we must evil hear, or suffer  
it, or act.

XII

Thy friends are thieves of Time;  
The chat they vent  
(Light airs please toyish ears) is  
spent  
On trash, which minds seduce with  
cheating blandishment.

XIII

Thy gifted scythemen have Religion  
mown,  
Which, in their meeting-barns,  
is grown  
From best to all (like Corinth's  
schism) from all, to none.

XIV

Thy shop vents braided ware of  
apish fashion;  
Thy gauds (Wealth, Sport, Pride)  
breed vexation;  
Like hautboys, on Earth's stage, oft  
ushering in—damnation.

XV

Ah, while, like larks, fools with vain  
feathers play,  
Pleas'd with Sin's glass, are  
snatch'd away,  
In midst of their excess, to Hell's  
tormenting bay!

XVI

World, thou soul-wracking ocean!  
Flatteries blow

Thee up, thou blue with spite  
dost grow,  
Brinish with lust, like the Red-Sea  
with blood, dost flow.

XVII

And, like the Basilisk's prodigious  
eyes,  
Thy first sight kills, but thyself  
dies  
First seen: quick-sighted Faith thy  
darts prevents, and spies.

XVIII

Hadst been less cruel, thou hadst  
been less kind;  
Thy gall, prov'd medicine, heals  
my mind:  
Thus Hell may help to Heav'n, the  
Fiend a soul befriend.

XIX

The age-bow'd earth groans under  
sinners' weight!  
Justice, oppress'd, to Heav'n takes  
flight,  
Vengeance her place supplies, which  
with keen edge will smite.

XX

False World! is Hell the legacy to  
thy friend?  
Crawl with thy trifles to the  
Fiend:  
We scorn thy pack,—this year may  
burning close thy end.

*For all that is in the world, the lust of the eyes, is not of the Father, but is of the world, &c.*

XXI

Midas, to th' bar; thou void of  
grace, yet stor'd  
With gold, thy minted god, ador'd;  
Thou, and thine idol, perish in thy  
wretched hoard.

XXII

Thy heart is lock'd up in thy shrined  
chink:  
Oh, heavy gold, bred near Hell's  
brink!

Misgotten elf, thou Heav'n-designed  
souls dost sink!

XXIII

Whose gain is godliness,—the scrip-  
ture he  
Perverts: days him with interest see,  
Who incest still commits with his  
coins' progeny.

XXIV

Thou hast too much, yet still thou  
whin'st for more;

39 like Corinth's schism] This may serve, once for all, as an instance of the alterations noteworthy here and justifying the reprint. These words do not appear in the line as given and annotated above at Canto xii. st. vii. l. 2r of *Theophila*.



## Edward Benlowes

Thou, wishing, want'st ; art, want-  
ing, poor :  
Thou wouldst ev'n plunder Hell for  
cash to cram thy store.

XXV

While gripes of famine mutiny with-  
in,  
And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd  
skin  
Of those thou hast decoy'd into thy  
tangling gin.

XXVI

Whose skin, sear as the bark of sap-  
less wood,  
Clings to their bones, for want of  
food ;  
Friendless, as are sea-monsters  
thrown ashore by th' flood.

XXVII

Though fasts be all their physic,  
their corpse all  
Their earth, who for thy pity  
call, 80  
Yet art thou harder to them than  
their bed, the stall.

XXVIII

'Penurious churl, when shall I'  
(says thine heir)  
'Ransack thy chests ? so ease thy  
care :  
Purchase, instead of ground, a  
grave !—Die, wretch, to spare !

XXIX

'Hath treach'rous coin swell'd by  
thy curse ?—Live still  
Lay-Elder : soon thy crimes ful-  
fil :'

The heaviest curse on this side  
Hell's to thrive in ill.

XXX

How cursed Love of Money doth  
bewitch

The leprous Mind with pleasing  
itch !

This slave to his own servant, ne'er  
was poor, till rich ! 90

XXXI

Graves may be sooner cloy'd, than  
craving eyes :

( 476 )

Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies.  
'Thou fool, Death shall this night  
thy dunghill soul surprise.'

XXXII

Nor would this city-wolf lead men to  
snares,  
Nor vex his mind with carking  
cares,  
View'd he himself i' th' mirror which  
Despair prepares.

XXXIII

So wasteful, usurer, as thyself,  
there's none ;  
Who part'st with three true gems,  
for one  
Brittle as glass ;—thy fame, rest,  
soul for ever gone !

XXXIV

Who nettles sow, shall prickles reap ;  
the train 100  
To Hell is idolizèd gain :  
Unless thou fiends canst bribe, thou  
go'st to endless pain !

XXXV

His hidebound conscience opens  
now.—'I've run  
On rocks' (he howls) 'too late to  
shun !  
Grace left, Wrath seiz'd me ! Gold,  
my god, hath me undone !

XXXVI

'Often to Hell in dreams I head-  
long fall !  
From devils then I seem to crawl,  
While furies round about with  
whips my soul appal !

XXXVII

'Atheism our root, for boughs were  
Faction's store,  
Hypocrisy our leaves gilt o'er, 110  
Wrath, Treachery, and Extortion,  
were the fruit we bore.

XXXVIII

'Like profane Esau have we sold  
our bliss,  
For shine of pelf, that nothing is !  
This desperates our rage, we still  
blaspheme at this !'

# The Summary of Wisdom

XXXIX

Thus cursed gripers restless tortures  
 feel,  
 Whose hearts seem'd rocks, whose  
 bowels steel.  
 'I burn' (cries Dives) 'for one drop,  
 denied, I kneel !

*For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, is not of the Father, but is of the world, &c.*

XLI

Strow flowers for spendthrift ; Ante-  
 masks he might  
 Act before Apes, Spectators  
 right :  
 Whose dops, shrugs, puppet-plays,  
 show best by candlelight.

XLII

Hot shows the season by his dusty  
 head ;  
 With fancied ribbons round be-  
 spread ;  
 Modish, and maddish, all untruss'd,  
 as going to bed.

XLIII

'Ho ! First brisk wine, next let a  
 sparkling dame  
 Fire our high blood, then quench  
 our flame !  
 Blest is the son, whose father's gone  
 i' th' Devil's Name.

XLIV

'Each pottle breeds a ruby, drawer,  
 score 'um : 130  
 Cheeks dyed in claret, seem o' th'  
 quorum,  
 When our Nose-Carbuncles, like  
 linkboys, blaze before 'um.'

XLV

Complete thy funeral-pile ; shouldst  
 thou mark well  
 How down the drunkard's throat  
 to Hell  
 Death smoothly glides ; to swim so  
 sadly would thee quell !

XL

' Fire each where broils me, fire as  
 black as night !  
 Goblins mine eyes, ears shrieks  
 affright !'  
 Sin's debt still paying, ne'er dis-  
 charg'd, is infinite ! 120

XLVI

Spawns of Excess, dropsies and  
 surfeits are ;  
 From tenants' sweat's thy bill of  
 fare :  
 Each glutton digs with's teeth his  
 grave, whose maw's his care.

XLVII

He's sick, and staggers. Doctor,  
 his case state us,  
 ' His Cachexy results from flatus  
 Hypochondruncicus, ex crapula crea-  
 tus.' 141

XLVIII

Scarce well, he swills what should  
 the needy store ;  
 And grinds between his teeth  
 the poor,  
 Who beg dry crumbs, which they  
 with tears would moisten o'er.

XLIX

He a sharp reckon'ing shall, with  
 Dives, pay ;  
 Whose feasts did hasten his  
 audit-day ;  
 Death brought the voider, and the  
 Devil took away !

L

Enter his courtesan, who fans his fire ;  
 Her prattling eyes teach loose  
 desire :  
 Fondlings to catch this art-fair fly,  
 like trouts aspire. 150

LI

With paint, false hair, and naked  
 breasts she jets,

<sup>121</sup> Strow flowers, &c.] Another change ; see xi. vi. 16. But it is not necessary to note all.

<sup>141</sup> Hypochondruncicus] Here, as noticed above, some timid person has crossed out the right word in the B. M. copy of the *Summary* and substituted *hypochondriacus*.

## Edward Benlowes

And patches (Lust's new lime-  
twigs) sets ;  
Like tickets on the door, herself (for  
gold) she lets.

LII

Her basilisk-like glances taint the air  
Of virgin-modesty, and snare  
His tangling thoughts in trammels  
of her ambush-hair.

LIII

With her profusely he misspends  
his days  
In balls, and dances, treatments,  
plays ;  
And in his bosom this close-biting  
serpent lays.

LIV

Death, after sickness, seize this  
Helen must ; 160  
Whose radiant eyes, now orbs of  
lust,  
Shall sink, as falling stars, which,  
jellied, turn to dust.

LV

How wildly shows corrupted Nature's  
face,  
Till deck'd by Reason, Learning,  
Grace !  
Without which politure the noblest  
stem is base !

LVI

Fools rifle out Time's lottery : who  
misspend

The soul's rich joys, alive de-  
scend,  
And antedate with stings their never-  
ending end !

LVII

Thy acts outsin the Devil ; who's  
ne'er soil'd  
With gluttony or lust, ne'er  
foil'd 170  
By drink ; nor in the net of sloth-  
fulness entoil'd.

LVIII

Therefore in time beware ; let not  
sin-charms  
Bewitch thee, till Wrath cries to  
arms.  
Sin's first face smiles, her second  
frowns, her third alarms.

LIX

How blind mad sinners are when  
they transgress !  
All woes are, than such blindness,  
less !  
That wretch most wretched is who  
slights his wretchedness !

LX

When Death shall quench thy flames,  
and fiends thee seize,  
In brimstone-torrents, without  
ease,  
Thou'lt broil midst blackest fires, and  
roar midst burning seas ! 180

*For all that is in the world, the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world ;  
and the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, &c.*

LXI

Usher Aspiro in with's looms of state,  
To weave Fraud's web, and his  
own fate ;  
Who, mounted up, throws down the  
steps him rais'd of late.

LXII

His posture is ambiguous, his pace  
Is stately high, who thinks it Grace,  
If he casts forth a word, and deigns  
but half a face :

LXIII

Nor minds he what he speaks ; for  
by false light,

Like to his faith, he thrives ; whose  
sight,  
Clouded with jealousy, can never  
judge aright.

LXIV

By dubious answers he is wont to  
guess 190  
At men's dislikes ; and fears no less  
Feign'd quips, than just reproofs :  
fear haunts him in each dress.

LXV

Ambition prompts to precipices steep,  
Which Envy gets, and Hate doth  
keep ;

## *The Summary of Wisdom*

His daily thoughts of climbing break  
his nightly sleep.

LXVI

Could he with 's foot spurn empires  
into air,  
And sit i' th' universal chair  
Of state; were pageants made for  
him, as the World's Mayor;

LXVII

Those fond disguisements could not  
long him fence,  
But crosses still would vex his  
sense, 200  
And leave him blest but in the  
preterperfect tense.

LXVIII

Ev'n that at which Pride's tow'ring  
project flies,  
If gain'd obliquely, sinks, and  
dies:  
Earth's potentates! great aims, plots,  
fears makes tragedies.

LXIX

Achitophel and Absalon prove this,  
(Who of their plots, not plagues  
did miss)  
To Macchiavels: 'That ill worst to  
the plotter is.'

LXX

Pompey and Caesar so ambitious  
grow,  
A battle must be fought to show  
Which of those cocks o' th' game  
o'er Rome at last should crow.

LXXI

The world, as great—Cham, Turk,  
Mogul upcries, 211  
Tuscan's Great Duke (all, no  
great prize),  
Great Alexander:—the Nine Worthy  
ironies.

LXXII

Ev'n sceptres reel like reeds: who  
had no bound,  
Is bounded in six foot of ground;  
'Here lies the Great'—thou li'st,  
here but his dust is found.

LXXIII

Who lately swell'd to be his lord-  
ship's slave,  
May trample now upon his grave,  
That levels all. Best lectures dust-  
seal'd pulpits have.

LXXIV

Where's now the Assyrian lion?  
Persian bear? 220  
Greek leopard? Rome's spread-  
eagle where?  
Where now fam'd Troy, that did in  
old time domineer?

LXXV

Troy's gone, yet Simois stays. See  
Fate's strange play!  
That which was fix'd, is fled away;  
And what was ever sliding, that doth  
only stay!

LXXVI

Therefore, why gap'st thou thus for  
shadows? who  
Neglected lets the substance go,  
Led by false hope, he makes sad  
end in endless woe!

LXXVII

The Mighty mighty torments shall  
endure,  
If impious: Hell admits no cure:  
Ambition's never safe, though often  
too secure. 231

LXXVIII

If Pride on wing could reach the  
stars; yet shall,  
Like Lucifer, its carcass fall:  
Pride mounted Babel's tower, and  
arched Satan's hall.

LXXIX

In centre of the terrible abyss,  
Remotest from supernal bliss,  
That hapless, hopeless, easeless,  
endless dungeon is!

LXXX

Where nought is heard, but yelling!  
'Oh, that I  
Might once more live! or once  
more die!'  
Cursing his woes, he woos God's  
curse eternally! 240



## Edward Benlowes

*But he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.*

*Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

### LXXXI

Lust brings forth Sin ; Sin shame ;  
Shame cries, ' Repent ; '  
Repentance weeps ; tears Prayer  
do vent ;  
Prayer brings down Grace ; Grace  
Faith ; Faith Love ; Love Zeal  
upsent.

### LXXXII

Who fears GOD, is, without despon-  
dence, sad ;  
Timorous, without despair ; and  
glad,  
Without wild freaks : whereas the  
World's knave, fool, or mad.

### LXXXIII

Part should the world what are in  
man combin'd ;  
The body melts to be refin'd ;  
Grace cheers the suffering, Glory  
crowns the conquering mind.

### LXXXIV

Nor chance, change, fraud, nor  
force, the just man fright, 250  
In greatest pressures he stands  
right ;  
Ever the same (while Sloth feels  
want, Ambition spite).

### LXXXV

From costly bills of greedy empirics  
free ;  
From plea of Ambidexter's fee ;  
From hypocritic schism of kirkish  
tyranny.

### LXXXVI

He with observance honours Virtue's  
friends ;  
And to their faithful counsel  
bends ;  
But not on empty forms of worldly  
gauds depends.

### LXXXVII

In praising GOD, above the stars he  
climbs ;  
And pitying courts, with all their  
crimes, 260

And fawns, and frowns, dares to be  
good in worst of times.

### LXXXVIII

Joy, little world, spite of the greater,  
blest ;  
Scanted abroad, within dost feast,  
Hast CHRIST Himself for cates.  
The Holy GHOST for guest.

### LXXXIX

Thou walk'st in groves of myrrh,  
with CHRIST thy guide  
(The best of friends that e'er was  
tried),  
By thee in vale of tears spiritual  
joy's descried.

### XC

Knew but the World what glorious  
joys still move  
In Faith's bright orb, 'twould  
soar above  
All sense, and centre in the point of  
heav'nly love ! 270

### XCI

Oh, Love's high'st height ! Thou  
art the wise man's bliss !  
T' enjoy thee's Heav'n, Hell thee  
too miss !  
The Earth, yea, Heav'n hath its  
beatitude from this !

### XCII

No Christian kings win by each  
other's loss ;  
What one gets by retail, in gross  
All lose ; while still the Crescent  
gains upon the Cross.

### XCIII

As children fight for toys ; so kings  
for clods :  
Heav'n's heir's more great, and  
rich by odds :  
For All is his, and he is CHRIST's,  
and CHRIST is GOD's.

### XCIV

No bank on earth such sums of  
wealth can lend, 280

## *The Summary of Wisdom*

As saints, who on Heav'n's grace  
depend;  
God's Word their law, His SPIRIT  
their guide, the LAMB their  
friend.

xcv

But, what's vain man? what his  
earth-crawling race?

That God should such a shadow  
grace,  
And him eternally in GLORY's region  
place?

xcvi

No surfeits' maw-worm's there, no  
itch of Lust,

No tympany of Pride, no rust  
Of Envy, no Wrath's spleen, nor  
Obduration's crust.

xcvii

But, there, though Bliss exceeds, it  
never cloy;

For, sweet Fruition's feast em-  
ploys

290

Still new desire; where none can  
count his least of joys!

xcviii

The soul there (throwing off her  
rags of clay,

Laid in Earth's wardrobe, till last  
day)

Ever triumphs in every beatific ray.

xcix

There, each saint doth an endless  
kingdom own!

There each king hath a starry  
crown!

Each sceptre there o'erpowers the  
world, and Devil's frown!

c

None blest, but he who finds the  
JUDGE his friend,

When the last trump shall sum-  
mons send!

299

The End doth crown, the Work, may  
JESUS crown THE END.

A POETIC DESCANT  
UPON A PRIVATE MUSIC-MEETING<sup>1</sup>

I  
MUSE! Rise, and plume thy feet,  
and let's converse  
This morn together: let's re-  
hearse  
Last evening's sweets; and run one  
heat in full-speed verse.

II  
Prank not thyself in metaphors;  
but pound  
Thy ranging tropes, that they  
may sound  
Nothing but what our Paradise did  
then surround.

III  
Thron'd first Parthenian heav'n-bred  
beauties were  
Near crystal casements' Eastern  
sphere;  
Who like to Venus sparkled, yet  
more chaste than fair.

IV  
'Mongst which, one radiant star so  
largely shone, 10  
She seem'd a constellation;  
Her front 'bove lily-white, cheek  
'bove rose-red, full blown.

V  
Yet be not planet-struck, like some  
that gaze  
Too eagerly on Beauty's blaze;  
There's none like thine, dear Muse!  
theirs are but meteor-rays.

VI  
Suitors to idols offer idle suits,  
Which hold their presence more  
recruits  
Their broken hopes, than viols,  
pedals, organs, lutes.

VII  
But, whist! The masculine sweet  
planets met,  
Their instruments in tune have  
set, 20  
And now begin to ransack Music's  
cabinet.

VIII  
Sol! Thou pure fountain of this  
streaming Noise!  
Patron of Sweetness! Soul of  
Joys!  
How were we ravish'd with thy viol's  
warbling voice!

IX  
Thy nectar-dropping joints so  
played their part,  
They forced the fibres of our  
heart  
To dance: thy bow's swift light-  
ning made the tears [to?] start.

X  
Thou didst ev'n saw the grumbling  
catlines still,  
And tortured'st the base, until  
His roaring diapasons did the whole  
room fill. 30

XI  
Luna the pedal richly did adorn;  
If 'twixt the cedar and the  
thorn  
There's ought harmonious, 'twas  
from this sweet fir-tree born.

XII  
As Philomel, Night's minstrel, jugs  
her tides  
Of rolling melody; she rides  
On surges down to th' deep; and,  
when she lifts, up glides.

<sup>1</sup> This is taken from the B. M. copy (669 f. 15. 2), a single sheet not noted in Hazlitt's *Hand-book*. It is extremely characteristic, and perhaps as good an *average* example of Benlowes as could be given. If never at his very best in it, he is nowhere near his worst.

# A Poetic Descant

XIII

Jove cataracts of liquid gold did  
pour,  
More precious than his Danaë's  
show'r;  
From pedal-drops to organ-deluge  
swell'd the stour.

XIV

Mars twang'd a violin (his fierce  
drums for fight 40  
Turn'd to brisk Almans), with  
what sprite  
His treble shrill'd forth marches,  
which he strain'd to the height!

XV

His active bow, arm'd with a war-  
like tone,  
Rallied his troops of strings, as  
one,  
Which volleys gave i' th' chase of  
swift division.

XVI

So the Pelean youth was vanquish'd  
still  
By his renown'd musician's skill,  
Which could disarm, and arm the  
conqueror at will.

XVII

Last Mercury with ravishing strains  
fell on,  
Whose violin seem'd the chymic-  
stone, 50  
For every melting touch was pure  
projection.

XVIII

Chair'd midst the spheres of  
Music's Heav'n, I hear,  
I gaze; charm'd all to eye and  
ear;  
Both which, with objects too intense,  
even martyr'd were.

XIX

Th' excess of fairs, distill'd through  
sweets, did woo

My wav'ring soul, maz'd what to  
do,

Or to quit eyes for ears, or ears  
for eyes forgo.

XX

Giddy i' th' change which sex to  
crown with praise;

Time swore he never was with  
lays

More sweetly spent; nor Beauty  
ever beam'd such rays. 60

XXI

'Twixt these extremes mine eyes  
and ears did stray,

And sure it was no time to pray;  
The Deities themselves then being  
all at play.

XXII

The full-throng'd room its ruin  
quite defies:

Nor fairs, nor airs are pond'rous;  
skies

Do scorn to shrink, though pil'd with  
stars and harmonies.

XXIII

Form, Beauty, Sweetness, all did  
here conspire,

Combin'd in one Celestial Quire,  
To charm the enthusiastic soul  
with enthean fire:

XXIV

These buoy up care-sunk thoughts;  
their power endues 70

A castril brain with eagle-muse:  
When Saints would highest soar  
they Music['s] pinions use.

XXV

Music! thy med'cines can our  
griefs allay,

And re-inspire our lumpish clay:  
Muse! Thou transcend'st; Thou  
without instruments canst play.

BLANDULIS LONGUM VALE CANTI-  
LENIS.

39 stour] 'Assault,' 'din.' A favourite word of Spenser's.

41 Almans] German marches. 'Sprite' = 'sprightliness.'

71 castril] 'Kestrel,' &c., an ill-bred hawk.





# POEMS

By the most deservedly Admired

M<sup>rs</sup> Katherine Philips,

The Matchless

1724.

## O R I N D A.

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNEILLES

POMPEY

&

HORACE,

TRAGEDIES.

With several other Translations out of

FRENCH

---

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman at the Sign of  
the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the  
*New Exchange.* 1678.

## INTRODUCTION TO KATHERINE PHILIPS

THE Poems of 'the matchless Orinda'<sup>1</sup> are better suited to stand the test on which Joe Gargery apologized for his indulgence at the public house than that on which William Taylor of Norwich judged poetry and was laughed at by Carlyle for judging it. They 'do not over-stimulate': on the division of 'Quotidian and Stimulant' they approach nearer to the former than to the latter. But this is no reason for excluding them from such a collection as this, where some at least of the constituents are rather too much than too little heady. And even if it deserved consideration there are many things on the other side to overrule it. Mrs. Philips as a poetess has been much more talked of than read, a state of things which it is one of the primary duties of editors to combat or cure; the references to her, from Dryden downwards, are more than sufficient vouchers for her reintroduction; and her intrinsic interest, though mild, is by no means insignificant. It is an obvious fancy, but neither too obvious nor too fanciful, to compare the attraction of her verse to that of the large portrait-bust which serves as frontispiece to the

<sup>1</sup> She was born on New Year's Day, 1631, the daughter of John Fowler, a merchant of Bucklersbury in the City of London; and educated at one of the famous Hackney boarding-schools, which, however, she must have left full twenty years before the unhallowed eyes of Samuel Pepys gloated over 'the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty' on Sunday, April 21st, 1667. John Fowler dying, his widow married a Welshman, Hector Philips of Porth Eynon, whose son, by his first wife, Katherine herself married in 1647. The *Dictionary of National Biography* assigns to her a son (named after his grandfather Hector, and living but forty days) in the year of her marriage. But she expressly says in his epitaph

*Twice forty months of wedlock did I stay,  
Then had my vows crowned by a lovely boy.*

She had, however, another child, a daughter christened after herself, who was born in 1656, and lived to be married. 'Orinda' began her appearance as a poetess with verses on Vaughan's poems in 1651: and soon attained a considerable (coterie and other) reputation. In 1662 she went to Dublin and had her version of Corneille's *Pompey* performed there. She died of small-pox in Fleet Street, London, on June 22, 1664, having been vexed a little earlier by an unauthorized issue of her *Poems*. (This irritation though excusable, was a little unreasonable, for the delinquent book is a prettier volume than the authorized version, and the variants are neither many nor important.) A further unfinished version of *Horace* was completed by Denham, but neither of these falls within our scope. The *Poems* were collected and published in 1667, and more than once reprinted, without any substantive changes as far as I have noticed. The principal modern treatment of her is in Mr. Gosse's *Seventeenth-century Studies*, and there is a selection, with Introduction by Miss Guiney, in *The Orinda Booklets*. J. R. Tutin, 1904.

## Introduction

folio edition of her poems, and which is delicately apologized for as 'a poor paper shadow of a statue made after a portrait not very like her.' In this portrait the features are too much accentuated and the expression hardened and vulgarized a little by adherence to fashion, and supposed proportion, and the like : but there is still an *aura* of possible charm about it<sup>1</sup>. The *Poems* of Orinda are studiously adjusted to Romantic-Platonic ideas of friendship, studiously artificial, studiously 'proper.' But there is more than a suggestion that not merely must 'Rosania' and 'Lucasia' and the rest have possessed and lost a friend worth having, but that 'my Antenor' (less romantically Mr. Philips,) was by more than convention a fortunate man in his marriage, and an unlucky one in his widower-hood.

Part of the interest and value of Orinda's poems for us lie in the way in which they exhibit the settling down of poetry to its more prosaic kinds and expressions about the period of the Restoration : and it is very curious that another poetess, born just after Orinda's death, shows us in like manner the rise from this. Katherine Philips and Lady Winchelsea cover in their lives ten years short of a century, for the elder was still young and the younger not yet old when she died. But between them they give us the curve almost complete. Orinda in such a poem as 'The Soul' shows us the insolent and passionate Elizabethan poetry still trying to soar, but with flagging wings and in a too rare atmosphere ; Ardelia's 'Nocturnal Reverie' shows us the recovery of the way to the empyrean by a diligent and loving attention to the things of terrestrial nature.

The greatest danger for a modern reader of Katherine Philips is of course the associations of the *Précieuse* School, with Rosania and Lucasia and their little harmless plays at being each a Sappho *non doctior sed pudica* (to vary the epigrammatist). But one fashion is very much like another ; seldom much more absurd, almost always as well worth understanding. In England, as in France, there was undoubtedly a good deal of roughness and coarseness to be worn off and cleansed away, and Mrs. Philips and her friends, though Addison was to give their successors a little of his milder satire, were practically doing Addison's work before he himself was born. And the whole thing is a sort of 'side-show' to the Heroic entertainment which is one of the main things that our time has to provide. It does not appear that 'Antenor' objected, or that he had any reason to object ; indeed he seems to have played his part with all the mixture of gravity and zeal that could have been required in the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself, and no doubt regarded his gifted spouse as more ingenious if less in quality than even 'Julie.'

To come to details, her couplet verses are rarely very good, and she

<sup>1</sup> This is, perhaps not quite fancifully, brought out in a mezzotint by Beckett, inserted by some one in the B. M. copy of the 1678 ed., a really attractive face, and with character in it. Beckett's work is mostly dated about twenty years after Orinda's death. Another later portrait in the same copy is prettified, but mawkish.



## Katherine Philips

seldom anticipates, as Chamberlayne and others do after Fairfax, the clench and grip of her contemporary Dryden. But she has retained something of the mysterious charm of earlier Caroline poetry in the shorter and intertwined measures. For instance, quite early in

Come, my Lucasia, since we see

the quintet, though it has no extraordinary poetical ideas or images to carry, carries its actual burden with something of the strange throb and pulse of pace which we find in the greatest things of Marvell. The next poem is far less effectual, but why? because the couplet added to the quatrain in its six-line arrangement is infinitely less effective than the single line. She is again at home in the simpler octosyllabic quatrain

Come, my Ardelia, to this bower

and hardly less (though she cannot approach the best things of the time) in that unique form of the 'common measure' which that time invented, and which makes one wonder how it can possibly be the same in mere mathematical respects with the jogtrot of Delony or Sternhold.

I did not love until this time  
Crowned my felicity,  
When I could say without a crime  
I am not thine but thee.

How did Donne or Jonson (for it was apparently one or the other) discover this ineffable cadence? How did they manage to teach it to (all but) all and sundry, for half a century? How did it get utterly lost? and how has it been only occasionally and uncertainly recovered? But these are questions, themselves 'begotten of Despair upon Impossibility' yet delightfully suggested by such matter as that which we here collect for study.

Of less strange piquancy, but too good to be left inaccessible, are the 'Lines to Regina Collier on her cruelty to Philaster.' 'Regina,' it may be observed, appears to have been a real name and not of the Orinda kind. Those to Rosania herself

As men that are with visions graced

apply the spell once more. 'A Prayer' is fine; but somehow Orinda is always more at home with her Sapphic-Platonics as in 'To Mrs. M. A. [Mary Aubrey] at Parting':

I have examined and do find  
Of all that favour me,  
There's none I grieve to leave behind  
But only, only thee.

Once more the commonest of commonplaces in sentiment, the most ordinary—almost to the Wordsworthian paradox-level—of words: yet of cadence ineffable, and such that Keats *found* it, and knew it. 'The Enquiry,' 'To My Lucasia' and others, are hardly inferior. She was less happy

## *Introduction*

at the ode ; but she could often manage song-measures featly enough ; as, for instance, in

How prodigious is my fate

which does not ill deserve a place in the too little known anthology of Second-Caroline songs. 'The Parting of Lucasia, Rosania and Orinda at a fountain' (which the sensible Platonics mitigated with Bacchus) is not contemptible : and the epitaph on her own infant son is not the worst of the school of Jonson.

Nor will the reader who really cares for poetry fail to find other things in the Matchless Orinda which will please him ; nor would she have been very sorry not to please the reader who does not so care.

## THE PREFACE

WHEN the false Edition of these Poems stole into the light, a friend of that incomparable Lady's that made them, knowing how averse she was to be in Print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her consent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (she being then in Wales, above 150 miles from this town) went presently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was (though afterward many of the books were privately sold) and gave her an account, by the next post, of what he had done. A while after he received this answer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that disguised name she had given him, it being her custom to use such with most of her particular friends.

Worthy Poliarchus,

It is very well that you chid me so much for endeavouring to express a part of the sense I have of your obligations; for while you go on in conferring them beyond all possibility of acknowledgement, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your last generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy usage I have received at London from the press, doth as much transcend all your former favours<sup>1</sup>, as the injury done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can say to you for it, is, that though you assist<sup>2</sup> an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent person, and that it is impossible for malice itself to have printed those Rimes<sup>3</sup> (you tell me are gotten abroad so impudently) with so much abuse to the things, as the very publication

of them at all, though they had been never so correct, had been to me; to me (Sir) who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's mind, that said,

He danger fear'd than censure less,  
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Press.

And who (I think you know) am sufficiently distrustful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or others' commands have seduc'd me to write, to endeavour rather that they should never be seen at all, than that they should be expos'd to the world with such effronters<sup>4</sup> as now they most unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a rock and a mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to spend their solitude in what Reveries<sup>5</sup> they please, and that our rivers (though they are babbling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their banks; but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate person that cannot so much as think in private, that must have my imaginations rifled and exposed to play the mountebanks, and dance upon the ropes to entertain all the rabble; to undergo all the raillery of the Wits, and all the severity of the Wise; and to be the sport of some that can, and some that cannot read a verse. This is a most cruel accident, and hath made so proportionate an impression upon me, that really it hath cost me a sharp fit of sickness since I heard it; and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am sure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of that wretched

<sup>1</sup> Orig. usually the 'or' form.

<sup>2</sup> I think it fair to keep this spelling, more especially because I think it the wrong one.

<sup>3</sup> effrontery?

<sup>4</sup> I substitute 'assist' for 'assert.'

<sup>5</sup> Orig. Resveires.



## Preface

artifice of a secret consent (of which I am, I fear, suspected) that whoever would have brought me those copies corrected and amended, and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed, should not have obtained it. But though there are many things, I believe, in this wicked impression of those fancies, which the ignorance of what occasion'd them, and the falseness of the copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant, yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato, and I am sure they must be more abus'd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book, nor can imagine what's in't) before they can be render'd otherwise than Sir Edward Dering says in his Epilogue to Pompey,

—No bolder thought can tax  
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex,  
As chaste the lines, as harmless is the sense,  
As the first smiles of infant innocence.

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Virtue and Honour; and I am so little concern'd for the reputation of writing sense, that, provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge, much less connivance at this publication, I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true copies, as you advise me to do: which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune, and to general satisfaction; and that, as you tell me, all the rest of my friends will press me to it, I should yield to it with the same reluctance as I would cut off a limb to save my life. However I hope you will satisfy all your acquaintance of my aversion to it, and did they know me as well as you do, that apology were very needless, for I am so far from expecting applause for any thing I scribble, that I can hardly expect pardon; and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach, and unfit for my sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever; and could I have recovered those fugitive papers that have escap'd my hands, I had long since made a sacrifice of

them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming, and intending the effects of that humour, only for my own amusement in a retir'd life; I did not so much resist it as a wiser woman would have done; but some of my dearest friends having found my Ballads, (for they deserve no better name) they made me so much believe they did not dislike them, that I was betray'd to permit some copies for their divertisement; but this, with so little concern for them, that I have lost most of the originals, and that I suppose to be the cause of my present misfortune; for some infernal spirits or other have catch'd those rags of paper, and what the careless blotted writing kept them from understanding, they have supplied by conjecture, till they put them into the shape wherein you saw them, or else I know not which way it is possible for them to be collected, or so abominably transcrib'd as I hear they are. I believe also there are some among them that are not mine, but every way I have so much injury, and the worthy persons that had the ill luck of my converse, and so their names expos'd in this impression without their leave, that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me so great a torment as this most afflictive accident. I know you Sir, so much my friend, that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint; but methinks it is a great injustice to revenge myself upon you by this harangue for the wrongs I have received from others; therefore I will only tell you that the sole advantage I have by this cruel news, is that it has given me an experiment, That no adversity can shake the constancy of your friendship, and that in the worst humour that ever I was in, I am still,

Worthy Poliarchus,  
Your most faithful, most obliged  
Friend, and most humble Servant  
ORINDA.

Cardigan, Jan. 29, 1664.

She writ divers letters to many of her other friends, full of the like resentments; but this is enough to show



## Katherine Philips

how little she desired the fame of being in print; and how much she was troubled to be so exposed. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar letters, which she did with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; and if they were collected with those excellent discourses she writ on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading.

About three months after this Letter she came to London, where her Friends did much solicit her to redeem herself by a correct impression; yet she continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been overrul'd by their persuasions if she had lived.

But the small-pox, that malicious disease (as knowing how little she would have been concern'd for her handsomeness, when at the best) was not satisfied to be as injurious a printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the stationer had them: for though he, to her most sensible affliction, surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false copy, and sent those children of her fancy into the World, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made, had she escaped; that murderous tyrant, with greater barbarity, seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true original, and to the much juster affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her grave, upon the 22nd of June, 1664, she being then but 31 years of age.

But he could not bury her in oblivion, for this monument which she erected for herself, will, for ever, make her to be honoured as the honour of her sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both. That unfortunate surprise had robb'd it of much of that perfection it might else have had, having broke off the Translation of *Horace* before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and

hindered the rest from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as she possibly herself would have done, had she consented to a second Edition. 'Tis probable she would also have left out some of those pieces that were written with less care and upon occasions less fit to be made public, and she might also have added more: but all industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite page; that they who have a mind to compare them, may, by that pattern, find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendering the full sense of the one, without tying herself strictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same number of lines, though in the Plays half the verses of the French are of thirteen syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the English have no more but ten<sup>1</sup>. In short, though some of her pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in hands that have not produc'd them; yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out; for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other; but those, or others that shall be judged so, may be excused by the politeness of the rest which have more of her true spirit, and of her diligence. Some of them would be no disgrace to the name of any Man that amongst us is most esteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with favour, when it is remembered that they fell hastily from the pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the English Sappho, she of all the female poets of former Ages, being for her verses and her virtues both, the most highly to be valued; but she has call'd herself *ORINDA*, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the muses, and to live with honour as long as they. Were our language

<sup>1</sup> It has seemed sufficient to meet this by giving *one stanza* of the orig. in a note.

## Preface

as generally known to the world as the Greek and Latin were anciently, or as the French is now, her verses could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our islands, but would spread themselves as far as the continent has inhabitants, or as the seas have any shore. And for her virtues, they as much surpass'd those of Sappho as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet Orinda was not her inferior) or as the fading immortality of an earthly laurel, which the justice of men cannot deny to her excellent poetry, is transcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, wherewith the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent piety. Her merit should have had a statue of porphyry wrought by some great artist, equal in skill to Michael Angelo, that might have transferr'd to posterity the lasting image of so rare a person: but here is only a poor paper-shadow of a statue made after a picture not very like her, to accompany that she has drawn of herself in these Poems, and which represents the beauties of her mind with a far truer resemblance, than that does the lineaments of her face.

They had sooner performed this right<sup>1</sup> to her memory, if that raging Pestilence which, not long after her, swept away so many thousands here and in other places of this Kingdom; that devouring Fire, which since destroy'd this famous City; and the harsh sounds of War, which with the thunderings of cannon, deafn'd all ears to the gentle and tender strains of Friendship, had not made the publication of them hitherto unseasonable. But they have outliv'd all these dismal things to see the blessing of Peace, a conjuncture more suitable to their Nature, all compos'd of kindness; so that I hope Time itself shall have as little power against them, as these other storms have had, and then<sup>2</sup> Ovid's conclusion of his *Metamorphosis* may, with little alteration, more truth, and less vanity than by him to himself, be applied to these once transformed, or rather deformed Poems, which are here in some measure restor'd to their native shape and beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now, since they wanted it not before, when they appeared in that strange disguise.

## The Earl of Orrery to Mrs. Philips

Madam,  
WHEN I but knew you by report,  
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring  
Court  
Were but their compliments, but now  
I must  
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce  
just:  
For they imperfect trophies to you  
raise,  
You deserve wonder, and they pay but  
praise;  
A praise, which is as short of your  
great due,  
As all which yet have writ come short  
of you.

You, to whom wonder's paid by double  
right,  
Both for your verses, smoothness and  
their height. 10  
In me it does not the least trouble  
breed,  
That your fair sex does ours, in verse,  
exceed,  
Since every Poet this great truth does  
prove,  
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as  
Love;  
Thence has your sex the best poetic  
fires,  
For what's inspir'd must yield to what  
inspires.

<sup>1</sup> I am in two minds as to substituting 'rite' for this.

<sup>2</sup> Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, nec poteris (*sic in orig. side-note*) ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

## Katherine Philips

And as our sex resigns to yours the  
due,  
So all of your bright sex must yield to  
You.  
Experience shows, that never fountain  
fed  
A stream which could ascend above  
its head; 20  
For those whose wit fam'd Helicon  
does give,  
To rise above its height durst never  
strive,  
Their double hill too, though 'tis often  
clear,  
Yet often on it clouds and storms  
appear.  
Let none admire then that the ancient  
wit  
Shar'd in those elements infused  
[in ?] it;  
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends  
much higher,  
She sharing in no element but fire.  
Past ages could not think those things  
you do,  
For their Hill was their basis and  
height too: 30  
So that 'tis truth, not compliment, to  
tell,  
Your lowest height their highest did  
excel;  
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a  
heav'nly fire,  
To their bright centre constantly  
aspire;  
And by the place to which they take  
their flight,  
Leave us no doubt from whence they  
have their light.  
Your merit has attain'd this high  
degree,  
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,  
And when in that we have drain'd all  
our store,  
All grant from this nought can be  
distant more. 40  
Though you have sung of friend-  
ship's power so well,  
That you in that, as you in wit excel;  
Yet my own interest obliges me  
To praise your practice more than  
theory;

For by that kindness you your friend  
did show  
The honour I obtain'd of knowing  
You.  
In pictures none hereafter will  
delight,  
You draw more to the life in black  
and white;  
The pencil to your pen must yield the  
place,  
This draws the soul, where that draws,  
but the face. 50  
Of blest retirement such great  
Truths you write,  
That 'tis my wish as much as your  
delight;  
Our gratitude to praise it does think  
fit,  
Since all you writ are but effects of it.  
You English Corneil[le]'s Pompey  
with such flame,  
That you both raise our wonder and  
his fame;  
If he could read it, he like us would  
call  
The copy greater than th' original;  
You cannot mend what is already  
done,  
Unless you'll finish what you have  
begun: 60  
Who your Translation sees, cannot but  
say,  
That 'tis Orinda's work, and but his  
play.  
The French to learn our language  
now will seek,  
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly  
speak;  
Rome too would grant, were our tongue  
to her known,  
Caesar speaks better in 't than in his  
own.  
And all those wreaths once circl'd  
Pompey's brow,  
Exalt his fame, less than your verses  
now.  
From these clear truths all must  
acknowledge this,  
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is. 70  
Oh happy Country which to our Prince  
gives  
His Title, and in which Orinda lives !



## Commendatory Poems

### The Earl of Roscommon to Orinda : an imitation of Horace

Integer vitae, &c.  
*Carm. lib. i. od. 22.*

#### I

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no  
defence,  
No arms, but its own innocence ;  
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,  
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

#### II

An honest mind, safely, alone  
May travel through the burning Zone,  
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,  
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

#### III

While (rul'd by a resistless fire)  
Our great ORINDA I admire. 10  
The hungry wolves that see me stray  
Unarm'd and single, run away.

#### IV

Set me in the remotest place  
That ever Neptune did embrace,  
When there her image fills my breast,  
Helicon is not half so blest.

#### V

Leave me upon some Lybian plain,  
So she my fancy entertain,  
And when the thirsty monsters meet,  
They'll all pay homage at my feet. 20

#### VI

The magic of ORINDA's name,  
Not only can their fierceness tame,  
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,  
They seem submissively to roar in  
verse.

### Upon Mrs. Philips her Poems

#### I

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did  
submit

To all the tyrannies of it.

Ah cruel Sex! will you dispose us too  
in Wit?

Orinda does in that too reign,  
Does man behind her in proud triumph  
draw,

And cancel great Apollo's Salic Law.

We our old Title plead in vain :

Man may be head, but Woman's now  
the brain.

Verse was love's fire-arms heretofore :

In beauty's camp it was not known,  
Too many arms beside that conqueror  
bore. 11

'Twas the great cannon we brought  
down,

T' assault a stubborn town.

Orinda first did a bold sally make,

Our strongest quarter take,

And so successful prov'd that she

Turn'd upon Love himself his own  
artillery.

#### II

Women, as if the Body were the whole,  
Did that, and not the Soul,

Transmit to their posterity ; 20

If in it sometimes they conceiv'd,

Th' abortive issue never liv'd.

'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee  
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,  
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.

But thou industriously hast sow'd and  
till'd

The fair and fruitful field :

And 'tis a strange increase that it doth  
yield.

As when the happy Gods above

Meet all together at a feast, 30

A secret joy unspeakably does move

In their great Mother Cybele's con-  
tented breast :

With no less pleasure thou, methinks,  
shouldst see

This thy no less immortal progeny,

And in their birth thou no one touch  
dost find,

Of th' ancient curse to woman-kind ;



## Katherine Philips

Thou bring'st not forth with pain,  
It neither travel is, nor labour of thy  
brain.

So easily they from thee come,  
And there is so much room, 40  
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd  
womb;  
That, like the Holland Countess, thou  
might'st bear  
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile  
year.

### III

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my  
envy raise,  
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to  
praise.

Where'er I see an excellence,  
I must admire to see thy well-knit  
sense,  
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,  
Those as thy forehead smooth, these  
sparkling as thine eye.  
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all, 50  
Or rather, 'tis angelical:  
For, as in Angels, we  
Do in thy verses see  
Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;  
They are than Man more strong, and  
more than Woman sweet.

### IV

They talk of nine, I know not who,  
Female Chimaeras, that o'er Poets  
reign;  
I ne'er could find that fancy true,  
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in  
vain.  
They talk of Sappho, but, alas the  
shame! 60  
Ill manners soil the lustre of her fame.  
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,  
That, like a lantern's fair enclosed light,

It through the paper shines where she  
doth write.

Honour and Friendship, and the gen'-  
rous scorn

Of things for which we were not born,  
(Things that can only, by a fond  
disease,

Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs  
please)

Are the instructive subjects of her pen.

And as the Roman victory 70

Taught our rude land arts, and  
civility,

At once she overcomes, enslaves, and  
better men.

### V

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er  
inspire

A female breast with such a fire.

The warlike Amazonian train,

Which, in Elysium, now do peaceful  
reign,

And Wit's mild empire before Arms  
prefer,

Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by  
her.

Merlin the seer (and sure he would not  
lie

In such a sacred Company) 80

Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda  
show,

Which he had darkly spoke so long  
ago.

Even Boadicia's<sup>1</sup> angry Ghost

Forgets her own misfortune and dis-  
grace,

And to her injur'd Daughters now does  
boast,

That Rome's o'ercome at last by a  
Woman of her race.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## To the excellent Orinda

LET the male Poets their male Phoebus  
choose,  
Thee I invoke, Orinda, for my  
Muse;  
He could but force a branch, Daphne  
her tree  
Most freely offers to her sex and thee,  
And says to verse, so unconstrain'd as  
yours,

Her laurel freely comes, your fame  
secures:

And men no longer shall with ravish'd  
bays

Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd  
a praise.

Thou glory of our sex, envy of men,  
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with  
thy bright pen: 10

<sup>1</sup> Boadicia in orig. and better kept for metre.

## Commendatory Poems

Its lustre doth entice their eyes to  
 gaze,  
 But men's sore eyes cannot endure its  
 rays;  
 It dazzles and surprises so with light,  
 To find a noon where they expected  
 night:  
 A woman translate Pompey! which the  
 fam'd  
 Corneille with such art and labour  
 fram'd!  
 To whose close version the Wits club  
 their sense,  
 And a new lay-poetic SMEC<sup>1</sup> springs  
 thence!  
 Yes, that bold work a woman dares  
 translate,  
 Not to provoke, nor yet to fear men's  
 hate. 20  
 Nature doth find that she hath err'd  
 too long,  
 And now resolves to recompense that  
 wrong:  
 Phoebus to Cynthia must his beams  
 resign,  
 The rule of Day, and Wit's now Fem-  
 inine.  
 That sex, which heretofore was not  
 allow'd  
 To understand more than a beast, or  
 crowd;  
 Of which problems were made, whether  
 or no  
 Women had souls; but to be damn'd,  
 if so;  
 Whose highest contemplation could  
 not pass,  
 In men's esteem, no higher than the  
 class; 30  
 And all the painful labours of their  
 brain,  
 Was only how to dress and entertain:  
 Or, if they ventur'd to speak sense,  
 the wise  
 Made that, and speaking ox like pro-  
 digies.  
 From these the more than masculine  
 pen hath rear'd  
 Our sex; first to be prais'd, next to be  
 fear'd.  
 And by the same pen forc'd, men now  
 confess,  
 To keep their greatness, was to make  
 us less.  
 Men know of how refin'd and rich  
 a mould

Our sex is fram'd, what sun is in our  
 cold: 40  
 They know in lead no diamonds are  
 set,  
 And jewels only fill the cabinet.  
 Our spirits purer far than theirs, they  
 see;  
 By which even men from men dis-  
 tinguish'd be:  
 By which the soul is judg'd, and does  
 appear  
 Fit or unfit for action, as they are.  
 When in an organ various sounds  
 do stroke,  
 Or grate the ear, as birds sing, or toads  
 croak;  
 The breath, that voices every pipe, 's  
 the same,  
 But the bad metal doth the sound  
 defame. 50  
 So, if our souls by sweeter organs  
 speak,  
 And theirs with harsh, false notes the  
 air do break;  
 The soul's the same, alike in both doth  
 dwell,  
 'Tis from her instruments that we  
 excel,  
 Ask me not then, why jealous men  
 debar  
 Our sex from books in peace, from  
 arms in war;  
 It is because our parts will soon  
 demand  
 Tribunals for our persons, and com-  
 mand.  
 Shall it be our reproach, that we are  
 weak,  
 And cannot fight, nor as the school-  
 men speak? 60  
 Even men themselves are neither  
 strong nor wise,  
 If limbs and parts they do not exer-  
 cise,  
 Train'd up to arms, we Amazons  
 have been,  
 And Spartan virgins strong as Spartan  
 men:  
 Breed Women but as Men, and they  
 are these;  
 Whilst Sybarit Men are Women by  
 their ease.  
 Why should not brave Semiramis  
 break a lance,  
 And why should not soft Ninyas curl  
 and dance?

<sup>1</sup> *Smectymnus*.

## Katherine Philips

Ovid in vain bodies with changed did vex,  
Changing her form of life, Iphis  
chang'd sex. 70

Nature to females freely doth impart  
That, which the males usurp, a stout,  
bold heart.

Thushuntersfemalebeastsfear to assail :  
And female hawks more metalled than  
the male :

Men ought not then courage and wit  
ingross,

Whilst the fox lives, the lion, or the  
horse.

Much less ought men both to them-  
selves confine,

Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda,  
shine.

That noble friendship brought thee  
to our Coast,

We thank Lucasia, and thy courage  
boast. 80

Death in each wave could not Orinda  
fright,

Fearless she acts that friendship she  
did write :

WhichmanlyVirtue to their sex confin'd,  
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer  
mind ;

For there 's required (to do that virtue  
right)

Courage, as much in friendship as in  
fight.

The dangers we despise, doth this truth  
prove,

Though boldly we not fight, we boldly  
love.

Engage us unto books, Sappho comes  
forth,

Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's  
worth. 90

If souls no sexes have, as 'tis confest,  
'Tis not the He or She makes Poems  
best :

Nor can men call these verses feminine,  
Be the sense vigorous and masculine.

'Tis true, Apollo sits as judge of Wit,  
But the nine Female learned troop  
are it :

Those laws for which Numa did wise  
appear,

Wiser Egeria whisper'd in his ear.

The Gracchi's Mother taught them  
eloquence ;

From her breasts courage flow'd, from  
her brain sense ; 100

And the grave beards, who heard her  
speak in Rome,

Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'er-  
come.

Your speech, as hers, commands re-  
spect from all,

Your very looks, as hers, rhetorical :

Something of grandeur in your verse  
men see,

That they rise up to it as Majesty.

The wise and noble Orrery's regard,

Was much observ'd, when he your  
Poem heard :

All said, a fitter match was never seen,  
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes'  
Queen. 110

Pompey, who greater than himself 's  
become,

Now in your Poem, than before in  
Rome ;

And much more lasting in the poet's pen,  
Great Princes live, than the proud  
towers of men.

He thanks false Egypt for its treachery,  
Since that his ruin is so sung by thee ;

And so again would perish, if withal,

Orinda would but celebrate his fall.

Thus pleasingly the bee delights to die,  
Foreseeing, he in amber tomb shall lie.

If that all Egypt, for to purge its crime,  
Were built into one pyramid o'er him,

Pompey would lie less stately in that  
hearse, 123

Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy verse :

This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,  
Her hand shall plant his laurel on thy  
brow :

So equal in their merits were both found,  
That the same Wreath Poets and  
Princes Crown'd :

And what on that great captain's brow  
was dead,

She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy  
head. 130

In the French rock Cornelia first did  
shine,

But shin'd not like herself till she  
was thine :

Poems, like gems, translated from the  
place

Where they first grew, receive another  
grace.

Dress'd by thy hand, and polish'd by  
thy pen,

She glitters now a star, but jewel then :

No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is  
light,

Transparent as the day, bright parts  
more bright.



## Commendatory Poems

Cornelia, now made English, so doth thrive,  
 As trees transplanted do much lustier live. 140  
 Thus ore digg'd forth and by such hands as thine  
 Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the mine.  
 Liquors from vessel into vessel pour'd,  
 Must lose some spirits, which are scarce restor'd :  
 But the French wines, in their own vessel rare,  
 Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, spirits are ;  
 So high in taste, and so delicious,  
 Before his own Cornelia thine would choose.  
 He finds himself enlightened here, where shade  
 Of dark expression his own words had made : 150  
 There what he would have said, he sees so writ,  
 As generously, to just decorum fit.  
 When in more words than his you please to flow,  
 Like a spread flood, enriching all below,  
 To the advantage of his well-meant sense,  
 He gains by you another excellence.  
 To render word for word, at the old rate,  
 Is only but to construe, not translate :  
 In your own fancy free, to his sense true,  
 We read Cornelia, and Orinda too : 160  
 And yet ye both are so the very same,  
 As when two tapers join'd make one bright flame.  
 And sure the copier's honour is not small,  
 When artists doubt which is original.  
 But if your fetter'd Muse thus praised be,

What great things do you write when it is free ?  
 When it is free to choose both sense and words,  
 Or any subject the vast World affords ?  
 A gliding sea of crystal doth best show  
 How smooth, clear, full, and rich your verse doth flow : 170  
 Your words are chosen, cull'd, not by chance writ,  
 To make the sense, as anagrams do hit.  
 Your rich becoming words on the sense wait,  
 As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.  
 'Tis not white satin<sup>1</sup> makes a verse more white,  
 Or soft ; Iron is both, write you on it.  
 Your Poems come forth cast, no file you need,  
 At one brave heat both shap'd and polished.  
 But why all these encomiums of you,  
 Who either doubts, or will not take as due ? 180  
 Renown how little you regard, or need,  
 Who like the bee, on your own sweets do feed ?  
 There are, who like weak fowl with shouts fall down,  
 Doz'd with an army's acclamation :  
 Not able to endure applause, they fall,  
 Giddy with praise, their praises' funeral.  
 But you, Orinda, are so unconcern'd,  
 As if when you, another we commend<sup>2</sup>.  
 Thus, as the Sun, you, in your course, shine on,  
 Unmov'd with all our admiration. 190  
 Flying above the praise you shun, we see  
 Wit is still higher by humility.

PHILO-PHILIPPA.

## To the memory of the excellent Orinda

I

FORGIVE, bright Saint, a vot'ry, who  
 No missive Orders has to show,  
 Nor does a call to inspiration owe :  
 Yet rudely dares intrude among

This sacred, and inspirèd throng ;  
 Where looking round me, ev'ry one  
 I see,  
 Is a sworn Priest of Phoebus, or of thee,

<sup>1</sup> It was not unusual to print on white satin. Pepys mentions instances.

<sup>2</sup> In this rhyme 'Philo-Philippa' has out-Barretted Mrs. Browning 150 years before-hand. Even a careful student of all ages of English poetry might be puzzled to find a worse.



# Katherine Philips

Forgive this forward zeal for things  
divine,  
If I strange fire do offer at thy shrine :  
Since the pure incense, and the gum  
We send up to the Pow'rs above, 11  
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)  
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted  
prove,  
As if from golden censers it did come ;  
Though we the pious tribute pay  
In some rude vessel made of common  
clay.

## II

What by Pindarics can be done,  
Since the great Pindar's greater <sup>1</sup> Son  
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry  
Muse inspir'd)  
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder  
Heaven's retir'd : 20  
He, and Orinda from us gone,  
What Name, like theirs, shall we now  
call upon ?  
Whether her Virtue, or her Wit  
We choose for our eternal theme,  
What hand can draw the perfect  
scheme ?  
None but herself could such high  
subjects fit :  
We yield, with shame we yield  
To Death and Her the field :  
For were not Nature partial to us men,  
The World's great order had inverted  
been ; 30  
Had she such souls plac'd in all women-  
kind,  
Giv'n 'em like wit, not with like good-  
ness join'd,

Our vassal sex to hers had homage  
paid ;  
Women had rul'd the World, and  
weaker Man obey'd.

## III

To thee O Fame, we now commit  
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous  
wit ;  
I charge thee, deeply to enroll  
This glorious Name in thy immortal  
scroll ;  
Write ev'ry letter in large text,  
And then to make the lustre hold, 40  
Let it be done with purest gold,  
To dazzle this age, and outshine the  
next :  
Since not a name more bright than  
Hers,  
In this, or thy large book appears.  
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,  
These Reliques (like her deathless  
Poems) save  
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,  
May they still rest from other mixture  
pure :  
Unless some dying Monarch shall to  
try  
Whether Orinda, though herself could  
die, 50  
Can still give others immortality ;  
Think, if but laid in her miraculous  
Tomb,  
As from the Prophet's touch, new life  
from hers may come.

JAMES TYRRELL.

## To the memory of the incomparable Orinda A Pindaric Ode

### I

A LONG Adieu to all that's bright,  
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,  
To all the wonders of their wit,  
And trophies of their mind ;  
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone,  
To th' altar, whence 'twas kindled,  
flown ;  
There's nought on Earth, but ashes  
left behind ;  
E'er since th' amazing sound was  
spread  
ORINDA's Dead,

Every soft and fragrant word, 10  
All that language could afford,  
Every high and lofty thing  
That's wont to set the soul on wing,  
No longer with this worthless  
World would stay :  
Thus when the death of the great  
PAN was told,  
Along the shore the dismal tidings  
roll'd,  
The lesser Gods their fanes for-  
sook ;  
Confounded with the mighty stroke,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. Cowley. (*Orig. note at side.*)

## Commendatory Poems

They could not over-live that fatal  
day,  
But sigh'd, and groan'd their gasping  
Oracles away. 20

### II

How rigid are the laws of Fate,  
And how severe that black de-  
cree?  
No sublunary things is free,  
But all must enter th' adamantine  
gate :

Sooner, or later shall we come  
To Nature's dark retiring-room ;  
And yet 'tis pity, is it not ?  
The learn'd as the fool should die,  
One full as low as t'other lie ;  
Together blended in the general lot ; 30  
Distinguish'd only from the common  
crowd,  
By an hing'd coffin, or an Holland  
shroud,  
Though Fame and Honour speak them  
ne'er so loud ;

Alas ORINDA, even thou !  
Whose happy verse made others live,  
And certain immortality could give ;  
Blasted are all thy blooming glories  
now :

The Laurel withers o'er thy brow :  
Methinks it should disturb thee to  
conceive

That when poor I this artless breath  
resign, 40  
My dust should have as much of Poetry  
as thine.

### III

Too soon we languish with desire  
Of what we never could enough  
admire ;

On th' billows of this world some-  
times we rise  
So dangerously high,  
We are to Heaven too nigh ;  
When (all in rage  
Grown hoary with one minute's age,) 51  
The very self-same fickle wave,  
Which the entrancing prospect gave,  
Swoll'n to a mountain, sinks into a  
grave.

Too happy mortals if the Pow'rs above  
As merciful would be,  
And easy to preserve the thing we love,  
As in the giving they are free !  
But they too oft delude our weary'd  
Eyes,  
They fix a flaming sword 'twixt us and  
Paradise ;

( 501 )

A weeping evening crowns a smiling  
day,  
Yet why should heads of gold have  
feet of clay ?

Why should the man that wav'd th'  
almighty wand, 60  
That led the murmuring crowd,  
By pillar and by cloud,  
Shivering atop of aëry Pisgah stand,  
Only to see, but never, never tread the  
Promis'd Land ?

### IV

Throw your swords and gauntlets by,  
You daring sons of war,  
You cannot purchase e'er you die  
One honourable scar,  
Since that fair hand that gilded all  
your bays,  
That in heroic numbers wrote your  
praise, 70  
While you securely slept in honour's  
bed,  
Itself, alas ! is withered, cold, and  
dead ;

Cold and dead are all those  
charms,  
Which burnish'd your victorious  
arms :  
Inglorious arms hereafter must  
Blush first in blood, and then in rust:  
No oil, but that of Her smooth words  
will serve

Weapon, and warrior to preserve.  
Expect no more from this dull age,  
But folly, or poetic rage, 80  
Short-liv'd nothings of the stage,  
Vented to-day, and cried to-morrow  
down,

With HER the soul of poesy is gone ;  
Gone, while our expectations flew  
As high a pitch as She has done,  
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,  
Betimes the little shining drops are  
flown,  
Ere th' drowsy World perceived that  
Manna was come down.

### V

You of the sex that would be fair,  
Exceeding lovely, hither come 90  
Would you be pure as Angels are,  
Come dress you by ORINDA's tomb,  
And leave your flatt'ring glass at  
home ;  
Within this marble mirror see  
How one day such as She  
You must, and yet alas ! can never be.

## Katherine Philips

Think on the heights of that vast  
soul,  
And then admire, and then con-  
dole.  
Think on the wonders of Her pen,  
'Twas that made Pompey truly  
Great, 100  
Neither th' expense of blood nor  
sweat

Nor yet Cornelia's kindness made him  
live agen.  
With envy think, when to the  
grave you go,  
How very little must be said of  
you,  
Since all that can be said of virtuous  
Woman was her due.  
THOMAS FLATMAN, M.A.

## On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips

I

CRUEL Disease! Ah, could it not suffice  
Thy old and constant spite to exercise  
Against the gentlest and the fairest  
sex,  
Which still thy depredations most do  
vex?  
Where still thy malice most of all  
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the  
fairest fall;  
And in them most assault the fairest  
place,  
The throne of Empress Beauty, even  
the face?  
There was enough of that here to  
assuage  
(One would have thought) either thy  
lust or rage: 10  
Was't not enough, when thou, profane  
Disease,  
Didst on this glorious temple seize?  
Was't not enough, like a wild zealot  
there,  
All the rich outward ornaments to tear;  
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous  
images?  
Was't not enough thus rudely to  
defile,  
But thou must quite destroy the goodly  
pile?  
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit  
On th' inward Holiest Holy of her  
Wit?  
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st  
thy power; 20  
No mine of Death can that devour;  
On her embalmèd name it will abide  
An everlasting Pyramid,  
As high as Heaven the top, as Earth  
the basis wide.

II

All ages past, record; all countries  
now

In various kinds such equal beauties  
show,  
That even Judge Paris would not  
know  
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.  
Though Goddesses to his sentence did  
submit,  
Women and lovers would appeal from  
it; 30  
Nor durst he say, of all the female  
race  
This is the sovereign face.  
And some (though these be of a kind  
that's rare,  
That's much, oh much less frequent  
than the fair)  
So equally renown'd for virtue are,  
That it the Mother of the Gods might  
pose,  
When the best Woman for her guide  
she chose:  
But if Apollo should design  
A Woman-Laureat to make,  
Without dispute he would Orinda take,  
Though Sappho and the famous  
Nine 41  
Stood by, and did repine.  
To be a princess or a Queen  
Is great, but 'tis a greatness always  
seen;  
The World did never but two women  
know  
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit  
did rise  
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;  
One female Pope of old, one female  
Poet now.

III

Of female Poets who had names of  
old,  
Nothing is shown, but only told, 50  
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be  
Male flattery only, and male Poetry;



## Commendatory Poems

Few minutes did their beauties' lighting wast,  
The thunder of their voice did longer last,

But that too soon was past.

The certain proofs of our Orinda's Wit

In her own lasting characters are writ,  
And they will long my praise of them survive,

Though long perhaps too that may live.

The trade of glory manag'd by the pen  
Though great it be, and everywhere is found, 61

Does bring in but small profit to us men;

'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd,

Orinda in the female coasts of fame  
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name,

She does no partner with her see;  
Does all the business there alone which we

Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

### IV

But Wit's like a luxuriant vine,  
Unless to Virtue's prop it join, 70

Firm and erect towards Heaven bound,

Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown'd,  
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

Now shame and blushes on us all

Who our own sex superior call;

Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,  
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:  
She does above our best examples rise,

In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.  
Never did spirit of the manly make, 80

And dipp'd all o'er in learning's sacred lake,

A temper more invulnerable take;  
No violent passion could an entrance find

Into the tender goodness of her mind:  
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may

Force their impetuous way;  
When her soft breast they hit, damped and dead they lay.

### V

The fame of Friendship, which so long had told

Of three or four illustrious Names of old,

Till hoarse and weary of the tale she grew, 90

Rejoices now to have got a new,

A new, and more surprising story  
Of fair Lucasia and Orinda's glory.  
As when a prudent man does once perceive

That in some foreign country he must live,

The language and the manners he does strive

To understand and practise here,

That he may come no stranger there;  
So well Orinda did herself prepare,  
In this much different clime for her remove, 100

To the glad world of Poetry and Love;  
There all the bless'd do but one body grow,

And are made one too with their glorious Head,

Whom there triumphantly they wed,  
After the secret contract pass'd below;  
Their Love into Identity does go,  
'Tis the first unity's Monarchic Throne,  
The Centre<sup>1</sup> that knits all, where the great Three's but One.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

<sup>1</sup> In orig. This destroys the value of 'center' found elsewhere. And so constantly.



# Katherine Philips

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<sup>1</sup> I keep this in order to show how little authority, even of its own, the earlier 'rimes' has.

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<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'resvery.'

# Katherine Philips

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<sup>1</sup> This, which in text is 'Lloyd,' possibly indicates the double pronunciation.

<sup>2</sup> See note in text.

## IMPRIMATUR

Aug. 20, 1667.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

## P O E M S

Upon the double Murder of  
King Charles I, in Answer  
to a Libellous Copy of  
Rimes by Vavasor Powell<sup>1</sup>

I THINK not on the State, nor am  
concern'd

Which way soever the great helm is  
turn'd :

But as that son whose Father's  
danger nigh

Did force his native dumbness,  
and untie

The fetter'd organs ; so this is a cause  
That will excuse the breach of  
Nature's laws,

Silence were now a sin, nay passion  
now

Wise men themselves for merit  
would allow.

What noble eye could see (and  
careless pass)

The dying Lion kick'd by every ass ?  
Has Charles so broke God's Laws,  
he must not have

A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet grave ?  
Tombs have been sanctuaries ;  
Thieves lie there

Secure from all their penalty and  
fear.

Great Charles his double misery was  
this,

Unfaithful friends, ignoble enemies.  
Had any heathen been this Prince's  
foe,

He would have wept to see him  
injur'd so,

His title was his crime, they'd reason  
good

To quarrel at the right they had  
withstood.

He broke God's Laws, and therefore  
he must die ;

And what shall then become of thee  
and I ?

Slander must follow Treason ; but  
yet stay,

Take not our reason with our King  
away.

Though you have seiz'd upon all  
our defence,

Yet do not sequester our common  
sense.

Christ will be King, but I ne'er  
understood

His subjects built His Kingdom up  
with blood,

Except their own ; or that He would  
dispense

With His commands, though for His  
own defence.

Oh ! to what height of horror are  
they come

Who dare pull down a crown, tear  
up a tomb ?

On the numerous Access of  
the English to wait upon  
the King in Flanders

HASTEN, Great Prince, unto thy  
British Isles,

Or all thy subjects will become  
exiles.

To thee they flock, thy Presence is  
their home,

As Pompey's camp, where e'er it  
mov'd, was Rome.

They that asserted thy Just Cause  
go hence

To testify their joy and reverence ;  
And those that did not, now, by  
wonder taught,

Go to confess and expiate their  
fault.

<sup>1</sup> A bitter Welsh Nonconformist, and a great harrier of the Church before the Restoration, after which he had rather less than due reward (1617-70).



## Katherine Philips

So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping  
land  
Itself will empty on the Belgic  
sand : 10  
Where the affrighted Dutchman does  
profess  
He thinks it an invasion, not address.  
As we unmonarch'd were for want  
of thee,  
So till thou come we shall unpeopled  
be.  
None but the close fanatic will  
remain,  
Who by our loyalty his ends will  
gain ;  
And he th' exhausted land will  
quickly find  
As desolate a place as he design'd.  
For England (though grown old with  
woes) will see  
Her long deny'd and sovereign  
remedy. 20  
So when old Jacob could but credit  
give  
That his prodigious Joseph still did  
live,  
(Joseph that was preserv'd to restore  
Their lives that would have taken  
his before)  
It is enough (said he), to Egypt I  
Will go, and see him once before  
I die.

Arion on a Dolphin, To his  
Majesty at his passage  
into England

WHOM does this stately navy bring?  
O! 'tis Great Britain's glorious  
King.  
Convey him then, ye Winds and  
Seas,  
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.  
In your respect let him survey  
What all his other subjects pay ;  
And prophesy to them again  
Thesplendid smoothness of his reign.  
Charles and his mighty hopes you  
bear :  
A greater now than Caesar's here ; 10

( 508 )

Whose veins a richer purple boast  
Than ever hero's yet engrost ;  
Sprung from a Father so august,  
He triumphs in his very dust.  
In him two miracles we view,  
His virtue and his safety too :  
For when compell'd by traitors'  
crimes  
To breathe and bow in foreign  
climes,  
Expos'd to all the rigid fate  
That does on wither'd greatness wait.  
Plots against life and conscience  
laid, 21  
By foes pursu'd, by friends betray'd ;  
Then Heaven, his secret potent  
friend,  
Did him from drugs and stabs  
defend ;  
And, what's more yet, kept him  
upright  
'Midst flattering hope and bloody  
fight.  
Cromwell his own Right never gain'd,  
Defender of the Faith remain'd,  
For which his predecessors fought  
And writ, but none so dearly bought.  
Never was Prince so much besieged,  
At home provok'd, abroad obliged ;  
Nor ever man resisted thus, 33  
No not great Athanasius.  
No help of friends could, or foes'  
spite,  
To fierce invasion him invite.  
Revenge to him no pleasure is,  
He spar'd their blood who gap'd  
for his ;  
Blush'd any hands the English  
Crown  
Should fasten on him but their own.  
As Peace and Freedom with him  
went, 41  
With him they came from banish-  
ment,  
That he might his dominions win,  
He with himself did first begin ;  
And, that best victory obtained,  
His kingdom quickly he regain'd.  
Th' illustrious sufferings of this Prince  
Did all reduce, and all convince.

## *Arion on a Dolphin*

He only liv'd with such success,  
That the whole world would fight  
with less. 50

Assistant Kings could but subdue  
Those Foes which he can pardon  
too.

He thinks no Slaughter-trophies  
good,

Nor laurels dipt in subjects' blood ;  
But with a sweet resistless art  
Disarms the hand, and wins the  
heart ;

And like a God doth rescue those  
Who did themselves and him  
oppose.

Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that  
Throne

Which birth and merit make your  
own ; 60

And in your mercy brighter shine  
Than in the glories of your line ;

Find love at home, and abroad fear,  
And veneration everywhere.

Th' united world will you allow  
Their Chief, to whom the English  
bow ;

And Monarchs shall to yours resort,  
As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court ;  
Returning thence constrain'd more  
To wonder, envy, and adore. 70

Discovered Rome will hate your  
crown,

But she shall tremble at your frown.  
For England shall (rul'd and restor'd  
by You)

The suppliant world protect, or else  
subdue.

On the Fair Weather just at  
the Coronation, it having  
rained immediately before  
and after

So clear a season, and so snatch'd  
from storms,

Shows Heav'n delights to see what  
man performs.

Well knew the Sun, if such a day  
were dim,

( 509 )

It would have been an injury to  
him :

For then a cloud had from his eye  
conceal'd

The noblest sight that ever he  
beheld.

He therefore check'd th' invading  
rains we fear'd,

And in a bright Parenthesis ap-  
pear'd.

So that we knew not which look'd  
most content,

The King, the people, or the firma-  
ment. 10

But the solemnity once fully past,  
The storm return'd with an impetu-  
ous haste

And Heav'n and Earth each other  
to out-do,

Vied both in cannons and in fire-  
works too.

So Israel past through the divided  
flood,

While in obedient heaps the Ocean  
stood :

But the same sea (the Hebrews once  
on shore)

Return'd in torrents where it was  
before.

To the Queen's Majesty on  
her Arrival at Portsmouth,  
May 14, 1662

Now that the Seas and Winds so  
kind are grown,

For our advantage to resign their  
own ;

Now you have quitted the triumphant  
fleet,

And suffered English ground to kiss  
your feet,

Whilst your glad subjects with  
impatience throng

To see a blessing they have begg'd  
so long ;

Whilst Nature (who in compliment  
to you

Kept back till now her wealth and  
beauty too)

## Katherine Philips

Hath, to attend the lustre your eyes  
bring,  
Sent forth her lov'd Ambassador the  
Spring; 10  
Whilst in your praise Fame's echo  
doth conspire  
With the soft touches of the sacred  
Lyre;  
Let an obscurer Muse upon her  
knees  
Present you with such offerings as  
these,  
And you as a Divinity adore,  
That so your mercy may appear the  
more;  
Who, though of those you should  
the best receive,  
Can such imperfect ones as these  
forgive.  
Hail, Royal Beauty, Virgin bright  
and great,  
Who do our hopes secure, our joys  
complete. 20  
We cannot reckon what to you we  
owe,  
Who make him happy who makes  
us be so.  
But Heav'n for us the desp'rate debt  
hath paid,  
Who such a Monarch hath your  
Trophy made.  
A Prince whose Virtue did alone  
subdue  
Armies of men, and of offences too.  
So good, that from him all our  
blessings flow,  
Yet is a greater than he can bestow.  
So great, that he dispenses life and  
death,  
And Europe's fate depends upon his  
breath. 30  
(For Fortune in amends now courts  
him more  
Than ever she affronted him before:  
As lovers that of jealousy repent  
Grow troublesome in kind acknow-  
ledgement.)

Who greater courage show'd in  
wooing you,  
Than other Princes in their battles  
do.  
Never was Spain so generously defied;  
Where they design'd a prey, he  
courts a bride.  
Hence they may guess what will his  
anger prove,  
When he appear'd so brave in making  
love; 40  
And be more wise than to provoke  
his arms,  
Who can submit to nothing but your  
charms.  
And till they give him leisure to  
subdue,  
His enemies must owe their peace  
to you.  
Whilst he and you mixing illustrious  
rays,  
As much above our wishes as our  
praise,  
Such heroes shall produce, as even  
they  
Without regret or blushes shall obey.

### To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan. 1, 166 $\frac{0}{1}$

You justly may forsake a land which  
you  
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.  
Fortune, injurious to your innocence,  
Shot all her poison'd arrows here,  
or hence.  
'Twas here bold rebels once your  
life pursu'd  
(To whom 'twas Treason only to be  
rude,)  
Till you were forc'd by their  
unwearied spite  
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your  
flight.  
Whence after you all that was  
humane<sup>1</sup> fled;

<sup>1</sup> The old confusion (or rather not yet division) of 'human' and 'humane' is not always to be got over by distributing the spelling. Something of both senses is wanted here.



## *To the Queen-Mother's Majesty*

For here, oh! here the Royal  
 Martyr bled, 10  
 Whose cause and heart must be  
 divine and high,  
 That having you could be content  
 to die,  
 Here they purloin'd what we to you  
 did owe,  
 And paid you in variety of woe.  
 Yet all those billows in your breast  
 did meet  
 A heart so firm, so loyal, and so  
 sweet,  
 That over them you greater conquest  
 made  
 Than your immortal Father ever  
 had.  
 For we may read in story of some  
 few  
 That fought like him, none that  
 endur'd like you : 20  
 Till Sorrow blush'd to act what  
 Traitors meant,  
 And Providence itself did first  
 repent.  
 But as our active, so our passive,  
 ill  
 Hath made your share to be the  
 sufferer's still.  
 As from our mischiefs all your  
 troubles grew,  
 'Tis your sad right to suffer for them  
 too.  
 Else our great Charles had not been  
 hence so long,  
 Nor the illustrious Glou'ster died so  
 young :  
 Nor had we lost a Princess all  
 confest  
 To be the greatest, wisest, and the  
 best ; 30  
 Who leaving colder parts, but less  
 unkind,  
 (For it was here she set, and there  
 she shin'd,)  
 Did to a most ungrateful climate  
 come  
 To make a visit, and to find a tomb.  
 So that we should as much your  
 smile despair,

( 511 )

As of your stay in this unpurg'd air ;  
 But that your mercy doth exceed  
 our crimes  
 As much as your example former  
 times,  
 And will forgive our off'rings, though  
 the flame  
 Does tremble still betwixt regret  
 and shame. 40  
 For we have justly suffered more  
 than you  
 By the sad guilt of all your suff'rings  
 too.  
 As you the great Idea have been seen  
 Of either fortune, and in both a  
 Queen,  
 Live still triumphant by the noblest  
 wars,  
 And justify your reconcil'd stars.  
 See your offenders for your mercy  
 bow,  
 And your tried virtue all mankind  
 allow ;  
 While you to such a race have given  
 birth,  
 As are contended for by Heaven  
 and Earth. 50

### *Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England*

WELCOME, sure pledge of reconcil'd  
 Powers ;  
 If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you  
 are ours :  
 For th' Ill ones, check'd by your  
 bright influence,  
 Could never strike till you were  
 hurried hence.  
 But then, as streams withstood more  
 rapid grow,  
 War and confusion soon did over-  
 flow :  
 Such and so many sorrows did  
 succeed,  
 As it would be a new one now to  
 read.  
 But whilst your lustre was to us  
 denied,



## Katherine Philips

You scatter'd blessings everywhere  
beside. <sup>10</sup>

Nature and Fortune have so curious  
been,

To give you worth, and scene to  
show it in.

But we do most admire that gen'rous  
care

Which did your glorious Brother's  
sufferings share ;

So that he thought them in your  
presence none,

And yet your sufferings did increase  
his own.

O wond'rous prodigy ! O race divine !  
Who owe more to your actions than  
your line.

Your lives exalt your father's death-  
less name,

The blush of England, and the  
boast of Fame. <sup>20</sup>

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit  
address,

Which does profane the glory'twould  
confess.

Our crimes have banish'd us from  
you, and we

Were more remov'd by them than  
by the Sea.

Nor is it known whether we wrong'd  
you more

When we rebell'd, or now we do  
adore.

But what Guilt found, Devotion  
cannot miss ;

And you who pardon'd that, will  
pardon this.

Your blest Return tells us our storms  
are ceas'd,

Our faults forgiven, and our stars  
appeas'd, <sup>30</sup>

Your mercy, which no malice could  
destroy,

Shall first bestow, and then in-  
struct, our joy.

For bounteous Heav'n hath, in  
your Highness sent

Our great example, bliss and orna-  
ment.

( 512 )

### On the Death of the Illus- trious Duke of Glouces- ter

GREAT Glou'ster's dead ! and yet in  
this we must

Confess that angry Heaven is wise  
and just.

We have so long and yet so ill en-  
dur'd

The woes which our offences had  
procur'd,

That this new stroke would all our  
strength destroy,

Had we not known an interval of  
Joy.

And yet perhaps this stroke had  
been excus'd,

If we this interval had not abus'd.

But our ingratitude and discontent,  
Deserv'd to know our mercies were  
but lent : <sup>10</sup>

And those complaints Heaven in  
this rigid fate

Does first chastise, and then legiti-  
mate.

By this it our divisions does reprove,  
And makes us join in grief, if not in  
love :

For (Glorious Youth !) all parties do  
agree,

As in admiring, so lamenting Thee ;  
The Sovereign's, subject's, foreigner's  
delight ;

Thou wert the Universal Favourite.  
Not Rome's Belov'd, and brave  
Marcellus, fell

So much a darling or a miracle. <sup>20</sup>  
Though built of richest blood and  
finest earth,

Thou hadst a heart more noble than  
thy birth ;

Which by th' afflictive Changes thou  
didst know,

Thou hadst but too much cause and  
time to show.

For when Fate did thy infancy  
expose

To the most barbarous and stupid  
Foes ;

## *On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester*

Yet thou didst then so much express  
the Prince,  
As did even them amaze, if not con-  
vince.  
Nay, that looſe tyrant whom no bound  
confin'd,  
Whom neither laws, nor oaths, nor  
shame could bind, 30  
Although his soul was than his look  
more grim,  
Yet thy brave innocence half soft'n'd  
him;  
And he that worth wherein thy soul  
was drest,  
By his ill-favour'd clemency confeſt;  
Lessening the ill which he could not  
repent,  
He call'd that travel which was  
banishment.  
Escap'd from him, thy trials were  
increas'd;  
The scene was chang'd, but not the  
danger ceas'd:  
Thou from rough guardians to sedu-  
cers gone,  
Those made thy temper, these thy  
judgement known; 40  
Whilst thou the nobleſt champion  
wert for truth,  
Whether we view thy courage or thy  
youth.  
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims  
Greater reward than to encounter  
flames,  
All that shall know the story must  
allow  
A martyr's crown preparèd for thy  
brow.  
But yet thou wert suspended from  
thy throne,  
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd  
his own:  
Who though the bravest suff'rer,  
yet even He  
Could not at once have mist his  
crown and thee. 50  
But as commission'd angels make no  
stay,  
But having done their errand go  
their way:

( 513 )

So thy part done, not thy restorèd  
state,  
The future splendour which did for  
thee wait,  
Nor that thy Prince and country  
must mourn for  
Such a support, and such a counsellor,  
Could longer keep thee from that  
bliss, whence thou  
Look'st down with pity on Earth's  
Monarchs now?  
Where thy capacious soul may  
quench her thirst,  
And younger brothers may inherit  
first. 60  
While on our King Heav'n does  
this care express,  
To make his comforts safe he makes  
them less.  
For this successful heathens use[d?]  
to say,  
It is too much, (great Gods) send  
some allay.

To Her Royal Highness the  
Duchess of York, on her  
commanding me to send  
her some things that I had  
written

To you whose dignity strikes us with  
awe,  
And whose far greater judgement  
gives us law,  
(Your mind b'ing more transcendent  
than your state,  
For while but knees to this, hearts  
bow to that)  
These humble papers never durst  
come near,  
Had not your pow'rful word bid  
them appear;  
In which such majesty, such sweet-  
ness dwells,  
As in one act obliges, and compels.  
None can dispute commands vouch-  
saf'd by you:  
What shall my fears then and con-  
fusion do? 10

## Katherine Philips

They must resign, and by their just  
pretence  
Some value set on my obedience.  
For in religious duties, 'tis confess,  
The most implicit are accepted best.  
If on that score your Highness will  
excuse  
This blushing tribute of an artless  
Muse,  
She may (encourag'd by your least  
regard,  
Which first can worth create, and  
then reward)  
At modest distance with improv'd  
strains  
That Mercy celebrate which now  
she gains. 20  
But should you that severer justice  
use,  
Which these too prompt approaches  
may produce,  
As the swift hind which hath es-  
cap'd long,  
Believes a vulgar shot would be a  
wrong;  
But wounded by a Prince falls with-  
out shame,  
And what in life she loses, gains in  
fame :  
So if a ray from you chance to be  
sent,  
Which to consume, and not to warm,  
is meant ;  
My trembling Muse at least more  
nobly dies,  
And falls by that a truer sacri-  
fice. 30

### On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia

ALTHOUGH the most do with offi-  
cious heat  
Only adore the living and the  
great ;  
Yet this Queen's merits Fame so far  
hath spread,  
That she rules still, though dispossess  
and dead.

( 514 )

For losing one, two other Crowns  
remain'd ;  
Over all hearts and her own griefs  
she reign'd.  
Two Thrones so splendid, as to  
none are less  
But to that third which she does  
now possess.  
Her heart and birth Fortune so well  
did know,  
That seeking her own fame in such  
a foe, 10  
She drest the spacious theatre for  
the fight :  
And the admiring World call'd to  
the sight :  
An army then of mighty sorrows  
brought,  
Who all against this single virtue  
fought ;  
And sometimes stratagems, and  
sometimes blows  
To her heroic soul they did oppose :  
But at her feet their vain attempts  
did fall,  
And she discovered and subdu'd  
them all.  
Till Fortune weary of her malice  
grew,  
Became her captive and her trophy  
too : 20  
And by too late a tribute begg'd t'  
have been  
Admitted subject to so brave a  
Queen.  
But as some hero who a field hath  
won,  
Viewing the things he had so greatly  
done,  
When by his spirit's flight he finds  
that he  
With his own life must buy his victory,  
He makes the slaughter'd heap that  
next him lies  
His funeral pile, and then in triumph  
dies :  
So fell this Royal Dame, with con-  
quering spent,  
And left in every breast her monu-  
ment ; 30



## *On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia*

Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ,  
As I must never dare to copy it.  
But that bright Angel which did on  
her wait,  
In fifty years' contention with her  
fate,  
And in that office did with wonder see  
How great her troubles, how much  
greater she—  
How she maintain'd her best prero-  
gative,  
In keeping still the power to forgive :  
How high she did in her devotion go,  
And how her condescension stoop'd  
as low ; <sup>40</sup>  
With how much glory she had ever  
been  
A Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife,  
and Queen—  
Will sure employ some deathless  
Muse to tell  
Our children this instructive miracle,  
Who may her sad illustrious life re-  
cite,  
And after all her wrongs may do her  
right.

On the 3rd of September,  
1651

As when the glorious magazine of  
light  
Approaches to his canopy of night,  
He with new splendour clothes his  
dying rays,  
And double brightness to his beams  
conveys ;  
And (as to brave and check his  
ending fate)  
Puts on his highest looks in's lowest  
state,  
Drest in such terror as to make us all  
Be Anti-Persians, and adore his fall;  
Then quits the World depriving it  
of day,  
While every herb and plant does  
droop away : <sup>10</sup>  
So when our gasping English Royalty  
Perceiv'd her period was now drawing  
nigh,

She summons her whole strength to  
give one blow,  
To raise herself, or pull down others  
too.  
Big with revenge and hope she now  
spake more.  
Of terror than in many months be-  
fore ;  
And musters her attendants, or to  
save  
Her from, or else attend her to, the  
grave :  
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate  
Of setting Majesty, to die in state.  
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a  
throne, <sup>21</sup>  
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone !  
Their weight sinks others : Pompey  
could not fly,  
But half the World must bear him  
company ;  
And captiv'd Samson could not life  
conclude,  
Unless attended with a multitude.  
Who'd trust to greatness now, whose  
food is air,  
Whose ruin sudden, and whose end  
despair ?  
Who would presume upon his  
Glorious Birth,  
Or quarrel for a spacious share of  
Earth, <sup>30</sup>  
That sees such Diadems become so  
cheap,  
And Heroes tumble in a common  
heap ?  
Oh give me Virtue then, which sums  
up all,  
And firmly stands when Crowns and  
Sceptres fall.

To the Noble Palaemon,  
on his incomparable Dis-  
course of Friendship

WE had been still undone, wrapt in  
disguise,  
Secure, not happy ; cunning, and  
not wise ;



## *Katherine Philips*

War had been our design, interest  
 our trade ;  
 We had not dwelt in safety, but in  
 shade,  
 Hadst thou not hung our light more  
 welcome far  
 Than wand'ring sea-men think the  
 Northern Star ;  
 To show, lest we our happiness  
 should miss,  
 'Tis plac'd in Friendship, men's and  
 angels' Bliss.  
 Friendship, which had a scorn or  
 mask been made,  
 And still had been derided or be-  
 tray'd ;  
 At which the great physician still had  
 laugh'd,  
 The soldier stormèd<sup>1</sup>, and the gallant  
 scoff'd ;  
 Or worn not as a passion, but a plot,  
 At first pretended, and at last forgot ;  
 Hadst thou not been her great deli-  
 verer,  
 At first discover'd, and then rescu'd  
 her,  
 And raising what rude malice had  
 flung down,  
 Unveil'd her face, and then restor'd  
 her crown ;  
 By so august an action to con-  
 vince,  
 'Tis greater to support than be a  
 Prince.  
 Oh for a voice which loud as thunder  
 were,  
 That all mankind thy conqu'ring  
 truths might hear !  
 Sure the litigious as amaz'd would  
 stand,  
 As Fairy Knights touch'd with  
 Cambina's Wand,  
 Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger  
 charms,  
 Nations and armies would lay down  
 their arms :  
 And what more Honour can on thee  
 be hurl'd,

Than to protect a virtue, save a  
 World ?  
 But while great friendship thou hast  
 copied out,  
 Thou'st drawn thyself so well, that  
 we may doubt  
 Which most appears, thy candour or  
 thy art,  
 Whether we owe more to thy brain  
 or heart.  
 But this we know without thy own  
 consent,  
 Thou'st rais'd thyself a glorious  
 monument :  
 Temples and statues Time will eat  
 away,  
 And tombs (like their Inhabitants)  
 decay ;  
 But there Palaemon lives, and so  
 he must,  
 When marbles crumble to forgot-  
 ten dust.

I

To the Right Honourable  
 Alice Countess of Carbery,  
 at her coming into Wales

I

As when the first day dawn'd, Man's  
 greedy eye  
 Was apt to dwell on the bright pro-  
 digy,  
 Till he might careless of his organ  
 grow,  
 And let his wonder prove his danger  
 too :  
 So when our country (which was  
 deem'd to be  
 Close-mourner in its own obscurity,  
 And in neglected Chaos so long lay)  
 Was rescu'd by your beams into a  
 day,  
 Like men into a sudden lustre  
 brought,  
 We justly fear'd to gaze more than  
 we ought.

<sup>1</sup> The print in full of 'stormèd' doubtless indicates its disyllabic value.

## To Alice, Countess of Carbery

II

From hence it is you lose most of  
your right,  
Since none can pay 't, nor durst do 't  
if they might.  
Perfection's misery 'tis that Art and  
Wit,  
While they would honour, do but  
injure it.  
But as the Deity slights our expense,  
And loves Devotion more than  
Eloquence :  
So 'tis our confidence you are divine,  
Makes us at distance thus approach  
your Shrine.  
And thus secur'd, to you who need  
no art,  
I that speak least my wit may speak  
my heart. 20

III

Then much above all zealous injury,  
Receive this tribute of our shades  
from me,  
While your great splendours, like  
eternal spring,  
To these sad groves such a refresh-  
ment bring,  
That the despised country may be  
grown,  
And justly too, the envy of the town.  
That so when all mankind at length  
have lost  
The Virtuous Grandeur which they  
once did boast,  
Of you like pilgrims they may here  
obtain  
Worth to recruit the dying world  
again. 30

To Sir Edward Dering (the  
Noble Silvander) on his  
Dream and Navy, person-  
ating Orinda's preferring  
Rosania before Solomon's  
Traffic to Ophir

*Then am I happier than is the King;  
My merchandise does no such danger  
bring :*

( 517 )

*The fleet I traffic with fears no such  
harms,  
Sails in my sight, and anchors in my  
arms.*

*Each new and unperceiv'd grace  
Discovered in that mind and face,  
Each motion, smile and look from  
thee,  
Brings pearls and Ophir-Gold to me.*

*Thus far Sir Edw. Dering.*

SIR, To be noble, when 'twas voted  
down,  
To dare be good, though a whole  
age should frown ;  
To live within, and from that even  
state  
See all the under-world stoop to its  
fate ;  
To give the Law of Honour, and  
dispense  
All that is handsome, great and  
worthy thence ;  
Are things at once your practice and  
your end,  
And which I dare admire, but not  
commend.  
But since 't oblige the world is your  
delight,  
You must descend within our reach  
and sight : 10  
For so Divinity must take dis-  
guise,  
Lest mortals perish with the bright  
surprise,  
And thus your Muse (which can  
enough reward  
All actions she vouchsafes but to  
regard,  
And Honours gives, than Kings more  
permanent,  
Above the reach of Acts of Parlia-  
ment)  
May suffer an acknowledgement  
from me,  
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.  
My thoughts with such advantage  
you express,  
I hardly know them in this charming  
dress. 20

## Katherine Philips

And had I more unkindness from  
my friend  
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,  
Were the fleet courted with this gale  
of wind,  
I might be sure a rich return to find.  
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph  
complain'd,  
Apollo in his shape his mistress  
gain'd :  
She might have scorn'd the swain,  
and found excuse ;  
But could not his great Orator refuse.  
But for Rosania's Interest I should  
fear  
It would be hard t' obtain your  
pardon here. 30  
But your first goodness will, I know,  
allow  
That what was bounty then, is mercy  
now.  
Forgiveness is the noblest charity,  
And nothing can worthy your favour  
be.  
For you (God-like) are so much your  
own fate,  
That what you will accept you must  
create.

### To Mr. Henry Lawes

NATURE, which is the vast creation's  
soul,  
That steady curious agent in the  
whole,  
The art of Heaven, the order of this  
frame,  
Is only Number in another name.  
For as some King conqu'ring what  
was his own,  
Hath choice of several Titles to his  
Crown ;  
So harmony on this score now, that  
then,  
Yet still is all that takes and governs  
Men.  
Beauty is but composure, and we find  
Content is but the concord of the  
mind, 10

( 518 )

Friendship the unison of well-tun'd  
hearts,  
Honour the Chorus of the noblest  
parts,  
And all the world on which we can  
reflect  
Music to th' ear, or to the intellect.  
If then each man a Little World  
must be,  
How many Worlds are copied out in  
thee,  
Who art so richly form'd, so complete,  
T' epitomize all that is good and  
great;  
Whose stars this brave advantage did  
impart,  
Thy nature's as harmonious as thy  
art? 20  
Thou dost above the Poets, praises  
live,  
Who fetch from thee th' eternity they  
give.  
And as true Reason triumphs over  
sense,  
Yet is subjected to intelligence :  
So Poets on the lower World look  
down,  
But Lawes on them ; his Height is  
all his own,  
For, like Divinity itself, his lyre  
Rewards the wit it did at first inspire  
And thus by double right Poets allow  
His and their laurel should adorn  
his brow. 30  
Live then, Great Soul of Nature, to  
assuage  
The savage dullness of this sullen  
Age.  
Charm us to Sense ; for though ex-  
perience fail,  
And Reason too, thy numbers may  
prevail  
Then, like those ancients, strike, and  
so command  
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous  
hand.  
None will resist but such who needs  
will be  
More stupid than a stone, a fish, a tree.



## To Mr. Henry Lawes

Be it thy care our age to new-create:  
What built a World may sure repair  
a state. 40

A Sea-Voyage from Tenby  
to Bristol, begun Sept. 5,  
1652, sent from Bristol to  
Lucasia, Sept. 8, 1652

HOISE<sup>1</sup> up the sail, cry'd they who  
understand  
No word that carries kindness for  
the land:  
Such sons of clamour, that I wonder  
not  
They love the sea, whom sure some  
storm begot.  
Had he who doubted Motion these  
men seen,  
Or heard their tongues, he had con-  
vincèd been.  
For had our Barque mov'd half as  
fast as they,  
We had not need cast Anchor by the  
way.  
One of the rest pretending to more  
wit,  
Some small Italian spoke, but mur-  
ther'd it; 10  
For I (thanks to Saburra's Letters)  
knew  
How to distinguish 'twixt the false  
and true.  
But t' oppose these as mad a thing  
would be  
As 'tis to contradict a Presby'try.  
'Tis Spanish though, (quoth I) e'en  
what you please:  
For him that spoke it 't might be  
Bread and Cheese.  
So softly moves the barque which  
none controls,  
As are the meetings of agreeing souls:  
And the moon-beams did on the  
water play,  
As if at midnight 'twould create a  
day. 20

The amorous wave that shar'd in  
such dispense  
Express at once delight and rever-  
ence.  
Such trepidation we in lovers spy  
Under th' oppression of a mistress'  
eye.  
But then the wind so high did rise  
and roar,  
Some vow'd they'd never trust the  
traitor more.  
Behold the fate that all our glories  
sweep,  
Writ in the dangerous wonders of  
the deep:  
And yet behold man's easy folly more,  
How soon we curse what erst we did  
adore. 30  
Sure he that first himself did thus  
convey,  
Had some strong passion that he  
would obey.  
The barque wrought hard, but found  
it was in vain  
To make its party good against the  
main,  
Toss'd and retreated, till at last we  
see  
She must be fast if e'er she should  
be free.  
We gravely anchor cast, and pa-  
tiently  
Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty.  
We had nor wind nor tide, nor aught  
but grief,  
Till a kind spring-tide was our first  
relief. 40  
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite  
The sad confinement of the stormy  
night.  
Ere we had lost these thoughts, we  
ran aground,  
And then how vain to be secure we  
found.  
Now they were all surpris'd. Well, if  
we must,  
Yet none shall say that dust is gone  
to dust.

<sup>1</sup> 'Hoist' as obligatory, is quite modern.



## *Katherine Philips*

But we are off now, and the civil  
 tide  
 Assisted us the tempests to out-ride.  
 But what most pleased my mind  
 upon the way,  
 Was the ships' posture that in har-  
 bour lay : 50  
 Which to a rocky grove so close were  
 fix'd,  
 That the trees' branches with the  
 tackling mix'd.  
 One would have thought it was, as  
 then it stood,  
 A growing navy, or a floating wood.  
 But I have done at last, and do  
 confess  
 My voyage taught me so much  
 tediousness.  
 In short, the Heav'ns must needs  
 propitious be,  
 Because Lucasia was concern'd in  
 me.

### Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia

I

COME, my Lucasia, since we see  
 That miracles men's faith do  
 move,  
 By wonder and by prodigy  
 To the dull angry world let's  
 prove  
 There's a religion in our Love.

II

For though we were design'd t' agree,  
 That Fate no liberty destroys,  
 But our Election is as free  
 As Angels', who with greedy  
 choice  
 Are yet determin'd to their  
 joys. 10

III

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,  
 Here mixture is addition grown ;  
 We both diffuse, and both ingross :  
 And we whose minds are so much  
 one,  
 Never, yet ever are alone.

( 520 )

IV

We court our own captivity  
 Than thrones more great and  
 innocent :

'Twere banishment to be set free,  
 Since we wear fetters whose intent  
 Not bondage is but ornament. 20

V

Divided joys are tedious found,  
 And griefs united easier grow :  
 We are ourselves but by rebound,  
 And all our titles shuffled so,  
 Both Princes, and both subjects  
 too.

VI

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,  
 While they (such power in Friend-  
 ship lies)  
 Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings  
 made :  
 And each heart which thus kindly  
 dies,  
 Grows deathless by the sacrifice. 30

### Content, To my dearest Lucasia

I

CONTENT, the false World's best  
 disguise,  
 The search and faction of the wise,  
 Is so abstruse and hid in night,  
 That, like that Fairy Red-cross  
 Knight,  
 Who treacherous Falsehood for clear  
 Truth had got,  
 Men think they have it when they  
 have it not.

II

For Courts Content would gladly  
 own,  
 But she ne'er dwelt about a  
 throne :  
 And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,  
 Are things which do men's senses  
 cheat. 10  
 But grave Experience long since this  
 did see,  
 Ambition and Content would ne'er  
 agree.

# Content, To my dearest Lucasia

## III

Some vainer would Content expect  
From what their bright outsides reflect :  
But sure Content is more divine  
Than to be digg'd from rock or mine :  
And they that know her beauties will  
confess,  
She needs no lustre from a glittering  
dress.

## IV

In Mirth some place her, but she  
scorns  
Th' assistance of such crackling  
thorns, <sup>20</sup>  
Nor owes herself to such thin  
sport,  
That is so sharp and yet so  
short :  
And painters tell us they the same  
strokes place,  
To make a laughing and a weeping  
face.

## V

Others there are that place Con-  
tent  
In liberty from Government :  
But whomso'er Passions deprave,  
Though free from shackles, he's  
a slave.  
Content and Bondage differ only  
then,  
When we are chain'd by vices, not  
by men. <sup>30</sup>

## VI

Some think the camp Content  
does know,  
And that she sits o' th' victor's  
brow :  
But in his laurel there is seen  
Often a cypress-brow<sup>1</sup> between.  
Nor will Content herself in that  
place give,  
Where Noise and Tumult and  
Destruction live.

## VII

But yet the most discreet believe,  
The Schools this jewel do receive,  
And thus far's true without dispute,  
Knowledge is still the sweetest  
fruit. <sup>40</sup>  
But whilst men seek for Truth they  
lose their peace ;  
And who heaps knowledge, sorrow  
doth increase.

## VIII

But now some sullen Hermit  
smiles,  
And thinks he all the world be-  
guiles,  
And that his cell and dish contain  
What all mankind wish for in vain.  
But yet his pleasure's follow'd with  
a groan,  
For man was never born to be alone.

## IX

Content herself best comprehends  
Betwixt two souls, and they two  
friends, <sup>50</sup>  
Whose either joys in both are fix'd,  
And multiplied by being mix'd :  
Whose minds and interests are so  
the same ;  
Their griefs, when once imparted,  
lose that name.

## X

These far remov'd from all bold  
noise,  
And (what is worse) all hollow joys,  
Who never had a mean design,  
Whose flame is serious and divine,  
And calm, and even, must contented  
be, <sup>59</sup>  
For they've both Union and Society.

## XI

Then, my Lucasia, we who have  
Whatever Love can give or crave ;  
Who can with pitying scorn survey  
The trifles which the most betray ;  
With innocence and perfect friend-  
ship fir'd,  
By Virtue join'd, and by our choice  
retir'd.

<sup>1</sup> bough?

# Katherine Philips

## XII

Whose mirrors are the crystal  
 brooks,  
 Or else each other's hearts and  
 looks ;  
 Who cannot wish for other things  
 Than privacy and friendship  
 brings : 70  
 Whose thoughts and persons chang'd  
 and mixt are one,  
 Enjoy Content, or else the World  
 hath none.

## A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda. Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes

*Luc.* SAY, my Orinda, why so sad ?  
*Orin.* Absence from thee doth tear  
 my heart ;  
 Which, since with thine it union had,  
 Each parting splits. *Luc.* And  
 can we part ?  
*Orin.* Our bodies must. *Luc.* But  
 never we :  
 Our souls, without the help of  
 Sense,  
 By ways more noble and more free  
 Can meet, and hold intelligence.  
*Orin.* And yet those Souls, when  
 first they met,  
 Lookt out at windows through  
 the eyes. 10  
*Luc.* But soon did such acquaint-  
 ance get,  
 Nor Fate nor Time can them  
 surprise.  
*Orin.* Absence will rob us of that  
 bliss  
 To which this friendship title  
 brings :  
 Love's fruits and joys are made by this  
 Useless as crowns to captiv'd  
 Kings.  
*Luc.* Friendship's a Science, and we  
 know  
 There Contemplation's most em-  
 ploy'd.  
*Orin.* Religion's so, but practic too,  
 And both by niceties destroy'd. 20

( 522 )

*Luc.* But who ne'er parts can never  
 meet,  
 And so that happiness were lost.  
*Orin.* Thus Pain and Death are  
 sadly sweet,  
 Since Health and Heav'n such  
 price must cost.

## Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude  
 hand shall sever,  
 And there we'll meet and part no  
 more for ever.

## To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage

I

WE will not like those men our  
 offerings pay  
 Who crown the cup, then think  
 they crown the day.  
 We make no garlands, nor an altar  
 build,  
 Which help not Joy, but Ostentation  
 yield.  
 Where mirth is justly grounded,  
 these wild toys  
 Are but a troublesome, and empty  
 noise.

II

But these shall be my great Solem-  
 nities,  
 Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's  
 bliss.  
 May her Content be as unmix'd  
 and pure  
 As my Affection, and like that  
 endure ; 10  
 And that strong happiness may she  
 still find  
 Not owing to her fortune, but her  
 mind.

III

May her Content and Duty be the  
 same,  
 And may she know no grief but in  
 the name.

*To my dear Sister, Mrs. C. P.*

May his and her pleasure and love  
be so

Involv'd and growing, that we may  
not know

Who most affection or most peace  
engrost ;

Whose love is strongest, or whose  
bliss is most.

IV

May nothing accidental e'er appear,  
But what shall with new bonds  
their souls endear ; 20

And may they count the hours as  
they pass,

By their own joys, and not by sun  
or glass :

While every day like this may  
sacred prove

To Friendship, Gratitude, and  
strictest Love.

*To Mr. Henry Vaughan,  
Silurist, on his Poems*

HAD I ador'd the multitude, and  
thence

Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense,  
And hugg'd that fate in hope the  
World would grant

'Twas good affection to be igno-  
rant ;

Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy  
seen,

I had converted, or excuseless been ;  
For each birth of thy Muse to after-  
times

Shall expiate for all this Age's  
crimes.

First shines thy Amoret, twice  
crown'd by thee,

Once by thy love, next by thy  
poetry : 10

Where thou the best of unions dost  
dispense,

Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in  
Innocence.

So that the muddiest lovers may  
learn here,

No Fountains can be sweet that are  
not clear.

There Juvenal reviv'd by thee  
declares

How flat Man's joys are, and how  
mean his cares ;

And generously upbraids the World  
that they

Should such a value for their ruin  
pay.

But when thy sacred Muse diverts  
her quill,

The landskip to design of Leon's  
Hill ; 20

As nothing else was worthy her or  
thee,

So we admire almost t' idolatry.

What savage breast would not be  
rap'd to find

Such jewels in such cabinets en-  
shrin'd ?

Thou (fill'd with joys too great to  
see or count)

Descend'st from thence like Moses  
from the Mount,

And with a candid, yet unquesti-  
on'd awe,

Restor'st the Golden Age when  
Verse was Law.

Instructing us thou so secur'st thy  
fame,

That nothing can disturb it but my  
name ; 30

Nay, I have hopes that standing  
so near thine

'Twill lose its dross, and by degrees  
refine.

Live till the disabus'd World con-  
sent,

All truths of use, or strength, or  
ornament,

Are with such harmony by thee  
display'd,

As the whole World was first by  
Number made ;

And from the charming rigour  
thy Muse brings,

Learn, there's no pleasure but in  
serious things.



## Katherine Philips

### A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia

I

COME, my Ardelia, to this Bower,  
Where kindly mingling souls  
awhile,  
Let's innocently spend an hour,  
And at all serious follies smile.

II

Here is no quarrelling for crowns,  
Nor fear of changes in our fate;  
No trembling at the Great One's  
frowns,  
Nor any slavery of state.

III

Here's no disguise nor treachery,  
Nor any deep conceal'd design;  
From blood and plots this place is  
free,  
And calm as are those looks of  
thine.

IV

Here let us sit and bless our stars,  
Who did such happy quiet give,  
As that remov'd from noise of wars,  
In one another's hearts we live.

V

Why should we entertain a fear?  
Love cares not how the World is  
turn'd:  
If crowds of dangers should appear,  
Yet Friendship can be uncon-  
cern'd.

VI

We wear about us such a charm,  
No horror can be our offence;  
For mischief's self can do no harm  
To Friendship or to Innocence.

VII

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams  
Command the flocks to quit their  
meat,  
And not entreat the neighbouring  
streams  
To quench their thirst, but cool  
their heat.

( 524 )

VIII

In such a scorching age as this,  
Who would not ever seek a shade,  
Deserve their happiness to miss, 31  
As having their own peace  
betray'd.

IX

But we (of one another's mind  
Assur'd) the boisterous World  
disdain;  
With quiet souls and unconfin'd  
Enjoy what Princes wish in vain.

### To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her

As some great Conqueror who  
knows no bounds,  
But hunting Honour in a thousand  
wounds,  
Pursues his rage, and thinks that  
triumph cheap  
That's but attended with the common  
heap,  
Till his more happy fortune doth  
afford  
Some Royal captive that deserv'd  
his sword,  
And only now is of his laurel proud,  
Thinking his dang'rous valour well  
bestow'd;  
But then retreats, and spending  
hate no more,  
Thinks Mercy now what Courage  
was before: 10  
As cowardice in fight, so equally  
He doth abhor a bloody victory:  
So, madam, though your Beauty  
were allow'd  
To be severe unto the yielding  
crowd,  
That were subdu'd ere you an Object  
knew  
Worthy your conquest and your  
mercy too;  
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your victory's  
complete,  
Only your clemency should be as  
great.

## To Mrs. Mary Carne

None will dispute the power of  
your eyes,  
That understands Philaster is their  
prize. <sup>20</sup>  
Hope not your glory can have new  
access,  
For all your future trophies will  
grow less :  
And with that homage be you  
satisf'd  
From him that conquers all the  
world beside.  
Nor let your rigour now the triumph  
blot,  
And lose the honour which your  
beauty got.  
Be just and kind unto your peace  
and fame,  
In being so to him, for they're the  
same :  
And live and die at once, if you  
would be  
Nobly transmitted to posterity. <sup>30</sup>  
Take heed lest in the story they  
peruse  
A murther which no language can  
excuse :  
But wisely spare the trouble of one  
frown ;  
Give him his happiness, and know  
your own.  
Thus shall you be as Honour's self  
esteem'd,  
Who have one sex oblig'd, your own  
redeem'd.  
Thus the religion due unto your  
shrine  
Shall be as universal, as divine :  
And that Devotion shall this bless-  
ing gain,  
Which Law and Reason do attempt  
in vain. <sup>40</sup>  
The world shall join, maintaining  
but one strife,  
Who shall most thank you for  
Philaster's life.

To Mr. J. B. the noble  
Cratander, upon a Com-  
position of his which he  
was not willing to own  
publicly

As when some injur'd Prince assumes  
disguise,  
And strives to make his carriage  
sympathize,  
Yet hath a great becoming mien and  
air,  
Which speaks him Royal spite of  
all his care :  
So th' issues of thy soul can ne'er  
be hid,  
And the Sun's force may be as soon  
forbid  
As thine obscur'd ; there is no  
shade so great  
Through which it will not dart forth  
light and heat.  
Thus we discover thee by thy own  
day,  
Against thy will snatching the cloud  
away. <sup>10</sup>  
Now the piece shines, and though  
we will not say,  
Parents can souls, as taper<sup>1</sup> lights,  
convey ;  
Yet we must grant thy soul trans-  
mitted here  
In beams almost as lasting and as  
clear.  
And that's our highest praise, for  
but thy mind,  
Thy works could never a resem-  
blance find.  
That mind whose search can Nature's  
secret hand  
At one great stroke discover and  
command,  
Which cleareth times and things,  
before whose eyes  
Nor men nor notions dare put on  
disguise. <sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tapers?

## Katherine Philips

And were all authors now as much  
forgot  
As prosperous Ignorance herself  
would plot,  
Had we the rich supplies of thy own  
breast,  
The knowing World would never  
miss the rest.  
Men did before from Ignorance  
take their fame,  
But Learning's self is honour'd by  
thy name.  
Thou studiest not belief to intro-  
duce  
Of novelties, more fit for show than  
use;  
But think'st it nobler charity t'  
uphold  
The credit and the beauty of the old:  
And with one hand canst easily  
support  
Learning and Law, a Temple and<sup>31</sup>  
a Court.  
And this secures me: for as we  
below  
Valleys from hills, houses from  
churches know,  
But to their fight who stand extremely  
high,  
These forms will have one flat  
equality:  
So from a lower soul I well might  
fear  
A critic censure when survey'd too  
near;  
But not from him who plac'd above  
the best,  
Lives in a height which levels all  
the rest.<sup>40</sup>

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne  
Owen, upon her receiving  
the Name of Lucasia, and  
Adoption into our Society,  
December 28, 1651

WE are complete, and Fate hath  
now  
No greater blessing to bestow:

Nay, the dull World must now  
confess,  
We have all worth, all happiness.  
Annals of State are trifles to our  
fame,  
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's  
name.

But as though through a burning-  
glass  
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,  
Yet still with general freedom  
shines;  
For that contracts, but not con-  
fines:<sup>10</sup>  
So though by this her beams are  
fix'd here,  
Yet she diffuses Glory everywhere.

Her mind is so entirely bright,  
The splendour would but wound  
our sight,  
And must to some disguise submit,  
Or we could never worship it.  
And we by this relation are allow'd  
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's cloud.

Nations will own us now to be  
A Temple of Divinity;<sup>20</sup>  
And pilgrims shall ten ages hence  
Approach our tombs with  
reverence.  
May then that time which did such  
bliss convey,  
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

To the truly Noble Mrs.  
Anne Owen, on my first  
Approaches

MADAM,  
As in a triumph conquerors admit  
Their meanest captives to attend on  
it,  
Who, though unworthy, have the  
power confest,  
And justifi'd the yielding of the rest:  
So when the busy World (in hope t'  
excuse  
Their own surprise) your Conquests  
do peruse,



## *To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen*

And find my name, they will be apt  
to say,  
Your charms were blinded, or else  
thrown away.  
There is no honour got in gaining me,  
Who am a prize not worth your  
victory. 10  
But this will clear you, that 'tis  
general,  
The worst applaud what is admir'd  
by all.  
But I have plots in't : for the way  
to be  
Secure of fame to all posterity,  
Is to obtain the honour I pursue,  
To tell the World I was subdu'd by  
you.  
And since in you all wonders  
common are,  
Your votaries may in your virtues  
share,  
While you by noble magic worth  
impart :  
She that can conquer, can reclaim a  
heart. 20  
Of this creation I shall not despair,  
Since for your own sake it concerns  
your care.  
For 'tis more honour that the world  
should know  
You made a noble Soul, than found  
it so.

### Lucasia

Not to oblige Lucasia by my voice,  
To boast my fate, or justify my  
choice,  
Is this design'd ; but pity does  
engage  
My pen to rescue the declining Age.  
For since 'tis grown in fashion to be  
bad,  
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,  
(While in their vices only men agree)  
Is thought the only modern gallantry ;  
How would some brave examples  
check the crimes,  
And both reproach, and yet reform,  
the times ? 10

( 527 )

Nor can Morality itself reclaim  
Th' apostate World like my Lucasia's  
name :  
Lucasia, whose rich soul had it been  
known  
In that time th' Ancients call'd the  
Golden one,  
When Innocence and Greatness were  
the same,  
And men no battles knew but in a  
game,  
Choosing what Nature, not what Art,  
prefers ;  
Poets were Judges, Kings Philo-  
sophers ;  
Even then from her the wise would  
copies draw,  
And she to th' infant world had  
giv'n a law. 20  
That souls were made of Number  
could not be  
An observation, but a prophecy.  
It meant Lucasia, whose harmonious  
state  
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.  
But as then Music is best under-  
stood,  
When every chord's examin'd and  
found good :  
So what in others Judgement is and  
Will,  
In her is the same even Reason still.  
And as some colour various seems,  
but yet  
'Tis but our diff'rence in considering  
it : 30  
So she now light, and then does  
light dispense,  
But is one shining orb of excellence :  
And that so piercing when she  
judgement takes,  
She doth not search, but intuition  
makes :  
And her discoveries more easy are  
Than Caesar's Conquest in his Pontic  
War.  
As bright and vigorous her beams  
are pure,  
And in their own rich candour so  
secure,



## Katherine Philips

That had she liv'd where legends  
were devised,  
Rome had been just, and she been  
canonized. 40  
Nay Innocence herself less clear  
must be,  
If Innocence be anything but she.  
For virtue's so congenial to her  
mind,  
That liquid things, or friends, are  
less combin'd.  
So that in her that sage his wish had  
seen,  
And virtue's self had personated  
been.  
Now as distill'd simples do agree,  
And in th' alembic lose variety :  
So virtue, though in pieces scatter'd  
'twas,  
Is by her mind made one rich useful  
mass. 50  
Nor doth Discretion put Religion  
down,  
Nor hasty Zeal usurp the judgement's  
crown.  
Wisdom and Friendship have one  
single throne,  
And make another friendship of  
their own.  
Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce  
pleasing rays,  
Poetic Lovers would but wrong in  
praise.  
All hath proportion, all hath come-  
liness,  
And her Humility alone excess.  
Her modesty doth wrong a worth  
so great,  
Which Calumny herself would  
noblier treat : 60  
While true to Friendship and to  
Nature's trust,  
To her own merits only she's un-  
just.  
But as Divinity we best declare  
By sounds as broken as our notions  
are ;  
So to acknowledge such vast  
eminence,  
Imperfect wonder is our eloquence.

No pen Lucasia's glories can re-  
late,  
But they admire best who dare  
imitate.

### Wiston Vault

AND why this vault and tomb?  
Alike we must  
Put off distinction, and put on our  
dust.  
Nor can the stateliest fabric help to  
save  
From the corruptions of a common  
grave ;  
Nor for the Resurrection more  
prepare,  
Than if the dust were scatter'd into  
air.  
What then? Th' ambition's just,  
say some, that we  
May thus perpetuate our memory.  
Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor  
weak Man!  
Whose monument does more than's  
merit can : 10  
Who by his friends' best care and  
love's abus'd,  
And in his very Epitaph accus'd :  
For did they not suspect his Name  
would fall,  
There would not need an Epitaph  
at all.  
But after death too I would be  
alive,  
And shall, if my Lucasia do, sur-  
vive.  
I quit these pomps of death, and am  
content,  
Having her heart to be my monu-  
ment :  
Though ne'er stone to me, 'twill  
stone for me prove,  
By the peculiar miracles of Love. 20  
There I'll inscription have which no  
tomb gives,  
Not, Here Orinda lies, but, Here  
she lives.

# *Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal*

Friendship in Emblem, or  
the Seal. To my dearest  
Lucasia

I

THE Hearts thus intermix'd speak  
A love that no bold shock can  
break ;

For join'd and growing both in one,  
None can be disturb'd alone.

II

That means a mutual Knowledge  
too ;

For what is't either heart can do,  
Which by its panting sentinel  
It does not to the other tell ?

III

That Friendship hearts so much  
refines,

It nothing but itself designs : 10  
The hearts are free from lower  
ends,

For each point to the other tends.

IV

They flame, 'tis true, and several  
ways,

But still those Flames do so much  
raise,

That while to either they incline,  
They yet are noble and divine.

V

From smoke or hurt those flames are  
free,

From grossness or mortality :

The heart (like Moses' Bush pre-  
sumed)

Warm'd and enlightened, not  
consumed. 20

VI

The Compasses that stand above,  
Express this great immortal Love ;  
For friends, like them, can prove  
this true,

They are, and yet they are not, two.

VII

And in their posture is exprest  
Friendship's exalted interest :  
Each follows where the other leans,  
And what each does, this other  
means.

VIII

And as when one foot does stand fast,  
And t' other circles seeks to cast, 30  
The steady part does regulate  
And make the wand'rer's motion  
straight :

IX

So friends are only two in this,  
T'reclaim each other when they miss :  
For whosoe'er will grossly fall,  
Can never be a friend at all.

X

And as that useful instrument  
For even lines was ever meant ;  
So Friendship from good Angels  
springs,

To teach the world heroic things. 40

XI

As these are found out in design  
To rule and measure every line ;  
So Friendship governs actions best,  
Prescribing unto all the rest.

XII

And as in Nature nothing's set  
So just as lines in number met ;  
So Compasses for these b'ing made,  
Do friendship's harmony persuade.

XIII

And like to them, so friends may own  
Extension, not division : 50  
Their points, like bodies, separate ;  
But head, like souls, knows no such  
fate.

XIV

And as each part so well is knit,  
That their embraces ever fit :  
So friends are such by destiny,  
And no third can the place supply.

XV

There needs no Motto to the Seal :  
But that we may the mind reveal  
To the dull eye, it was thought fit  
That Friendship only should be  
writ. 60

XVI

But as there are degrees of bliss,  
So there's no Friendship meant by  
this,  
But such as will transmit to Fame  
Lucasia and Orinda's Name.

## Katherine Philips

In Memory of F. P. who  
died at Acton on the 24 of  
May, 1660, at Twelve and  
an Half of Age

If I could ever write a lasting verse,  
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon  
thy hearse.

But Sorrow is no Muse, and does  
confess,

That it least can, what it would most  
express.

Yet that I may some bounds to  
Grief allow,

I'll try if I can weep in numbers  
now.

Ah, beauteous blossom, too untimely  
dead!

Whither, ah, whither is thy sweet-  
ness fled?

Where are the charms that always  
did arise

From the prevailing language of thy  
eyes? 10

Where is thy beauteous and lovely  
mien,

And all the wonders that in thee  
were seen?

Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;  
There is no pity in the stupid grave.

But so the bankrupt sitting on the  
brim

Of those fierce billows which had  
ruin'd him,

Begs for his lost estate, and does  
complain

To the inexorable floods in vain.

As well we may enquire when roses  
die,

To what retirement their sweet odours  
fly; 20

Whither their virtues and their  
blushes haste,

When the short triumph of their life  
is past;

Or call their perishing beauties back  
with tears,

As add one moment to thy finish'd  
years.

No, thou art gone, and thy presaging  
mind

So thriftily thy early hours de-  
sign'd,

That hasty Death was baffled in his  
pride,

Since nothing of thee but thy body  
di'd.

Thy soul was up betimes, and so  
concern'd

To grasp all excellence that could  
be learn'd, 30

That finding nothing fill her thirsting  
here,

To the spring-head she went to  
quench it there;

And so prepar'd, that being freed  
from sin

She quickly might become a  
Cherubin.

Thou wert all Soul, and through  
thy eyes it shin'd:

Asham'd and angry to be so con-  
fin'd,

It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither  
flown

Where it might know as clearly as  
'twas known.

In these vast hopes we might thy  
change have found,

But that Heav'n blinds whom it  
decrees to wound. 40

For parts so soon at so sublime a  
pitch,

A judgement so mature, fancy so  
rich,

Never appear unto unthankful Men,  
But as a vision to be hid again.

So glorious scenes in masques,  
spectators view

With the short pleasure of an hour  
or two;

But that once past, the ornaments  
are gone,

The lights extinguish'd, and the  
curtains drawn.

Yet all these gifts were thy less  
noble part,

Not was thy head so worthy as thy  
heart; 50



## *In Memory of F. P.*

Where the Divine Impression shin'd  
so clear,  
As snatch'd thee hence, and yet  
endear'd thee here :  
For what in thee did most command  
our love,  
Was both the cause and sign of thy  
remove.  
Such fools are we, so fatally we  
choose,  
That what we most would keep, we  
soonest lose.  
The humble greatness of thy pious  
thought,  
Sweetness unforc'd, and bashfulness  
untaught,  
The native candour of thine open  
breast,  
And all the beams wherein thy  
worth was drest, 60  
Thy wit so bright, so piercing and  
immense,  
Adorn'd with wise and lovely inno-  
cence,  
Might have foretold thou wert not  
so complete,  
But that our joy might be as short  
as great.  
So the poor swain beholds his  
ripen'd corn  
By some rough wind without a sickle  
torn.  
Never, ah ! never let sad parents  
guess  
At one remove of future happiness :  
But reckon children 'mong those  
passing joys,  
Which one hour gives, and the  
next hour destroys. 70  
Alas ! we were secure of our con-  
tent ;  
But find too late that it was only  
lent,  
To be a mirror wherein we may see  
How frail we are, how spotless we  
should be.  
But if to thy blest soul my grief  
appears,  
Forgive and pity these injurious  
tears :

Impute them to Affection's sad  
excess,  
Which will not yield to Nature's  
tenderness,  
Since 'twas through dearest ties and  
highest trust  
Continued from thy cradle to thy  
dust ; 80  
And so rewarded and confirm'd by  
thine,  
That (woe is me ! ) I thought thee  
too much mine.  
But I'll resign, and follow thee as  
fast  
As my unhappy minutes will make  
haste.  
Till when the fresh remembrances  
of thee  
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.  
For such a loss as this (bright Soul ! )  
is not  
Ever to be repaired, or forgot.

In Memory of that excellent  
Person Mrs. Mary Lloyd  
of Bodidrist in Denbigh-  
shire, who died Nov. 13,  
1656, after she came thither  
from Pembroke-shire.

I CANNOT hold, for though to write  
were rude,  
Yet to be silent were ingratitude,  
And folly too ; for if posterity  
Should never hear of such an one as  
thee,  
And only know this age's brutish  
fame,  
They would think Virtue nothing  
but a name.  
And though far abler pens must her  
define,  
Yet her adoption hath engagèd  
mine :  
And I must own where merit shines  
so clear,  
'Tis hard to write, but harder to  
forebear. 10



## *Katherine Philips*

Sprung from an ancient and an  
 honour'd stem,  
 Who lent her lustre, and she paid  
 it them ;  
 Who still in great and noble things  
 appear'd,  
 Whom all their country lov'd, and  
 yet they fear'd.  
 Match'd to another good and great  
 as they,  
 Who did their country both oblige  
 and sway.  
 Behold herself, who had without  
 dispute,  
 More than both families could  
 contribute.  
 What early beauty Grief and Age  
 had broke,  
 Her lovely reliques and her offspring  
 spoke. 20  
 She was by Nature and her parents'  
 care,  
 A woman long before most others are.  
 But yet that antedated season she  
 Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty.  
 For she was still in either state of life,  
 Meek as a virgin, prudent as a wife.  
 And she well knew, although so  
 young and fair,  
 Justly to mix Obedience, Love, and  
 Care ;  
 Whil'st to her children she did still  
 appear  
 So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,  
 That they from her rule and example  
 brought 31  
 A native Honour, which she stamp'd  
 and taught.  
 Nor can a single pen enough com-  
 mend  
 So kind a sister and so clear a friend.  
 A wisdom from above did her  
 secure,  
 Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever  
 pure.  
 And if well-order'd Commonwealths  
 must be  
 Patterns for every private family,

Her house, rul'd by her hand and  
 by her eye,  
 Might be a pattern for a Monarchy.  
 Solomon's wisest woman less could  
 do ; 41  
 She built her house, but this  
 preserv'd hers too.  
 She was so pious that when she did die,  
 She scarce chang'd place, I'm sure  
 not company.  
 Her Zeal was primitive and practice  
 too ;  
 She did believe, and pray, and read,  
 and do.  
 A firm and equal soul she had  
 engrost,  
 Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd  
 her most.  
 She grew to love those wrongs she  
 did receive  
 For giving her the power to forgive.  
 Her alms I may admire, but not  
 relate, 51  
 But her own works shall praise her  
 in the gate.  
 Her life was chequer'd with afflictive  
 years,  
 And even her comfort season'd in  
 her tears.  
 Scarce for a husband's loss her  
 eyes were dried<sup>1</sup>,  
 And that loss by her children half  
 supplied,  
 When Heav'n was pleas'd not these  
 dear props t' afford,  
 But tore most off by sickness or by  
 sword.  
 She, who in them could still their  
 father boast,  
 Was a fresh widow every son she lost.  
 Litigious hands did her of right  
 deprive, 61  
 That after all 'twas penance to  
 survive.  
 She still these griefs had nobly  
 undergone,  
 Which few support at all, but better  
 none.

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'dri'd' and 'suppli'd' which is not quite negligible.

## *In Memory of Mrs. Mary Lloyd*

Such a submissive greatness who can  
find?

A tender heart with so resolv'd  
a mind!

But she, though sensible, was still  
the same,

Of a resign'd soul, untainted fame;  
Nor were her virtues coarsely set,  
for she

Out-did example in civility. 70

To bestow blessings, to oblige,  
relieve,

Was all for which she could endure  
to live.

She had a joy higher in doing good,  
Than they to whom the benefit  
accru'd.

Though none of Honour had a  
quicker sense,

Never had woman more of compla-  
cence<sup>1</sup>;

Yet lost it not in empty forms, but  
still

Her Nature noble was, her soul  
gentile<sup>2</sup>.

And as in youth she did attract (for  
she

The verdure had without the vanity),  
So she in age was mild and grave  
to all, 81

Was not morose, but was majestical.  
Thus from all other women she  
had skill

To draw their good, but nothing of  
their ill.

And since she knew the mad  
tumultuous World

Saw crowns revers'd, temples to  
ruin hurl'd;

She in retirement chose to shine and  
burn,

As a bright lamp, shut in some Roman  
urn.

At last, when spent with sickness,  
grief and age,

Her Guardian Angel did her death  
presage 90

(So that by strong impulse she  
cheerfully

Dispens'd blessings, and went home  
to die;

That so she might, when to that  
place remov'd,

Marry his ashes whom she ever  
lov'd):

She died, gain'd a reward, and paid  
a debt.

The Sun himself did never brighter  
set.

Happy were they that knew her and  
her end,

More happy they that did from her  
descend:

A double blessing they may hope to  
have,

One she convey'd to them, and one  
she gave. 100

All that are hers are therefore sure  
to be

Blest by inheritance and legacy.

A Royal Birth had less advantage  
been.

'Tis more to die a Saint than  
live a Queen.

To the truly competent  
Judge of Honour, Lucasia,  
upon a scandalous Libel  
made by J. J.

HONOUR, which differs man from  
man much more

Than Reason differ'd him from  
beasts before,

Suffers this common fate of all things  
good,

By the blind World to be misunder-  
stood.

For as some heathens did their Gods  
confine,

While in a bird or beast they made  
their shrine;

<sup>1</sup> Note the French accent.

<sup>2</sup> This seems worth keeping, both as a document of form and because of the horrible degradation of 'gentle' in meaning.

## *Katherine Philips*

Depos'd their Deities to earth, and  
 then  
 Offer'd them rites that were too low  
 for Men :  
 So those who most to Honour  
 sacrifice,  
 Prescribe to her a mean and weak  
 disguise ; 10  
 Imprison herto others' false applause,  
 And from Opinion do receive their  
 laws.  
 While that inconstant Idol they  
 implore,  
 Which in one breath can murder  
 and adore.  
 From hence it is that those who  
 Honour court,  
 (And place her in a popular report)  
 Do prostitute themselves to sordid  
 Fate,  
 And from their being oft degenerate.  
 And thus their Tenents<sup>1</sup> too are  
 low and bad,  
 As if 'twere honourable to be mad :  
 Or that their Honour had concern'd  
 been 21  
 But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin.  
 But Honour is more great and more  
 sublime,  
 Above the battery of Fate or Time.  
 We see in Beauty certain airs are  
 found,  
 Which not one grace can make,  
 but all compound.  
 Honour's to th' mind as Beauty to  
 the sense,  
 The fair result of mix'd excellence.  
 As many diamonds together lie,  
 And dart one lustre to amaze the  
 eye : 30  
 So Honour is that bright aetherial  
 ray  
 Which many stars doth in one light  
 display.  
 But as that Beauty were as truly  
 sweet,  
 Were there no tongue to praise, no  
 eye to see 't ;

And 'tis the privilege of a native  
 Spark,  
 To shed a constant splendour in the  
 dark :  
 So Honour is its own reward and  
 end,  
 And satisfied within, cannot descend  
 To beg the suffrage of a vulgar  
 tongue,  
 Which by commending Virtue doth  
 it wrong. 40  
 It is the charter of a noble action,  
 That the performance giveth satis-  
 faction.  
 Other things are below't ; for from  
 a clown  
 Would any Conqueror receive his  
 crown ?  
 'Tis restless cowardice to be a drudge  
 To an uncertain and unworthy  
 judge.  
 So the Cameleon, who lives on air,  
 Is of all creatures most inclin'd to  
 fear.  
 But peaceable reflections on the  
 mind,  
 Will in a silent shade Contentment  
 find. 50  
 Honour keeps court at home, and  
 doth not fear  
 To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted  
 there.  
 While I have this retreat, 'tis not  
 the noise  
 Of slander, though believ'd, can  
 wrong my joys.  
 There is advantage in't : for gold  
 uncoin'd  
 Had been unuseful, not with glory  
 shin'd :  
 This stamp'd my innocency in the  
 ore,  
 Which was as much, but not so  
 bright, before.  
 Till an Alembic wakes and outward  
 draws,  
 The strength of sweets lies sleeping  
 in their cause : 60

<sup>1</sup> 'Tenant' or 'tenet'? The latter better.



## *To the truly competent Judge of Honour*

So this gave me an opportunity  
To feed upon my own Integrity.  
And though their judgement I must  
still disclaim,  
Who can nor give nor take away  
a fame :  
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing  
few,  
Who dare be just, and rip my heart  
to you.

To Antenor, on a Paper of  
mine which J. J. threatens  
to publish to prejudice  
him

MUST then my crimes become thy  
scandal too ?  
Why, sure the Devil hath not much  
to do.  
The weakness of the other charge  
is clear,  
When such a trifle must bring up  
the rear.  
But this is mad design, for who  
before  
Lost his repute upon another's score ?  
My love and life I must confess are  
thine,  
But not my errors, they are only  
mine.  
And if my faults must be for thine  
allow'd,  
It will be hard to dissipate the cloud :  
For Eve's rebellion did not Adam  
blast, 11  
Until himself forbidden fruit did  
taste.  
'Tis possible this magazine of Hell  
(Whose name would turn a verse  
into a spell,  
Whose mischief is congenial to his  
life)  
May yet enjoy an honourable wife.  
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her  
blame,  
Nor yet my follies blast Antenor's  
name.

( 535 )

But if those lines a punishment  
could call  
Lasting and great as this dark  
lanthorn's gall ; 20  
Alone I'd court the torments with  
content,  
To testify that thou art innocent.  
So if my ink through malice prov'd  
a stain,  
My blood should justly wash it off  
again.  
But since that mint of slander could  
invent  
To make so dull a rhyme his instru-  
ment,  
Let verse revenge the quarrel. But  
he's worse  
Than wishes, and below a Poet's  
curse ;  
And more than this Wit knows not  
how to give,  
Let him be still himself, and let him  
live. 30

Rosania shadowed whilst  
Mrs. Mary Awbrey

If any could my dear Rosania hate,  
They only should her Character  
relate.  
Truth shines so bright there, that an  
enemy  
Would be a better orator than I.  
Love stifles language, and I must  
confess,  
I had said more, if I had lov'd  
less.  
Yet the most critical who that face  
see,  
Will ne'er suspect a partiality.  
Others by time and by degrees  
persuade,  
But her first look doth every heart  
invade. 10  
She hath a face so eminently bright,  
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite :  
A face where conquest mixt with  
modesty,  
Are both completed in Divinity.



## Katherine Philips

Not her least glance but sets a heart  
on fire,  
And checks it if it should too much  
aspire.  
Such is the magic of her looks, the  
same  
Beam doth both kindle and refine  
our flame.  
If she doth smile, no painter e'er  
would take  
Another rule when he would Mercy  
make.  
And Heav'n to her such splendour  
hath allow'd,  
That no one posture can her beauty  
cloud :  
For if she frown, none but would  
fancy then  
Justice descended here to punish  
men.  
Her common looks I know not how  
to call  
Any one Grace, they are compos'd  
of all.  
And if we mortals could the doctrine  
reach,  
Her eyes have language, and her  
looks do teach.  
And as in palaces the outmost,  
worst  
Rooms entertain our wonder at the  
first ;  
But once within the Presence-  
Chamber door,  
We do despise whate'er we saw  
before :  
So when you with her mind acquaint-  
ance get,  
You'll hardly think upon the  
cabinet.  
Her soul, that ray shot from the  
Deity,  
Doth still preserve its native purity ;  
Which earth can neither threaten  
nor allure,  
Nor by false joys defile it, or ob-  
scure.  
The innocence which in her heart  
doth dwell,  
Angels themselves can only parallel.

( 536 )

More gently soft than is an evening  
shower :  
And in that sweetness there is  
coucht a power,  
Which scorning Pride, doth think it  
very hard  
That modesty should need so mean  
a guard.  
Her Honour is protected by her eyes,  
As the old Flaming Sword kept  
Paradise.  
Such constancy of Temper, Truth  
and Law,  
Guides all her actions, that the  
World may draw  
From her one soul the noblest  
precedent  
Of the most safe, wise, virtuous  
government.  
And as the highest element is clear  
From all the tempests which disturb  
the air :  
So she above the World and its rude  
noise,  
Above our storms a quiet calm  
enjoys.  
Transcendent things her noble  
thoughts sublime,  
Above the faults and trifles of the  
time.  
Unlike those gallants which take far  
less care  
To have their souls, than make their  
bodies fair ;  
Who (sick with too much leisure)  
time do pass  
With these two books, Pride, and a  
looking-glass :  
Plot to surprise men's hearts, their  
pow'r to try,  
And call that Love, which is mere  
Vanity.  
But she, although the greatest  
Murtherer,  
(For ev'ry glance commits a  
Massacre)  
Yet glories not that slaves her power  
confess,  
But wishes that her monarchy were  
less.

## *Rosania shadowed*

And if she love, it is not thrown  
away,

As many do, only to spend the day;  
But hers is serious, and enough alone  
To make all Love become Religion.  
And to her friendship she so faith-  
ful is, 71

That 'tis her only blot and pre-  
judice:

For Envy's self could never error  
see

Within that soul, 'bating her love to  
me.

Now as I must confess the name of  
friend

To her that all the World doth  
comprehend,

Is a most wild ambition; so for me  
To draw her picture is flat lunacy.

Oh! I must think the rest; for  
who can write,

Or into words confine what's  
infinite? 80

To the Queen of Inconstancy,  
Regina Collier, in Antwerp

### I

UNWORTHY, since thou hast decreed  
Thy Love and honour both shall  
bleed,

My Friendship could not choose to  
die

In better time or company.

### II

What thou hast got by this exchange  
Thou wilt perceive, when the re-  
venge

Shall by those treacheries be made,  
For which our Faith thou hast  
betray'd.

### III

When thy idolaters shall be  
True to themselves, and false to  
thee, 10

Thou'lt see that in heart-merchandise,  
Value, not number, makes the  
price.

### IV

Live to that day, my Innocence  
Shall be my Friendship's just  
defence:

For this is all the World can find,  
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

### V

The desp'rate game that thou dost  
play

At private ruins cannot stay;  
The horrid treachery of that face  
Will sure undo its native place. 20

### VI

Then let the Frenchmen never fear  
The victory while thou art there:  
For if sins will call judgements down,  
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasia,  
on our Friendship

I DID not live until this time

Crown'd my felicity,  
When I could say without a crime,  
I am not thine, but Thee.

This carcase breath'd, and walkt,  
and slept,

So that the World believ'd  
There was a soul the motions kept;  
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a watch by art is wound  
To motion, such was mine: 10  
But never had Orinda found  
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and  
supplies,

And guides my darkened breast:  
For thou art all that I can prize,  
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-  
conqueror's mirth

To mine compar'd can be:  
They have but pieces of this Earth,  
I've all the World in thee. 20

Then let our flames still light and  
shine,

And no false fear control,  
As innocent as our design,  
Immortal as our soul.

## Katherine Philips

### Rosania's private Marriage

It was a wise and kind design of  
Fate,  
That none should this day's glory  
celebrate :  
For 'twere in vain to keep a time  
which is  
Above the reach of all solemnities.  
The greatest actions pass without a  
noise,  
And tumults but profane diviner  
joys.  
Silence with things transcendent  
nearest suits,  
The greatest Emperors are serv'd by  
mutes.  
And as in ancient time the Deities  
To their own priests reveal'd no  
mysteries 10  
Until they were from all the World  
retir'd,  
And in some cave made fit to be  
inspir'd.  
So when Rosania (who hath them  
out-vied,  
And with more justice might be  
deified ;  
Who if she had their rites and  
altars, we  
Should hardly think it were  
idolatry)  
Had found a breast that did deserve  
to be  
Receptacle of her Divinity ;  
It was not fit the gazing World  
should know  
When she convey'd herself to him,  
or how. 20  
An eagle safely may behold the  
Sun,  
When weak eyes are with too much  
light undone.  
Now as in oracles were understood,  
Not the priest's only, but the  
common good :  
So her great soul would not imparted  
be,  
But in design of general Charity.

( 538 )

She now is more diffusive than  
before ;  
And what men then admir'd, they  
now adore.  
For this exchange makes not her  
power less,  
But only fitter for the World's  
address. 30  
May then that Mind (which, if we  
will admit  
The Universe one Soul, must sure  
be it)  
Inform this All (which, till she  
shin'd out, lay  
As drowsy men do in a cloudy day),  
And Honour, Virtue, Reason so  
dispense,  
That all may owe them to her  
influence :  
And while this age is thus employ'd,  
may she  
Scatter new blessings for posterity.  
I dare not any other wish prefer, 39  
For only her bestowing adds to her.  
And to a soul so in herself complete  
As would be wrong'd by any  
epithet,  
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her  
chosen sphere,  
And fill'd with love and satisfaction  
there,  
What can increase the triumph, but  
to see  
The World her Convert and her  
History ?

### Injuria Amicitiae

LOVELY Apostate! what was my  
offence?  
Or am I punish'd for obedience?  
Must thy strange rigour find as  
strange a time?  
The act and season are an equal  
crime.  
Of what thy most ingenious scorns  
could do,  
Must I be subject and spectator  
too?



## *Injuria Amicitiae*

Or were the sufferings and sins too few  
To be sustain'd by me, perform'd  
by you?

Unless (with Nero) your uncurb'd  
desire

Be to survey the Rome you set on  
fire. 10

While wounded for and by your  
power, I

At once your Martyr and your  
Prospect die.

This is my doom, and such a  
riddling fate

As all impossibles doth complicate.

For Obligation here is Injury,

Constancy Crime, Friendship a  
Heresy.

And you appear so much on ruin  
bent,

Your own destruction gives you  
now Content :

For our twin-spirits did so long  
agree,

You must undo yourself to ruin me.

And, like some frantic Goddess,  
you're inclin'd, 21

To raze the temple where you are  
enshrin'd.

And, what's the miracle of cruelty,  
Kill that which gave you immortality.

While glorious friendship, whence  
your honour springs,

Lies gasping in the Crowd of common  
things ;

And I'm so odious, that for being  
kind

Doubled and studied murders are  
design'd.

Thy sin's all paradox, for shouldst  
thou be

Thyself again, th' wouldst be severe  
to me. 30

For thy repentance coming now so  
late,

Would only change, and not relieve  
my fate.

So dangerous is the consequence  
of ill,

Thy least of crimes is to be cruel  
still.

For of thy smiles I should yet more  
complain,

If I should live to be betray'd again.

Live then (fair Tyrant) in security,

From both my kindness and revenge  
be free ;

While I, who to the swains had  
sung thy fame,

And taught each echo to repeat thy  
name, 40

Will now my private sorrow enter-  
tain,

To rocks and rivers, not to thee,  
complain.

And though before our union  
cherish'd me,

'Tis now my pleasure that we  
disagree.

For from my passion your last rigour  
grew,

And you kill'd me because I  
worshipp'd you.

But my worst vows shall be your  
happiness,

And not to be disturb'd by my  
distress.

And though it would my sacred  
flames pollute,

To make my heart a scorn'd prosti-  
tute ; 50

Yet I'll adore the author of my death,  
And kiss the hand that robs me of

my breath.

To Regina Collier, on her  
cruelty to Philaster

TRIUMPHANT Queen of scorn ! how  
ill doth sit

In all that sweetness, such injurious  
Wit !

Unjust and Cruel ? what can be  
your prize,

To make one heart a double  
Sacrifice ?

Where such ingenious rigour you do  
show,

To break his heart, you break his  
image too ;



## Katherine Philips

And by a tyranny that's strange and  
new,  
You murder him because he  
worships you.  
No pride can raise you, or can make  
him start,  
Since Love and Honour do enrich  
his heart. 10  
Be wise and good, lest when fate  
will be just,  
She should o'erthrow those glories in  
the dust,  
Rifle your beauties, and you thus  
forlorn  
Make a cheap victim to another's  
scorn;  
And in those fetters which you do  
upbraid,  
Yourself a wretched captive may  
be made.  
Redeem the poison'd Age, let it be  
seen  
There's no such freedom as to serve  
a Queen.  
But you I see are lately Round-head  
grown,  
And whom you vanquish you insult  
upon. 20

### To Philaster, on his Melan- choly for Regina

GIVE over now thy tears, thou  
vain  
And double Murderer;  
For every minute of thy pain  
Wounds both thyself and her.  
Then leave this dullness; for 'tis  
our belief,  
Thy Queen must cure, or not  
deserve, thy grief.

### Philoclea's parting

KINDER than a condemn'd man's  
reprieve,  
Was your dear company that bad  
me live.

( 540 )

When by Rosania's silence I had  
been  
The wretched'st martyr any age hath  
seen.  
But as when traitors faint upon the  
rack,  
Tormenters strive to call their spirits  
back;  
Not out of kindness to preserve  
their breath,  
But to increase the torments of their  
Death:  
So was I raised to this glorious  
state,  
To make my fall the more  
unfortunate. 10  
But this I know, none ever died  
before  
Upon a sadder or a nobler score.

### To Rosania, now Mrs. Montague, being with her

I  
As men that are with visions grac'd,  
Must have all other thoughts dis-  
plac'd,  
And buy those short descents of Light  
With loss of sense; or spirit's flight:

II  
So since thou wert my happiness,  
I could not hope the rate was less;  
And thus the Vision which I gain  
Is short t' enjoy, and hard t' attain.

III  
Ah then! what a poor trifle's all  
That thing which here we Pleasure  
call, 10  
Since what our very souls hath cost  
Is hardly got and quickly lost!

IV  
Yet is there justice in the fate;  
For should we dwell in blest estate,  
Our joys thereby would so inflame,  
We should forget from whence we  
came.

V  
If this so sad a doom can quit  
Me for the follies I commit;

## To Rosania

Let no estrangement on thy part  
Add a new ruin to my heart. 20

### VI

When on myself I do reflect,  
I can no smile from thee expect :  
But if thy kindness hath no plea,  
Some freedom grant for charity.

### VII

Else the just World must needs deny  
Our Friendship an eternity :  
This love will ne'er that title hold :  
For mine's too hot, and thine too cold.

### VIII

Divided rivers lose their name ;  
And so our too unequal flame 30  
Parted, will Passion be in me,  
And an indifference in thee.

### IX

Thy absence I could easier find,  
Provided thou wert well and kind,  
Than such a presence as is this,  
Made up of snatches of my bliss.

### X

So when the Earth long gasps for  
rain,  
If she at last some few drops gain,  
She is more parchèd than at first ;  
That small recruit increas'd the  
thirst. 40

## To my Lucasia

Let dull philosophers enquire no  
more  
In Nature's womb, or causes strive  
t' explore,  
By what strange harmony and course  
of things  
Each body to the whole a tribute  
brings ;  
What secret unions secret neigh-  
bourings make,  
And of each other how they do part-  
take.  
These are but low experiments :  
but he  
That Nature's harmony entire would  
see,

Must search agreeing souls, sit down  
and view

How sweet the mixture is, how full,  
how true ; 10

By what soft touches spirits greet  
and kiss,

And in each other can complete their  
bliss.

A wonder so sublime, it will admit  
No rude spectator to contemplate it.  
The object will refine, and he that can  
Friendship revere, must be a noble  
man.

How much above the common rate  
of things

Must they then be, from whom this  
union springs !

But what's all this to me, who live  
to be

Disprover of my own mortality? 20  
And he that knew my unimprovèd  
soul,

Would say I meant all friendship to  
control.

But bodies move in time, and so  
must minds ;

And though th' attempt no easy  
progress finds,

Yet quit me not, lest I should des-  
p'rate grow,

And to such friendship add some  
patience now.

O may good Heav'n but so much  
virtue lend,

To make me fit to be Lucasia's  
Friend !

But I'll forsake myself, and seek a  
new

Self in her breast that's far more  
rich and true. 30

Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth  
hum and fly,

And dron'd with age would unre-  
garded die,

Unless some lucky drop of precious  
gum,

Do bless the insect with an Amber-  
tomb.

Then glorious in its funeral the Bee  
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

## Katherine Philips

### On Controversies in Religion

RELIGION, which true policy be-  
friends,  
Design'd by God to serve Man's  
noblest ends,  
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play  
Made the chief party in its own  
decay,  
And meets that eagle's destiny,  
whose breast  
Felt the same shaft which his own  
feathers drest.  
For that great Enemy of souls per-  
ceiv'd,  
The notion of a Deity was weav'd  
So closely in Man's soul; to ruin  
that,  
He must at once the World depopu-  
late. 10  
But as those tyrants who their wills  
pursue,  
If they expound old laws, need make  
no new:  
So he advantage takes of Nature's  
light,  
And raises that to a bare useless  
height;  
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the  
quest  
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,  
To make us lose it; that I know  
not how,  
'Tis not our practice, but our quarrel  
now.  
As in the Moon's eclipses some Pagans  
thought  
Their barbarous clamours her deliver-  
ance wrought: 20  
So we suppose that truth oppress'd  
lies,  
And needs a rescue by our enmities.  
But 'tis injustice, and the mind's  
disease,  
To think of gaining Truth by losing  
Peace.  
Knowledge and Love, if true, do  
still unite;  
God's Love and Knowledge are both  
infinite.

And though indeed Truth does  
delight to lie  
At some remoteness from a com-  
mon eye;  
Yet 'tis not in a thunder or a noise,  
But in soft whispers and the stiller  
Voice. 30  
Why should we then Knowledge so  
rudely treat,  
Making our weapon what was meant  
our meat?  
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel  
so;  
The soul that's dark will be contracted  
too.  
Chimaeras make a noise, swelling  
and vain,  
And soon resolve to their own smoke  
again.  
But a true light the spirit doth  
dilate,  
And robs it of its proud and sullen  
state;  
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis  
understood,  
And makes us wise because it makes  
us good. 40  
'Tis to a right prospect of things  
that we  
Owe our Uprightness and our  
Charity.  
For who resists a beam when shin-  
ing bright,  
Is not a sinner of a common height.  
That state's a forfeiture, and helps  
are spent,  
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a punish-  
ment.  
The soul which sees things in their  
native frame,  
Without Opinion's mask or Custom's  
name,  
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or  
count that high  
Which hath its estimation from a  
lie. 50  
(Mean, sordid things, which by mis-  
take we prize,  
And absent covet, but enjoy'd  
despise.)



## *On Controversies in Religion*

But scorning these hath robb'd them  
of their art,  
Either to swell or to subdue the  
Heart ;  
And learn'd that generous frame to  
be above  
The World in hopes, below it all in  
love :  
Touch'd with divine and inward  
life doth run,  
Not resting till it hath its centre won ;  
Moves steadily until it safe doth lie  
I' th' root of all its immortality ; 60  
And resting here hath yet activity  
To grow more like unto the Deity ;  
Good, Universal, Wise, and Just  
as he,  
(The same in kind, though diff'ring  
in degree)  
Till at the last 'tis swallowed up and  
grown  
With God and with the whole Crea-  
tion one ;  
Itself, so small a part, i' th' Whole  
is lost,  
And generals have particulars en-  
grost.  
That dark contracted personality,  
Like mists before the Sun, will from  
it fly. 70  
And then the soul, one shining  
sphere, at length  
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and  
purged strength,  
Beholds her highest good with open  
face,  
And like him all the World she can  
embrace.

To the Honoured Lady E.C.

MADAM,  
I do not write to you that men may  
know  
How much I'm honour'd that I may  
do so :  
Nor hope (though I your rich ex-  
ample give)  
To write with more success than  
I can live,

( 543 )

To cure the age ; nor think I can be  
just,  
Who only dare to write, because  
I must.  
I'm full of you, and something must  
express,  
To vent my wonder and your pow'r  
confess.  
Had I ne'er heard of your illustrious  
name,  
Nor known the Scotch or English  
ancient fame ; 10  
Yet if your glorious frame did but  
appear,  
I could have soon read all your  
grandeur there.  
I could have seen in each majestic ray,  
What greatness ancestors could e'er  
convey ;  
And in the lustre of your eyes alone,  
How near you were allièd to the  
Throne :  
Which yet doth lessen you, who  
cannot need  
Those bright advantages which you  
exceed.  
For you are such, that your descent  
from Kings  
Receives more honour from you  
than it brings : 20  
As much above their glories as our  
toil.  
A Court to you were but a hand-  
some soil.  
And if we name the stock on which  
you grew,  
'Tis rather to do right to it than  
you :  
For those that would your greatest  
splendour see,  
Must read your soul more than your  
pedigree.  
For as the sacred Temple had with-  
out  
Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz'd  
about,  
And yet had riches, state, and wonder  
more,  
For those that stood within the shin-  
ing door ; 30



## Katherine Philips

But in the Holy Place the admitted  
few,  
Lustre receiv'd and inspiration too :  
So though your glories in your face  
be seen,  
And so much bright instruction in  
your mien ;  
You are not known but where you  
will impart  
The treasures of your more illustrious  
heart.  
Religion all her odours sheds on  
you,  
Who by obeying vindicate her too :  
For that rich beam of Heaven was  
almost  
In nice disputes and false pretences  
lost ; 40  
So doubly injur'd, she could scarce  
subsist  
Betwixt the hypocrite and casuist ;  
Till you by great example did con-  
vince  
Us of her nature and her residence.  
And chose to show her face, and  
ease her grief,  
Less by your arguments than by  
your life ;  
Which if it should be copied out,  
would be  
A solid body of divinity.  
Your principle and practice light  
would give  
What we should do, and what we  
should believe : 50  
For the extensive knowledge you  
profess,  
You do acquire with more ease than  
confess,  
And as by you knowledge has thus  
obtain'd  
To be refin'd, and then to be  
explain'd :  
So in return she useful is to you,  
In practice and in contemplation  
too.  
For by the various succours she  
hath lent,  
You act with judgement, and think  
with content.

( 544 )

Yet those vast parts with such a  
temper meet,  
That you can lay them at Religion's  
feet. 60  
Nor is it half so bold as it is true,  
That Virtue is herself oblig'd to  
you :  
For being drest in your subduing  
charms,  
She conquers more than did the  
Roman arms.  
We see in you how much that  
Malice lied  
That stuck on goodness any sullen  
pride ;  
And that the harshness some pro-  
fessors wear  
Falls to their own, and not Religion's  
share.  
But your bright sweetness if it but  
appear,  
Reclaims the bad, and softens the  
austere. 70  
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could  
not tell  
What was the secret of that active  
spell.  
That beauteous mantle they to divers  
lent,  
Yet wonder'd what the mighty no-  
thing meant.  
Some did confine her to a worthy  
fame,  
And some to Royal parents gave her  
name.  
You having claim unto her either  
way,  
By what a King could give, a world  
could pay,  
Have a more living honour in your  
breast,  
Which justifies, and yet obscures the  
rest ; 80  
A principle from fame and pomp  
untied,  
So truly high that it despises Pride ;  
Buying good actions at the dearest  
rate,  
Looks down on ill with as much scorn  
as hate ;

## *To the Honoured Lady E. C.*

Acts things so generous and bravely  
 hard,  
 And in obliging finds so much  
 reward ;  
 So self-denying great, so firmly  
 just,  
 Apt to confer, strict to preserve a  
 trust ;  
 That all whose honour would be  
 justified,  
 Must by your standards have it  
 stamp'd and tried. 90  
 But your perfection heightens others'  
 crimes,  
 And you reproach while you inform  
 the times.  
 Which sad advantage you will scarce  
 believe ;  
 Or if you must, you do conceal and  
 grieve.  
 You scorn so poor a foil as others'  
 ill,  
 And are protector to th' unhappy  
 still ;  
 Yet are so tender when you see a  
 spot,  
 You blush for those who for them-  
 selves could not.  
 You are so much above your sex,  
 that we  
 Believe your Life your greatest  
 courtesy : 100  
 For women boast, they have you  
 while you live  
 A pattern and a representative,  
 And future mothers who in child-  
 birth groan,  
 Shall wish for daughters, knowing  
 you are one.  
 The world hath Kings whose crowns  
 are cemented,  
 Or by the blood they boast, or that  
 they shed :  
 Yet these great idols of the stooping  
 crew  
 Have neither pleasure sound, nor  
 honour true.  
 They either fight, or play ; and  
 power court,  
 In trivial anger, or in cruel sport. 110

You, who a nobler privilege enjoy,  
 (For you can save whom they can  
 but destroy)  
 An Empire have where different  
 mixtures kiss ;  
 You're grave, not sour, and kind,  
 but not remiss.  
 Such sweetened Majesty, such  
 humble State,  
 Do love and reverence at once  
 create.  
 Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught  
 essays,  
 I can admire more fitly than I  
 praise.  
 Things so sublime are dimly under-  
 stood,  
 And you are born so great, and are  
 so good, 120  
 So much above the honour of your  
 name,  
 And by neglect do so secure your  
 fame ;  
 Whose beauty's such as captivates  
 the wise,  
 Yet only you of all the World  
 despise ;  
 That have so vast a knowledge so  
 subdued,  
 Religion so adorn'd, and so pursued ;  
 A wit so strong, that who would it  
 define,  
 Will need one ten times more acute  
 than mine ;  
 Yet rul'd so that its vigour manag'd  
 thus  
 Becomes at once graceful and  
 generous ; 130  
 Whose honour has so delicate a  
 sense,  
 Who always pardon, never give  
 offence ;  
 Who needing nothing, yet to all are  
 kind,  
 Who have so large a heart, so rich  
 a mind ;  
 Whose Friendship still's of the oblig-  
 ing side,  
 And yet so free from Tyranny and  
 Pride ;

## Katherine Philips

Who do in love like Jonathan descend,  
And strip yourself to clothe your happy friend ;  
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,  
T<sup>y</sup> expect so little and deserve so much ;  
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,  
Where we so much may love, and so much learn ;  
Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,  
It never to an ill excess declines ;  
But all are found so sweetly opposite,  
As are in Titian's pieces shade and light :  
That he that would your great description try,  
Though he write well, would be as lost as I,  
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,  
To draw you with so bold and bad a hand ;  
But that, like other glories, I presume  
You will enlighten, where you might consume.

### Parting with Lucasia, A Song

I  
WELL, we will do that rigid thing  
Which makes spectators think we part ;  
Though Absence hath for none a sting  
But those who keep each other's heart.

II  
And when our sense is dispossessed,  
Our labouring souls will heave and pant,  
And gasp for one another's breast,  
Since their conveyances they want.

( 546 )

III  
Nay, we have felt the tedious smart  
Of absent Friendship, and do know  
That when we die we can but part ;  
And who knows what we shall do now ?

IV  
Yet I must go : we will submit,  
And so our own disposers be ;  
For while we nobly suffer it,  
We triumph o'er Necessity.

V  
By this we shall be truly great,  
If having other things o'ercome,  
To make our victory complete  
We can be conquerors at home.

VI  
Nay then to meet we may conclude,  
And all obstructions overthrow,  
Since we our passion have subdu'd,  
Which is the strongest thing I know.

### Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman

I  
THERE'S no such thing as Pleasure here,  
'Tis all a perfect cheat,  
Which does but shine and disappear,  
Whose charm is but deceit :  
The empty bribe of yielding souls,  
Which first betrays, and then controls.

II  
'Tis true, it looks at distance fair ;  
But if we do approach,  
The fruit of Sodom will impair,  
And perish at a touch :  
In being than in fancy less,  
And we expect more than possess.

III  
For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,  
And so Desire is done ;  
Or else, like rivers, they make wide  
The channel where they run :  
And either way true bliss destroys,  
Making Us narrow, or our Joys.



## Against Pleasure

IV

We covet pleasure easily,  
 But it not so possess ; 20  
 For many things must make it be,  
 But one may make it less.  
 Nay, were our state as we could  
 choose it,  
 'Twould be consum'd by fear to  
 lose it.

V

What art thou then, thou wingèd air,  
 More weak and swift than Fame?  
 Whose next successor is Despair,  
 And its attendant Shame.  
 Th' experienc'd Prince then reason  
 had,  
 Who said of pleasure, It is mad. 30

### A Prayer

ETERNAL Reason, Glorious Majesty,  
 Compar'd to whom what can be said  
 to be?  
 Whose attributes are Thee, who art  
 alone  
 Cause of all various things, and yet  
 but One ;  
 Whose Essence can no more be  
 search'd by man,  
 Than Heav'n, Thy Throne, begraspèd  
 with a span.  
 Yet if this great Creation was de-  
 sign'd  
 To several ends fitted for every  
 kind ;  
 Sure Man (the World's epitome)  
 must be  
 Form'd to the best, that is to study  
 Thee. 10  
 And as our dignity, 'tis duty too,  
 Which is summ'd up in this, to  
 know and do.  
 These comely rows of creatures spell  
 Thy Name,  
 Whereby we grope to find from  
 whence they came,  
 By Thy own chain of causes brought  
 to think  
 There must be one, then find that  
 highest link.

( 547 )

Thus all created Excellence we see  
 Is a resemblance faint and dark of  
 Thee.  
 Such shadows are produc'd by the  
 moon-beams  
 Of trees or houses in the running  
 streams. 20  
 Yet by impressions born with us we  
 find  
 How good, great, just Thou art, how  
 unconfin'd.  
 Here we are swallowed up and gladly  
 dwell,  
 Safely adoring what we cannot tell.  
 All we know is, Thou art supremely  
 good,  
 And dost delight to be so under-  
 stood.  
 A spicy mountain on the universe,  
 On which Thy richest odours do  
 disperse.  
 But as the sea to fill a vessel heaves,  
 More greedily than any cask re-  
 ceives, 30  
 Besieging round to find some gap  
 in it,  
 Which will a new infusion admit :  
 So dost Thou covet that Thou mayst  
 disperse  
 Upon the empty World Thy influence ;  
 Lov'st to disburse Thyself in kindness :  
 Thus  
 The King of Kings waits to be  
 gracious.  
 On this account, O God, enlarge my  
 heart  
 To entertain what Thou wouldst fain  
 impart.  
 Nor let that soul, by several titles  
 Thine,  
 And most capacious form'd for  
 things Divine, 40  
 (So nobly meant, that when it most  
 doth miss,  
 'Tis in mistaken pantings after  
 bliss)  
 Degrade itself in sordid things' de-  
 light,  
 Or by profaner mixtures lose its  
 right.

N n 2



## Katherine Philips

Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts  
it may  
Admire the light which does obscure  
the day.

And since 'tis Angels' work it hath  
to do,

May its composure be like Angels  
too.

When shall these clogs of Sense and  
Fancy break,

That I may hear the God within  
me speak? 50

When with a silent and retir'd art  
Shall I with all this empty hurry  
part?

To the Still Voice above, my soul  
advance;

My light and joy plac'd in his  
countenance?

By whose dispense my soul to such  
frame brought,

May tame each treach'rous, fix each  
scatt'ring thought;

With such distinctions all things  
here behold,

And so to separate each dross from  
gold,

That nothing my free Soul may  
satisfy, 59

But t' imitate, enjoy, and study thee.

### To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence

I

'Tis now since I began to die

Four months, yet still I gasping  
live;

Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,

Hoping, yet doubting a reprieve.

Adam from Paradise expell'd

Just such a wretched being held.

II

'Tis not thy love I fear to lose,

That will in spite of absence hold;

But 'tis the benefit and use

Is lost, as in imprison'd gold: 10

Which though the sum be ne'er so  
great,

Enriches nothing but conceit.

( 548 )

III

What angry star then governs me

That I must feel a double smart,  
Prisoner to fate as well as thee;

Kept from thy face, link'd to thy  
heart?

Because my love all love excels,  
Must my grief have no parallels?

IV

Sapless and dead as Winter here

I now remain, and all I see 20

Copies of my wild state appear,

But I am their epitome.

Love me no more, for I am grown

Too dead and dull for thee to  
own.

### To Mrs. Mary Awbrey

SOUL of my soul, my Joy, my Crown,  
my Friend,

A name which all the rest doth  
comprehend;

How happy are we now, whose souls  
are grown,

By an incomparable mixture, one:

Whose well-acquainted minds are  
now as near

As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can  
endear?

I have no thought but what's to thee  
reveal'd,

Nor thou desire that is from me  
conceal'd.

Thy heart locks up my secrets richly  
set,

And my breast is thy private cabinet.

Thou shed'st no tear but what my  
moisture lent, 11

And if I sigh, it is thy breath is  
spent.

United thus, what horror can appear  
Worthy our sorrow, anger, or our  
fear?

Let the dull World alone to talk and  
fight,

And with their vast ambitions Nature  
fright;

## To Mrs. Mary Awbrey

Let them despise so innocent a  
flame,  
While Envy, Pride, and Faction  
play their game :  
But we by Love sublim'd so high  
shall rise,  
To pity Kings, and Conquerors  
despise, 20  
Since we that sacred union have  
engrost,  
Which they and all the factious  
World have lost.

### In Memory of Mr. Cartwright

STAY, Prince of Fancy, stay, we are  
not fit  
To welcome or admire thy raptures  
yet :  
Such horrid Ignorance benights the  
times,  
That Wit and Honour are become  
our crimes.  
But when those happy Pow'rs which  
guard thy dust  
To us, and to thy Mem'ry shall be  
just,  
And by a flame from thy blest Genius  
lent,  
Rescue us from our dull imprison-  
ment,  
Unsequester our Fancies, and create  
A worth that may upon thy glories  
wait : 10  
We then shall understand thee, and  
descrie  
The splendour of restored Poetry.  
Till when let no bold hand profane  
thy shrine ;  
'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy  
coin.

### Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palaemon

THIS is confest presumption, for  
had I  
All that rich stock of ingenuity

Which I could wish for this, yet  
would it be  
Palaemon's blot, a pious injury.  
But as no votaries are scorn'd when  
they  
The meanest victim in Religion  
pay ;  
Not that the Pow'r they worship needs  
a gum,  
But that they speak their thanks for  
all with some :  
So though the most contemptible  
of all  
That do themselves Palaemon's ser-  
vants call, 10  
I know that Zeal is more than  
sacrifice,  
(For God did not the widow's mite  
despise)  
And that Palaemon hath Divinity,  
And Mercy is his highest property :  
He that doth such transcendent  
merit own,  
Must have imperfect offerings or none.  
He's one rich lustre which doth rays  
dispense,  
As Knowledge will when set in  
Innocence.  
For Learning did select his noble  
breast,  
Where (in her native majesty) to  
rest ; 20  
Free from the tyranny and pride of  
Schools,  
Who have confin'd her to pedantic  
rules ;  
And that gentiler<sup>1</sup> error which does  
take  
Offence at Learning for her habit's  
sake,  
Palaemon hath redeem'd her, who  
may be  
Esteem'd himself an University ;  
And yet so much a gentleman, that he  
Needs not (though he enjoys) a  
pedigree.  
Sure he was built and sent to let us  
know

<sup>1</sup> Spelling of 'gentiler' retained for reasons elsewhere given.

## Katherine Philips

What man completed could both be  
and do. 30

Freedom from vice is in him Nature's  
part,

Without the help of discipline or  
art.

He's his own happiness and his own  
law,

Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate  
in awe.

Nor was this wrought in him by  
Time and growth,

His Genius had anticipated both.

Had all men been Palaemons, Pride  
had ne'er

Taught one man Tyranny, the other  
Fear;

Ambition had been full as monstrous  
then

As this ill World doth render  
worthy men. 40

Had men his spirit, they would  
soon forbear

Grovelling for dirt, and quarrelling  
for air.

Were his harmonious soul diffus'd  
in all,

We should believe that men did  
never fall.

It is Palaemon's soul that hath  
engrost

Th' ingenuous candour that the  
World hath lost;

Whose own mind seats him quiet,  
safe and high,

Above the reach of Time or  
Destiny.

'Twas he that rescu'd gasping  
Friendship when

The bell toll'd for her funeral with  
men: 50

'Twas he that made Friends more  
than Lovers burn,

And then made Love to sacred  
Friendship turn:

'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set  
her free

From titles and from popularity.

Now fix'd to Virtue, she begs praise  
of none,

( 550 )

But 's witness'd and rewarded both  
at home.

And in his breast this Honour's so  
enshrin'd,

As the old Law was in the Ark  
confind:

To which posterity shall all consent,  
And less dispute than Acts of

Parliament. 60

He's our original, by whom we see  
How much we fail, and what we  
ought to be.

But why do I to copy him pretend?  
My rhymes but libel whom they  
would commend.

'Tis true; but none can reach what's  
set so high;

And though I miss, I've noble  
company:

For the most happy language must  
confess,

It doth obscure Palaemon, not  
express.

### To Mrs. M. A. at parting

I

I HAVE examin'd and do find,

Of all that favour me,  
There's none I grieve to leave behind  
But only, only thee.

To part with thee I needs must die,  
Could parting separate thee and I.

II

But neither Chance nor Compliment  
Did element our Love;

'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent  
Us from the quire above. 10

That Friendship Fortune did create,  
Still fears a wound from Time or  
Fate.

III

Our chang'd and mingled souls are  
grown

To such acquaintance now,  
That if each would resume their  
own,

Alas! we know not how.  
We have each other so engrost,  
That each is in the union lost.



## To Mrs. M. A. at parting

### IV

And thus we can no Absence know,  
Nor shall we be confin'd ; 20  
Our active souls will daily go  
To learn each other's mind.  
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,  
Our souls would hold Intelligence.

### V

Inspired with a flame divine,  
I scorn to court a stay ;  
For from that noble soul of thine  
I ne'er can be away.  
But I shall weep when thou dost  
grieve ;  
Nor can I die whilst thou dost  
live. 30

### VI

By my own temper I shall guess  
At thy felicity,  
And only like my happiness  
Because it pleaseth thee.  
Our hearts at any time will tell,  
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

### VII

All Honour sure I must pretend,  
All that is good or Great ;  
She that would be Rosania's Friend,  
Must be at least complete. 40  
If I have any bravery,  
'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

### VIII

Thy leiger<sup>1</sup> soul in me shall lie,  
And all thy thoughts reveal ;  
Then back again with mine shall fly,  
And thence to me shall steal.  
Thus still to one another tend ;  
Such is the sacred Name of Friend.

### IX

Thus our twin-souls in one shall  
grow,  
And teach the World new love, 50  
Redeem the age and sex, and show  
A flame Fate dares not move :  
And courting Death to be our friend,  
Our lives together too shall end.

### X

A dew shall dwell upon our Tomb  
Of such a quality,  
That fighting armies, thither come,  
Shall reconciled be.  
We'll ask no Epitaph, but say  
ORINDA and ROSANIA. 60

### To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting

THOUGH it be just to grieve when  
I must part  
With him that is the Guardian of  
my Heart ;  
Yet by a happy change the loss  
of mine  
Is with advantage paid in having  
thine.  
And I (by that dear guest instructed)  
find  
Absence can do no hurt to souls  
combin'd.  
As we were born to love, brought  
to agree  
By the impressions of Divine decree :  
So when united nearer we became,  
It did not weaken, but increase, our  
flame. 10  
Unlike to those who distant joys  
admire,  
But slight them when possess of  
their desire.  
Each of our souls did its own  
temper fit,  
And in the other's mould so fashion'd  
it,  
That now our inclinations both are  
grown,  
Like to our interests and persons,  
one ;  
And souls whom such an union  
fortifies,  
Passion can ne'er destroy, nor Fate  
surprise.

<sup>1</sup> The spelling 'leiger' may be worth keeping, though 'leaguer' (cf. leaguer-lass) is best known in this meaning. Some, however, dispute the identity of these two : and identify 'leiger' in the sense of 'resident,' 'stationary,' with 'ledger.' These words, in the passages in which they occur, admit of a good deal of argument, and were probably not seldom confused originally.



## Katherine Philips

Now as in watches, though we do  
not know  
When the hand moves, we find it  
still doth go :<sup>20</sup>  
So I, by secret sympathy inclin'd,  
Will absent meet, and understand  
thy mind ;  
And thou at thy return shalt find  
thy heart  
Still safe, with all the love thou  
didst impart.  
For though that treasure I have  
ne'er deserv'd,  
It shall with strong religion be  
preserv'd.  
And besides this thou shalt in me  
survey  
Thyself reflected while thou art  
away.  
For what some forward arts do  
undertake,  
The images of absent friends to  
make,<sup>30</sup>  
And represent their actions in a  
glass,  
Friendship itself can only bring to  
pass,  
That magic which both Fate and  
Time beguiles,  
And in a moment runs a thousand  
miles.  
So in my breast thy picture drawn  
shall be,  
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend,  
and Destiny :  
And none shall know, though they  
employ their wit,  
Which is the right Antenor, thou,  
or it.

### Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone at Bedlington

HERE what remains of him doth lie,  
Who was the World's epitome,  
Religion's darling, merchants' glory,  
Men's true delight, and Virtue's  
story ;

( 552 )

Who, though a prisoner to the  
grave,  
A glorious freedom once shall have :  
Till when no monument is fit,  
But what's beyond our love and wit.

### On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone

VIRTUE'S blossom, Beauty's bud,  
The pride of all that's fair and good,  
By Death's fierce hand was snatch'd  
hence  
In her state of Innocence :  
Who by it this advantage gains,  
Her wages got without her pains.

### Friendship

LET the dull brutish World that  
know not Love,  
Continue heretics, and disapprove  
That noble flame ; but the refin'd  
know,  
'Tis all the Heaven we have here  
below.  
Nature subsists by Love, and they  
do tie  
Things to their causes but by  
sympathy.  
Love chains the different Elements  
in one  
Great harmony, link'd to the  
Heav'nly Throne.  
And as on earth, so the blest quire  
above  
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd  
by Love ;<sup>10</sup>  
That is their business and felicity,  
And will be so to all Eternity.  
That is the ocean, our affections  
here  
Are but streams borrow'd from the  
fountain there.  
And 'tis the noblest argument to  
prove  
A beauteous mind, that it knows  
how to Love.

## Friendship

Those kind impressions which Fate  
can't control,  
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy  
soul.  
For Love is all the Arts' epitome,  
And is the sum of all Divinity. 20  
He's worse than beast that cannot  
love, and yet  
It is not bought for money, pains or  
wit ;  
For no chance or design can spirits  
move,  
But the eternal destiny of Love :  
And when two souls are chang'd  
and mix'd so,  
It is what they and none but they  
can do.  
This, this is Friendship, that  
abstracted flame  
Which grovelling mortals know not  
how to name.  
All Love is sacred, and the marriage-  
tie  
Hath much of honour and divinity.  
But Lust, Design, or some unworthy  
ends 31  
May mingle there, which are despis'd  
by Friends.  
Passion hath violent extremes, and  
thus  
All oppositions are contiguous.  
So when the end is serv'd their Love  
will bate,  
If Friendship make it not more  
fortunate :  
Friendship, that Love's elixir, that  
pure fire  
Which burns the clearer 'cause it  
burns the higher.  
For Love, like earthly fires (which  
will decay  
If the material fuel be away) 40  
Is with offensive smoke accompanied,  
And by resistance only is supplied :  
But Friendship, like the fiery element,  
With its own heat and nourishment  
content,  
Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor  
noise is made,  
Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid.

Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby  
known,  
Richest when plainest, bravest when  
alone ;  
Calm as a virgin, and more innocent  
Than sleeping doves are, and as  
much content 50  
As Saints in visions ; quiet as the  
night,  
But clear and open as the summer's  
light ;  
United more than spirits' faculties,  
Higher in thoughts than are the  
eagle's eyes ;  
What shall I say ? when we true  
friends are grown,  
W' are like—Alas, w' are like our-  
selves alone.

### The Enquiry

#### I

If we no old historian's name  
Authentic will admit,  
But think all said of Friendship's  
fame  
But Poetry or Wit :  
Yet what's rever'd by minds so pure,  
Must be a bright Idea sure.

#### II

But as our immortality  
By inward sense we find,  
Judging that if it could not be,  
It would not be design'd : 10  
So here how could such copies fall,  
If there were no original ?

#### III

But if truth be in ancient song,  
Or story we believe,  
If the inspir'd and graver throng  
Have scorn'd to deceive ;  
There have been hearts whose  
friendship gave  
Them thoughts at once both soft  
and brave.

#### IV

Among that consecrated few,  
Some more seraphic shade 20  
Lend me a favourable clew  
Now mists my eyes invade.

## Katherine Philips

Why, having fill'd the World with  
fame,  
Left you so little of your flame ?

### V

Why is 't so difficult to see  
Two bodies and one mind ?  
And why are those who else agree  
So differently kind ?  
Hath Nature such fantastic art,  
That she can vary every heart ; 30

### VI

Why are the bands of Friendship  
tied  
With so remiss a knot,  
That by the most it is defied,  
And by the rest forgot ?  
Why do we step with so light sense  
From friendship to Indifference ?

### VII

If Friendship sympathy impart,  
Why this ill-shuffled game,  
That heart can never meet with  
heart,  
Or flame encounter flame ? 40  
What does this cruelty create ?  
Is 't the intrigue of Love or Fate ?

### VIII

Had Friendship ne'er been known  
to men,  
(The Ghost at last confest)  
The World had been a stranger then  
To all that Heaven possest.  
But could it all be here acquir'd,  
Not Heaven itself would be desir'd.

To my Lucasia, in defence  
of declared Friendship

### I

O MY Lucasia, let us speak our  
Love,  
And think not that impertinent can  
be,  
Which to us both doth such  
assurance prove,  
And whence we find how justly  
we agree.

( 554 )

### II

Before we knew the treasures of our  
Love,  
Our noble aims our joys did  
entertain ;  
And shall enjoyment nothing then  
improve ?  
'Twere best for us then to begin  
again.

### III

Now we have gain'd, we must not  
stop, and sleep  
Out all the rest of our mysterious  
reign : 10  
It is as hard and glorious to keep  
A victory, as it is to obtain.

### IV

Nay, to what end did we once barter  
minds,  
Only to know and to neglect the  
claim ?  
Or (like some wantons) our pride  
pleasure finds,  
To throw away the thing at which  
we aim.

### V

If this be all our Friendship does  
design,  
We covet not enjoyment then,  
but Power :  
To our opinion we our bliss confine,  
And love to have, but not to  
smell, the flower. 20

### VI

Ah ! then let misers bury thus their  
gold,  
Who though they starve, no  
farthing will produce :  
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,  
And sure we cannot spend our  
stock by use.

### VII

Think not 'tis needless to repeat  
desires ;  
The fervent turtles always court  
and bill,  
And yet their spotless passion never  
tires,  
But does increase by repetition  
still.

# To my *Lucasia*

## VIII

Although we know we love, yet while  
 our soul  
 Is thus imprison'd by the flesh we  
 wear, 30  
 There's no way left that bondage to  
 control,  
 But to convey transactions through  
 the ear.

## IX

Nay though we read our passions in  
 the eye,  
 It will oblige and please to tell  
 them too :  
 Such joys as these by motion  
 multiply,  
 Were 't but to find that our souls  
 told us true.

## X

Believe not then, that being now  
 secure  
 Of either's heart, we have no more  
 to do :  
 The spheres themselves by motion  
 do endure,  
 And they move on by circulation  
 too. 40

## XI

And as a river, when it once hath  
 paid  
 The tribute which it to the ocean  
 owes,  
 Stops not, but turns, and having  
 curl'd and play'd  
 On its own waves, the shore it  
 overflows.

## XII

So the soul's motion does not end  
 in bliss,  
 But on herself she scatters and  
 dilates,  
 And on the object doubles till by  
 this  
 She finds new joys which that  
 reflux creates.

## XIII

But then because it cannot all  
 contain,  
 It seeks a vent by telling the glad  
 news, 50

First to the heart which did its joys  
 obtain,  
 Then to the heart which did  
 those joys produce.

## XIV

When my soul then doth such  
 excursions make,  
 Unless thy soul delight to meet it  
 too,  
 What satisfaction can it give or  
 take,  
 Thou being absent at the inter-  
 view?

## XV

'Tis not distrust ; for were that plea  
 allow'd,  
 Letters and visits all would useless  
 grow :  
 Love's whole expression then would  
 be its cloud,  
 And it would be refin'd to nothing  
 so. 60

## XVI

If I distrust, 'tis my own worth for  
 thee,  
 'Tis my own fitness for a love like  
 thine ;  
 And therefore still new evidence  
 would see,  
 T' assure my wonder that thou  
 canst be mine.

## XVII

But as the morning Sun to drooping  
 flowers,  
 As weary travellers a shade do  
 find,  
 As to the parched violet evening  
 showers ;  
 Such is from thee to me a look  
 that's kind.

## XVIII

But when that look is drest in words,  
 'tis like  
 The mystic pow'r of music's  
 unison ; 70  
 Which when the finger doth one  
 viol strike,  
 The other's string heaves to  
 reflection.



# Katherine Philips

XIX

Be kind to me, and just then to our  
love,  
To which we owe our free and  
dear converse ;  
And let not tract of Time wear or  
remove  
It from the privilege of that  
commerce.

XX

Tyrants do banish what they can't  
requite :  
But let us never know such mean  
desires ;  
But to be grateful to that love  
delight  
Which all our joys and noble  
thoughts inspires. 80

## A Reverie <sup>1</sup>

A CHOSEN privacy, a cheap content,  
And all the peace a friendship ever  
lent,  
A rock which civil Nature made a  
seat,  
A willow that repulses all the heat,  
The beauteous quiet of a summer's  
day,  
A brook which sobb'd aloud and  
ran away,  
Invited my repose, and then conspir'd  
To entertain my Fancy thus retir'd.  
As Lucian's ferry-man aloft did  
view  
The angry World, and then laugh'd  
at it too : 10  
So all its sullen follies seem to me  
But as a too-well acted tragedy.  
One dangerous Ambition doth  
befool,  
Another envies to see that man  
rule :  
One makes his love the parent of his  
rage,  
For private friendship publicly t'  
engage :

And some for Conscience, some for  
Honour die ;  
And some are meanly kill'd they  
know not why.  
More different than men's faces are  
their ends,  
Whom yet one common ruin can  
make friends. 20  
Death, dust and darkness they have  
only won,  
And hastily unto their periods run.  
Death is a Leveller ; Beauty, and  
Kings,  
And Conquerors, and all those  
glorious things,  
Are tumbled to their graves in one  
rude heap,  
Like common dust as quiet and as  
cheap.  
At greater changes who would  
wonder then,  
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as  
well as men ?  
They must fall sick and die ;  
nothing can be  
In this World certain, but uncer-  
tainty. 30  
Since Pow'r and Greatness are such  
slippery things,  
Who'd pity cottages, or envy Kings ?  
Now least of all, when, weary of  
deceit,  
The World no longer flatters with  
the great.  
Though such confusions here below  
we find,  
As Providence were wanton with  
mankind :  
Yet in this chaos some things do  
send forth,  
(Like jewels in the dark) a native  
worth.  
He that derives his high Nobility,  
Not from the mention of a pedigree ;  
Who thinks it not his praise that  
others know 41  
His ancestors were gallant long  
ago ;

<sup>1</sup> Spelt in orig. as usual 'resvery.'

*A Reverie*

Who scorns to boast the glories of  
his blood,  
And thinks he can't be great that is  
not good ;  
Who knows the World, and what  
we Pleasure call,  
Yet cannot sell one conscience for  
them all ;  
Who hates to hoard that gold with  
an excuse,  
For which he can find out a nobler  
use ;  
Who dares not keep that life that he  
can spend,  
To serve his God, his Country, and  
his Friend ; 50  
Who flattery and falsehood doth so  
hate,  
He would not buy ten lives at such  
a rate ;  
Whose soul, than diamonds more  
rich and clear,  
Naked and open as his face doth  
wear ;  
Who dares be good alone in such a  
time,  
When Virtue's held and punish'd as  
a crime ;  
Who thinks dark crooked plots a  
mean defence,  
And is both safe and wise in Inno-  
cence ;  
Who dares both fight and die, but  
dares not fear ;  
Whose only doubt is, if his cause be  
clear ; 60  
Whose Courage and his Justice  
equal worn,  
Can dangers grapple, overcome and  
scorn,  
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe,  
But can forgive him and oblige him  
too ;  
Whose Friendship is congenial with  
his soul,  
Who where he gives a heart, bestows  
it whole ;  
Whose other ties and titles here do  
end,  
Or buried or completed in the Friend ;

Who ne'er resumes the soul he once  
did give,  
While his Friend's honesty and hon-  
our live ; 70  
And if his Friend's content could  
cost the price,  
Would count himself a happy sacri-  
fice ;  
Whose happy days no pride infects,  
nor can  
His other titles make him slight the  
man ;  
No dark ambitious thoughts do  
cloud his brow,  
Nor restless cares when to be great,  
and how ;  
Who scorns to envy wealth where'er  
it be,  
But pities such a golden slavery ;  
With no mean fawnings can the  
people court,  
Nor wholly slight a popular report ;  
Whose house no orphan groans do  
shake or blast, 81  
Nor any riot help to serve his  
taste :  
Who from the top of his pros-  
perities  
Can take a fall, and yet without  
surprise ;  
Who with the same august and even  
state  
Can entertain the best and worst of  
fate ;  
Whose suffering's sweet, if Honour  
once adorn it ;  
Who slights Revenge, yet does not  
fear, but scorn it ;  
Whose happiness in ev'ry fortune  
lives,  
For that no fortune either takes or  
gives ; 90  
Who no unhandsome ways can bribe  
his Fate,  
Nay, out of prison marches through  
the gate ;  
Who losing all his titles and his  
pelf,  
Nay, all the World, can never lose  
himself ;

## Katherine Philips

This Person shines indeed, and he  
that can  
Be Virtuous is the great Immortal  
Man.

### A Country-life

How sacred and how innocent  
A country-life appears,  
How free from tumult, discontent,  
From flattery or fears!  
This was the first and happiest life,  
When man enjoy'd himself;  
Till Pride exchanged peace for  
strife,  
And happiness for pelf.  
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,  
Here taught the multitude; 10  
The brave they here with Honour  
fir'd,  
And civiliz'd the rude,  
That Golden Age did entertain  
No passion but of Love;  
The thoughts of ruling and of gain  
Did ne'er their fancies move.  
None then did envy neighbour's  
wealth,  
Nor plot to wrong his bed:  
Happy in friendship and in health,  
On roots, not beasts, they fed. 20  
They knew no Law nor Physic then,  
Nature was all their Wit.  
And if there yet remain to men  
Content, sure this is it.  
What blessings doth this World  
afford  
To tempt or bribe desire?  
Her courtship is all fire and sword,  
Who would not then retire?  
Then welcome, dearest Solitude,  
My great felicity; 30  
Though some are pleas'd to call  
thee rude,  
Thou art not so, but we.  
Them that do covet only rest,  
A cottage will suffice:  
It is not brave to be possess'd  
Of Earth, but to despise.  
Opinion is the rate of things,  
From hence our peace doth flow;

( 58 )

I have a better Fate than Kings,  
Because I think it so. 40  
When all the stormy World doth roar  
How unconcern'd am I!  
I cannot fear to tumble lower  
Who never could be high.  
Secure in these unenvied walls  
I think not on the State,  
And pity no man's case that falls  
From his Ambition's height.  
Silence and Innocence are safe;  
A heart that's nobly true 50  
At all these little arts can laugh  
That do the World subdue.  
While others revel it in State,  
Here I'll contented sit,  
And think I have as good a Fate  
As wealth and pomp admit.  
Let some in courtship take delight,  
And to th' Exchange resort;  
Then revel out a winter's night,  
Not making love, but sport. 60  
These never know a noble flame,  
'Tis lust, scorn, or Design:  
While Vanity plays all their game,  
Let Peace and Honour mine.  
When the inviting Spring appears,  
To Hyde-Park let them go,  
And hasting thence be full of fears  
To lose Spring-Garden show.  
Let others (nobler) seek to gain  
In knowledge happy fate, 70  
And others busy them in vain  
To study ways of State.  
But I, resolv'd from within,  
Confirm'd from without,  
In privacy intend to spin  
My future minutes out.  
And from this hermitage of mine  
I banish all wild toys,  
And nothing that is not Divine  
Shall dare to tempt my joys. 80  
There are below but two things good,  
Friendship and Honesty,  
And only those of all I would  
Ask for felicity.  
In this retir'd and humble seat  
Free from both war and strife,  
I am not forc'd to make retreat,  
But choose to spend my life.



## To Mrs. Wogan

To Mrs. Wogan, my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband

DRY up your tears, there's enough shed by you,

And we must pay our share of sorrows too.

It is no private loss when such men fall,

The World's concern'd, and grief is general.

But though of our misfortune we complain,

To him it is injurious and vain.

For since we know his rich integrity,

His real sweetness, and full harmony ;

How free his heart and house were to his friends,

Whom he oblig'd without design or ends ;

How universal was his courtesy, 10

How clear a soul, how even, and how high ;

How much he scorn'd disguise or meaner arts,

But with a native honour conquer'd hearts ;

We must conclude he was a treasure lent,

Soon weary of this sordid tenement. The Age and World deserv'd him not, and he

Was kindly snatch'd from future misery.

We can scarce say he's dead, but gone to rest,

And left a monument in ev'ry breast.

For you to grieve then in this sad excess, 21

Is not to speak of love, but make it less.

A noble soul no friendship will admit,

But what's Eternal and Divine as it. The soul is hid in mortal flesh we know,

And all its weaknesses must undergo,

Till by degrees it does shine forth at length,

And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength :

But never yet doth this immortal ray

Put on full splendour till it put off clay : 30

So infant Love is, in the worthiest breast,

By Sense and Passion fetter'd and oppress ;

But by degrees it grows still more refin'd,

And scorning clogs, only concerns the mind.

Now as the soul you lov'd is here set free

From its material gross capacity ;

Your love should follow him now he is gone,

And quitting Passion, put Perfection on.

Such Love as this will its own good deny,

If its dear object have felicity. 40

And since we cannot his great loss relieve,

Let's not lose you in whom he still doth live.

For while you are by grief secluded thus,

It doth appear your funeral to us.

In memory of the most  
justly Honoured, Mrs.  
Owen of Orielton

As when the ancient World by Reason liv'd,

The Asian Monarchs' deaths were never griev'd ;

Their glorious lives made all their Subjects call

Their rites a triumph, not a funeral : So still the Good are Princes, and their fate

Invites us not to weep but imitate.



## Katherine Philips

Nature intends a progress of each  
stage  
Whereby weak man creeps to succeed-  
ing Age,  
Ripens him for that change for which  
he's made,  
Where th' active soul is in her  
centre staid. 10  
And since none stript of infancy  
complain,  
'Cause 'tis both their necessity and  
gain :  
So Age and Death by slow approaches  
come,  
And by that just inevitable doom  
By which the soul (her cloggy dross  
once gone)  
Puts on perfection, and resumes her  
own.  
Since then we mourn a happy soul,  
O why  
Disturb we her with erring piety?  
Who's so enamour'd on the beau-  
teous ground,  
When with rich autumn's livery hung  
round, 20  
As to deny a sickle to his  
grain,  
And not undress the teeming Earth  
again?  
Fruits grow for use, mankind is born  
to die ;  
And both fates have the same neces-  
sity.  
Then grieve no more, sad relatives,  
but learn ;  
Sigh not, but profit by your just  
concern.  
Read over her life's volume : wise  
and good,  
Not 'cause she must be so, but  
'cause she wou'd.  
To chosen Virtue still a constant  
friend,  
She saw the times which chang'd,  
but did not mend. 30  
And as some are so civil to the  
Sun,  
They'd fix his beams, and make the  
Earth to run :

So she unmov'd beheld the angry  
Fate  
Which tore a Church, and overthrew  
a State :  
Still durst be good, and own the  
noble truth,  
To crown her Age which had adorn'd  
her Youth.  
Great without pride, a soul which  
still could be  
Humble and high, full of calm  
majesty.  
She kept true state within, and could  
not buy  
Her satisfaction with her Charity. 40  
Fortune or birth ne'er rais'd her  
mind, which stood,  
Not on her being rich, but doing  
good.  
Oblig'd the World, but yet would  
scorn to be  
Paid with requitals, thanks or  
vanity.  
How oft did she what all the World  
adore,  
Make the poor happy with her use-  
ful store ?  
So general was her bounty, that she  
gave  
Equality to all before the grave.  
By several means she different per-  
sons tied,  
Who by her goodness only were  
allied. 50  
Her Virtue was her temper, not her  
fit ;  
Fear'd nothing but the crimes which  
some commit ;  
Scorn'd those dark arts which pass  
for wisdom now,  
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could  
bow.  
And her vast prudence had no other  
end,  
But to forgive a foe, endear a  
friend :  
To use, but slight, the World ; and  
fixt above,  
Shine down in beams of Piety and  
Love.

## Mrs. Owen of Orielton

Why should we then by poor un-  
just complaint  
Prove envious sinners 'cause she is  
a Saint? 60  
Close then the monument; let not a  
tear  
That may profane her ashes now  
appear:  
For her best obsequies are that we be  
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet,  
as she.

### A Friend

I  
LOVE, Nature's plot, this great crea-  
tion's soul,  
The being and the harmony of  
things,  
Doth still preserve and propagate the  
whole,  
From whence man's happiness and  
safety springs:  
The earliest, whitest, blessed'st  
times did draw  
From her alone their universal Law.

II  
Friendship's an abstract of this nobler  
flame,  
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from  
all its dross,  
The next to Angels' love, if not the  
same,  
As strong as Passion is, though  
not so gross: 10  
It antedates a glad eternity,  
And is an Heaven in epitome.

III  
Nobler than kindred or than mar-  
riage-band,  
Because more free; wedlock-feli-  
city  
Itself doth only by this union stand,  
And turns to friendship or to  
misery.  
Force or Design matches to pass  
may bring,  
But Friendship doth from Love and  
Honour spring.

( 561 )

IV  
If souls no sexes have, for men  
t' exclude  
Woman from Friendship's vast  
capacity, 20  
Is a design injurious or rude,  
Only maintain'd by partial tyranny.  
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,  
And noblest friendships do proceed  
from thence.

V  
The chiefest thing in friends is  
Sympathy:  
There is a secret that doth friend-  
ship guide,  
Which makes two souls before they  
know agree,  
Who by a thousand mixtures are  
allied,  
And chang'd and lost, so that it is not  
known  
Within which breast doth now reside  
their own. 30

VI  
Essential Honour must be in a  
friend,  
Not such as every breath fans to  
and fro;  
But born within, is its own judge  
and end,  
And dares not sin though sure  
that none should know.  
Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's  
understood;  
For none can be a friend that is not  
good.

VII  
Friendship doth carry more than  
common trust,  
And Treachery is here the greatest  
sin.  
Secrets depos'd then none ever  
must  
Presume to open, but who put  
them in. 40  
They that in one chest lay up all  
their stock,  
Had need be sure that none can pick  
the lock.

## Katherine Philips

### VIII

A breast too open Friendship does  
not love,  
For that the other's trust will not  
conceal ;  
Nor one too much reserv'd can it  
approve,  
Its own condition this will not  
reveal.  
We empty passions for a double  
end,  
To be refresh'd and guarded by a  
friend.

### IX

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship  
does require,  
The first for counsel, this for  
company ;  
And though not mainly, yet we may  
desire  
Both Complaisance and Ingenuity.  
Though everything may love, yet  
'tis a rule,  
He cannot be a friend that is a  
fool.

### X

Discretion uses parts, and best knows  
how ;  
And Patience will all qualities  
commend :  
That serves a need best, but this  
doth allow  
The weaknesses and passions of  
a friend.  
We are not yet come to the quire  
above :  
Who cannot pardon here, can never  
love.

### XI

Thick waters show no images of  
things :  
Friends are each other's mirrors,  
and should be  
Clearer than crystal or the mountain  
springs,  
And free from clouds, design or  
flattery.

( 562 )

For vulgar souls no part of Friend-  
ship share :  
Poets and friends are born to what  
they are.

### XII

Friends should observe and chide  
each other's faults,  
To be severe then is most just  
and kind ;  
Nothing can 'scape their search who  
knew the thoughts :  
This they should give and take  
with equal mind.  
For Friendship, when this freedom  
is denied,  
Is like a painter when his hands are  
tied.

### XIII

A friend should find out each  
necessity,  
And then unask'd relieve 't at any  
rate :  
It is not Friendship, but Formality,  
To be desir'd : for Kindness  
keeps no state.  
Of friends he doth the benefactor  
prove,  
That gives his friend the means t'  
express his love.

### XIV

Absence doth not from Friendship's  
right excuse :  
Them who preserve each other's  
heart and fame,  
Parting can ne'er divide, it may  
diffuse ;  
As a far stretch'd-out river's still  
the same.  
Though presence help'd them at  
the first to greet,  
Their souls know now without those  
aids to meet.

### XV

Constant and solid, whom no storms  
can shake,  
Nor death unfix, a right friend  
ought to be ;  
And if condemn'd to survive, doth  
make

# A Friend

No second choice, but Grief and  
Memory.  
But Friendship's best fate is, when  
it can spend  
A life, a fortune, all to serve  
a Friend. 90

## L'Accord du Bien

I

ORDER, by which all things are  
made,  
And this great World's foundation  
laid,  
Is nothing else but Harmony,  
Where different parts are brought t'  
agree.

II

As empires are still best maintain'd  
Those ways which first their great-  
ness gain'd :  
So in this universal frame  
What made and keeps it, is the same.

III

Thus all things unto peace do tend,  
Even discords have it for their end.  
The cause why elements do fight, 11  
Is but their instinct to unite.

IV

Music could never please the sense  
But by united excellence :  
The sweetest note which numbers  
know,  
If struck alone, would tedious grow.

V

Man, the whole World's epitome,  
Is by creation Harmony.  
'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his breast,  
Then made him angry with the rest.

VI

But goodness keeps that unity, 21  
And loves its own society  
So well, that seldom we have known  
One real worth to dwell alone.

VII

And hence it is we Friendship call  
Not by one virtue's name, but all.  
Nor is it when bad things agree  
Thought union, but conspiracy.

( 563 )

VIII

Nature and Grace, such enemies,  
That when one fell t' other did rise,  
Are now by Mercy even set, 31  
As stars in constellations met.

IX

If Nature were herself a sin,  
Her Author (God) had guilty bin ;  
But Man by sin contracting stain,  
Shall, purg'd from that, be clear  
again.

X

To prove that Nature's excellent,  
Even Sin itself's an argument :  
Therefore we Nature's stain deplore,  
Because itself was pure before. 40

XI

And Grace destroys not, but refines,  
Unveils our Reason, then it shines ;  
Restores what was depress'd by sin,  
The fainting beam of God within.

XII

The mainspring (Judgement) recti-  
fied,  
Will all the lesser motions guide,  
To spend our Labour, Love and Care,  
Not as things seem, but as they are.

XIII

'Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,  
In trifles to employ that ray, 50  
Which then doth in full lustre shine  
When both ingenious and divine.

XIV

To eyes by humour vitiated  
All things seem falsely colour'd :  
So 'tis our prejudicial thought  
That makes clear objects seem in  
fault.

XV

They scarce believe united good,  
By whom 'twas never understood :  
They think one Grace enough for  
one,  
And 'tis because their selves have  
none. 60

XVI

We hunt extremes, and run so fast,  
We can no steady judgement cast :



## Katherine Philips

He best surveys the circuit round,  
Who stands i' th' middle of the  
ground.

XVII

That happy mean would let us see  
Knowledge and Meekness may  
agree ;  
And find, when each thing hath its  
name,  
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

XVIII

Who studies God doth upwards fly,  
And heighth still lessens to our eye ;  
And he that knows God, soon will  
see  
Vast cause for his humility.

XIX

For by that search it will be known  
There's nothing but our Will our own :  
And who doth so that stock employ,  
But finds more cause for shame than  
joy ?

XX

We know so little and so dark,  
And so extinguish our own spark,  
That he who furthest here can go,  
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

XXI

It will with the most learnèd suit, &c  
More to inquire than dispute :  
But vapours swell within a cloud ;  
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

XXII

So when their own vain heart belies,  
Like inflammations quickly rise :  
But that soul which is truly great,  
Is lowest in its own conceit.

XXIII

Yet while we hug our own mistake,  
We censure, but not judgements,  
make ;  
And thence it is we cannot see  
Obedience stand with liberty.

XXIV

Providence still keeps even state ;  
But he can best command his fate,  
Whose art by adding his own voice,  
Makes his necessity his choice.

( 564 )

XXV

Rightly to rule one's self must be  
The hardest, largest monarchy :  
Whose passions are his masters  
grown,  
Will be a captive in a throne. 100

XXVI

He most the inward freedom gains,  
Who just submissions entertains :  
For while in that his reason sways,  
It is himself that he obeys.

XXVII

But only in Eternity  
We can these beauteous unions see :  
For Heaven itself and Glory is  
But one harmonious constant bliss.

### Invitation to the Country

BE kind, my dear Rosania, though  
'tis true

Thy friendship will become thy  
penance too ;

Though there be nothing can reward  
the pain,

Nothing to satisfy or entertain ;

Though all be empty, wild, and  
like to me,

Who make new troubles in my  
company :

Yet is the action more obliging great ;

'Tis Hardship only makes Desert  
complete.

But yet to prove mixtures all things  
compound,

There may in this be some advantage  
found ; 10

For a retirement from the noise of  
towns,

Is that for which some kings have  
left their crowns :

And conquerors, whose laurel  
press'd the brow,

Have chang'd it for the quiet myrtle-  
bough.

For titles, honours, and the World's  
address,

Are things too cheap to make up  
happiness ;

## *Invitation to the Country*

The easy tribute of a giddy race,  
And paid less to the person than  
the place.  
So false reflected and so short  
content  
Is that which Fortune and Opinion  
lent, 20  
That who most tried it have of  
Fate complain'd,  
With titles burthen'd and to great-  
ness chain'd.  
For they alone enjoy'd what they  
possest,  
Who relish'd most and understood it  
best.  
And yet that understanding made  
them know  
The empty swift dispatch of all  
below.  
So that what most can outward  
things endear,  
Is the best means to make them  
disappear :  
And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth  
these destroy,  
As more officious to our grief than  
joy. 30  
Thus all the glittering World is but  
a cheat,  
Obtruding on our sense things  
gross for great.  
But he that can inquire and undis-  
guise,  
Will soon perceive the sting that  
hidden lies ;  
And find no joys merit esteem but  
those  
Whose scene lies only at our own  
dispose.  
Man unconcern'd without himself  
may be  
His own both prospect and security.  
Kings may be slaves by their own  
passions hurl'd,  
But who commands himself com-  
mands the World. 40  
A country-life assists this study  
best,  
Where no distractions do the soul  
arrest :

( 565 )

There Heav'n and Earth lie open  
to our view,  
There we search Nature and its  
Author too ;  
Possess'd with freedom and a real state  
Look down on Vice, and Vanity,  
and Fate.  
There (my Rosania) will we,  
mingling souls,  
Pity the folly which the World  
controls ;  
And all those grandeurs which the  
World do prize 49  
We either can enjoy, or will despise.

### *In Memory of Mrs. E. H.*

As some choice plant cherish'd by  
sun and air,  
And ready to requite the gard'ner's  
care,  
Blossoms and flourishes, but then,  
we find,  
Is made the triumph of some ruder  
wind :  
So thy untimely grave did both  
entomb  
Thy sweetness now, and wonders  
yet to come.  
Hung full of hopes thou sell'st a  
lovely prize,  
Just as thou didst attract all hearts  
and eyes.  
Thus we might apprehend, for had  
thy years  
Been lengthen'd to have paid those  
vast arrears 10  
The World expected, we should then  
conclude,  
The Age of Miracles had been  
renew'd.  
For thou already hast with ease  
found out  
What others study with such pains  
and doubt ;  
That frame of soul which is content  
alone,  
And needs no entertainment but its  
own.

## Katherine Philips

Thy even mind, which made thee  
 good and great,  
 Was to thee both a shelter and retreat.  
 Of all the tumults which this World  
 do fill,  
 Thou wert an unconcern'd spectator  
 still : 20  
 And, were thy duty punctually  
 supplied,  
 Indifferent to all the World beside.  
 Thou wert made up within resolv'd  
 and fix'd,  
 And wouldst not with a base alloy be  
 mix'd ;  
 Above the World, couldst equally  
 despise  
 Both its temptations and its injuries ;  
 Couldst sum up all, and find not  
 worth desire  
 Those glittering trifles which the  
 most admire ;  
 But with a nobler aim, and higher  
 born,  
 Look down on greatness with con-  
 tempt and scorn. 30  
 Thou hadst no arts that others this  
 might see,  
 Nor lov'dst a trumpet to thy piety :  
 But silent and retir'd, calm and  
 serene,  
 Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly  
 seen.  
 It were vain to describe thee then,  
 but now  
 Thy vast accession harder is to  
 know ;  
 How full of light, and satisfied thou  
 art,  
 So early from this treach'rous World  
 to part ;  
 How pleas'd thou art reflections now  
 to make,  
 And find thou didst not things below  
 mistake ; 40  
 In how abstracted converse thou  
 dost live,  
 How much thy knowledge is intuit-  
 ive ;

How great and bright a glory is en-  
 joy'd  
 With Angels, and in mysteries,  
 employ'd.  
 'Tis sin then to lament thy fate, but we  
 Should help thee to a new eternity ;  
 And by successive imitation strive,  
 Till time shall die, to keep thee still  
 alive ;  
 And (by thy great example furnish'd)  
 be  
 More apt to live than write thy  
 Elogy<sup>1</sup>. 50

### On Rosania's Apostasy, and Lucasia's Friendship

GREAT Soul of Friendship, whither  
 art thou fled ?  
 Where dost thou now choose to re-  
 pose thy head ?  
 Or art thou nothing but voice, air  
 and name,  
 Found out to put souls in pursuit of  
 fame ?  
 Thy flames being thought immortal,  
 we may doubt  
 Whether they e'er did burn that see  
 them out.  
 Go, wearied Soul, find out thy  
 wonted rest,  
 In the safe harbour of Orinda's  
 Breast ;  
 There all unknown adventures thou  
 hast found  
 In thy late transmigration expound ;  
 That so Rosania's darkness may be  
 known 11  
 To be her want of lustre, not thy own.  
 Then to the great Lucasia have  
 recourse,  
 There gather up new excellence and  
 force,  
 Till by a free unbiass'd clear com-  
 merce,  
 Endearments which no tongue can  
 e'er rehearse,

<sup>1</sup> This form once more.



## On Rosania's Apostasy

Lucasia and Orinda shall thee give  
Eternity, and make even Friendship  
live.

Hail, great Lucasia, thou shalt  
doubly shine,

What was Rosania's own is now  
twice thine; 20

Thou saw'st Rosania's chariot and  
her flight,

And so the double portion is thy  
right:

Though 'twas Rosania's spirit be  
content,

Since 'twas at first from thy Orinda  
sent.

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle,  
singing Now affairs<sup>1</sup>, &c.

SUBDUING Fair! what will you win  
To use a needless dart?

Why then so many to take in  
One undefended heart?

I came expos'd to all your charms,  
'Gainst which the first half-hour

I had no will to take up arms,  
And in the next no power.

How can you choose but win the  
day,

Who can resist your siege, 10  
Who in one action know the way

To vanquish and oblige?

Your voice which can in melting  
strains

Teach Beauty to be blind,  
Confines me yet in stronger chains,  
By being soft and kind.

Whilst you my trivial fancy sing,  
You it to wit refine,  
As leather once stamp'd by a King  
Became a current coin. 20

By this my verse is sure to gain  
Eternity with men,  
Which by your voice it will obtain,  
Though never by my pen.

I'd rather in your favour live  
Than in a lasting name,  
And much a greater rate would give  
For Happiness than Fame.

### Submission

'Tis so, and humbly I will resign,  
Nor dare dispute with Providence  
Divine.

In vain, alas! we struggle with our  
chains,

But more entangled by the fruitless  
pains.

For as i' th' great Creation of this All,  
Nothing by chance could in such  
order fall;

And what would single be deform'd  
confest,

Grows beauteous in its union with  
the rest:

So Providence like Wisdom we allow,  
(For what created once does govern  
now) 10

And the same Fate that seems to  
one reverse,

Is necessary to the Universe.

All these particular and various  
things,

Link'd to their causes by such secret  
springs,

Are held so fast, and govern'd by  
such art,

That nothing can out of its order  
start.

The World's God's watch where  
nothing is so small,

But makes a part of what composes  
all:

Could the least pin be lost or else  
displac'd,

The World would be disorder'd and  
defac'd. 20

It beats no pulse in vain, but keeps  
its time,

And undiscern'd to its own height  
doth climb;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, first Song from *Pompey*.



## *Katherine Philips*

Strung first and daily wound up by  
 His hand  
 Who can its motions guide and  
 understand.  
 No secret cunning then nor multi-  
 tude  
 Can Providence divert, cross or  
 delude.  
 And her just full decrees are hidden  
 things,  
 Which harder are to find than births  
 of springs.  
 Yet all in various consorts<sup>1</sup> fitly  
 sound,  
 And by their discords Harmony  
 compound. 30  
 Hence is that Order, Life and  
 Energy,  
 Whereby Forms are preserv'd though  
 Matters die ;  
 And, shifting dress, keep their own  
 living state :  
 So that what kills this, does that  
 propagate.  
 This made the ancient Sage in  
 rapture cry,  
 That sure the World had full eternity.  
 For though itself to Time and Fate  
 submit,  
 He's above both who made and  
 governs it ;  
 And to each creature hath such por-  
 tion lent,  
 As Love and Wisdom sees con-  
 venient. 40  
 For He's no Tyrant, nor delights to  
 grieve  
 The beings which from him alone  
 can live.  
 He's most concern'd, and hath the  
 greatest share  
 In Man, and therefore takes the  
 greatest care  
 To make him happy, who alone can  
 be  
 So by submission and conformity.  
 For why should changes here below  
 surprise,

When the whole World its revolution  
 tries ?  
 Where were our springs, our harvests'  
 pleasant use,  
 Unless Vicissitude did them produce?  
 Nay, what can be so wearisome a  
 pain, 51  
 As when no alterations entertain ?  
 To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,  
 Arrest us by the same necessity.  
 Nor could they trouble us, but that  
 our mind  
 Hath its own glory unto dross con-  
 fin'd.  
 For outward things remove not from  
 their place,  
 Till our souls run to beg their mean  
 embrace ;  
 Then doting on the choice make it  
 our own,  
 By placing trifles in th' Opinion's  
 throne. 60  
 So when they are divorc'd by some  
 new cross,  
 Our souls seem widow'd by the fatal  
 loss :  
 But could we keep our grandeur and  
 our state,  
 Nothing below would seem un-  
 fortunate ;  
 But Grace and Reason, which best  
 succours bring,  
 Would with advantage manage every-  
 thing ;  
 And by right judgement would pre-  
 vent our moan,  
 For losing that which never was our  
 own.  
 For right opinion's like a marble grot,  
 In summer cool, and in the winter  
 hot ; 70  
 A principle which in each fortune  
 lives,  
 Bestowing catholic preservatives.  
 'Tis this resolves, there are no losses  
 where  
 Virtue and Reason are continued  
 there.

<sup>1</sup> = 'concerts,' as commonly.

## *Submission*

The meanest soul might such a fortune share,  
 But no mean soul could so that fortune bear.  
 Thus I compose my thoughts grown insolent,  
 As th' Irish harper doth his instrument ;  
 Which if once struck doth murmur and complain,  
 But the next touch will silence all again. 80

### 2 Cor. v. 19. God was in Christ reconciling the World to Himself

WHEN God, contracted to Humanity,  
 Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die ;  
 When all the heap of miracles combin'd  
 To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind :  
 Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way  
 How to repair the ruin'd World's decay.  
 His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom, must some means procure  
 His Mercy to advance, Justice secure :  
 And since Man in such misery was hurl'd,  
 It cost him more to save, than make the World. 10  
 Oh ! what a desp'rate load of sins had we,  
 When God must plot for our felicity !  
 When God must beg us that He may forgive,  
 And die Himself before Mankind could live !  
 And what still are we, when our King in vain  
 Begs His lost rebels to be friends again !  
 What floods of Love proceed from Heaven's smile,

( 569 )

At once to pardon and to reconcile !  
 What God Himself hath made He cannot hate,  
 For 'tis one act to love and to create : 20  
 And He's too perfect full of Majesty,  
 To need additions from our misery.  
 He hath a father's, not a tyrant's, joy ;  
 Shows more His pow'r to save, than to destroy.  
 Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruin fall,  
 One God could save, one Christ redeem them all.  
 Be silent then, ye narrow souls, take heed  
 Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need.  
 But O my soul, from these be different,  
 Imitate thou a nobler precedent : 30  
 As God with open arms the World does woo,  
 Learn thou like God to be enlarg'd too ;  
 As He begs thy consent to pardon thee,  
 Learn to submit unto thy enemy ;  
 As He stands ready thee to entertain,  
 Be thou as forward to return again ;  
 As He was crucified for and by thee,  
 Crucify thou what caus'd His Agony :  
 And like to Him be mortified to sin,  
 Die to the World as He died for it then. 40

### The World

WE falsely think it due unto our friends,  
 That we should grieve for their untimely ends.  
 He that surveys the world with serious eyes,  
 And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,  
 Shall find 'tis injury to mourn their fate ;  
 He only dies untimely who dies late.

## Katherine Philips

For if 'twere told to children in the  
womb,  
To what a stage of mischiefs they  
must come ;  
Could they foresee with how much  
toil and sweat  
Men count that gilded nothing, be-  
ing great ;  
What pains they take not to be  
what they seem,  
Rating their bliss by others' false  
esteem,  
And sacrificing their content, to be  
Guilty of grave and serious vanity ;  
How each condition hath its proper  
thorns,  
And what one man admits, another  
scorns ;  
How frequently their happiness they  
miss,  
So far even from agreeing what it is,  
That the same person we can hardly  
find,  
Who is an hour together in one  
mind :  
Sure they would beg a period of  
their breath,  
And what we call their birth would  
count their death.  
Mankind is mad ; for none can live  
alone,  
Because their joys stand by com-  
parison :  
And yet they quarrel at society,  
And strive to kill they know not  
whom, nor why.  
We all live by mistake, delight in  
dreams,  
Lost to ourselves, and dwelling in  
extremes ;  
Rejecting what we have, though ne'er  
so good,  
And prizing what we never under-  
stood.  
Compar'd t' our boisterous incon-  
stancy  
Tempests are calm, and Discords  
harmony.  
Hence we reverse the World, and  
yet do find

( 570 )

The God that made can hardly  
please our mind.  
We live by chance and slip into  
events ;  
Have all of beasts except their  
innocence.  
The soul, which no man's pow'r can  
reach, a thing  
That makes each woman man, each  
man a King,  
Doth so much lose, and from its  
height so fall,  
That some contend to have no soul  
at all.  
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the  
best  
By Passion fought withal, by Sin  
deprest.  
Freedom of Will (God's image) is  
forgot ;  
And if we know it, we improve it  
not.  
Our thoughts, though nothing can  
be more our own,  
Are still unguided, very seldom  
known.  
Time 'scapes our hands as water in  
a sieve,  
We come to die ere we begin to  
live.  
Truth, the most suitable and noble  
prize,  
Food of our spirits, yet neglected  
lies.  
Error and shadows are our choice,  
and we  
Owe our perdition to our own  
decree.  
If we search Truth, we make it more  
obscure,  
And when it shines, cannot the  
light endure,  
For most men now, who plod, and  
eat, and drink,  
Have nothing less their bus'ness  
than to think.  
And those few that inquire, how  
small a share  
Of Truth they find, how dark their  
notions are !



## The World

That serious evenness that calms  
the breast,  
And in a tempest can bestow  
a rest, 60  
We either not attempt, or else  
decline,  
By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our  
design.  
(Others he must in his deceits  
involve,  
Who is not true unto his own  
resolve.)  
We govern not ourselves, but loose  
the reins,  
Counting our bondage to a thousand  
chains ;  
And with as many slaveries, content  
As there are tyrants ready to tor-  
ment,  
We live upon a rack extended still  
To one extreme or both, but always  
ill. 70  
For since our fortune is not under-  
stood,  
We suffer less from bad than from  
the good.  
The sting is better dress'd and longer  
lasts,  
As surfeits are more dangerous than  
fasts.  
And to complete the misery to us,  
We see extremes are still contiguous.  
And as we run so fast from what we  
hate,  
Like squibs on ropes, to know no  
middle state ;  
So, outward storms strengthen'd by  
us, we find  
Our Fortune as disordered as our  
mind. 80  
But that's excus'd by this, it doth  
its part ;  
A treach'rous World befits a treach-  
'rous heart.  
All ill's our own, the outward storms  
we loath

Receive from us their birth, their  
sting, or both.  
And that our Vanity be past a  
doubt,  
'Tis one new vanity to find it out.  
Happy are they to whom God gives  
a grave,  
And from themselves as from His  
wrath doth save.  
'Tis good not to be born ; but if  
we must,  
The next good is, soon to return  
to dust, 90  
When th' uncag'd soul fled to  
Eternity  
Shall rest, and live, and sing, and  
love, and see.  
Here we but crawl and grovel, play  
and cry ;  
Are first our own, then others'  
enemy :  
But there shall be defac'd both  
stain and score,  
For Time, and Death, and Sin shall  
be no more.

## The Soul

### I

How vain a thing is Man, whose  
noblest part,  
That soul which through the  
World doth roam<sup>1</sup>,  
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the  
depth of Art,  
Yet is so ignorant at home ?

### II

In every brook or mirror we can  
find  
Reflections of our face to be ;  
But a true optic to present our mind  
We hardly get, and darkly see.

### III

Yet in the search after ourselves  
we run,  
Actions and causes we survey ; 10

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'rome,' doubtless on the principle of which Spenser is the most distinguished exponent. It may be worth observing that this quatrain of 10, 8, 10, 8 is not very common, and for good reasons. The immense improvement in *The Palace of Art* by the change to 10, 8, 10, 6 is an excellent subject for metrical study.



# Katherine Philips

And when the weary chase is almost  
done,  
Then from our quest we slip away.

IV

'Tis strange and sad, that since we  
do believe

We have a soul must never die,  
There are so few that can a reason  
give

How it obtains that life, or why.

V

I wonder not to find those that  
know most,

Profess so much their ignorance ;  
Since in their own souls greatest  
wits are lost,

And of themselves have scarce  
a glance. 20

VI

But somewhat sure doth here ob-  
scurely lie,

That above dross would fain  
advance,

And pants and catches at Eternity,  
As 'twere its own inheritance.

VII

A soul self-mov'd which can dilate,  
contract,

Pierces and judges things unseen :  
But this gross heap of Matter cannot  
act,

Unless impulsèd from within.

VIII

Distance and Quantity, to bodies due,  
The state of souls cannot admit ;  
And all the contraries which Nature  
knew 31

Meet there, nor hurt themselves,  
nor it.

IX

God never body made so bright and  
clean,

Which Good and Evil could dis-  
cern :

What these words Honesty and  
Honour mean,

The soul alone knows how to learn.

X

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd  
here,

Yet hath she notions of her own,  
Which Sense doth only jog, awake,  
and clear,

But cannot at the first make  
known. 40

XI

The soul her own felicity hath  
laid,

And independent on<sup>1</sup> the sense,  
Sees the weak terrors which the  
World invade

With pity or with negligence.

XII

So unconcern'd she lives, so much  
above

The rubbish of a sordid jail,  
That nothing doth her energy im-  
prove

So much as when those structures  
fail.

XIII

She's then a substance subtile, strong  
and pure,

So immaterial and refin'd 50  
As speaks her from the body's fate  
secure,

And wholly of a diffrent kind.

XIV

Religion for reward in vain would  
look,

Virtue were doom'd to misery,  
All actions were like bubbles in  
a brook,

Were 't not for Immortality.

XV

But as that Conqueror who millions  
spent

Thought it too mean to give  
a mite ;

So the World's Judge can never be  
content

To bestow less than Infinite. 60

<sup>1</sup> It may be doubted whether we have done well to substitute 'independent of' (as is often done) while keeping 'dependent on.'

# The Soul

XVI

Treason against Eternal Majesty  
Must have eternal Justice too ;  
And since unbounded Love did  
satisfy,  
He will unbounded Mercy show.

XVII

It is our narrow thoughts shorten  
these things,  
By their companion flesh inclin'd ;  
Which feeling its own weakness glad-  
ly brings  
The same opinion to the mind.

XVIII

We stifle our own Sun, and live in  
shade ;  
But where its beams do once  
appear, 70  
They make that person of himself  
afraid,  
And to his own acts most severe.

XIX

For ways, to sin close, and our  
breast disguise  
From outward search, we soon  
may find :  
But who can his own soul bribe or  
surprise,  
Or sin without a sting behind ?

XX

He that commands himself is more  
a Prince  
Than he who nations keeps in  
awe ;  
Who yield to all that does their soul  
convince,  
Shall never need another Law. 80

## Happiness

NATURE courts Happiness, although  
it be  
Unknown as the Athenian Deity.  
It dwells not in man's sense, yet he  
supplies  
That want by growing fond of its  
disguise.  
The false appearances of joy deceive,

( 573 )

And seeking her unto her like we  
cleave.

For sinking Man hath scarce sense  
left to know

Whether the plank he grasps will  
hold or no.

While all the business of the World  
is this,

To seek that good which by mistake  
they miss, 10

And all the several Passions men  
express

Are but for Pleasure in a diff'rent  
dress.

They hope for Happiness in being  
great,

Or rich, or lov'd, then hug their own  
conceit.

But the good man can find this  
treasure out,

For which in vain others do dig  
and doubt ;

And hath such secret full Content  
within,

Though all abroad be storms, yet  
he can sing.

His peace is made, all's quiet in  
that place,

Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd  
by Grace. 20

This inward calm prevents his  
enemies,

For he can neither envy nor despise :  
But in the beauty of his ordered  
mind

Doth still a new, rich satisfaction  
find.

Innocent epicure ! whose single  
breast

Can furnish him with a continual  
feast.

A Prince at home, and sceptres can  
refuse ;

Valuing only what he cannot lose.  
He studies to do good ; (a man may  
be

Harmless for want of opportunity :)  
But he's industrious kindness to  
dispense, 31

And therein only covets eminence.

## Katherine Philips

Others do court applause and fame,  
but he  
Thinks all that giddy noise but  
Vanity.  
He takes no pains to be observ'd or  
seen,  
While all his acts are echoed from  
within.  
He's still himself, when company are  
gone,  
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.  
For studying God in all his volumes,  
he  
Begins the business of Eternity ; 40  
And unconcern'd without, retains a  
power  
To suck (like bees) a sweet from  
ev'ry flower.  
And as the Manna of the Israelites  
Had several tastes to please all  
appetites :  
So his Contentment is that catholic  
food,  
That makes all states seem fit as  
well as good.  
He dares not wish, nor his own fate  
propound ;  
But, if God sends, reads Love in  
every wound :  
And would not lose for all the joys  
of sense  
The glorious pleasures of obedience.  
His better part can neither change  
nor lose, 51  
And all God's will can bear, can do,  
can choose.

### Death

#### I

How weak a star doth rule mankind,  
Which owes its ruin to the same  
Causes which Nature had design'd  
To cherish and preserve the  
frame !

#### II

As commonwealths may be secure,  
And no remote invasion dread ;

( 574 )

Yet may a sadder fall endure  
From traitors in their bosom bred :

#### III

So while we feel no violence, 9  
And on our active health do trust,  
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,  
And tumbles us into the dust.

#### IV

Yet carelessly we run our race,  
As if we could Death's summons  
wave ;  
And think not on the narrow space  
Between a table and a grave.

#### V

But since we cannot Death reprieve,  
Our souls and fame we ought to  
mind,  
For they our bodies will survive ;  
That goes beyond, this stays  
behind. 20

#### VI

If I be sure my soul is safe,  
And that my actions will provide  
My tomb a nobler epitaph,  
Than that I only liv'd and died.

#### VII

So that in various accidents  
I Conscience may, and Honour,  
keep ;  
I with that ease and innocence  
Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

To the Queen's Majesty, on  
her late Sickness and  
Recovery

THE public gladness that's to us  
restor'd,  
For your escape from what we so  
deplor'd,  
Will want as well resemblance as  
belief,  
Unless our joy be measur'd by our  
grief.  
When in your fever we with terror  
saw  
At once our hopes and happiness  
withdraw ;

## *To the Queen's Majesty*

And every crisis did with jealous  
fear

Inquire the news we scarce durst  
stay to hear.

Some dying Princes have their ser-  
vants slain,

That after death they might not  
want a train. 10

Such cruelty were here a needless  
sin ;

For had our fatal fears prophetic  
been<sup>1</sup>,

Sorrow alone that service would  
have done,

And you by Nations had been waited  
on.

Your danger was in ev'ry visage seen,  
And only yours was quiet and serene.

But all our zealous grief had been in  
vain,

Had not great Charles's call'd you  
back again :

Who did your sufferings with such  
pain discern,

He lost three Kingdoms once with  
less concern. 20

Lab'ring your safety he neglected  
his,

Nor fear'd he death in any shape  
but this.

His Genius did the bold distemper  
tame,

And his rich tears quench'd the  
rebellious flame.

As<sup>2</sup> once the Thracian Hero lov'd  
and griev'd,

Till he his lost felicity retriev'd ;  
And with the moving accents of

his woe,

His spouse recover'd from the shades  
below.

So the King's grief your threaten'd  
loss withstood,

Who mourn'd with the same fortune  
that he woo'd, 30

And to his happy passion we have  
been

Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a  
Queen.

But how severe a choice had you to  
make,

When you must Heav'n delay, or  
Him forsake ?

Yet since those joys you made such  
haste to find

Had scarce been full if he were left  
behind,

How well did Fate decide your in-  
ward strife

By making him a present of your life ?  
Which rescu'd blessing he must

long enjoy,

Since our offences could it not  
destroy. 40

For none but Death durst rival him  
in you ;

And Death himself was baffled in it  
too.

### Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement

#### ODE

##### I

No, no, unfaithful World, thou hast  
Too long my easy heart betray'd,

And me too long thy foot-ball made :  
But I am wiser grown at last,

And will improve by all that I have  
past.

I know 'twas just I should be prac-  
tis'd on ;

For I was told before,  
And told in sober and instructive

lore,

How little all that trusted thee have  
won :

And yet I would make haste to be  
undone. 10

Now by my suffering I am better  
taught,

And shall no more commit that  
stupid fault.

<sup>1</sup> So in orig., showing that 'bin' for this rhyme is more or less of an accident.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'at.'



## Katherine Philips

Go, get some other fool,  
Whom thou mayst next cajole :  
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain  
bestow ;  
For I know how  
To be as coy and as reserved<sup>1</sup> as  
thou.

### II

In my remote and humble seat  
Now I'm again possess<sup>19</sup>  
Of that late fugitive, my breast,  
From all thy tumults and from all  
thy heat  
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat ;  
And on the fetters I have worn  
Look with experienc'd and revenge-  
ful scorn,  
In this my sov'reign privacy.  
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,  
But yet myself I may subdue ;  
And that's the nobler empire of the  
two.  
If ev'ry Passion had got leave  
Its satisfaction to receive,<sup>30</sup>  
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,  
To conquer one, than to indulge  
them all.

### III

For thy inconstant sea, no more  
I'll leave that safe and solid shore :  
No, though to prosper in the cheat,  
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,  
And make me be belov'd, or rich,  
or great :  
Nor from myself shouldst me  
reclaim  
With all the noise and all the pomp  
of Fame.  
Judiciously I'll these despise ;<sup>40</sup>  
Too small the bargain, and too great  
the price,  
For them to cozen twice.  
At length this secret I have  
learn'd ;  
Who will be happy, must be uncon-  
cern'd,

Must all their comfort in their bosom  
wear,  
And seek their treasure and their  
power there.

### IV

No other wealth will I aspire,  
But that of Nature to admire ;  
Nor envy on a laurel will bestow,  
Whilst I have any in my garden grow.  
And when I would be great,<sup>51</sup>  
'Tis but ascending to a seat  
Which Nature in a lofty rock hath  
built ;  
A throne as free from trouble as  
from guilt.  
Where when my soul her wings  
does raise  
Above what worldlings fear or  
praise,  
With innocence and quiet pride  
I'll sit,  
And see the humble waves pay tri-  
bute to my feet<sup>2</sup>.  
O life divine, when free from joys  
diseas'd,  
Not always merry, but 'tis always  
pleas'd !<sup>60</sup>

### V

A heart, which is too great a thing  
To be a present for a Persian King,  
Which God Himself would have to  
be His court,  
Where Angels would officiously re-  
sort,  
From its own height should much  
decline,  
If this converse it should resign  
(Ill-natur'd World !) for thine.  
Thy unwise rigour hath thy empire  
lost ;  
It hath not only set me free,  
But it hath made me see,<sup>70</sup>  
They only can of thy possession  
boast,  
Who do enjoy thee least, and under-  
stand thee most.

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'reserv'e' (with suggestion of French ?).

<sup>2</sup> The rhyme here is worth comparison with that of 'been' (so spelt) with 'sin.'

## Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement

For lo, the man whom all mankind  
admir'd,

(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry  
Muse inspir'd)

Is now triumphantly retir'd.

The mighty Cowley this hath done,  
And over thee a Parthian conquest  
won :

Which future ages shall adore,  
And which in this subdues thee  
more

Than either Greek or Roman ever  
could before. 80

### The Irish Greyhound

BEHOLD this creature's form and state,  
Which Nature therefore did create,  
That to the World might be exprest  
What mien there can be in a beast ;  
And that we in this shape may find  
A lion of another kind.

For this heroic beast does seem  
In majesty to rival him ;  
And yet vouchsafes, to man, to show  
Both service and submission too. 10  
From whence we this distinction have,  
That beast is fierce, but this is brave.  
This dog hath so himself subdu'd,  
That hunger cannot make him rude :  
And his behaviour does confess  
True courage dwells with gentleness.  
With sternest wolves he dares engage,  
And acts on them successful rage.  
Yet too much courtesy may chance  
To put him out of countenance. 20  
When in his opposer's blood,  
Fortune hath made his virtue good ;  
This creature from an act so brave  
Grows not more sullen, but more  
grave.

Man's guard he would be, not his  
sport,  
Believing he hath ventur'd for't ;

But yet no blood or shed or spent  
Can ever make him insolent.

Few men of him to do great things  
have learn'd,

And when th' are done, to be so  
unconcern'd. 30

### Song

To the Tune of *Sommes nous pas  
trop heureux*

I

How prodigious is my fate,  
Since I can't determine clearly,  
Whether you'll do more severely  
Giving me your love or hate !  
For if you with kindness bless me,  
Since from you I soon must part ;  
Fortune will so dispossess me,  
That your Love will break my heart.

II

But since Death all sorrow cures,  
Might I choose my way of dying, 10  
I could wish the arrow flying  
From Fortune's quiver, not from  
yours.

For in the sad unusual story  
How my wretched heart was torn,  
It will more concern your glory,  
I by absence fell than scorn.

### A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania, imitating that of gentle Thyrsis<sup>1</sup>

*Ros.* My Lucasia, leave the moun-  
tain-tops,  
And like a nearer air.

*Luc.* How shall I then forsake my  
lovely flocks  
Bequeath'd to my care ?

<sup>1</sup> A coincidence with the lines in *The Princess*, Canto vii, 'Come down, O maid.' The internal rhyme, after the first quatrain, is curious. It might be better to print the lines separately—

'Shepherdess,  
Thy flocks will not be less,' &c.

## Katherine Philips

*Ros.* Shepherdess, thy flocks will  
not be less,  
Although thou shouldst come  
hither.

*Luc.* But I fear, the world will be  
severe,

Should I leave them to go thither.

*Ros.* O! my friend, if you on that  
depend,

You'll never know content. 10

*Luc.* Rather I near thee would live  
and die,

Would fortune but consent.

*Ros.* But did you ask leave to love  
me too,

That others should deprive me?

*Luc.* Not all mankind, a stratagem  
can find

Which from that heart should drive  
me.

*Ros.* Better 't had been, I thee had  
never seen,

Than that content to lose.

*Luc.* Such are thy charms, I'd dwell  
within thine arms

Could I my station choose. 20

*Ros.* When life is done, the World  
to us is gone,

And all our cares do end.

*Luc.* Nay, I know there's nothing  
sweet below,

Unless it be a friend.

*Ros.* Then whilst we live, this joy  
let's take and give,

Since death us soon will sever.

*Luc.* But I trust, when crumbled into  
dust,

We shall meet and love for ever.

### Song

To the Tune of Adieu, Phillis

'Tis true our life is but a long disease,  
Made up of real pain and seeming  
ease.

You stars, who these entangled for-  
tunes give,

( 578 )

O tell me why

It is so hard to die,

Yet such a task to live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs  
betray,

It costs us dearer than it can repay.

For Time or Fortune all things so  
devours;

Our hopes are crost, 10

Or else the object lost,

Ere we can call it ours.

An Epitaph on my honoured  
Mother-in-Law, Mrs.  
Phil[il]ips of Portheynon in  
Cardiganshire, who died  
Jan. 1, anno 1663.

READER, stay, it is but just;

Thou dost not tread on common  
dust.

For underneath this stone does lie

One whose name can never die:

Who from an honour'd lineage  
sprung,

Was to another match'd young;

Whose happiness she ever sought;

One blessing was, and many brought.

And to her spouse her faith did  
prove

By fifteen pledges of their love. 10

But when by Death of him depriv'd,

An honourable widow liv'd

Full four and twenty years, wherein

Though she had much afflicted been,

Saw many of her children fall,

And public ruin threaten all.

Yet from above assisted, she

Both did and suffer'd worthily.

She to the Crown and Church ad-  
her'd,

And in their sorrows them rever'd, 20

With piety which knew no strife,

But was as sober as her life.

A furnish'd table, open door,

That for her friends, this for the  
poor,



## *An Epitaph*

She kept ; yet did her fortune find,  
Too narrow for her nobler mind ;  
Which seeking objects to relieve,  
Did food to many orphans give,  
Who in her life no want did know,  
But all the poor are orphans now. 30  
Yet hold, her fame is much too safe,  
To need a written epitaph.  
Her fame was so confess'd, that she  
Can never here forgotten be,  
Till Cardigan itself become  
To its own ruin'd heaps a tomb.

Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda  
parting at a Fountain, July,  
1663

### I

HERE, here are our enjoyments done,  
And since the love and grief we  
wear

Forbids us either word or tear,  
And Art wants here expression,  
See Nature furnish us with one.

### II

The kind and mournful nymph which  
here

Inhabits in her humble cells,  
No longer her own sorrow tells,  
Nor for it now concern'd appears,  
But for our parting sheds these  
tears. 10

### III

Unless she may afflicted be,  
Lest we should doubt her innocence ;  
Since she hath lost her best pre-  
tence  
Unto a matchless purity ;  
Our love being clearer far than she.

### IV

Cold as the streams that from her  
flow,  
Or (if her privater recess  
A greater coldness can express)  
Then cold as those dark beds of  
snow  
Our hearts are at this parting blow. 20

### V

But Time, that has both wings and  
feet,  
Our suffering minutes being spent,  
Will visit us with new content.  
And sure, if kindness be so sweet  
'Tis harder to forget than meet.

### VI

Then though the sad adieu we say,  
Yet as the wine we hither bring,  
Revives, and then exalts the spring :  
So let our hopes to meet allay  
The fears and sorrows of this day. 30

## A Farewell to Rosania

My dear Rosania, sometimes be so  
kind,  
To think upon the friend thou leav'st  
behind,  
And wish thee here, to make thy joys  
complete,  
Or else me there, to share thy blest  
retreat.  
But to the heart which for thy loss  
doth mourn,  
The kindest thought is that of quick  
return.

To my Lady Anne Boyle,  
saying I looked angrily  
upon her

ADOR'D Valeria, and can you con-  
clude,  
Orinda lost in such ingratitude ;  
And so mis-spell the language of my  
face,  
When in my heart you have so great  
a place ?  
Ah ! be assur'd I could no look direct  
To you, not full of passion and  
respect.  
Or if my looks have play'd that  
treach'rous part,  
And so much misinterpreted my heart,  
I shall forgive them that one false-  
hood, less  
Than all their folly, and their ugly-  
ness ; 10



## Katherine Philips

And had much rather choose they  
should appear  
Always unhandsome, than once un-  
sincere.  
But I must thank your error, which  
procures  
Me such obliging jealousy as yours.  
For at that quarrel I can ne'er repine,  
Which shows your kindness, though  
it questions mine.  
To your concern I pardon your dis-  
trust,  
And prize your love, ev'n when it is  
unjust.

### On the Welsh Language

If Honour to an ancient name be  
due,  
Or Riches challenge it for one that's  
new,  
The British language claims in either  
sense,  
Both for its age, and for its opulence.  
But all great things must be from  
us remov'd,  
To be with higher reverence belov'd.  
So landscapes which in prospects  
distant lie,  
With greater wonder draw the pleasèd  
eye.  
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin  
hurl'd?  
Once the fam'd scene of all the  
fighting world. 10  
Where's Athens now, to whom Rome  
Learning owes,  
And the safe laurels that adorn'd her  
brows?  
A strange reverse of Fate she did  
endure,  
Never once greater, than she's now  
obscure.  
Ev'n Rome herself can but some  
footsteps show  
Of Scipio's times, or those of Cicero.  
And as the Roman and the Grecian  
State,

The British fell, the spoil of Time  
and Fate.  
But though the Language hath the  
beauty lost,  
Yet she has still some great Remains  
to boast. 20  
For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of  
old,  
In deathless numbers did their  
thoughts unfold.  
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile  
plains,  
They civiliz'd and taught the list'n-  
ing swains;  
Whilst with high raptures, and as  
great success,  
Virtue they clothed in Music's charm-  
ing dress.  
This Merlin spoke, who in his gloomy  
cave,  
Ev'n Destiny herself seem'd to en-  
slave.  
For to his sight the future time was  
known,  
Much better than to others is their  
own: 30  
And with such state, predictions from  
him fell,  
As if he did decree, and not fore-  
tell.  
This spoke King Arthur, who, if  
Fame be true,  
Could have compell'd mankind to  
speak it too.  
In this once Boadicca<sup>1</sup> valour taught,  
And spoke more nobly than her  
soldiers fought:  
Tell me what hero could be more  
than she,  
Who fell at once for Fame and  
Liberty?  
Nor could a greater sacrifice belong,  
Or to her children's, or her country's  
wrong. 40  
This spoke Caractacus, who was so  
brave,  
That to the Roman Fortune check  
he gave:

<sup>1</sup> Sic in orig., and the form, which has some authority, is wanted for the verse.

## *On the Welsh Language*

And when their yoke he could decline  
 no more,  
 He it so decently and nobly wore,  
 That Rome herself with blushes did  
 believe  
 A Britain<sup>1</sup> would the Law of Honour  
 give ;  
 And hastily his chains away she  
 threw,  
 Lest her own captive else should her  
 subdue.

### To the Countess of Thanet, upon her Marriage

SINCE you who credit to all wonders  
 bring,  
 That lovers can believe, or poets  
 sing ;  
 Whose only shape and fashion does  
 express,  
 Your virtue is your nature, not your  
 dress ;  
 In whom the most admir'd extremes  
 appear,  
 Humble and fair, prudent and yet  
 sincere<sup>2</sup> :  
 Whose matchless worth transmits  
 such splendid rays,  
 As those that envy it are forc'd to  
 praise.  
 Since you have found such an illus-  
 trious sphere,  
 And are resolv'd to fix your glories  
 there ;  
 A heart whose bravery to his sex  
 secures  
 As much renown as you have done  
 to yours ;  
 And whose perfections in obtaining  
 you,  
 Are both discover'd and rewarded  
 too ;  
 'Twere almost equal boldness to  
 invent

How to increase your merit, or  
 content.  
 Yet sure the Muses somewhat have  
 to say,  
 But they will send it you a better  
 way :  
 The Court, which so much to your  
 lustre owes,  
 Must also pay you its officious  
 vows.  
 But whilst this shows respect, and  
 those their art,  
 Let me too speak the language of my  
 heart ;  
 Whose ruder off'rings dare approach  
 your shrine,  
 For you, who merit theirs, can pardon  
 mine.  
 Fortune and Virtue with such heat  
 contend  
 (As once for Rome) now to make  
 you their friend :  
 As you so well can this prefer to  
 that,  
 As you can neither fear, nor mend  
 your fate :  
 Yet since the votes of joy from all  
 are due,  
 A love like mine must find some  
 wishes too.  
 May you in this bright constella-  
 tion set,  
 Still show how much the Good out-  
 shine the Great :  
 May you be courted with all joys of  
 sense,  
 Yet place the highest in your inno-  
 cence ;  
 Whose praise may you enjoy, but  
 not regard,  
 Finding within both motive and  
 reward.  
 May Fortune still to your commands  
 be just,  
 Yet still beneath your kindness or  
 your trust.

<sup>1</sup> This is not impossible, though 'a Briton' is more likely.

<sup>2</sup> This line in orig. illustrates the futility of retaining typographical peculiarities indiscriminately. Besides 'Humble,' 'Fair' and 'Prudent' there have capitals, 'sincere' not. Let him, who can, distinguish.

## *Katherine Philips*

May you no trouble either feel or  
 fear,  
 But from your pity for what others  
 wear ; 40  
 And may the happy owner of your  
 breast,  
 Still find his passion with his joys  
 increas'd ;  
 Whilst every moment your concern  
 makes known,  
 And gives him too, fresh reason for  
 his own :  
 And from their Parents may your  
 Offspring have  
 All that is wise and lovely, soft and  
 brave :  
 Or if all wishes we in one would  
 give,  
 For him, and for the world, Long  
 may you live.

Epitaph<sup>1</sup> on her Son H. P. at  
 St. Syth's Church, where  
 her body also lies interred

WHAT on Earth deserves our trust ;  
 Youth and Beauty both are dust.  
 Long we gathering are with pain,  
 What one moment calls again.  
 Seven years childless marriage past,  
 A Son, a Son is born at last :  
 So exactly limb'd and fair,  
 Full of good spirits, mien, and air,  
 As a long life promisèd,  
 Yet, in less than six weeks dead. 10  
 Too promising, too great a mind  
 In so small room to be confin'd :  
 Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,  
 He quickly broke the prison shell.  
 So the subtle alchymist,  
 Can't with Hermes' Seal resist  
 The powerful spirit's subtler flight,  
 But 'twill bid him long good night :  
 And so the Sun, if it arise  
 Half so glorious as his eyes, 20  
 Like this Infant, takes a shroud,  
 Buried in a morning cloud.

On the Death of my Lord  
 Rich, only son to the Earl  
 of Warwick, who died of  
 the small-pox, 1664

HAVE not so many lives of late  
 Suffic'd to quench the greedy thirst  
 of Fate ?  
 Though to increase the mournful  
 purple flood,  
 As well as noble, she drank Royal  
 blood ;  
 That not content, against us to  
 engage  
 Our own wild fury, and usurpers'  
 rage ;  
 By sickness now, when all that storm  
 is past,  
 She strives to hew our heroes down  
 as fast ;  
 And by the prey she chooses, shows  
 her aim  
 Is to extinguish all the English  
 Fame. 10  
 Else had this generous Youth we now  
 have lost,  
 Been still his friends' delight, and  
 country's boast,  
 And higher rais'd the illustrious  
 name he bore,  
 Than all our chronicles had done  
 before.  
 Had Death consider'd ere he struck  
 this blow,  
 How many noble hopes 'twould over-  
 throw ;  
 The Genius of his House (who did  
 complain  
 That all her worthies now died o'er  
 again) ;  
 His flourishing, and yet untainted  
 years ;  
 His father's anguish, and his mother's  
 tears ; 20  
 Sure he had been persuaded to  
 relent,  
 Nor had for so much early sweetness,  
 sent

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction.



## *On the Death of my Lord Rich*

That fierce disease, which knows not  
how to spare

The young, the great, the knowing,  
or the fair.

But we as well might flatter every  
wind,

And court the tempests to be less  
unkind,

As hope from churlish Death to  
snatch his prey,

Who is as furious and as deaf as they;  
And who hath cruelly surpris'd in him,  
His parents' joy, and all the World's  
esteem. 30

Say, treacherous Hopes that  
whisper in our ear,

Still to expect some steady comfort  
here,

And though we oft discover all your  
arts,

Would still betray our disappointed  
hearts;

What new delusion can you now  
prepare,

Since this pale object shows how  
false you are?

'Twill fully answer all you have to  
plead,

If we reply, great Warwick's heir is  
dead:

Blush, human Hopes and Joys, and  
then be all 39

In solemn mourning<sup>1</sup> at this funeral.

For since such expectations brittle  
prove,

What can we safely either hope or  
love?

### *The Virgin*

THE things that make a Virgin please,  
She that seeks, will find them these;

A Beauty, not to Art in debt,

Rather agreeable than great;

An eye, wherein at once do meet,  
The beams of kindness, and of  
wit;

An undissembled Innocence,  
Apt not to give, nor take offence:

A conversation at once free  
From Passion, and from Sub-  
tlety; 10

A face that's modest, yet serene,  
A sober, and yet lively mien;

The virtue which does her adorn,  
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn;

With such wise lowliness endu'd,  
As never can be mean, or rude;

That prudent negligence enrich,  
And Time's her silence and her  
speech<sup>2</sup>;

Whose equal mind does always  
move,

Neither a foe, nor slave to love; 20

And whose Religion's strong and  
plain,

Not superstitious, nor profane.

### *Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn- Elms Walks*

ALAS, how barbarous are we,  
Thus to reward the courteous  
Tree,

Who its broad shade affording us,  
Deserves not to be wounded thus!

See how the yielding bark complies  
With our ungrateful injuries!

And seeing this, say how much  
then

Trees are more generous than  
men,

Who by a nobleness so pure,  
Can first oblige, and then endure. 10

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'morning.'

<sup>2</sup> This very 'metaphysical' couplet seems to mean, 'If you add riches to her wise retiringness, Time will have nothing bad and everything good to say of her.' But I could add other interpretations, and am not sure of any.



## *Katherine Philips*

To my dearest Friend Mrs.  
A. Owen, upon her greatest  
loss

As when two sister-rivulets who crept  
From that dark bed of snow wherein  
they slept,  
By private distant currents under  
ground,  
Have by maeanders<sup>1</sup> either's bosom  
found,  
They sob aloud, and break down  
what withstood,  
Swoln by their own embraces to  
a flood :  
So when my sympathy for thy dear  
grief  
Had brought me near, in hope to  
give relief,  
I found my sorrow heighten'd when  
so join'd,  
And thine increas'd by being so  
combin'd, 10  
Since to the bleeding hopes of many  
years,  
I could contribute nothing but my  
tears ;  
Fears which to thy sad fate were  
justly due,  
And to his loss, by all who that  
loss knew ;  
For thy Charistus was so much above  
The eloquence of all our grief and  
love,  
That it would be injurious to his  
hearse,  
To think to crowd his worth into  
a verse :  
Could I by miracle such praise  
indite,  
Who with more ease and justice  
weep than write, 20  
He was all that which History can  
boast,  
Or bolder Poetry had e'er engross'd.

So pious, just, noble, discreet, and  
kind,  
Their best ideas know not how to  
find.  
His strong Religion not on trifles  
spent,  
Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,  
Never betray'd to indigested heat,  
Nor yet entic'd from what was  
safely great.  
And this so soon, as if he had  
foresight,  
He must begin betimes whose noon  
is night. 30  
His virtue was his choice, and not  
his chance,  
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of  
Ignorance.  
He well knew whom, and what he  
did believe,  
And for his faith did not dispute,  
but live,  
And liv'd just like his infant inno-  
cence,  
But that was crown'd with free  
obedience.  
How did he scorn design, and  
equally  
How much abhorr'd this age's vanity !  
He neither lik'd its tumults, nor its  
joys,  
Slighted alike Earth's pleasures, and  
her noise. 40  
But unconcern'd in both, in his own  
mind  
Alone could power and satisfaction  
find.  
A treasury of merit there lay hid,  
Which though he ne'er confess'd,  
his actions did.  
His modesty unto his virtue lent  
At once a shadow and an ornament.  
But what could hide those filial rites  
he paid ?  
How much he lov'd, how prudently  
obey'd ?

<sup>1</sup> The orig. has the diphthong ; but as it also has capital initial and italic spelling, it is open to any one to contend that Orinda, or her printer, was uncertain whether the word had yet become a common noun. I wish it had kept the diphthong as such.

*To Mrs. A. Owen, upon her greatest loss*

How as a brother did he justly  
share  
His kind concern betwixt respect  
and care? <sup>50</sup>  
And to a wife how fully did he  
prove  
How wisely he could judge, how  
fondly love?  
As husbands serious, but as lovers  
kind,  
He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her  
mind;  
And with a passion made this riddle  
true,  
'Twas ever perfect, and yet still it  
grew.  
Such handsome thoughts his breast  
did ever fill,  
He durst do anything, but what  
was ill;  
Unlike those gallants who so use  
their time,  
As opportunity to act their crime, <sup>60</sup>  
And lost in wine or vanity when  
young,  
They die too soon, because they  
liv'd too long:  
But he has hallowed so his early  
death,  
'Tis almost shame to draw a longer  
breath.  
I can no more, they that can must  
have learn'd  
To be more eloquent, and less  
concern'd.  
But all that noble justice to his  
name,  
His own good Angel will commit  
to Fame.  
Could grief recall this happiness  
again,  
Of thy dear sorrow I would ne'er  
complain, <sup>70</sup>  
But such an opportunity would take  
To grieve an useless life out for thy  
sake.  
But since it cannot, I must pray  
thee live,  
That so much of Charistus may  
survive,

( 585 )

And that thou do not act so harsh  
to Love,  
As that his glory should thy sorrow  
move:  
Endure thy loss till Heav'n shall it  
repay,  
Upon thy last and glorious wedding-  
day,  
When thou shalt know him more,  
and quickly find  
The love increas'd by being so  
refin'd, <sup>80</sup>  
And there possess him without  
parting fears,  
As I my friendship free from  
future tears.

*Orinda to Lucasia parting,  
October, 1661, at London*

ADIEU, dear Object of my Love's  
excess,  
And with thee all my hopes of  
happiness,  
With the same fervent and unchang'd  
heart  
Which did its whole self once to  
thee impart,  
(And which, though fortune has so  
sorely bruis'd,  
Would suffer more, to be from this  
excus'd)  
I to resign thy dear converse  
submit,  
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.  
Thou hast too long to me confin'd  
been,  
Who ruin am without, passion  
within. <sup>10</sup>  
My mind is sunk below thy tender-  
ness,  
And my condition does deserve it  
less;  
I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing  
By all the shocks my daily sorrow[s]  
bring,  
That wouldst thou for thy old Orinda  
call,  
Thou hardly couldst unravel her at all.

## Katherine Philips

And should I thy clear fortunes  
interline  
With the incessant miseries of mine?  
No, no, I never lov'd at such a  
rate,  
To tie thee to the rigours of my  
fate. 20  
As from my obligations thou art  
free,  
Sure thou shalt be so from my  
injury.  
Though every other worthiness  
I miss,  
Yet I'll at least be generous in this.  
I'd rather perish without sigh or  
groan,  
Than thou shouldst be condemn'd  
to give me one;  
Nay, in my soul I rather could  
allow  
Friendship should be a sufferer,  
than thou:  
Go then, since my sad heart has set  
thee free,  
Let all the loads and chains remain  
on me. 30  
Though I be left the prey of sea  
and wind,  
Thou, being happy, wilt in that be  
kind;  
Nor shall I my undoing much  
deplore,  
Since thou art safe, whom I must  
value more.  
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as  
free  
From all ills else, as from my  
company;  
And may the torments thou hast  
had from it,  
Be all that Heaven will to thy life  
permit.  
And that they may thy virtue service  
do,  
Mayst thou be able to forgive them  
too: 40  
But though I must this sharp  
submission learn,  
I cannot yet unwish thy dear  
concern.

Not one new comfort I expect to see,  
I quit my Joy, Hope, Life, and all  
but thee;  
Nor seek I thence aught that may  
discompose  
That mind where so serene a good-  
ness grows.  
I ask no inconvenient kindness  
now,  
To move thy passion, or to cloud  
thy brow;  
And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea  
By some few soft remembrances of  
me, 50  
Which may present thee with this  
candid thought,  
I meant not all the troubles that  
I brought.  
Own not what Passion rules, and  
Fate does crush,  
But wish thou couldst have done 't  
without a blush;  
And that I had been, ere it was too  
late,  
Either more worthy, or more  
fortunate.  
Ah, who can love the thing they  
cannot prize?  
But thou mayst pity though thou  
dost despise.  
Yet I should think that pity bought  
too dear,  
If it should cost those precious  
eyes a tear. 60  
Oh, may no minute's trouble thee  
possess,  
But to endear the next hour's  
happiness;  
And mayst thou when thou art from  
me remov'd,  
Be better pleas'd, but never worse  
belov'd:  
Oh, pardon me for pouring out my  
woes  
In rhyme now, that I dare not do 't  
in prose.  
For I must lose whatever is call'd  
dear,  
And thy assistance all that loss to  
bear,

## *Orinda to Lucasia parting*

And have more cause than e'er  
I had before,  
To fear that I shall never see thee  
more. 70

On the first of January, 1657

TH' Eternal Centre of my life and  
me,

Who when I was not, gave me room  
to be,

Hath since (my time preserving in  
his hands)

By moments number'd out the  
precious sands,

'Till it is swell'd to six and twenty  
years,

Chequer'd by Providence with smiles  
and tears.

I have observ'd how vain all glories  
are,

The change of Empire, and the  
chance of War :

Seen Faction with its native venom  
burst,

And Treason struck, by what itself  
had nurs'd : 10

Seen useless crimes, whose owners  
but made way

For future candidates to wear the  
bay.

To my Lady M. Cavendish,  
choosing the name of  
Policrite

THAT Nature in your frame has  
taken care,

As well your birth as beauty do  
declare,

Since we at once discover in your  
face,

The lustre of your eyes and of your  
race :

And that your shape and fashion  
does attest,

So bright a form has yet a brighter  
Guest,

( 587 )

To future times authentic fame shall  
bring,

Historians shall relate, and Poets  
sing.

But since your boundless mind  
upon my head,

Some rays of splendour is content  
to shed ; 10

And lest I suffer by the great  
surprise,

Since you submit to meet me in  
disguise,

Can lay aside what dazzles vulgar  
sight,

And to Orinda can be Policrite,

You must endure my vows, and  
find the way

To entertain such rites as I can pay :

For so the Pow'r Divine new praise  
acquires,

By scorning nothing that it once  
inspires :

I have no merits that your smile  
can win,

Nor offering to appease you when  
I sin ; 20

Nor can my useless homage hope to  
raise,

When what I cannot serve, I strive  
to praise :

But I can love, and love at such a  
pitch,

As I dare boast it will ev'n you  
enrich ;

For kindness is a mine, when great  
and true,

Of nobler ore than ever Indians  
knew ;

'Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n  
bestow,

And all that Heav'n can value here  
below.

### Against Love

HENCE, Cupid ! with your cheating  
toys,

Your real Griefs, and painted Joys,  
Your Pleasure which itself destroys.



## *Katherine Philips*

Lovers like men in fevers burn  
 and rave,  
 And only what will injure them  
 do crave.  
 Men's weakness makes Love so  
 severe,  
 They give him power by their  
 fear,  
 And make the shackles which they  
 wear.  
 Who to another does his heart  
 submit,  
 Makes his own Idol, and then  
 worships it. 10  
 Him whose heart is all his own,  
 Peace and liberty does crown,  
 He apprehends no killing frown.  
 He feels no raptures which are  
 joys diseas'd,  
 And is not much transported, but  
 still pleas'd.

### A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied

*Musidorus*

WILL you unto one single sense  
 Confine a starry Influence ;  
 Or when you do the rays combine,  
 To themselves only make them  
 shine ?  
 Love that's engross'd by one  
 alone,  
 Is envy, not affection.

*Orinda*

No, Musidorus, this would be  
 But Friendship's prodigality ;  
 Union in rays does not confine,  
 But doubles lustre when they shine,  
 And souls united live above 11  
 Envy, as much as scatter'd Love.  
 Friendship (like rivers) as it  
 multiplies  
 In many streams, grows weaker  
 still and dies.

*Musidorus*

Rivers indeed may lose their force,  
 When they divide or break their  
 course ;

( 588 )

For they may want some hidden  
 Spring,  
 Which to their streams recruits may  
 bring :  
 But Friendship's made of purest  
 fire,  
 Which burns and keeps its stock  
 entire. 20  
 Love, like the Sun, may shed his  
 beams on all,  
 And grow more great by being  
 general.

*Orinda*

The purity of Friendship's flame,  
 Proves that from sympathy it came,  
 And that the hearts so close do knit,  
 They no third partner can admit ;  
 Love like the Sun does all inspire,  
 But burns most by contracted fire.  
 Then though I honour every  
 worthy guest,  
 Yet my Lucasia only rules my  
 breast. 30

### Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

AH ! strike outright, or else forbear ;  
 Be more kind, or more severe ;  
 For in this chequer'd mixture I  
 Cannot live, and would not die :  
 And must I neither ? Tell me why.

When thy pen thy kindness tells,  
 My heart transported leaps and  
 swells.  
 But when my greedy eye does stray,  
 Thy threaten'd absence to survey,  
 That heart is struck, and faints  
 away. 10

To give me title to rich land,  
 And the fruition to withstand,  
 Or solemnly to send the key  
 Of treasures I must never see,  
 Would it contempt, or bounty be ?

This is such refin'd distress,  
 That thy sad lovers sigh for less,

## Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

Though thou their hopes hast over-  
thrown,  
They lose but what they ne'er have  
known, 19  
But I am plunder'd from my own.  
How canst thou thy Rosania prize,  
And be so cruel and so wise?  
For if such rigid policy  
Must thy resolves dispute with me,  
Where then is Friendship's victory?  
Kindness is of so brave a make,  
'Twill rather death than bondage  
take;  
So that if thine no power can have,  
Give it and me one common grave,  
But quickly either kill or save. 30

To my Antenor, March 16,  
166 $\frac{1}{2}$

My dear Antenor, now give o'er,  
For my sake talk of graves no more;  
Death is not in your power to gain,  
And is both wish'd and fear'd in  
vain.  
Let's be as angry as we will,  
Grief sooner may distract than kill,  
And the unhappy often prove  
Death is as coy a thing as Love.  
Those whose own sword their death  
did give,  
Afraid were or asham'd to live; 10  
And by an act so desperate,  
Did poorly run away from Fate;  
'Tis braver much t' outride the  
storm,  
Endure its rage, and shun his harm<sup>1</sup>;  
Affliction nobly undergone,  
More greatness shows than having  
none.  
But yet the wheel in turning round,  
At last may lift us from the ground,  
And when our Fortune's most severe,  
The less we have, the less we fear. 20

And why should we that grief permit,  
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?  
Let's wait for a succeeding good,  
Woes have their ebb as well as flood:  
And since the Parliament have rescu'd  
you,  
Believe that Providence will do so  
too.

A Triton to Lucasia going  
to Sea, shortly after the  
Queen's arrival

I  
My Master Neptune took such pains  
of late  
To quiet the commotions of his  
state<sup>2</sup>,  
That he might give, through his  
fierce winds and seas,  
Safe passage to the Royal Portuguese,  
That he e'er since at home has kept,  
And in his crystal palace slept,  
Till a swift wind told him to-day,  
A stranger was to pass this way,  
Whom he hath sent me out to view,  
And I must tell him, Madam, it is  
you. 10

II  
He knows you by an honourable  
fame:  
Who hath not heard Lucasia's worthy  
name?  
But should he see you too, I doubt  
he will  
Grow amorous, and here detain you  
still:  
I know his humour very well,  
So best can the event foretell,  
But wishing you better success,  
And that my Master's guilt be less,  
I will say nothing of your form,  
Till you are past the danger of a  
storm. 20

<sup>1</sup> The concurrence of 'its' and 'his' is rather curious, especially in view of the rather recent establishment of the former. Of course both *may* not refer to 'storm'; but Orinda would hardly have made Fate masculine, and Death is some way behind.

<sup>2</sup> Quite a Drydenian line: cf. *MacFlecknoe*, l. 10.

# Katherine Philips

## III

Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,  
 No power that is sea-born can dis-  
 please ;  
 You are much more than Nymph or  
 Goddess bright ;  
 I saw 'm<sup>1</sup> all at supper t' other night :  
 They with far less attraction draw,  
 They give us Love, you give us Law.  
 Your charms the winds and seas  
 will move,  
 But 'tis no wonder, not to Love.  
 Your only danger is, lest they  
 Stiff with amazement should becalm  
 your way. 30

## IV

But should they all want breath to  
 make a gale,  
 What's sent in prayers for you will  
 fill your sail ;  
 What brought you hither will your  
 way secure,  
 Courage and Kindness can no slip  
 endure ;  
 The winds will do as much for you.

## V

Yet since our birth the English Ocean  
 boasts,  
 We hope sometimes to see you on  
 these coasts,  
 And we will order for you as you pass,  
 Winds soft as lovers' vows, waves  
 smooth as glass.  
 Each Deity shall you befriend, 40  
 And all the Sea-Nymphs shall  
 attend ;  
 But if because a ship's too strait<sup>2</sup>,  
 Or else unworthy such a freight,  
 A coach more useful would appear,  
 That and six Danish steeds you know  
 are here.

## Orinda upon little Hector Philips

### I

<sup>3</sup> TWICE forty months of wedlock I did  
 stay,  
 Then had my vows crown'd with a  
 lovely boy.  
 And yet in forty days he dropt away ;  
 O swift vicissitude of human joy !

### II

I did but see him, and he dis-  
 appear'd,  
 I did but pluck the rosebud and  
 it fell ;  
 A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely  
 fear'd,  
 For ill can mortals their afflictions  
 spell.

### III

And now (sweet Babe !) what can my  
 trembling heart  
 Suggest to right my doleful fate or  
 thee ? 10  
 Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all  
 my art,  
 So piercing groans must be thy  
 Elogy<sup>4</sup>.

### IV

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my  
 moan,  
 I grieve thy loss (Ah, Boy too dear  
 to live !),  
 And let the unconcern'd World  
 alone,  
 Who neither will nor can refreshment  
 give.

### V

An offering to<sup>5</sup> for thy sad tomb I  
 have,  
 Too just a tribute to thy early herse,

<sup>1</sup> *Sic* in orig., and just worth noting for prosody's sake.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'straight' ; but this confusion is incessant.

<sup>3</sup> Again see Introduction.

<sup>4</sup> *Sic* The reader may choose between 'eulogy' and 'elegy'—the latter being of course the more obvious.

<sup>5</sup> *Sic* in orig. It is of course wrong ; but to substitute 'too' would make an awkward clash with the next line. I am inclined to read 'offering' in full and to suppose that she wrote 'to thy' first, and substituted 'for' without cancelling 'to'—when the thirst of the age for apostrophes would do the rest.



## *Orinda upon little Hector Philips*

Receive these gasping numbers to  
thy grave,  
The last of thy unhappy mother's  
verse. 20

### To the Lady E. Boyle

AN, lovely Celimena ! why  
Are you so full of charms,  
That neither sex can from them fly,  
Nor take against them arms ?  
Others in time may gain a part,  
But you at once snatch all the heart.

Dear Tyrant, why will you subdue  
Orinda's trivial heart,  
Which can no triumph add to you,  
Not meriting your dart ? 10  
And sure you will not grant it one,  
If not for my sake, for your own.

For it has been by tenderness  
Already so much bruise'd,  
That at your altars I may guess  
It will be but refus'd.  
For never Deity did prize  
A torn and maim'd sacrifice.

But oh ! what madness can or dare  
Dispute this noble chain, 20  
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,  
Than empires to obtain ?  
To be your slave I more design,  
Than to have all the World be  
mine.

Those glorious fetters will create  
A merit fit for them,  
Repair the breaches made by Fate,  
And whom they own redeem.  
What thus ennobles and thus cures,  
Can be no influence but yours. 30

Pardon th' ambition of my aim,  
Who love you at that rate,  
That story cannot boast a flame  
So lasting and so great.  
I can be only kind and true,  
But what else can be worthy you ?

( 591 )

### To my Lord Duke of Ormond, upon the late Plot

THOUGH you, great Sir, be Heav'n's  
immediate care,  
Who show'd you danger, and then  
broke the snare :  
And our first gratitude to that be  
due,  
Yet there is much that must be paid  
to you :  
For 'tis your prudence Ireland's  
peace secures,  
Gives her her safety, and (what's  
dearer) yours,  
Whilst your prevailing Genius does  
dispense,  
At once its conduct and its influence.  
Less honour from a battle won, is  
got,  
Than to repel so dangerous a plot ;  
Fortune with Courage may play booty  
there, 11  
But single Virtue is triumphant here :  
In vain the bold ungrateful rebels  
aim  
To overturn when you support the  
same :  
You who three potent Kingdoms late  
have seen  
Tremble with fury, and yet steadfast  
been ;  
Who an afflicted Majesty could  
wait,  
When it was seemingly forsook by  
Fate ;  
Whose settled loyalty no storms dis-  
mayed,  
Nor the more flattering mischiefs  
could dissuade : 20  
And having 'scap'd so dangerous a  
coast,  
Could you now fall, expiring Treason's  
boast ?  
Or was it hop'd by this contemn'd  
crew,  
That you could Fortune and not  
them subdue ?



## Katherine Philips

But whilst these wretches at this im-  
pious rate,  
Will buy the knowledge of your  
mighty fate ;  
You shall preserve your King's en-  
trusted crown,  
Assisted by his fortune and your  
own.  
And whilst his sword Kingdoms  
abroad bestows,  
You, with the next renown, shall this  
dispose. 30

### To the Countess of Roscom- mon, with a Copy of *Pompey*

GREAT Pompey's Fame from Egypt  
made escape,  
And flies to you for succour in this  
shape :  
A shape, which, I assur'd him, would  
appear,  
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to  
wear.  
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to  
come,  
And run a hazard of a second doom :  
But still he hopes to bribe you, by  
that trust  
You may be kind, but cannot be un-  
just ;  
Each of whose favours will delight  
him more  
Than all the laurels that his temples  
wore : 10  
Yet if his name and his misfortunes  
fail,  
He thinks my intercession will pre-  
vail ;  
And whilst my numbers would relate  
his end,  
Not like a Judge you'll listen, but a  
Friend ;  
For how can either of us fear your  
frown,  
Since he and I are both so much  
your own.

( 592 )

But when you wonder at my bold  
design,  
Remember who did that high task  
enjoin ;  
Th' illustrious Orrery, whose least  
command  
You would more wonder if I could  
withstand : 20  
Of him I cannot which is hardest  
tell,  
Or not to praise him, or to praise  
him well ;  
Who on that height from whence  
true glory came,  
Does there possess and thence dis-  
tribute fame ;  
Where all their lyres the willing  
Muses bring,  
To learn of him whatever they shall  
sing ;  
Since all must yield, whilst there are  
books or men,  
The universal empire to his pen ;  
Oh ! had that powerful Genius but  
inspir'd  
The feeble hand, whose service he  
requir'd, 30  
It had your Justice then, not Mercy  
pray'd,  
Had pleas'd you more, and better  
him obey'd.

### On the Death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloyd, Knight

At obsequies where so much grief  
is due,  
The Muses are in solemn mourning  
too,  
And by their dead astonishment  
confess,  
They can lament this loss, though  
not express :  
Nay, if those ancient Bards had seen  
this herse,  
Who once in British shades spoke  
living verse,

## *On the Death of Sir Walter Lloyd*

Their high concern for him had made  
them be  
Apter to weep, than write his Elogy<sup>1</sup>.  
When on our land that flood of  
woes was sent,  
Which swallow'd all things sacred as  
it went, 10  
The injur'd Arts and Virtues made  
his breast  
The ark wherein they did securely  
rest :  
For as that old one was toss'd up  
and down,  
And yet the angry billows could not  
drown ;  
So Heav'n did him in this worse  
deluge save,  
And made him triumph o'er th' un-  
quiet wave :  
Who while he did with that wild  
storm contest,  
Such real magnanimity exprest,  
That he dar'd to be loyal, in a time  
When 'twas a danger made, and  
thought a crime : 20  
Duty, and not Ambition, was his  
aim,  
Who studied Conscience ever more  
than Fame ;  
And thought it so desirable a thing,  
To be preferr'd to suffer for his King,  
That he all Fortune's spite had  
pardon'd her,  
Had she not made his Prince a  
sufferer ;  
For whose lov'd cause he did both  
act and grieve,  
And for it only did endure to live,  
To teach the World what Man can  
be and do,  
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion  
too. 30  
His head and heart mutual assist-  
ance gave,  
That being still so wise, and this  
so brave,  
That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said  
and did,

From Judgement, and from Honour  
did proceed :  
Such was the useful mixture of his  
mind,  
'Twas at once meek and knowing,  
stout and kind ;  
For he was civil, bountiful, and  
learn'd,  
And for his friends so generously  
concern'd,  
That both his heart and house, his  
hand and tongue,  
To them, more than himself, seem'd  
to belong ; 40  
As if to his wrong'd party he would be  
Both an example and apology :  
For when both swords and pens  
ceas'd the dispute,  
His life alone Rebellion did confute.  
But when his vows propitious  
Heaven had heard,  
And our unequall'd King at length  
appear'd,  
As aged Simeon did his spirits yield,  
When he had seen his dearest hopes  
fulfill'd ;  
Hegladly saw the morning of that day,  
Which Charles his growing splendour  
did display ; 50  
Then to eternal joys made greater  
haste,  
Because his present ones flow'd in  
so fast ;  
From which he fled, out of a pious fear,  
Lest he by them should be rewarded  
here ;  
While his sad country by his death  
have lost  
Their noblest pattern, and their  
greatest boast.

### *Orinda to Lucasia*

I

OBSERVE the weary birds ere night  
be done,  
How they would fain call up the  
tardy Sun,

<sup>1</sup> This hybrid has been already noted.

## *Katherine Philips*

With feathers hung with dew,  
And trembling voices too,  
They court their glorious planet to  
appear,  
That they may find recruits of  
spirits there.

The drooping flowers hang their  
heads,  
And languish down into their  
beds :

While brooks more bold and fierce  
than they,  
Wanting those beams, from  
whence 10  
All things drink influence,  
Openly murmur and demand the  
day,

### II

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to  
me,  
Than he to all the under-world  
can be ;

From thee I've heat and light,  
Thy absence makes my night.  
But ah ! my friend, it now grows  
very long,

The sadness weighty, and the dark-  
ness strong :

My tears (its due<sup>1</sup>) dwell on my  
cheeks,

And still my heart thy dawning  
seeks, 20

And to thee mournfully it cries,  
That if too long I wait,  
Ev'n thou mayst come too late,  
And not restore my life, but close  
my eyes.

### To Celimena

FORBEAR, fond heart (say I), torment  
no more

That Celimena whom thou dost  
adore ;

For since so many of her chains are  
proud,

How canst thou be distinguish'd in  
the crowd ?

But say, bold Trifler, what dost thou  
pretend ?

Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into  
thy Friend ?

Equality of friendship is requir'd,  
Which here were criminal to be  
desir'd.

### An Answer to another per- suading a Lady to Marriage

#### I

FORBEAR, bold Youth, all's Heaven  
here,

And what you do aver,  
To others courtship may appear,  
'Tis sacrilege to her.

#### II

She is a public Deity,  
And were't not very odd  
She should depose herself to be  
A petty household god ?

#### III

First make the Sun in private shine,  
And bid the World adieu, 10  
That so he may his beams confine  
In compliment to you.

#### IV

But if of that you do despair,  
Think how you did amiss,  
To strive to fix her beams which are  
More bright and large than this.

### Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich

#### I

In your converse we best can read,  
How constant we should be ;  
But, 'tis in losing that, we need  
All your philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic* in orig., and quite probable with 'absence.' But 'dew' with 'darkness' is possible, and a play on the two words perhaps most likely of all.

## *Lucasia and Orinda*

II

How perish'd is the joy that's past,  
The present how unsteady !  
What comfort can be great, and last,  
When this is gone already ?

III

Yet that it subtly may torment,  
The memory does remain ; 10  
For what was, when enjoy'd, Content,  
Is, in its absence, Pain.

IV

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve  
That Fate does now us sever ;  
'Tis better by your gift to live,  
Than by our own endeavour.

### Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio

To the officious marble we commit  
A name, above the art of time or wit ;  
'Tis righteous, valiant Scipio, whose  
life we  
Found the best sermon, and best  
history :  
Whose courage was no aguish,  
brutish heat<sup>1</sup>,  
But such as spoke him good, as well  
as great ;  
Which first engag'd his arms to prop  
the state  
Of the almost undone Palatinate,  
And help the Netherlands to stem  
the tide  
Of Rome's Ambition, and the  
Austrian Pride ; 10  
Which shall in every History be  
fam'd,  
Wherein Breda or Frankendale are  
nam'd.  
And when forc'd by his country's  
angry stars  
To be a party in her Civil Wars,  
He so much conduct by his valour  
taught,

So wisely govern'd, and so bravely  
fought,  
That th' English Annals shall this  
record bear,  
None better could direct or further  
dare.  
Form'd both for war and peace, was  
brave in fight,  
And in debate judicious and upright :  
Religion was his first and highest  
care, 21  
Which rul'd his heart in peace, his  
hand in war :  
Which at the least sin made him  
tremble still,  
And rather stand a breach, than act  
an ill ;  
For his great heart did such a  
temper show,  
Stout as a rock, yet soft as melting  
snow.  
In him so prudent, and yet so  
sincere,  
The serpent much, the dove did  
more appear :  
He was above the little arts of  
State,  
And scorn'd to sell his peace to  
mend his Fate ; 30  
Anxious of nothing, but an inward  
spot,  
His hand was open, but his con-  
science not ;  
Just to his word, to all religions  
kind,  
In duty strict, in bounty unconfin'd ;  
And yet so modest, 'twas to him  
less pain  
To do great things, than hear them  
told again.  
Perform, sad Stone, thy honourable  
trust  
Unto his memory, and thyself be  
just,  
For his immortal name shall thee  
befriend,  
And pay thee back more fame than  
thou canst lend. 40

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'brutish,' which could be forced into a sense, but very idly.



## Katherine Philips

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having  
taken Lucasia's Picture  
given December 14, 1660

### I

If noble things can noble thoughts  
infuse,  
Your art might ev'n in me create  
a Muse,  
And what you did inspire, you  
would excuse.

### II

But if it such a miracle could do,  
That Muse would not return you  
half your due,  
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the  
praise pursue.

### III

To praise your art is then itself  
more hard,  
Nor would it the endeavour much  
regard,  
Since it and Virtue are their own  
reward.

### IV

A pencil from an Angel newly  
caught,  
And colours in the Morning's bosom  
sought,  
Would make no picture, if by you  
not wrought.

### V

But done by you it does no more  
admit  
Of an encomium from the highest  
wit,  
Than that another hand should  
equal it.

### VI

Yet whilst you with creating power  
vie,  
Command the very spirit of the  
eye,  
And then reward it with eternity—

### VII

Whilst your each touch does Life  
and Air convey,

Fetch the soul out, like overcoming  
day,  
And I my friend repeated here  
survey—

### VIII

I by a passive way may do you  
right,  
Wearing in that, what none could  
e'er indite,  
Your panegyric, and my own  
delight.

## Parting with a Friend

### I

WHOEVER thinks that joys below  
Can lasting be and great,  
Let him behold this parting blow,  
And cure his own deceit.

### II

Alas! how soon are Pleasures done  
Where Fortune has a power!  
How like to the declining Sun,  
Or to the wither'd flower!

### III

A thousand unconcern'd eyes  
She'll suffer us to see,  
But of those<sup>1</sup> we chiefly prize,  
We must depriv'd be.

### IV

But we may conquer if we will,  
The wanton Tyrant teach,  
That we have something left us still  
Which grows not in her reach.

### V

That unseen string which fastens  
hearts,  
Nor time, nor chance e'er tied,  
Nor can it be in either's arts  
Their unions to divide.

### VI

Where sympathy does Love convey,  
It braves all other powers;  
Lucasia, and Rosania, say,  
Has it not form'd ours?

### VII

If forty weeks' converse has not  
Been able yet to tie

<sup>1</sup> One feels inclined to insert 'joys' or 'which' or something similar.

## *Parting with a Friend*

Your souls in that mysterious knot,  
How wretched then am I !

VIII

But if I read in either's mind,  
As sure I hope to do, 30  
That each to other is combin'd,  
Absence will make it true.

IX

No accident will e'er surprise,  
Or make your kindness start ;  
Although you lose each other's eyes,  
You'll faster keep the heart.

X

Letters as kind as turtle-doves,  
And undisguis'd as thought,  
Will entertain those fervent Loves  
Which have each other bought. 40

XI

Till Fortune vexèd with the sight  
Of Faith so free from stain,  
Shall then grow weary of her spite,  
And let you meet again.

XII

Wherein may you that rapture find,  
That sister Cherals<sup>1</sup> have,  
When I am in my rocks confin'd,  
Or seal'd up in my grave.

To my dearest Friend, upon  
her shunning Grandeur

SHINE out, Rich Soul ! to Greatness  
be,

What it can never be to thee,  
An ornament. Thou canst restore  
The lustre which it had before  
These ruins ; own it, and 'twill live ;  
Thy favour's more than Kings can  
give.

Hast more above all titles then<sup>2</sup>  
The bearers are 'bove common men ;  
And so heroic art within, 9  
Thou must descend to be a Queen.  
Yet honour may convenient prove,  
By giving thy soul room to move :

Affording scene unto that mind,  
Which is too great to be confin'd.  
Wert thou with single virtue stor'd,  
To be approv'd but not ador'd ;  
Thou might'st retire ; but who e'er  
meant

A palace for a tenement ?  
Heaven has so built thee, that we  
find

Thee buried when thou art confin'd :  
If thou in privacy wouldst live, 21  
Yet lustre to thy virtues give ;  
To stifle them for want of air,  
Injurious is to Heaven's care.  
If thou wilt be immur'd<sup>3</sup>, where  
Shall thy obliging soul appear ?  
Where shall thy generous prudence  
be,

And where thy magnanimity ?  
Nay, thy own darling thou dost hide,  
Thy self-denial is denied ; 30  
For he that never greatness tries,  
Can never safely it despise.  
That Antoninus writ well, when  
He held a sceptre and a pen :  
Less credit Solomon does bring  
As a philosopher than king ;  
So much advantage flows from  
hence,

To write by our experience.  
Diogenes I must suspect  
Of envy more than wise neglect, 40  
When he his Prince so ill did treat,  
And so much spurn'd at the great :  
A censure is not clear from those  
Whom Fate subjects, or does depose ;  
Nor can we Greatness understand  
From an oppress'd or fallen hand :  
But 'tis some Prince must that define,  
Or one that freely did resign.  
A great Almanzor teaches thus,  
Or else a Dionysius. 50  
For to know Grandeur we must live  
In that, and not in perspective ;  
Vouchsafe the trial then, that thou  
Mayst safely wield, yet disallow

<sup>1</sup> Chorals (?) connected with 'choir.' Orinda elsewhere uses 'Quire' as = 'the assembly of the blest.'

<sup>2</sup> Then = 'than' as so often.

<sup>3</sup> Orig. 'immur'd,' with the usual thirst for apostrophes.

## *Katherine Philips*

The world's temptations, and be  
still

Above whatever would thee fill.

Convince mankind, there's some-  
what more

Great than the titles they adore :

Stand near them, and 'twill soon be  
known

Thou hast more splendour of thy  
own ; 60

Yield to the wanting Age, and be  
Channel of true nobility :

For from thy womb such heroes  
need must rise,

Who honours will deserve, and can  
despise.

### To Pastora being with her Friend

#### I

WHILE you the double joy obtain  
Of what you give, and what you  
gain :

Friendship, who owes you so much  
fame,

Commands my tribute to your  
name.

#### II

Friendship that was almost forlorn,  
Sunk under every critic's scorn ;

But that your Genius her protects,  
Had fled the World, at least the  
sex.

#### III

You have restored them and us,  
Whence both are happy ; Caesar  
thus 10

Ow'd Rome the glories of his reign,  
And Rome ow'd him as much  
again.

#### IV

You in your friend those joys have  
found

Which all relations can propound ;

What Nature does 'mong them  
disperse,

You multiply in her converse.

#### V

You her enjoyment have pursu'd

In company, and solitude ;

And wheresoever she'll retire,

There's the diversion you desire. 20

#### VI

Your joys by this are more immense,  
And heat contracted grows intense ;

And friendship to be such to you,

Will make these pleasures, honours  
too.

#### VII

Be to each other that Content,

As to your sex y' are ornament ;

And may your hearts by mixture  
lost,

Be still each other's bliss and boast.

#### VIII

Impossible your parting be

As that you e'er should disagree ; 30

And then even Death your friend  
will prove,

And both at once (though late)  
remove.

#### IX

But that you may severely<sup>1</sup> live,

You must th' offending World for-  
give,

And to employ your charity,

You have an object now in me.

#### X

My pen so much for you unfit,

Presents my heart, though not my  
wit ;

Which heart admires what you  
express,

More than what Monarchs do  
possess. 40

#### XI

Fear not infection from my Fate,

Though I must be unfortunate,

For having paid my vows due, I

Shall soon withdraw, wither and  
die.

<sup>1</sup> Securely (?).



## *To my Lord and Lady Dungannon*

To my Lord and Lady  
Dungannon, on their  
Marriage, May 11, 1662

To you, who, in yourselves, do  
comprehend  
All you can wish, and all we can  
commend ;  
Whom worth does guide, and  
destiny obey,  
What offerings can the useless Muses  
pay ?  
Each must at once suspend her  
charming lyre,  
Till she hath learnt from you what to  
inspire :  
Well may they wonder to observe  
a knot,  
So curiously by Love and Fortune  
wrought,  
To which propitious Heaven did  
decree,  
All things on earth should tributary  
be ;  
By gentle, sure, but unperceiv'd  
degrees,  
As the Sun's motion, or the growth  
of trees,  
Does Providence our wills to hers  
incline,  
And makes all accidents serve her  
design :  
Her pencil (Sir) within your breast  
did draw  
The picture of a face you never saw.  
With touches, which so sweet were  
and so true,  
By them alone th' original you knew ;  
And at that sight with satisfaction yield  
Your freedom which till then  
maintain'd the field.  
'Twas by the same mysterious  
power too,  
That she has been so long reserv'd  
for you ;  
Whose noble passion, with submis-  
sive art,

Disarm'd her scruples and subdu'd  
her heart.  
And now that at the last your souls  
are tied,  
Whom floods nor difficulties could  
divide,  
Ev'n you that beauteous union may  
admire,  
Which was at once Heaven's care,  
and your desire.  
You are so happy in each other's  
love,  
And in assur'd protection from  
above,  
That we no wish can add unto your  
bliss  
But that it should continue as it is.  
O ! may it so, and may the Wheel  
of Fate,  
In you no more change than she  
feels, create ;  
And may you still your happinesses  
find,  
Not on your fortune growing ; but  
your mind,  
Whereby the shafts of chance as  
vain will prove,  
As all things else did that oppos'd  
your Love.  
Be kind and happy to that great  
degree,  
As may instruct latest posterity,  
From so rever'd a precedent<sup>1</sup> to  
frame  
Rules to their duty, to their wishes  
aim.  
May the vast sea for your sake quit  
his pride,  
And grow so smooth, while on his  
breast you ride,  
As may not only bring you to your  
port,  
But show how all things do your  
virtues court.  
May every object give you new  
delight,  
May Time forget his scythe, and  
Fate his spite ;

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'President,' but the error is common, and 'president' could only be forced into sense.



## *Katherine Philips*

And may you never other sorrow  
know,  
But what your pity feels for others'  
woe : 50  
May your compassion be like that  
Divine,  
Which relieves all on whom it does  
but shine,  
Whilst you produce a race that may  
inherit  
All your great stock of Beauty,  
Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert, Lord  
Archbishop of Canterbury,  
July 10, 1664

THAT private shade, wherein my  
Muse was bred,  
She always hop'd might hide her  
humble head ;  
Believing the retirement she had  
chose  
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet  
repose ;  
Nor other repetitions did expect,  
Than what our Echoes from the  
rocks reflect.  
But hurried from her cave with wild  
affright,  
And dragg'd maliciously into the  
light,  
(Which makes her like [the] Hebrew  
Virgin mourn  
When from her face her veil was  
rudely torn) 10  
To you (my Lord) she now for  
succour calls,  
And at your feet, with just confusion  
falls.  
But she will thank the wrong deserv'd  
her hate,  
If it procure her that auspicious  
fate,  
That the same wing may over her  
be cast,

Where the best Church of all the  
World is plac'd,  
And under which when she is once  
retir'd,  
She really may be come to be inspir'd ;  
And by the wonders which she  
there shall view,  
May raise herself to such a theme  
as you, 20  
Who were preserv'd to govern and  
restore  
That Church whose Confessor you  
were before ;  
And show by your unwearied present  
care,  
Your sufferings are not ended, though  
hers are :  
For whilst your crosier her defence  
secures,  
You purchase her rest with the loss  
of yours,  
And Heav'n who first refin'd your  
worth, and then,  
Gave it so large and eminent a  
scene,  
Hath paid you what was many ways  
your due,  
And done itself a greater right  
than<sup>1</sup> you. 30  
For after such a rough and tedious  
storm  
Had torn the Church, and done her  
so much harm ;  
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet)  
left behind  
Such angry relics, in the wave and  
wind ;  
No Pilot could, whose skill and  
faith were less,  
Manage the shatter'd vessel with  
success.  
The Piety of the Apostles' times  
And Courage to resist this Age's  
crimes ;  
Majestic sweetness, temper'd and  
refin'd,  
In a polite, and comprehensive  
mind, 40

<sup>1</sup> Orig., as before, 'then.'

## *To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury*

Were all requir'd her ruins to  
 repair,  
 And all united in her Primate are.  
 In your aspect so candid and  
 serene,  
 The conscience of such virtue may  
 be seen,  
 As makes the sullen schismatic  
 consent,  
 A Churchman may be great and  
 innocent.  
 This shall those men reproach, if  
 not reduce,  
 And take away their fault, or their  
 excuse,  
 Whilst in your life and government  
 appear  
 All that the pious wish, and factious  
 fear. 50  
 Since the prevailing Cross her  
 ensigns spread,

And Pagan Gods from Christian  
 Bishops fled,  
 Time's curious eye till now hath  
 never spied  
 The Church's helm so happily  
 supplied,  
 Merit and Providence so fitly met,  
 The worthiest Prelate in the highest  
 seat.

If noble things can noble thoughts  
 infuse,  
 Your life (my Lord) may, ev'n in  
 me, produce  
 Such raptures, that of their rich  
 fury proud,  
 I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim  
 aloud ; 60  
 Assur'd, the World that ardour will  
 excuse ;  
 Applaud the subject, and forgive the  
 Muse.

## TRANSLATIONS

### *La Solitude de St. Amant* <sup>1</sup>

*Englished.*

I

O ! SOLITUDE, my sweetest choice,  
 Places devoted to the night,  
 Remote from tumult, and from noise,  
 How you my restless thoughts  
 delight !  
 O Heavens ! what content is mine,  
 To see those trees which have  
 appear'd  
 From the nativity of Time,  
 And which all ages have rever'd,

<sup>1</sup> O ! Que j'aime la Solitude,  
 Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,  
 Eloignez du monde & de bruit,  
 Plaisent à mon inquietude !  
 Mon Dieu ! que mes yeux sont contens,

This (see Preface) will satisfy the reasonable demands of Orinda's first editor without giving the whole.

( 601 )

To look to-day as fresh and green,  
 As when their beauties first were  
 seen ! 10

II

A cheerful wind does court them so,  
 And with such amorous breath en-  
 fold,  
 That we by nothing else can know,  
 But by their height that they are  
 old.  
 Hither the demi-gods did fly  
 To seek a sanctuary, when  
 Displeas'd Jove once pierc'd the sky,  
 To pour a deluge upon men,

De voir ces Bois, qui se trouverent  
 A la nativité du Temps,  
 Et que tous les Siècles reverent,  
 Estre encore aussi beaux & vers,  
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Univers.

# Katherine Philips

And on these boughs themselves  
did save,  
Whence they could hardly see a  
wave. 20

## III

Sad Philomel upon this thorn,  
So curiously by Flora dress'd,  
In melting notes, her case forlorn,  
To entertain me, hath confess'd.  
O! how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which the unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them  
endure 29  
Such woes, as only death can cure.

## IV

What pretty desolations make  
These torrents vagabond and  
fierce,  
Who in vast leaps their springs forsake,  
This solitary Vale to pierce.  
Then sliding just as serpents do  
Under the foot of every tree,  
Themselves are changed to rivers too,  
Wherein some stately *Nayade*<sup>1</sup>,  
As in her native bed, is grown  
A Queen upon a crystal throne. 40

## V

This fen beset with river plants,  
O! how it does my senses charm!  
Nor elders, reeds, nor willows want,  
Which the sharp steel did never  
harm.  
Here Nymphs which come to take  
the air,  
May with such distaffs furnish'd be,  
As flags and rushes can prepare,  
Where we the nimble frogs may  
see,  
Who frighted to retreat do fly,  
If an approaching man they spy. 50

## VI

Here water-fowl repose enjoy,  
Without the interrupting care,  
Lest Fortune should their bliss  
destroy  
By the malicious fowler's snare.  
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,  
Their feathers finely prune and  
deck;  
Others their amorous heats allay,  
Which yet the waters could not  
check:  
All take their innocent content  
In this their lovely element. 60

## VII

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,  
This stream did never entertain;  
Nor ever felt a boat or coach,  
Whilst either season did remain.  
No thirsty traveller came near,  
And rudely made his hand his  
cup;  
Nor any hunted hind hath here  
Her hopeless life resign'd up;  
Nor ever did the treacherous hook  
Intrude to empty any brook. 70

## VIII

What beauty is there in the sight  
Of these old ruin'd castle-walls,  
On which the utmost rage and spight  
Of Time's worst insurrection falls?  
The witches keep their Sabbath here,  
And wanton devils make retreat,  
Who in malicious sport appear,  
Oursense both to afflict and cheat;  
And here within a thousand holes  
Are nests of adders and of owls. 80

## IX

The raven with his dismal cries,  
That mortal augury of Fate,  
Those ghastly goblins gratifies,  
Which in these gloomy places  
wait.

<sup>1</sup> The retention of the trisyllabic value of the French *Naiade* and the accentuation of the *e* are interesting, though the latter is of course unjustifiable. Saint-Amant has the word in the middle of the line.

‘Ou quelque *Nayade* superbe.’

But, after all, the classical teaching of Hackney may have been slightly defective, and Orinda may have thought that ‘*Naiades*’ authorized a singular ‘*Naiadee*.’



## *La Solitude de St. Amant*

On a curs'd tree the wind does move  
A carcase which did once belong  
To one that hang'd himself for love  
Of a fair Nymph that did him  
wrong,  
Who though she saw his love and  
truth,  
With one look would not save the  
youth. 90

### X

But Heaven which judges equally,  
And its own laws will still main-  
tain,  
Rewarded soon her cruelty  
With a deserv'd and mighty pain :  
About this squalid heap of bones,  
Her wand'ring and condemn'd  
shade,  
Laments in long and piercing groans  
The destiny her rigour made,  
And the more to augment her fright,  
Her crime is ever in her sight. 100

### XI

There upon antique marbles trac'd,  
Devices of past times we see,  
Here age hath almost quite defac'd  
What lovers carv'd on every tree.  
The cellar, here, the highest room  
Receives when its old rafters fail,  
Soil'd with the venom and the foam  
Of the spider and the snail :  
And th' ivy in the chimney we  
Find shaded by a walnut tree. 110

### XII

Below there does a cave extend,  
Wherein there is so dark a grot,  
That should the Sun himself descend,  
I think he could not see a jot.  
Here sleep within a heavy lid  
In quiet sadness locks up sense,  
And every care he does forbid,  
Whilst in the arms of negligence,  
Lazily on his back he's spread,  
And sheaves of poppy are his bed. 120

### XIII

Within this cool and hollow cave,  
Where Love itself might turn to  
ice,  
Poor Echo ceases not to rave  
On her Narcissus wild and nice :

( 603 )

Hither I softly steal a thought,  
And by the softer music made  
With a sweet lute in charms well  
taught,  
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade,  
Whilst of my chords I make such  
choice,  
They serve as body to her voice. 130

### XIV

When from these ruins I retire,  
This horrid rock I do invade,  
Whose lofty brow seems to inquire  
Of what materials mists are made :  
From thence descending leisurely  
Under the brow of this steep hill,  
It with great pleasure I descry  
By waters undermin'd, until  
They to Palaemon's seat did climb,  
Compos'd of sponges and of slime. 140

### XV

How highly is the fancy pleas'd  
To be upon the ocean's shore,  
When she begins to be pleas'd,  
And her fierce billows cease to  
roar !  
And when the hairy Tritons are  
Riding upon the shaken wave,  
With what strange sounds they strike  
the air  
Of their trumpets hoarse and  
brave,  
Whose shrill report does every wind  
Unto his due submission bind ! 150

### XVI

Sometimes the sea dispels the sand,  
Trembling and murmuring in the  
bay,  
And rolls itself upon the shells  
Which it both brings and takes  
away.  
Sometimes exposes on the strand,  
Th' effects of Neptune's rage and  
scorn,  
Drown'd men, dead monsters cast  
on land,  
And ships that were in tempest  
torn, 158  
With diamonds and ambergreece,  
And many more such things as these.



# Katherine Philips

## XVII

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,

A floating mirror she might be,  
And you would fancy all that while  
New Heavens in her face to see :  
The Sun himself is drawn so well,  
When there he would his picture  
view,  
That our eye can hardly tell  
Which is the false Sun, which the  
true ;

And lest we give our sense the lie,  
We think he's fallen from the sky. 170

## XVIII

Bernieres ! for whose beloved sake  
My thoughts are at a noble strife,  
This my fantastic landskip take,  
Which I have copied from the  
life.

I only seek the deserts rough,  
Where all alone I love to walk,  
And with discourse refin'd enough,  
My Genius and the Muses talk ;  
But the converse most truly mine,  
Is the dear memory of thine. 180

## XIX

Thou mayst in this Poem find,  
So full of liberty and heat,  
What illustrious rays have shin'd  
To enlighten my conceit :  
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,  
Just as that fury does control,  
And as the object I survey,  
The notions grow up in my soul,  
And are as unconcern'd and free 189  
As the flame which transported me.

## XX

O ! how I Solitude adore,  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it :  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue ;  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me 199  
From seeing, and from serving  
thee.

( 604 )

## *Tendres desirs* out of a French Prose

Go, soft desires, Love's gentle pro-  
geny,  
And on the heart of charming  
Sylvia seize,  
Then quickly back again return to me,  
Since that's the only cure for my  
disease ;  
But if you miss her breast whom I  
adore,  
Then take your flight, and visit mine  
no more.

## *Amanti ch' in pianti, &c.*

LOVERS who in complaints yourselves  
consume,  
And to be happy once perhaps pre-  
sume ;  
Your Love and hopes alike are  
vain,  
Nor will they ever cure your pain.  
They that in Love would joy attain,  
Their passion to their power must  
frame ;  
Let them enjoy what they can gain,  
And never higher aim.  
Complaints and Sorrows, from me  
now depart,  
You think to soften an ungentle  
heart, 10  
When it not only wards such  
blows,  
But from your sufferance prouder  
grows.  
They that in Love would joy, &c.

A Pastoral of Mons. de  
Scudery's in the first  
volume of 'Almahide'

## *Englished.*

SLOTHFUL deceiver, come away,  
With me again the fields survey ;  
And sleep no more, unless it be  
My fortune thou shouldst dream  
of me.

## *A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's*

The sky, from which the night is fled,  
Is painted with a matchless red,  
'Tis day; the morning greets my  
eyes:

'Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not rise?  
Now the black shadows of the night  
From Heav'n and Earth are put to  
flight: 10  
Come and dispel each ling'ring  
shade,  
With that light which thy eyes have  
made.

'That planet, which solike thee seems,  
In his long and piercing beams,  
At once illuminates and gilds  
All these valleys, and these fields.

The winds do rather sigh than blow,  
And rivers murmur as they go,  
And all things seem to thee to say,  
Rise, fair one, 'tis a lovely day. 20

Come, and the liquid pearls descry,  
Which glittering 'mong the flowers  
lie;

Day finds them wet, when it appears,  
And 'tis too often with my tears.

Hearken, and thou wilt much ap-  
prove

The warbling consort<sup>1</sup> of this grove;  
Complete the pleasure of our ears,  
Mixing thy harmony with theirs.

Feather'd musician step aside,  
Thyself within these bushes hide, 30  
While my Aminta's voice affords  
Her charming notes to clothe my  
words.

Hasten to sing them, then, my fair,  
And put this proud one to despair,  
Whose voice, the bass and trebles  
part,  
With so marvellous an art.

Come, Philomel, and now make use  
Of all thy practice can produce,  
All the harmonious secrets thou  
Canst try will do no service now. 40

Thou must to her this glory give,  
For nothing can thy fame relieve.  
Then ere thou dost the conquest try,  
Choose to be silent here or die.

Come, my Shepherdess, survey  
(While a hundred pipes do play,)  
From every fold, from every shed,  
How the herds and flocks are fed.

Hear the pleasing, harmless voice,  
Of thy lambs, now<sup>2</sup> they rejoice, 50  
While with their bleating notes are  
mix'd,

Their pretty bounds, and leaps be-  
twixt.

See, see, how from the thatched  
rooms

Of these our artless cabins, comes  
A rustic troop of jolly swains,  
From every side, unto the plains.

Their sheep-hooks' steel, so bright  
and clear,

How it shines, both far and near;  
A bag-pipe here, and there a flute,  
With merrier whistles do dispute. 60

Hear thy flocks, which for thee bleat  
In language innocent, and sweet;  
See here thy shepherd who attends  
'em,

And from the ravenous wolf defends  
'em.

Thy Melampus him endears,  
And leaps, and sports, when he  
appears,

He complains that thy sloth is such;  
And my poor heart does that as  
much.

Among the rest here's a ram, we  
So white, so blithe, so merry see, 70  
In all our flocks, there is not one,  
Deserves such praise, as he alone.

On the grass he butts and leaps,  
Flatters, and then away he skips;  
So gentle, and yet proud is he,  
That surely he hath learn'd of thee.

<sup>1</sup> = 'concert,' as often.

<sup>2</sup> 'Now' is possible, but one rather suspects 'how.'

## Katherine Philips

The fairest garlands we can find,  
Unworthy are, his horns to bind ;  
But flowers that death can never know,  
Are fittest to adorn his brow. 80

He is full of modest shame,  
And as full of amorous flame ;  
Astrologers in heaven see  
A beast less beautiful than he.

I have for thee a sheep-hook brought,  
On which thy shepherd hard hath  
wrought,

Here he thy character hath trac'd ;  
Is it not neatly interlac'd ?

To that a scrip is tied for thee,  
Which woven is so curiously, 90  
That the art does the stuff excel,  
And gold itself looks not so well.

Here's in a cage that he did make,  
All the birds that he could take,  
How glorious is their slavery,  
If they be not despis'd by thee !

A garland too for thee hath staid ;  
And 'tis of fairest flowers made :  
Aurora had this offering kept,  
And for its loss hath newly wept. 100

A lovely fawn he brings along,  
Nimble, as thyself, and young,  
And greater presents he would bring,  
But that a shepherd is no king.

Come away, my lovely bliss,  
To such divertisement as this,  
And bring none to these lovely places,  
But only Venus, and the Graces.

Whatever company were nigh, 109  
Would tedious be, when thou art by ;  
Venus and Fortune would to me  
Be troublesome, if I had thee.

She comes ! from far, the lovely maid  
Is by her shining charms betray'd :  
See how the flowers sprout up, to  
meet

A noble ruin from her feet.

How sprightly, and how fair is she !  
How much undone then must I be ?  
My torment is, I know, severe,  
But who can think on't when she's  
near ? 120

My heart leaps up within my breast,  
And sinks again with joy oppress ;  
But in her sight to yield my breath,  
Would be an acceptable death.

Come then, and, in this shade, be  
sure,

That thy fair skin shall be secure ;  
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,  
The colours which do flourish there.

His flaming steeds do climb so fast,  
While they to our horizon haste, 130  
That by this time his radiant coach,  
Does to his highest house approach.

His fiercer rays in heat, and length,  
Begin to rob us of our strength ;  
Directly on the Earth they dart,  
And all the shadows are grown short.

This valley hath a private seat,  
Which is a cool and moist retreat,  
Where th'angry Planet which we spy,  
Can ne'er invade us with his eye. 140

Behold this fresh and florid grass,  
Where never yet a foot did pass,  
A carpet spreads for us to sit,  
And to thy beauty offers it.

Th delicate apartment is  
Roof'd o'er with agèd stooping trees,  
Whose verdant shadow does secure  
This place a native furniture.

The courts of Naiades are such, 149  
In shades like these, ador'd so much,  
Where thousand fountains round  
about

Perpetually gush water out.

How finely this thick moss doth look,  
Which limits this transparent brook ;  
Whose sportful wave does swell and  
spread,

And is on flags and rushes shed !

Within this liquid crystal, see  
The cause of all my misery,  
And judge by that, (fair murtheress)  
If I could love thy beauty less. 160

Thy either eye does rays dispense  
Of modesty and innocence ;  
And with thy seriousness, we find  
The gladness of an infant join'd,



## *A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's*

Thy frowns delight though they  
torment,  
From thy looks life and death are  
sent ;  
And thy whole air does on us throw  
Arrows, which cureless wounds be-  
stow.

The stature of a mountain pine 169  
Is crooked when compar'd to thine :  
Which does thy sex to envy move,  
As much as it does ours to love.

From thy dividing lips do fly  
Those pointed shafts that make us  
die :

Nor have our gardens e'er a rose,  
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose.

When by a happy liberty,  
We may thy lovely bosom see,  
The whitest curds, nor falling snow,  
Can any such complexion show. 180

Thyme and Marjoram, whose scent,  
Of all perfume's most innocent,  
Less fragrancy than thy breath have,  
Which all our senses does enslave.

Even when thou scornest, thou canst  
please,  
And make us love our own disease.  
The blushes that our cherries wear,  
Do hardly to thy lips come near.

When upon the smother plains,  
Thou to dance wilt take the pains,  
No hind, when she employs her feet,  
Is half so graceful, or so fleet. 192

Of thy garments fair and white,  
The neatness gives us most delight,  
And I had rather them behold,  
Than clothes embroider'd with gold.

I nothing in the world can see  
So rare as unadorn'd thee,  
Who art (as it must be confess'd)  
Not by thy clothes, but beauty  
dress'd. 200

Thy lovely hair thou up hast tied,  
And in an unwrought veil dost hide ;  
In the meantime thy single face  
All other beauties does disgrace.

Yes, yes, thy negligence alone,  
Does more than all their care hath  
done :

The Nymphs, in all their pompous  
dress,

Do entertain my fancy less.

A nosegay all thy jewel is,  
And all thy art consists in this ; 210  
And what from this pure spring does  
pass,

Is all thy paint, and all thy glass.

Ador'd beauty, here may we  
Ourselves in lovely glasses see :  
Come then, I pray thee, let us look,  
I in thy eyes, thou in the brook.

Within this faithful mirror see  
The object which hath conquer'd me,  
Which though the stream does well  
impart, 219  
'Tis better form'd here in my heart.

In th' entertainment of thy mind,  
When 'tis to pensiveness inclin'd,  
Count if thou canst these flowers,  
and thou

The sum of my desires wilt know.

Observe these turtles, kind and true,  
Hearken how frequently they woo :  
They faithful lovers are, and who  
That sees thee, would not be so too ?

Of them, my fair Aminta, learn 229  
At length to grant me thy concern ;  
Follow what thou in them dost see,  
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Those mighty bulls are worth thy  
sight,

Who on the plains so stoutly fight ;  
Fiercely each other's brow they hit,  
Where beauty does with anger meet.

Love is the quarrel they maintain,  
As 'twas the reason of their pain.  
So would thy faithful shepherd do,  
If he should meet his rival too. 240

Thy shepherd, fair and cruel one,  
In all these villages is known :  
Such is his father's herd and flock,  
The plain is cover'd with the stock.



## Katherine Philips

He the convenient<sup>st</sup> pastures knows,  
And where the wholesome water  
flows ;

Knows where the coolest shadows are,  
And well hath learn'd a shepherd's  
care.

Astrology he studies too, 240  
As much as shepherds ought to do ;  
Nay, Magic nothing hath so dim,  
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do these secrets dread,  
He for himself hath this to plead ;  
That he by them such herbs can pick,  
As cure his sheep when they are sick.

He can foresee the coming storm,  
Nor hail, nor clouds, can do him  
harm, 258

And from their injuries can keep,  
Safely enough his lambs and sheep.

He knows the season of the year,  
When shepherds think it fit to shear  
Such inoffensive sheep as these,  
And strip them of their silver fleece.

He knows the scorching time of day,  
When he must lead his flock away  
To valleys which are cool and near,  
To chew the cud, and rest them  
there.

He dares the fiercest wolves engage,  
When 'tis their hunger makes them  
rage ; 270

The frightened dogs, when they retire,  
He with new courage can inspire.

He sings and dances passing well,  
And does in wrestling too excel ;  
Yes, fair maid, and few that know him,  
But these advantages allow him.

At our feast, he gets the praise,  
For his enchanting roundelays,  
And on his head have oftenest been  
The garlands and the prizes seen. 280

When the scrip and crook he quits,  
And free from all disturbance sits,  
He can make the bag-pipes swell,  
And oaten reeds his passion tell.

When his flame does him excite,  
In amorous songs to do the right,  
He makes the verses which he uses,  
And borrows none of other Muses.

He neglects his own affairs,  
To serve thee with greater cares, 290  
And many shepherdesses would  
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of Alceste he could tell,  
And Silvia's eye, thou know'st it well :  
But as his modesty is great,  
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the crystal stream he looks,  
If there be any truth in brooks,  
He finds, thy scorn can never be  
Excus'd by his deformity. 300

His passion is so high for thee,  
As 'twill admit no new degree.  
Why wilt not thou his love requite,  
Since kindness givessomuch delight?

Aminta heark'ned all this while,  
Then with a dext'rous, charming  
smile,

Against her will, she let him see,  
That she would change his destiny.

I promise nothing, then said she,  
With an obliging air, and free ; 310  
But I think, if you will try,  
The wolves are crueller than I.

When my sheep unhealthy are,  
I have compassion, I have care ;  
Nor pains, nor journeys then I  
grudge,

By which you may my nature judge.

When any of them goes astray,  
All the hamlets near us may  
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,  
Run and search it everywhere. 320

And when I happen once to find  
The object of my troubled mind,  
As soon as ever it I spy,  
O ! how overjoy'd am I !

I flatter her, and I caress,  
And let her ruffle all my dress ;  
The vagabond I kindly treat,  
And mint and thyme I make her eat.

## *A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's*

When my sparrow does me quit,  
My throbbing heart makes after it;  
And nothing can relief afford, 33<sup>1</sup>  
For my fair inconstant bird<sup>1</sup>.

When my dog hath me displeas'd,  
I am presently pleas'd;  
And a tear is in my eye,  
If I have but made him cry.  
I never could a hatred keep,  
But to the wolf that kills my sheep:  
Gentle and kind, and soft I am,  
And just as harmless as a lamb. 34<sup>0</sup>  
Dispel thy fear, cease thy complaint,  
O Shepherd timorous and faint!  
For I'm a mistress very good,  
If you'll but serve me as you shou'd.  
Words of a favourable strain,  
(Cried out that now transported  
swain)

Which do in thy Leontius' fate,  
So glad and swift a change create.

But look about, for now I mark  
The fields already growing dark, 35<sup>0</sup>  
And with those shadows cover'd all,  
Which from the neighbouring moun-  
tains fall.

The wing'd quire on every tree  
By carolling melodiously,  
Do the declining Sun pursue,  
With their last homage, and adieu.  
From the next cottages I hear  
Voices well known unto my ear:  
They are of our domestics who  
Do pipe, and hollow for us too. 36<sup>0</sup>  
The flocks and herds do home-  
wards go,

I hear them hither bleat and low,  
Thy eyes, which mine so much  
admire,  
Tell me 'tis time we should retire.

Go, then, destroying fair one, go,  
Since I perceive it must be so,  
Sleep sweetly all the night, but be,  
At least, so kind to dream of me.

Translation of *Thomas à  
Kempis* into Verse, out of  
Mons. Corneille's lib. 3.  
cap. 2. Englished

SPEAK, Gracious Lord, Thy servant  
hears,

For I both am and will be so,  
And in Thy pleasant paths will go  
When the Sun shines, or disappears.

Give me Thy Spirit, that I may per-  
ceive<sup>2</sup>,

What by my soul Thou wouldst  
have done:

Let me have no desire but one,  
Thy will to practise and believe.

But yet Thy eloquence disarm,  
And as a whisper to my heart, 10  
Let it, like dew, plenty impart,  
And like that let it freely charm.

The Jews fear'd thunderbolts would  
fall,

And that Thy words would Death  
procure,

Nor in the desert could endure  
To hear their Maker speak at all.

They court Moses to declare Thy  
will<sup>3</sup>,

And begg'd to hear no more thy  
voice,

They could not stand the dreadful  
noise, 19

Lest it should both surprise and kill.

<sup>1</sup> This rhyme is an instance of a law which has not, I think, been generally noticed as prevailing in late seventeenth-century poetry, that *for rhyme's sake a combination of letters may take a value which it actually possesses only in another word*. In 'word' itself *ord* does rhyme to *ird*.

<sup>2</sup> 'Spirit' is of course constantly monosyllabic, and even if not lends itself easily to trisyllabic substitution. But the rest of the line makes it almost certain that Orinda, by oversight, put in a foot too much.

<sup>3</sup> This apparently hopeless verse is perhaps best mended into a decasyllable (*cf.* the first lines of stanzas 2 and 8) by reading 'courted.'

## Katherine Philips

Without those terrors, I implore,  
 And other favours I entreat,  
 With confident, though humble  
 heart<sup>1</sup>,  
 I beg what Samuel did of yore.  
 Though Thou art all that I can dread,  
 Thy voice is music to my ears :  
 Speak, Lord, then, for Thy servant  
 hears,  
 And will obey what Thou hast said.  
 I ask no Moses that for Thee should  
 speak,  
 Nor Prophet to enlighten me ; 30  
 They all are taught and sent by  
 Thee,  
 And 'tis Thy voice I only seek.  
 Those beams proceed from Thee  
 alone,  
 Which through their words on us  
 do flow ;  
 Thou without them canst all be-  
 stow,  
 But they without Thee can givenone.  
 They may repeat the sound of words,  
 But not confer their hidden force,  
 And without Thee, their best dis-  
 course,  
 Nothing but scorn to men affords. 40

Let them Thy miracles impart,  
 And vigorously Thy will declare ;  
 Their voice, perhaps, may strike  
 the ear,  
 But it can never move the heart.  
 Th' obscure and naked Word they  
 sow,  
 But thou dost open our dim eye,  
 And the dead letter to supply,  
 The Living Spirit dost bestow.  
 Mysterious truths to us they  
 brought,  
 But Thou expound'st the riddle  
 too, 50  
 And Thou alone canst make us  
 do  
 All the great things that they have  
 taught.  
 They may indeed the way direct,  
 But Thou enablest us to walk ;  
 I' th' ear alone sticks all they talk,  
 But thou dost even the heart dissect.  
 They wash the surface of the  
 mind,  
 But all her fruit Thy goodness  
 claims,  
 All that e'er enlightens, or enflames,  
 Must be to that alone assign'd. 60

## APPENDIX

### Songs from *Pompey*

#### SONG (*Pompey*, Act I)

SINCE affairs of the State are already  
 decreed<sup>2</sup>,  
 Make room for affairs of the  
 Court ;

Employment and Pleasure each  
 other succeed,  
 Because they each other support.  
 Were Princes confin'd  
 From slackening their mind,  
 When by Care it is ruffled and  
 curl'd,

<sup>1</sup> It is probably useless to try to mend this rhyme, though 'heat' in the earlier metaphysicals would not be impossible.

<sup>2</sup> It must be admitted that Orinda is not happy in these anapaests, and too much justifies in particular the generally unjust scorn of Bysshe for 'the disagreeableness of their measure.'



# Songs from Pompey

A crown would appear  
 Too heavy to wear,  
 And no man would govern the  
 world. 10  
 If the Gods themselves who have  
 power enough,  
 In diversions are various, and oft ;  
 Since the business of Kings is  
 angry and rough,  
 Their intervals ought to be soft.  
 Were Princes confin'd, &c.  
 To our Monarch we owe, whatsoe'er  
 we enjoy :  
 And no grateful subjects were  
 those,  
 Who would not the safety, he gives  
 them, employ  
 To contribute to his repose.  
 Were Princes confin'd, &c. 20

## SONG (*Pompey*, Act II)

I

SEE how victorious Caesar's pride  
 Does Neptune's bosom sweep !  
 And with Thessalian fortune ride  
 In triumph o'er the deep.

2

What rival of the Gods is this  
 Who dares do more than they ?  
 Whose feet the Fates themselves do  
 kiss,  
 And Sea and Land obey.

1

What can the fortunate withstand ?  
 For this resistless He, 10  
 Rivers of blood brings on the land,  
 And bulwarks on the sea.

2

Since Gods as well as Men submit,  
 And Caesar's favour woo,  
 Virtue herself may think it fit  
 That Egypt court him too.

I

But Pompey's head 's a rate too dear,  
 For by that impious price  
 The God less noble will appear  
 Than does the Sacrifice. 20

( 611 )

2

If Justice be a thing divine,  
 The Gods should it maintain,  
 For us t' attempt what they decline,  
 Would be as rash as vain.

## CHORUS

How desperate is our Prince's fate ?  
 What hazard does he run ?  
 He must be wicked to be great,  
 Or to be just, undone.

## SONG (*Pompey*, Act III)

FROM lasting and unclouded day  
 From joys refin'd above allay,  
 And from a spring without decay—  
 I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd beams,  
 To visit my Cornelia's dreams,  
 And give them yet sublimer themes.

Behold the man thou lov'dst before,  
 Pure streams have wash'd away his  
 gore ;

And Pompey now shall bleed no  
 more.

By Death my Glory I resume ; 10  
 For 'twould have been a harsher  
 doom

T' outlive the liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtful fortune tried,  
 Falling, bequeaths my Fame this  
 pride,

I for it liv'd, and with it died.

Nor shall my vengeance be with-  
 stood

Or unattended with a flood  
 Of Roman and Egyptian blood.

Caesar himself it shall pursue,  
 His days shall troubled be and few,  
 And he shall fall by treason too. 21

He by severity divine  
 Shall be an offering at my shrine ;  
 As I was his, he must be mine.

Thy stormy life regret no more,  
 For Fate shall waft thee soon  
 ashore,

And to thy Pompey thee restore.



# Katherine Philips

Where past the fears of sad removes  
We'll entertain our spotless loves,  
In beauteous and immortal groves. 30  
There none a guilty crown shall wear,  
Nor Caesar be Dictator there,  
Nor shall Cornelia shed a tear.

## SONG (*Pompey*, Act IV)

PROUD monuments of royal dust !  
Do not your old foundations shake,  
And labour to resign their trust ?  
For sure your mighty guests  
should wake,  
Now their own Memphis lies at  
stake.

Alas ! in vain our dangers call ;  
They care not for our destiny,  
Nor will they be concern'd at all  
If Egypt now enslav'd, or free,  
A kingdom or a province be. 10

What is become of all they did ?  
And what of all they had design'd,  
Now Death the busy scene hath hid ?  
Where but in story shall we find  
Those great disturbers of mankind ?

When men their quiet minutes spent  
Where myrtles grew and fountains  
pur'd,

As safe as they were innocent :  
What angry God among them  
hur'd

Ambition to undo the World ? 20

What is the charm of being great ?  
Which oft is gain'd and lost with sin,  
Or if w' attain a royal seat,  
With guiltless steps what do we win,  
If Love and Honour fight within ?

Honour the brightness of the mind !  
And Love her noblest ecstasy :  
That does ourselves, this others bind.  
When you, great pair, shall disagree  
What casuist can the umpire be ? 30

Though Love does all the heart  
subdue,

With gentle, but resistless sway ;

Yet Honour must that govern too :  
And when thus Honour wins the  
day,  
Love overcomes the bravest way.

## SONG (*Pompey*, Act V)

1

ASCEND a throne, great Queen ! to  
you

By Nature, and by Fortune due ;  
And let the World adore

One who Ambition could withstand,  
Subdue Revenge, and Love com-  
mand,  
On Honour's single score.

2

Ye mighty Roman shades, permit  
That Pompey should above you sit,  
He must be deified. 9

For who like him, e'er fought or fell ?  
What hero ever liv'd so well,  
Or who so greatly died ?

1

What cannot glorious Caesar do ?  
How nobly does he fight and woo !  
On crowns how does he tread !  
What mercy to the weak he shows,  
How fierce is he to living foes,  
How pious to the dead !

2

Cornelia yet would challenge tears,  
But that the sorrow which she wears,  
So charming is, and brave. 21

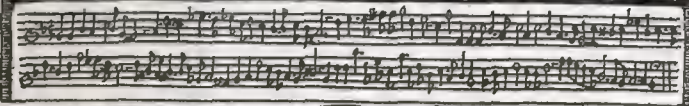
That it exalts her honour more,  
Than if she all the sceptres bore,  
Her generous husband gave.

## CHORUS

Then after all the blood that's shed,  
Let's right the living and the dead :  
Temples to Pompey raise ;  
Set Cleopatra on the throne ;  
Let<sup>1</sup> Caesar keep the World h' has  
won ;  
And sing Cornelia's praise. 30

FINIS

<sup>1</sup> Orig. 'Let's.'



THE  
NIGHTINGALE  
Sheretine  
and  
Mariana.  
A happy Husband.  
Eligues on the death  
of  
Queene Anne  
Songs and Sonnets  
by  
PATRICK HANNAH gent.



LONDON printed for  
Nathaniel Butter 1622.







## INTRODUCTION TO PATRICK HANNAY

THE interest of the poems of Patrick Hannay, though not wholly dependent upon, is no doubt to some increased by, that extreme rarity on which is based the calculation that there are not more than six known copies of the original, while Utterson reprinted but fifteen, and the only later edition (used in the present issue) is that of a private society—the Hunterian Club of Glasgow. He is not a great poet, and he comes in point of publication a very little before the strict ‘Caroline’ period, though he lived, according to some accounts, well into it, and into it according to all<sup>1</sup>. But he is quite of the type; and he contributes in *Sheretine and Mariana* one of those ‘Heroic Poems’ of which the collection and communication to the student is one of the main objects of this book. It has the peculiarity, unusual in a piece of such length, of being written in the first person, the story being told throughout by the heroine: nor is this the only thing which makes it a useful document as to the strange difficulty with which straightforward prose fiction got itself born. Hannay does not manage his six-line stanza very well. The more lyrical sixteen-line stave of the earlier *Philomela* is less well suited for a poem which also is of considerable length; but the poet is certainly less prosaic in it. In the original a musical setting is given for the first of these staves, and the author seems (from the note given below) to have thought it possible that some one might like to sing the whole poem—seventy pages, and nearly seventeen hundred lines! The idea is a curious one. The ‘Sonnets’ (the name being applied quite *ad libitum*) and ‘Songs’ are not uninteresting; but here seems to be no need to take up precious space with much comment upon them. I am glad to have read Hannay, and to give others the opportunity of reading him.

<sup>1</sup> The personal history and even identity of our poet are things deeply wrapped in mystery. David Laing’s rather elaborate genealogical introduction to the Hunterian reprint establishes practically nothing but that he was of the family of Hannay, or Ahannay, of Sorby in Galloway, now represented by the Hannays of Kingsmuir in Fife, and the Rainsford-Hannays of Kirkdale in Kirkcudbright. The Hannays seem to have christened themselves Patrick with the inveteracy of the Princes of Reuss in regard to another name, and not to have tempered this with the numerical niceness of that house. Laing does not seem to have accepted what the *Dictionary of National Biography* states with positiveness—that the poet was Master in Chancery in Ireland in the year 1627—or the rumour that he was drowned at sea two years later. That he was of the Sorby family, that he was Master of Arts, and that he was known to persons of distinction at the court of James I during the last years of his reign, may be said to be the only positively-known facts about him, except the dates of his works, which are, for *The Happy Husband* and the *Elegies on Queen Anne* (same year, but published separately) 1619, and for the *Collected Poems* 1622.



## Patrick Hannay

### To the most illustrious Princess FRANCIS<sup>1</sup> Duchess of Lenox, Countess of Hertford and Richmond

SWEET Philomela's long conceal'd woe,  
From dark oblivion now I bring to light;  
That (though it help her not) the world  
may know,

The cause she sobbeth out her notes  
by night:

Which to you (greatest Lady) I  
present,

Fruit of some hours I with the Muses  
spent.

It is well known<sup>2</sup> honour hath been had  
By patronizing of a work of worth,  
Whilst skilful Art did cunningly o'er-  
shade

The Patron's weakness, and his praise  
point forth: 10

Here it's not so, my work mean, your  
worth main,

Hereby I honour may, you none  
attain.

For such are you, whom Nature,  
Beauty, Grace,  
So fair hath fram'd, adorn'd, so well  
endu'd:

As if those three contended had to place  
In you perfection, which their store  
hath shew'd:

With whom virtue hath join'd and  
mak'st appear,  
Deservedly you move first in this  
sphere.

So as thou canst not by a learn'd quill  
Be honour'd, or receive an equal praise  
Unto thy merits, they each press should  
fill, 21

Should go about with words thy worth  
to raise:

In it I'll rest: thy name which doth  
adorn

This frontispiece is my birds' April  
morn.

If that your Grace do but my labours  
grace,

Each lady's lodging shall a grove be  
thought:

The nightingale shall sing in every  
place;

Nay, thereby shall a miracle be wrought:  
For if you but my Philomela cheer,  
Her singing-spring-tide shall last all  
the year. 30

Ever most humbly devoted to  
your Grace's service,

PATRICK HANNAY.

### To his friend the Author

LET those that study how to praise a  
friend,

Or seek to flatter him beyond desert,  
Shake hands with me, for I have no  
such end,

That befits him that hath a fawning heart:  
I only care to let the Author know  
I love him, and his book, for virtue's  
sake:

His work, his worth unto the world  
doth show,

Which for a pattern doth his practice  
take.

It needs no sycophant to set it  
forth,

(The wine is good, you well the bush  
may scorn:) 10

My praise defective should detract the  
worth,

Which with such lustre doth each leaf  
adorn.

All I will say is this, it's done so  
well,

Some may come nigh; some match;  
but none excel.

EDWARD LEVENTHORPE.

<sup>1</sup> It is well known that the distinction between Francis and Frances was so little observed that the usual abbreviation of the latter, as of the former, was 'Frank.'

<sup>2</sup> 'How' dropped before 'honour' (?).

# Commendatory Poems

## To my loving Kinsman the Author

THY Philomela's sad (yet well-sung)  
note ;  
Wrong'd Sheretine and Mariana's  
love :  
Home's Husband : Anna's Elegies so  
wrote,

Thy Songs and Sonnets passion deep  
did move ;  
Do well approve that thy ingenious  
wit,  
Forevery measure, every subject's fit.  
ROBERT HANNAY.

## Authori

QVIS tibi Hannæ veteri pro stemmate certet ?  
Gente à Romulidum gens tua quando venit ;  
Annæi micuere duo, vatesque sophusque,  
His etiam Hannæus tertius esse potest.

IOHANNES DUNBAR <sup>1</sup>.

## To his much respected friend Master PATRICK HANNAY

HANNAY, thy worth bewrays well whence thou'rt sprung,  
And that that honour'd Name thou dost not wrong :  
As if from Sorby's stock no branch could sprout,  
But should with rip'ning-time bear golden fruit :  
Thy ancestors were ever worthy found,  
Else Galdus' grave had grac'd no Hannay's ground :  
Thy father's father Donald well was known  
To th' English by his sword, but thou art shown  
To them by pen (times changing). Hannays are  
Active in acts of worth, be't peace or war.  
Go on in virtue, After-times will tell,  
None but A Hannay could have done so well.

IO. MARSHALL.

King Gal-  
dus (that  
Worthy  
who so  
bravely  
fought  
with the  
Romans)  
lies buried  
in the  
lands of  
Patrick  
Hannay of  
Kirkdale in  
Galloway.

## Of the Author

READER, I'm brief, this Poem's penn'd so well,  
Of Muses Nine his is the Philomel.

JOHN HARMAR.

<sup>1</sup> The identification of the Senecas and the Hannays is ingenious, especially considering the form 'Ahannay.' But I wish Iohannes Dunbar had written a better first line.

# Patrick Hannay

## To his friend the Author

Laus tua, non tua res, cogit me scribere, vultus  
Gratia sic dulcis : os facit, haud jubet ars.

M AEONIAN Chorus now incline to me,  
A ssist my muse from your Parnassus high :  
S ome influence infuse you in my brain,  
T hat I this Author in a higher strain  
E fforc'd may be to praise : a simple wit  
R are ones to praise, nor able is nor fit.  
P ierian virtues with Homeric wit,  
A ffixèd are to thy ingenious brain :  
T he penning of these Poems proveth it  
R ais'd from oblivion in a lofty vein : 10  
I n this our age (though many do affect  
C unning in verse, and would be counted rare)  
K now I none worthy of the like respect,  
E ver green Laurel must fall to thy share.  
H erein yet do I nothing flatter thee,  
A lthough in part thy parts I do display :  
N or none will doubt thereof that doth thee see,  
N eedless were feigning where such virtues sway :  
A rt shows itself by thy sweet flowing pen,  
Y ielding the Wreath to thee from rarest men. 20

I. M. C.

## To the Author<sup>1</sup>

HERE view the map of greatness, re-  
gal states,  
Kings thrown from thrones, crowns  
thrown from royal mates :  
Where treach'rous greed to reign,  
ambitious ends  
Main rights divide, intrude false foes  
for friends :  
Here try the course of wars, there see  
that stem,  
The awful Sceptre, glorious Diadem,  
Which once Hungarian Kings majes-  
tic sway'd,  
(Born to command, though never well  
obey'd)  
How rear'd, subvers'd, replac'd, defac'd  
again,  
Their Kingdom (uncontinu'd) did re-  
main. 10  
But what in Thee (than rare) I most  
admire,  
Is this fierce flame, fraught with  
Castalian fire ;

Thy pleasant strain, fram'd in this art  
divine  
And quick invention, th' essence of  
engine ;  
Wherein Apollo harps, the Muses  
prance  
The fount-drawn forkèd sharps, with  
gleamings glance  
This tragic tune to grace ; the Nymphs  
adorn  
Thee, with immortal fame, of lives for-  
lorn :  
So do thy Lyrics, set in tripping  
measures,  
Show skilful wit, sprung from Alcinoos  
treasures, 20  
Which swim on Demthen, sweet Per-  
messen pleasures :  
Thus may thy worth, thy curious  
works Thee raise ;  
Few have deserv'd (or can attain)  
more praise.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

<sup>1</sup> For Hannay's repayment of this *v. sub fin.* In l. 11, 'than rare' must be wrong. 'Thou rare,' as well as a dozen other things, occurs. In l. 21, 'Permessen' is of course 'Permessian': 'Demthen' is what anybody likes. 'Engine,' l. 14 = *ingenium*, as later in Scots.

# Commendatory Poems

## In Imaginem

T' EXPRESS the Author face, brass, ink  
and Art  
Have done their best, but for his better  
part,  
The Grecian Philomel in English  
tongue,  
Marian, a Husband, Elegies well sung,  
Have given a touch, as in a cloudy  
night  
Obscurèd Phoebeshows her veiled light;  
And at some turns where clouds do  
ill cohere,  
With full beams shines out from her  
silver sphere;  
So are his shaded passages of wit,

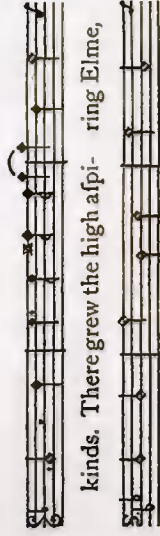
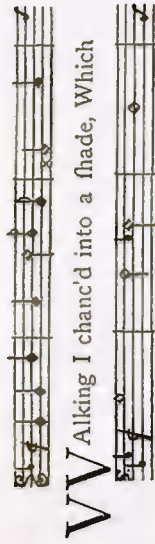
(Where birds do speak, and women in  
a fit :)  
Who could so well have told fair  
Marian's wrong,  
Or taught the Athenian bird a London  
song,  
As he to whom the depth of love is  
known,  
And carving others can cut out his  
own :  
Which in some part is here so well  
expressed,  
None but himself can represent the  
rest.

ROBERT ALANE.

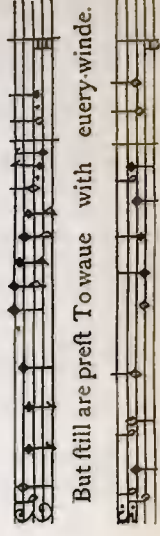
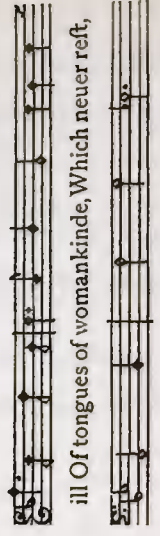
*Philomela*, or the *Nightingale*, which here follows, is to be sung (by those that please) to the tune set down before in the frontispiece<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> See Introd. It has been thought best to reproduce the music *exactly*.





*All the Rests (being Minom Rests) must be Crochet Rests.*



*Therefore I pray mend them with your pen, or remember them.*

# PHILOMELA

## THE NIGHTINGALE

### THE ARGUMENT

PANDION, *King of Athens*, takes  
*a wife*,  
*He dearly loves her, she him with*  
*like strife :*  
*They issue have, two daughters (who*  
*excel)*  
*Progne the fair ; and fairer Philo-*  
*mel.*  
*Fortune befriends not long, death her*  
*surpriseth :*  
*Pandion grieves, new cause of grief*  
*ariseth.*  
*Barbarians him invade, the Thracian*  
*King*  
*Them foils ; and succours to the*  
*sieg'd doth bring.*  
*He's entertain'd ; Cupid with loving*  
*fires*  
*Of Progne warms him ; she hath*  
*like desires.* 10  
*He woos, she's won, her father's glad*  
*he sped :*  
*With Princely pomp they solemnly*  
*do wed.*  
*Tereus with Progne unto Thrace*  
*returns :*  
*Thrace joys therefore, therefore sad*  
*Athens mourns.*  
*Five years in Thrace they glad*  
*together live,*  
*Progne for Philomela 'gins to grieve :*  
*Longs for her sight, her husband*  
*doth entreat,*  
*To work a way they may together*  
*meet.*  
*He yields, takes sail, to Athens back*  
*returns,*  
*Unlawful love of Philomel him*  
*burns.* 20

*Her native beauty, and her rich*  
*attire,*  
*Enrich'd by cunning Art he doth*  
*admire.*  
*With lust enrag'd he sore Pandion*  
*prest*  
*That she might with him go, at last*  
*did wrest*  
*Unwilling grant : he her commits*  
*with tears*  
*To Tereus' charge, his love suspecting*  
*fears.*  
*He takes his faith, moves her to*  
*swift return ;*  
*They weeping part, Pandion left doth*  
*mourn.*  
*They sail, see shore, they land, no*  
*more delay*  
*Tereus can brook, nor doth he her*  
*assay* 30  
*By words, knowing it bootless : to a*  
*wood*  
*He drew her, spoke his thought ;*  
*amaz'd she stood.*  
*He forc'd, she faints ; reviv'd, revenge*  
*of wrong*  
*She vow'd to take ; he fearful lest her*  
*tongue*  
*Should blaze his crime, he cuts't out*  
*with his blade,*  
*That woful wood a prison for her*  
*made.*  
*Then home returns, feigneth her*  
*funeral,*  
*Progne her mourns, she unto work*  
*doth fall ;*  
*Of party-coloured wool by skilful*  
*art,*  
*A web she made that did her woes*  
*impart.* 40

# Patrick Hannay

Progne a sharp revenge doth undertake ;

Time favours her designs with  
Bacchus' wake,

She takes her out, comes home, her  
flattering child

She kills and dresses ; fury made  
her wild :

To his sire for food she gives him, he  
doth eat

His own flesh ; his fault Progne lets  
him weet,

The sisters he pursues, with rage he  
burn'd,

Both he and they on sudden birds are  
turn'd.

## I

WALKING I chanc'd into a shade,  
Which top-in-twining trees had made  
Of many several kinds.

There grew the high aspiring elm,  
With boughs bathing in gum-like  
balm,

Distilling through their rinds.  
The maple with a scarry skin

Did spread broad pallid leaves :  
The quaking Aspen light and thin

To th' air light passage gives : 10  
Resembling still

The trembling ill

Of tongues of womankind,

Which never rest,

But still are prest

To wave with every wind.

## II

The Myrtle made of nought but  
sweets,

Love-loathing *Daphne's* offspring  
grets,

Whose top no steel e'er lopp'd ;  
Nor under-boughs with biting  
beasts 20

Returning from their fodder-feasts,

For banquet ne'er had cropp'd.

The lowly banks did bathe in dew,

Which from the tops distill'd :

There Eglantine and Ivy grew,

Sweet Mint and Marjoram wild :

With many more,

*Pomona's* store

Was plentifully plac'd,  
That nought did want, 30

Nor seem'd scant,

To please sight, scent, or taste.

## III

The blooming borders fresh and  
fair,

Were clad with clothes of colours  
rare,

Which fairest *Flora* fram'd :

The Hyacinth, the self-lov'd lad,

*Adonis*, *Amaranthus* sad,

There pleasing places claim'd.

The Primrose, pride of pleasing  
Prime,

With roses of each hue : 40

The Cowslip, Pink, and savoury  
Thyme,

And Gilly-flower there grew.

The Marygold,

Which to behold

Her lover loaths the night,

Locking her leaves

She inward grieves,

When *Sol* is out of sight.

## IV

Upon the boughs and tops of trees,  
Blithe birds did sit as thick as bees

On blooming beans do bait : 50

And every bird some loving note

Did warble through the swelling throat

To woo the wanton mate.

There might be heard the throbbing  
thrush,

The bull-finch blithe her by ;

The black-bird in another bush,

With thousands more her nigh.

The ditties all,

To great and small, 60

Sweet *Philomel* did set,

In all the grounds

Of Music sounds,

Those darlings did direct.

## V

With pleasure which that place did  
bring,

Which seem'd to me perpetual  
spring,



# Philomela

I was inforc'd to stay :  
 Leaning me lowly on the ground,  
 To hear the sweet celestial sound  
 These Sylvans did bewray. 70  
 Ravish'd with liking of their songs,  
 I thought I understood  
 The several language to each 'longs,  
 That lodges in the wood.  
 Most *Philomel*  
 Did me compel  
 To listen to her song,  
 In sugar'd strains,  
 While she complains  
 Of tyrant *Tereus*' wrong. 80

## VI

Compos'd to sing her saddest dit,  
 She shrouded in a shade did sit,  
 Under a budding briar ;  
 Whose thickness so debarr'd the  
 light,  
 It seem'd an artificial night,  
 Leaves link'd in love so near.  
 It seem'd she was asham'd to show  
 Herself in public place,  
 By sight, lest seers so might know  
 Her undeserv'd disgrace. 90  
 Hid from the eye,  
 She thought none nigh  
 Was for to pen her plaints ;  
 She 'gins relate  
 Her adverse fate,  
 And thus her passion paints.

## VII

'When Prince *Pandion* held that  
 state  
 Which was the mirthful Muses' seat,  
 With learning beautified ; 99  
 Governing there with peaceful rest,  
 Where no disturbing storms distress  
 Those that did there reside :  
 In prime of youth he took a Dame,  
 By nature kind decor'd  
 With beauty virtue vow'd that frame  
 Should with her gifts be stor'd.  
 I know not which  
 Did seem most rich,  
 By lavishness in giving ;  
 Each gave so much, 110  
 I think none such  
 Was left amongst the living.

## VIII

With equal heat love so combin'd  
 Their hearts, as they were still  
 inclin'd  
 To nill and will the same :  
 Their minds so mingled were to-  
 gether,  
 They had nought proper unto either,  
 Both fires one common flame.  
 Thus surfeiting on love's delight,  
 Where with a matching measure  
 The one the other doth requite 121  
 In equal pitch of pleasure,  
 Their days they spent  
 In sweet content,  
 Deeming all others wretched,  
 Whose lesser joys,  
 Mixt with annoys,  
 To their full height not stretch'd.

## IX

To add unto their happiness  
 And further to increase their  
 bliss, 130  
 The heavenly powers conspire,  
 Of which they (Joy-drown'd) did not  
 dream,  
 So perfect did their pleasures seem,  
 They could no more desire.  
 Yet was their comfort so increas't,  
 With offsprings' happy store,  
 As now they think they were not  
 blest  
 With benefits before.  
 Thus is it known  
 That none doth own 140  
 So much of earthly pleasure,  
 But that the heart,  
 A little part,  
 May hold a greater measure.

## X

We were by Muses Nine nurst up,  
 We drunk with Heliconian cup,  
 Their number did increase,  
 The goodly gifts, the Graces Three  
 Gave to us, we did multiply  
 To number numberless. 150  
 No syllable could from us slide,  
 But in consenting sound  
 Our looks, and gestures, who espied  
 The graces in them found.



# Patrick Hannay

Each had such feature,  
And good stature,  
As just proportion grac'd,  
With colours rare  
To make us fair,  
By Nature's pencil plac'd. 160

## XI

Thus did both heaven and earth  
conspire  
To fill our father's dear desire,  
With heaped happiness.  
But when things here are at the  
height,  
Unlook'd for lot doth often light,  
And drives them to distress.  
As when the Moon hath fill'd her  
horn,  
She straight begins to wane,  
And when the flowing force is worn,  
The tide then turns again : 170  
For here no state  
Is free from fate,  
With Time all turns about :  
Oft rise the small,  
The great oft fall,  
When they do nothing doubt.

## XII

If pleasures here were permanent,  
Free from disturbing discontent,  
Not any ways annoy'd,  
We should not relish our delights, 180  
So dull should be our appetites,  
With senseless surfeit cloy'd,  
Therefore that we may better taste,  
Each sweet hath many sours,  
The brightest blink is quickly past,  
And banish'd with showers :  
Also to show  
That we do owe  
To changing Time, we're tost  
When least we fear, 190  
It is most near,  
And our designs are crost.

## XIII

So with my father did it fare,  
Whom meagre death did unaware  
Deprive of his belov'd,  
My mother ; sickness so her seiz'd,  
As pain itself did seem displeas'd,  
And senses all remov'd :

She seiz'd with ceaseless sleep, gave first

*Pandion* cause of cares ; 200  
Which *Athens'* woe soon after nurst,  
And bath'd in briny tears.

Thus ever still  
Preceding ill  
Is followed fast with more :  
Ne'er comes alone  
One cause of moan,  
It's companied with store.

## XIV

Before her death-bred grief was  
'suag'd,  
Barbarians were so enrag'd, 210  
(Gaping for greedy gain,  
Encourag'd by his carelessness,  
Whom they deem'd drunken with  
excess,  
They doubt not to obtain.)  
As they wall'd round rich *Athens'*  
walls,

With warriors about,  
So fainting fear our force appals,  
It dares nowhere look out,  
Fear forc'd some sound,  
And did confound 220  
In others resolution ;  
All were dejected,  
So unexpected,  
Was Fortune's revolution.

## XV

In midst of this our great distress,  
Which did our former fears in-  
crease,  
Such troops we did behold,  
As with their brav'ry brav'd the  
skies,  
And dazzled the beholders' eye  
With beam-rebating gold, 230  
In front with lofty plume in pride,  
Mounted on stately steed,  
The likeliest of all did ride,  
Who seem'd the rest to lead,  
Curveting oft,  
Prancing aloft,  
His courser proud disdains  
To be control'd  
By bit of gold,  
Scorning commanding reins. 240

# Philomela

## XVI

But when he did approach more near  
 He banishèd that former fear  
 Conceived by his sight :  
 He forc'd our foes soon to retire,  
 Who to resist had small desire,  
 They faintly fell in flight.  
 We musèd much what he should be,  
 Who with unaskèd aid,  
 So suddenly did set us free,  
 And all our foes dismay'd ; 250  
 All ran to see,  
 As he came nigh,  
 And fixt on him their sight,  
 And all those eyes  
 Which him espies,  
 Were taken with delight.

## XVII

The streets as he did pass along,  
 With gold were garnishèd and hung,  
 All bravely beautified ;  
 The pavement pav'd with pleasing  
 flowers, 260  
 The spoils of *Flora's* fragrant bowers,  
 Where *Tereus* did ride :  
 Such was his name who us restor'd,  
 Of warlike *Thracia* King,  
 Whom in triumphant wise decor'd,  
 My father in did bring :  
 In manner meet  
 Each other greet,  
 And kindly entertain :  
 T'his Palace fair, 270  
 To solace there,  
 He brings him and his train.

## XVIII

There banqueting with dainties best,  
 To please the too too curious taste,  
 Which sea or land doth yield,  
 With sweet discourses mixt among,  
 Where a delightful pleasing tongue  
 Did rove in Rhet'ric field.  
 When *Tereus* saw my sister fair,  
*Progne*, he pric'd her such, 280  
 As he believ'd no beauties were  
 Beside, she had so much.

His heart desires,  
 His eye admires  
 Her pleasing form and feature :  
 He thinks all else  
 She far excels  
 In goodly gifts of Nature.

## XIX

When that his fancy on her face  
 Doth feed, there grows no other  
 grace, 290  
 He thinks, in other parts :  
 It seems the curious cabinet,  
 Where Nature had that treasure set  
 That most bewitches hearts.  
 A rolling eye, whence thousand  
 flights  
 Of gold-dipt-darts do fly ;  
 Whereof the least with love-delights  
 Could wound a deity.  
 Th' alluring glances  
 Which by chances 300  
 From those two suns did dart,  
 Love borrow'd still,  
 When he had will  
 To fire a frosty heart.

## XX

A forehead where inthronizit  
 Grave majesty in state did sit,  
 With humbleness attir'd ;  
 Where meekness made the meaner  
 hope,  
 And majesty cut short the scope  
 Of Pride, that high aspir'd. 310  
 Soft waving seas of sable hair—  
 That hue was judg'd by love  
 The best, and aptest to ensnare,  
 Mild *Zephyrus* did move.  
 In careless curls,  
 He oft it hurls,  
 He wantonness bewrays :  
 He oft it flung  
 Her back along,  
 And beauty best displays. 320

## XXI

A cheek where purest white, with red  
 Of deepest dye, was overspread,

280 pric'd] A modern would probably have written 'prized': but the distinction is not necessary.

305 inthronizit] The Scots participle, kept for rhyme's sake, is always worth noticing in these seventeenth-century writers.

## Patrick Hannay

And meeting so were mixt,  
As neither red nor white they seem,  
But both in one made beauties  
    beam,  
These colours two betwixt.  
Her ruby lips, when they do kiss,  
Cover prime pearly rows ;  
When they that kind conjunction  
    miss,

Arabian sweet outflows :      330  
    One sure would think,  
    As she did drink,  
That blood light *Bacchus* fills,  
    That it did pass,  
    As through a glass  
Gray Claret wine distils.

XXII

What shame permits not to espy,  
He with Imagination's eye  
    Doth see, and values most :  
He views it o'er, and o'er again, 340  
Seeks for a fault, but all in vain,  
    His labour there was lost ;  
It's seldom seen but some defect,  
By prudent Nature's plac'd,  
To make the best be more re-  
    spect,

With glory more be grac'd ;  
Yet nowhere here  
    There doth appear  
Least foil, all was so fair,  
    As fir'd him so,      350  
    He did not know,  
To hope, or to despair.

XXIII

Thus was he first enamour'd,  
And still his loving fancy fed,  
While on her face he gaz'd,  
His prying prest a beauty-blush,  
In crimson coat, her face to flush,  
    In *Cupid's* fire it blaz'd.  
Thus forc'd with fainting fever's fit,  
His quaking heart did tremble, 360

*Where love's deep grounded, there's  
    no wit*

*Can his sure signs dissemble.*  
He cools and burns,  
Heart inward mourns.  
He hopes, he oft doth fear ;  
She may consent,  
May not relent,  
May yield, may chance not hear.

XXIV

My father (as physician good)  
By signs his sickness understood,  
    (Having like passion prov'd) 371  
He knew the salve could soonest  
    slack

His sickness and his pain beat  
    back,  
Was *Progne*, his belov'd.  
By matching him and her, he thinks  
Such friendship to endear,  
As bound by wedlock's holy links,  
He needs no foe to fear.

*Thus policy,*  
*Long time we see,*      380  
*Hath ever had two ends,*  
*One is a train,*  
*But still the main*  
*To private profit tends.*

XXV

He gives these lovers leave to-  
    gether,  
*Tereus* speaks not alone left with  
her,

But in his heart doth pray  
That she had boldness to begin,  
In such a muse his mind was in,  
He knew not what to say :      390  
Still rumbling is the little rill,  
Deep rivers silent move ;  
That deepest passion is most still,  
Experience doth prove.  
He much doth fear  
She will not hear

336 'Gray' is very interesting as bearing on the much-vexed question of the history of the term 'Claret.' 'Claret' has never been used in France of a full red wine : but only of the wines betwixt red and white.

345 Respect = 'respeckit,' 'respected.'

361 I retain the italics in these passages, though there sometimes seems very little reason for them, because they appear to be intended as 'asides' of the author's, separate from *Philomela's* speech. In some cases, however, the printer has almost certainly gone wrong with them.



# Philomela

If he good will should proffer ;  
 His often dread,  
 Not to come speed,  
 Drives him he dares not offer. 400

## XXVI

She muses thus to see him mute,  
 She fears he follow not his suit,  
 (Which she deems her undoing.)  
 When he resolvèd had to speak,  
 What he should say, he had to seek,  
 (He was not wise in wooing.)  
*When plainly we our passion tell,  
 It maketh much in moving,  
 A simple innocence so well  
 Bewrays a heart much loving :* 410

*For ever those  
 Who (apt to glose)  
 Too speedy are in speech,  
 Love do not show,  
 But make maids know,  
 They kindly can beseech.*

## XXVII

His speeches had more pleasing  
 sound,  
 With rhetoric did more abound,  
 Unto my sister's sense,  
 Then theirs who by their skilful  
 art, 420  
 With sophistry can truth pervert,  
 To clear a foul offence.  
 She willingly doth hear him woo,  
 She's pleas'd to hear him plead,  
 She could at first encounter, bow,  
 But doubts do make her dread  
 Lest quickly won,  
 He should have done,  
 His fancy should take flight :

*Oft soon obtain'd 430  
 Are soon disdain'd :  
 Such love is counted light.*

## XXVIII

Thus on she draws him with delay,  
 She neither grants, nor gives a nay,  
 (For fear he flee the field ;)  
 Her yielding blush doth make him  
 bold,

To reinforce, and to unfold  
 All means to make her yield ;  
 He vows, protests, and deeply  
 swears,  
 His love to her shall never 440  
 Languish, with length of ling'ring  
 years,  
 Nor faith fail he doth give her.  
 'I grant' she said,  
 No more he staid,  
 But at her word did take her ;  
 With purple red,  
 All overspread,  
 Sweet virgin shame did make her.

## XXIX

My father knowing th' had decreed  
 To wed, and were thereon agreed,  
 He left his pausing pain : 451  
 For he had mused in his mind,  
 To make her heart thereto inclin'd,  
 And beat his busy brain.  
 Now all do haste with like desire,  
 To solemnize those rites,  
 Which holy *Hymen* doth require,  
 'Fore lawful love-delights.  
 They make such haste,  
 The time they chas't, 460  
 Which little list makes long,  
 The smallest stay  
 That doth delay  
 Enjoying's judg'd a wrong.

## XXX

The longèd day is come should  
 crown  
 Their wish'd desires, sweet Doric  
 sound  
 Doth deaf the itching ear,  
 Shrill echo in the rocks did ring,  
 Repeating what the sisters sing  
 In Prince *Apollo's* quire ; 470  
 Kind Nature's Quiristers increast,  
 Mounting in crystal skies,  
 The gods invite unto this feast,  
 Which angry Heaven denies.  
 They did envy  
 Felicity

398-400 This compressed phrase seems to mean 'his dread not to succeed [we must read 'sped'] has such force with him that he does not offer.' There are others like it.

419 'Then,' as constantly, = 'than.' It will not be again noted.

461 'List' seems here to mean 'inclination.'



## Patrick Hannay

Should such on earth be seen :  
 To Tragic end  
 These joys should tend,  
 The grievèd gods do mean. 480

XXXI

The Furies' brands aloft did bear  
 For *Hymenean* candles clear,  
 Which lent a dismal light :  
 The raven and the night-crow cry,  
 The ominous owl abroad doth fly  
 By day, and not by night.  
*Juno*, that blesseth first the bed  
 Of happy wedded lovers,  
 Came not, in saffron colours clad,  
*Hymen* affrighted, hovers, 490

Not daring there  
 Make his repair,  
 (With presage dire dismay'd.)  
 The Muses dread,  
 The Graces fled,  
 They were no less afraid.

XXXII

Yet did they dally in delights,  
 And revel at unhallowed rites,  
 Till Time, (which nought can stay)  
 Told *Tereus* his love delays, 500  
 His home-left *Thracian* dismays,  
 Their comfort can decay.

They fear his safety, he farewell  
 Must bid, *Progne* doth plaine :  
 A pearly shower of liquid hail  
 Out o'er her cheeks did rain.

*A tender heart,*  
*Such bitter smart,*  
*With sorrow doth suppress,*  
*When bitter cup* 510  
*Doth interrupt*  
*New tasted happiness.*

XXXIII

Yet boots it not, she must be gone,  
*Tereus* her trains (though weeping) on,  
 And we alike lament :

Our sorrow so divided was,  
 Half with us staid, and half did  
 pass,

Whither that couple went.  
 They shipp'd, a lusty gale of wind  
 So prosp'rously did blow, 520  
 The sails suffice fill'd from behind,  
 There needeth none to row :

They soon came nigh,  
 Where they would be,  
 And do perceive the land ;  
 They see the shore  
 All peopled o'er  
 With those he did command.

XXXIV

For Fame, the air-wingèd post,  
 (By going greater) fills the coast 530  
 Of Thrace, with coming-cries ;  
 Her trumpet sounds his safe return,  
 The shores with blazing beacons burn,  
 Where cries confus'dly rise,  
 Which untir'd Echo in the hills  
 (With her redoubling voice)  
 So multiplies, the air it fills ;  
 The gods seem to rejoice :

The multitude  
 Confus'dly stood 540  
 Upon the shelvy shore,  
 He happiest seems  
 Next *Neptune's* streams,  
 Can draw, though drown therefore.

XXXV

The smaller (yet the sager) sort,  
 Do mind a more majestic sport,  
 Rough rudeness they disdain ;  
 Most stately triumphs they devise,  
 After the victor's gorgeous guise,  
*Tereus* to entertain. 550

Altars with incense sweetly smoke,  
 Priests *Io Paeon* sing :  
 The tottering steeples reel and rock,  
 (So rolling bells do ring.)

This day so glad,  
 To those they add  
 Which sacred they observ'd,  
 From yearly mirth  
 For *Ilys'* birth,  
 His first-born they ne'er swerv'd. 560

XXXVI

WHAT time *Titan* our height had  
 scal'd,  
 Summer had sweat, winter had  
 hail'd,

Autumn had fill'd her lap,  
 Five times the Spring in fragrant  
 flowers  
 Was deck'd, warm sliding sunny  
 showers

# Philomela

The soaking earth did sap.  
When pleasing *Progne's* longing love  
For *Philomela's* sight  
Grew wakerife, and such thoughts  
did move,

*As lessens large delight,* 570  
*When we depart*  
*From what our heart*  
*With liking once hath lov'd,*  
*Absence intires,*  
*And more endears,*  
The more it is remov'd.

XXXVII

This absence kindling longing love,  
Makes *Progne* all her practiques  
prove,

Defers not her desire. 579  
*Woman (who would) delay disdains,*  
*Who doth deny, and who detains*  
*With hope, hath equal hire.*

Fearing refusal, she puts on  
A look that most allures,  
And draws the eye, nor that alone,  
Her of her suit assures.

Such weighty words  
Her wit affords,  
As for to move were meet,  
With loving charms 590  
Him in her arms  
Kissing, doth thus entreat.

XXXVIII

"Dearer to me then sweet repose  
To misers, seiz'd with ceaseless woes,  
Who ne'er of comfort tasted ;  
More pleasing to me then is light  
Unto the silly sleepless wight,  
Whom waking nights have wasted,  
Who present put'st those fears to  
flight,

Which absent make me die : 600  
*As Titan makes the ugly night,*  
*With forcing flames to fly ;*  
Methinks far more  
I now adore,  
Love more, if such desire  
Could be increast,  
Which when at least,  
Was such could soar no higher.

XXXIX

*Great love in length doth often dull ;*  
Mine, (though so main) is not at  
full, 610

It daily doth increase :  
No intermission makes it stay,  
No surfeit takes its edge away,  
It grows, but never less :  
Which by effects may be perceiv'd,  
For since I first was fir'd,  
No other happiness I crav'd,  
Than do as you desir'd :

My chiefest grace,  
I there did place, 620  
Held that my high'st content,  
Gladdest did pass  
The time that was  
In loving service spent."

XL

"Dost think I doubt" (the Prince  
replies ;)

Meanwhile looks babies in her eyes,  
And dallies with delight ;  
Kind kisses on her fairest face,  
With soft impressions he doth place,  
Her lips have no respite ; 630  
Her pretty parly so doth please,  
Her lips so sweetly taste :  
He doubts, which rather he had leese,  
Both are to be embrac'd.

He bids her say,  
Yet still doth stay  
With kissing her discourse,  
Whilst from her lips  
He nectar sips,  
As from celestial source. 640

XLI

"Speak, love" (he said) ; then she  
proceeds,

"If favour so affect my deeds,  
As deem them of desert,  
I'll boldly beg, but such a suit,  
As kindness cannot so confute,  
But I shall ease my heart,  
Since fate from fairest *Philomel*  
(With that she deeply sigh'd)  
And destinies have doom'd me dwell,  
To make the loss more light, 650

## Patrick Hannay

Suffer me, sweet,  
 (If you think meet)  
 I may myself go see,  
 Or else devise,  
 Some other wise,  
 That she may come to me.

XLII

The goodliest gift that thou canst  
 give,

I for this grant with liking leave,

It seems to me the best :

Promise *Pandion* swift return, 660

Whose aged eyes will overrun,

At this unlook'd request."

Thus having said with kind embrace,

Him in her arms she clings,

With soaking tears bedews his face,

Forc'd from her sunny springs :

She doth attend,

How he will end,

To do, or to deny :

With speaking signs, 670

She him entwines,

Who makes her this reply :

XLIII

"What, is this all? sweet, sue for  
 more,

Thou seem'st a niggard of my store,

Out of my kingdom cull :

And eke unto thy late request

Seek more, so more I shall be  
 blest,

By being bountiful."

She only this : He more would add

If he knew fit propine : 680

It seems so slender he is sad,

None dearer can divine.

Thus they do prove,

Which most should love,

That only was their strife,

Which breeds no wars,

Nor jealous jans,

'Twixt happy man and wife.

XLIV

Then did he haste him to the sea,

That she might wit how willingly

He granted her desire. 691

I leave the piteous plaints to tell,

That passion pour'd at this fare-  
 well ;

( 630 )

*Progne* did nigh expire.  
 Nor was this forc'd affection, feign'd  
 To move a more belief  
 Of sincere love, the tears that rain'd  
 Sprung from an inward grief :

Let *Ariost*

His foul-mouth'd host 700

Of *Iocund's* parting prate :

Whose wife did swound,

But of that wound

A groom the grief did bate.

XLV

This was not such, but as the  
 show,

Such was the substance of the woe,

Which thus their souls possest.

For she like lonely dove doth lan-  
 guish ;

He goes with grief where bitter  
 anguish

Bides in his boiling breast. 710

At last *Pireus'* port he spies :

The sailors raise a song,

The country, wakened with their  
 cries,

Unto the shore do throng :

They feed their sight

With sweet delight

Of this unlook'd for guest ;

They thrust him so,

He scarce can go,

Rude people so him prest. 720

XLVI

*Pandion's* state the street refrains,

Yet at the gate him entertains,

And lovingly embrac'd.

The right hand friendship's firmest  
 pledge,

They mutually for love engage,

(Yet no good signs it grac'd :) )

Without inquiry he doth tell

The cause why he doth come,

Is for his sister *Philomel*,

(Fresh beauty's budding bloom :) )

The presage bad,

His speech then had,

My future ill divin'd :

It lowring brake,

That day of wrack,

Which dismal deadly shin'd.

731



# Philomela

## XLVII

The glad congratulation past,  
He goes on with his Heart's behest,  
Which had him thither brought.

He tells how pleasing *Progne* pines,  
Her mirth with melancholy dwines,  
In solitary thought. 742

He tells how for her *Philomel*,  
*Progne* did pensive long :  
All her discourse on her doth dwell,  
She wholly hath her tongue :

He doth request,  
With speeches best,  
And aptest to persuade :  
As yet the end 750  
To nought did tend,  
But his love's life to glad.

## XLVIII

Straight he doth after me inquire,  
Who him to see had like desire,  
I to his presence rush'd.

He at my sight amazèd grew,  
He staid astonish'd at my view,  
(My face such fairness flush'd)  
Our salutations had no touch  
Of complimenting strains : 760  
*Light love is lavish where it's much,*  
*From flattery it refrains :*

He kist, embrac't,  
About my waist  
His winding arms he wrung :  
I did him meet  
With love as great,  
And to his body clung.

## XLIX

My goodly garment all of gold,  
His griping made his eyes behold, 770  
And note more narrowly :

For though my robe itself were rich,  
Musing *Minerva's* stately stitch  
It more did beautify.

She had made it the masterpiece  
Of all her studious store.

Art, Art itself to pass did press,  
Her cunning to decore.  
Reviewing still,  
Deeming all ill 780

(Though well) if skill could better,

So jealousy

The slyest spy,  
To needless work did set her.

## L

There was *Apollo* in a chair  
Of burnish'd gold, his flame-like hair  
Against that brightness beam'd,  
An ivory harp with silver strings,  
With trembling touch which lightly  
rings,

Did sound or sounding seem'd. 790  
With leafy laurel he was crown'd,  
And canopied o'erhead,  
Wherein chaste *Daphne* lately wound,  
Did quiver yet for dread.

The slender flim,  
Which hid each limb,  
So offer'd to the eye ;  
And was so wrought,  
You would have thought  
It to be maid and tree. 800

## LI

Her leafy top (late hair) did shade  
The welkin, part it twilight made,  
And part a mirthful morn,  
For lower was an azur'd sky,  
Where eastern beams did beautify  
Half, half the stars adorn.

Among the slender boughs some birds  
Their list'ning ears incline,  
Others hover about in herds,  
To hear these dits divine : 810  
Some's swelling breast

The joy exprest,  
To hear how they did earn :  
Some's opening bill  
Bewray'd the will  
These wantons had to learn.

## LII

A little lower from this state,  
Where Prince *Apollo* proudly sate,  
With brightness overblown :  
The merry Muses rang'd in ranks, 820  
Were seated on the sunny banks,  
With favour sweets o'ergrown :  
While one doth tune her lute, or voice,  
One notes, one time doth measure.  
A silent sound, an unheard noise

795 Note 'flim' for 'film.'

813 'earn' = 'yearn.'



## Patrick Hannay

Doth take the sight with pleasure.  
 Some garments grave  
 Others did have,  
 Some light, some long, some short,  
 Some chaplets wore, 830  
 And some forbore,  
 Some mus'd, and some made sport.

LIII

Nearer the border one might see  
*Orpheus* and *Eurydice*,  
 Returning from the dead ;  
 He play'd, and with swift pace did  
 haste,  
 Longing till she our air should taste,  
 Whom he to light did lead :  
 But whether a desire of sight,  
 Or fear she did not follow, 840  
 Made him look back, his dear de-  
 light

The opening earth did swallow :  
 He quickly snatch'd,  
 And would have catch'd,  
 But when it prov'd in vain,  
 Her look did shriek,  
 And in his cheek,  
 Pale grief was pictur'd plain.

LIV

A sea circled the lowest seam,  
 With welling waves, and of that  
 stream 850

The people pastime take :  
 Fearful on fish *Arion* sits,  
 He seeming seiz'd with quaking fits,  
 Did mournful music make.  
 The *Dolphins* dance now up, now  
 down,

And as much pleasure have,  
 As he hath pain, for fear to drown,  
 He sings his life to save,  
 His hands scarce hold  
 (With fear and cold 860  
 Benumb'd) his instrument ;

The swelling wave  
 The motion gave,  
 The saving sound that lent,

LV

This gorgeous garment large and  
 wide,

Before was with a button tied,  
 And careless hung about :  
 My forepart was of purest lawn,  
 Whereon the fairest flowers were  
 drawn,

That Nature e'er brought out : 870  
 Their roots a seeming earth did  
 hide,

Clad in a grassy green ;  
 The stalk stood out, as if beside  
 The ground a growing sien :  
 Some thought a scent  
 Out from them went ;

(So wrought they on conceit,)  
 One maketh faith,  
 He tasted hath

Some leaf that fell of late. 880

LVI

Thus was I cloth'd. My breast was  
 bare,  
 Never till then was white so fair,  
 Which made the world profane,  
 And dare the mighty gods upbraid,  
 That they such pureness never  
 made,

Nor could to such attain.  
 Whereat the gods incens'd grew,  
 And did together 'gree,  
 Even with a curse their skill to  
 show,

Blaming world's-blasphemy. 890  
 No year doth fail  
 But snow or hail,  
 Since candies o'er the earth,  
 Whose joy doth vanish,  
 For it doth banish  
 The beauty of its birth.

LVII

Yet he had not well view'd my  
 face,  
 Which beauty-bringing years did  
 grace

With rays of most respect :  
 The buds he left so fair had  
 flourish'd, 900  
 So kindly Nature had them nour-  
 ish'd,

As he did not expect.

874 sien] Is this = 'scion,' a word of many spellings? Or should it be 'agrowing  
 seen'?

# Philomela

The infant lustre lightly laid,  
 Was curiously o'errun,  
 And careful Nature perfect made  
 Her beauty-board begun :  
 Each lineament  
 She did acquaint  
 With a proportion due,  
 And every limb, 910  
 Fashion'd so trim,  
 Was hid in heavenly hue.

## LVIII

The favour of my face was such,  
 That beauty else, though ne'er so  
 much,  
 (If that I came in place)  
 Was but a foil to make mine fairer,  
 That fairness made mine seem the  
 rarer,  
 That glory gave mine grace.  
 As former eye-contenting flowers  
 Lose lustre by the Rose, 920  
 As *Phoebe's* glore eclipsèd lowers,  
 When *Sol* his sight out-throws :  
 Even so did mine  
 Others outshine,  
 Though fair in their degree ;  
 The looks they lost,  
 Which more them boast,  
 If parallel'd with me.

## LIX

Some would say *Venus*, when at  
 rarest,  
 And fancied most for to be fairest,  
 (With *Adon* hot in love) 931  
 Look'd like me, but that I more  
 chaste,  
 Look'd constant, she did care to  
 cast  
 Such looks as lust could move.  
 Others would say such *Dian's* look  
 (But more to wrath inclin'd)  
 When hapless (bathing in a brook)  
*Acteon* did her find.  
 Of goddesses  
 They did express 940  
 The goodly gifts by mine,

Not mine by theirs,  
 Their doom declares  
 They deem'd me more divine.

## LX

These, these the tyrant so admir'd,  
 As with their sight his heart was fir'd  
 With more then lawful love :  
 He now thinks *Progne's* parts were  
 poor :  
 He wonders how they could allure,  
 Or his affection move. 950  
 He wishes now he were unwed,  
 So I would hear him woo.  
 He sighs, he with my sister sped,  
 Or had with her to do :  
 As parchèd hay,  
 Whereto we lay  
 Quick fire, takes sudden flame,  
 So burn'd his heart  
 With every dart  
 That light-like from me came. 960

## LXI

He's so enrag'd, he would not spare  
 To tempt my fellows' faithful care,  
 (If that could do the deed)  
 My Nurse's faith, nay e'en myself  
 He would seduce with precious pelf,  
 If so he could come speed ;  
 He cares not for the Kingdom's broil  
 To take me thence perforce,  
 And to maintain his ravish'd spoil  
 By slaughter'd souls' divorce : 970  
 His reainless love  
 So much doth move,  
 What is it but he dares ?  
 Nor can his breast  
 Those flames invest  
 Which provoke his cares.

## LXII

Nor can he now delay endure,  
 He thinks with cunning to procure,  
 Doth *Progne's* suit renew ;  
 He makes it cloak his damn'd  
 desire, 980  
 When more then right he did require,  
 So *Progne* did pursue,

905 Orig. 'perfit.' The odd phrase 'beauty-board' in the next line must be derived from the practice of painting portraits on panel, unless it means 'palette.'

921 The form 'glore,' with 'glory' just before, is interesting as showing the tyranny of strict syllabic scansion. It recurs below.

# Patrick Hannay

He would affirm his tongue did  
glose,  
(*Lovers are eloquent*)  
E'en moving tears his cheeks  
o'erflows,  
(As if those *Progne* sent)  
How human minds,  
Oft error blinds,  
He's thought to be sincere,  
His wickedness 990  
We kindness guess,  
Which doth him more endear.

## LXIII

Behold, I for the same do sue,  
About my father's neck I threw  
My arms, and him embrace,  
I maiden kisses intermixed,  
He notes them, for his eye is fixed  
Still on my firing face :  
Each kiss he (covetous) did crave,  
He wished he were my sire, 1000  
I to him sought, each gesture gave  
Good to his fond desire.  
My sire at last,  
By our request,  
Against his will is won :  
Having obtain'd,  
I good had gain'd  
Did deem, but was undone.

## LXIV

Now *Phoebus'* steeds so swift had run,  
His daily course was almost done,  
The height they passèd have ; 1011  
And now the steepy sky they beat  
With angry hoofs, to cool their heat,  
Hasting in western wave.  
On table kingly cates were plac'd  
For to content the taste,  
Blithe *Bacchus'* golden goblets grac'd.  
After this rich repast,  
To quiet rest  
Each him address, 1020  
But *Tereus'* tiring care  
Lets silken sleep  
On him to creep,  
His woes so wakerife are.

## LXV

The true Idea of each part  
He saw, was seated in his heart :  
What was hid from the sight,  
He fains it such as he would have it,  
And better then sight could conceiv  
ceive it,  
More delicate delight ; 1030  
He thinks he sees face, feature,  
gait,  
And doth survey each limb,  
So apprehensive quick conceit  
Did represent to him.  
The night was worn,  
A weeping morn  
Usher'd the doleful day,  
When hast'ning Fate,  
Full of deceit,  
Permits no longer stay. 1040

## LXVI

*Pandion* then with gushing eyes,  
Where gorged grief a-bathing lies,  
Me to him thus betakes :  
" This jewel, (dearest son) this pearl,  
My last, most lov'd, my dearest  
girl,  
(His hand then shivering shakes)  
I give thee, and thy faith conjure  
By all the gods above,  
To guard, her safety to assure  
With a paternal love : 1050  
Let knownen bed  
Which you have had,  
In firmness keep your faith,  
And bear in mind  
What *Progne* kind  
With me committed hath.

## LXVII

And darling, now my sweetest stay,  
My age's hope, that from decay  
Detains these turning hairs,  
Whose presence doth me primely  
nourish, 1060  
Whose sight yet makes this face to  
flourish,  
And curbs my coming cares :

1021 Orig. 'tiring-care,' but these unnecessary hyphens were then frequent. One suspects 'tyrant.'

1022 'Lets' of course = 'prevents,' not 'allows.'

1056 'me' = 'thee.'



# Philomela

Sweet *Philomel*, I thee beseech  
 Thou wouldst with speed return :  
 While thou art absent, I must teach  
   These moist'ned eyes to mourn.  
   Though loath to want,  
   Three months I grant,  
 (So long to stay you have)  
   One day behind 1070  
   That time assign'd,  
 Will bring me to my grave."

## LXVIII

Thus speaks he with tear-dropping  
   eyes,  
 Drownèd in his brain-breeding seas,  
   Which doth his sorrow tell.  
 I seem to go and oft turn back,  
 And slender slips excuses make  
   To take a fresh farewell.  
 Such was kind *Ovid's* ling'ring leave  
   Departing from his wife, 1080  
 And so did *Cleopatra* grieve,  
   Pity produc'd like strife,  
   "*Caesario* go,  
   O do not, no,  
 Fly from *Augustus'* snare ;  
   Nay, stay a while,  
   Fortune may smile,  
 Yet go, it's best beware."

## LXIX

So far'd it here, so we entreat,  
 Kiss'd, amongst kisses still we wet  
   Our cheeks with mixèd tears : 1091  
 To firm our faith he takes our hands,  
 Joins them, and mute amazèd stands,  
   Full fraught with future fears.  
 "At last, *Jove* witness this (he says)  
   And punish those offend,  
 And, daughter, do not use delays,  
   To *Progne* me commend" :  
   Scarce speaks he more,  
   He faints so sore, 1100  
 As if his spirits were past,  
   Yet bids farewell,  
   Which seems to tell,  
 (With staying) 'twas the last.

## LXX

The night which did this day pre-  
   cede,  
 Did wrap itself in mourning weed  
   Of saddest sable hue,  
 Such pitchy clouds were interpos'd,  
*Phoebe* was hid, small stars were los'd,  
   Their splendour none did view.  
 At day *Aurora's* eyes so wept 1111  
   As drunk each hill and dale,  
 As if for *Memnon* now she kept  
   The sad fresh funeral.  
   Her eyes did soak  
   The parchèd cloak  
 Which *Tellus* then had on,  
   The grass outsprung  
   From clay was clung,  
 At fall of *Phaeton*. 1120

## LXXI

Thus parted, we unto the sea,  
 Our canvas wings we do display  
   Against the growing gale,  
 Which there resistance takes in  
   scorn,  
 Whereby the bulk is forward borne  
   By proudly swelling sail.  
 Though wat'ry hills were interpos'd,  
   Yet followed he with sight,  
 Till his dim dazzled eyes were  
   clos'd,  
 'Fore their time bringing night :  
   Returning then 1131  
   He doth complain  
 His late receivèd loss,  
   As mounting waves,  
   And falling graves,  
 With stubborn billows toss.

## LXXII

Now *Tereus* can no more contain  
 His (yet hid) joy, it is so main,  
   Which vaunting voice doth vent.  
 "The day is ours, the prize is won,  
 My love whose light obscures the  
   Sun, 1141  
 Whose beams breed more content,

1066 moist'ned] It is perhaps worth noticing, once for all, that seventeenth-century printers seem to have preferred the apostrophe for the first *e* in such forms as this 'threat'ned,' &c. Modern practice, not perhaps with much reason, seems to incline the other way.



# Patrick Hannay

Goes with me : hath hersorrowing sire  
 (Who did her so much tender)  
 Twin'd with her ? or drunk with  
 desire,

Do I dream he doth send her ?

Rouse, rouse you spirits,

Conceited sweets

Of a fantastic love

No power have 1150

So to bereave,

Nor can such pleasure move."

LXXIII

Thus says he ; nor doth turn aside  
 His eyes from me, which still do  
 bide

Beholding with delight :

As Adamant the Iron draws

By Nature's close compelling laws,

So did I draw his sight :

Look as the Eagle sharp doth pry

Upon his panting prey, 1160

Which in his cruel claws doth lie

Hopeless to scape away :

So he beheld,

So I compell'd

Was for to wait his will,

Whom yet in mind

I counted kind,

Not conscious of ill.

LXXIV

Our fleeing sails had made such haste,

That now the tedious travel's past,

The toiling sea brings forth : 1171

We touch upon the tyrant's coast,

Where hapless I, alas ! was lost,

And left of little worth.

To shore the tired troops do hie,

Refreshment there to find :

The anchor'd bulk lies at a bay,

With sail strook from the wind.

All do rejoice,

With cheerful voice, 1180

Their gesture shows they're glad,

They think them blest,

That with such haste

They happy voyage made.

LXXV

A winter-wasted aged wood

Near to the landing-place there stood,

Spoilèd (with length of years)

Of beauty, no buds it had borne

For many springs, the wet had worn

The trunk with tempest-tears : 1190

The barkless boughs spreading

abroad,

Unto the grassy ground

Yielded no shade, with leafy load

The branches were not crown'd.

Whereby the heat

So sore did beat

From *Phoebus'* fiery face :

*Flora* for fear

Durst not draw near

To beautify that place. 1200

LXXVI

The winding ivy with soft moss

The bodies bound, and did emboss

The rent and ragged rind,

They wrap with warmth to restore

Decayèd age, and to decore

Time's ruins, 'bout them wind :

It seem'd sad Desolation's seat

Far sever'd from resort,

Where nought did grow was good of

late

For profit or for sport. 1210

No harmony

From tree or sky

The birds made, all was sad :

The bad aspect,

Show'd the neglect

That nature thereof had.

LXXVII

Obscure bushes of fur and fern,

Confus'dly mixt, where robbers learn

For to entrap the prey, 1219

Were rudely rangèd here and there,

Woven with brier and bramble bare,

Which close together lay ;

A place most fit for such a fact,

For such a damn'd despite,

Where Mischief meant his part to act,

1145 'Twin'd' = 'twinned,' 'separated' or 'parted.'

1147 Note 'spirit,' not only = 'sprite,' but = 'spret.'

1177 'Bulk' and 'hulk' are often interchanged at this time.

1217 'fur[ze]' ?

# Philomela

And hide it from the sight.  
*The most obdur'd,*  
*Would be obscur'd,*  
*When they commit a crime :*  
*Sin is so sham'd,* 1230  
*Lest it be blam'd,*  
*It seeks out place and time.*

LXXVIII

Thither he hales me, I did quake,  
 My heart did faint, my limbs did  
 shake,  
 I doubted and grew pale :  
 I for my sister ask'd with tears,  
 Not daring to confess my fears ;  
 Yet that did not avail :  
 He did confess his foul intent,  
 Me to the ground he flung, 1240  
 His late-lov'd hair he rudely rent,  
 And careless from me wrung.  
 I call'd amain,  
 But all in vain,  
 On sister and on sire,  
 On gods above,  
 But could not move  
 Them mitigate his ire.

LXXIX

He forc'd me, O how I did tremble !  
 Grief seem'd to kill, but did dis-  
 semble, 1250  
 And would not prove so kind :  
 O had I then given up the ghost,  
 Before my virgin gem was lost,  
 As spotless as my mind ;  
 Then had my body without stain,  
 In sweet Elysian shade,  
 With the untainted virgin-train,  
 A merry mansion had,  
 Where now, alas !  
 It hath no place, 1260  
 Free from tormenting thought,  
 Of that forc'd ill,  
 Which 'gainst my will  
 On woful me was wrought.

LXXX

The harmless unsuspecting lamb,  
 Torn from the teats of fearful dam,  
 By hungry wolves' surprise ;

Pursu'd by mast'ring mastiff fast,  
 The robber leaves his prey for haste,  
 Which much amazèd lies, 1270  
 Still doubting if it be redeem'd  
 From such a deep distress,  
 So fainting I confounded seem'd,  
 My fear was nothing less :  
 Fraught with despair,  
 I did not care  
 What mischief might betide ;  
 As in a trance,  
 Forsook of sense,  
 I for a time did bide. 1280

LXXXI

When to myself I did return,  
 My heart did heave, my cheeks did  
 burn,  
 My breast I boldly beat ;  
 Rap'd with revenge I did not spare,  
 As cause, (though guiltless) face and  
 hair,  
 So lovely look'd of late,  
 From eye no tear, from tongue no  
 words  
 My passion did permit.  
*The grief that such relief affords,*  
*Is soon freed from his fit :* 1290  
 With sighs and sobs,  
 And thrilling throbs,  
 My body did rebound.  
 Mine eye him blam'd,  
 Then straight asham'd,  
 It stares upon the ground.

LXXXII

But when as greater grief gave  
 place,  
 Swift trickling tears did other trace,  
 My glowing cheeks bedew'd :  
 Abortive words for birthright  
 long'd, 1300  
 Each pressing first, his fellow  
 throng'd,  
 And hastily pursu'd.  
 As respite gave me further leave,  
 I rat'd him in my rage,  
 Thinking I gain'd if he did grieve,  
 My sorrow to assuage.

1233 Orig. 'hails.'

1284 'Rap'd,' though not certainly, probably = 'rapt,' 'distracted.'

1300 Orig. 'Obortive.'

# Patrick Hannay

*So raging spite  
Doth take delight,  
(Though thereby not reliev'd)  
To vex the heart 1310  
Procur'd its smart,  
And gloses to see it griev'd.*

LXXXIII

"O perjur'd, cursèd, cruel wretch,  
To such a wickedness to stretch,  
Respectless of the gods :  
Thou blinded canst them not espy,  
Yet doubtless they do draw thee  
nigh,

With new revenging rods.  
Could not *Pandion's* prayers move  
Thee keep thy promise past, 1320  
Nor *Progne's* charge? must marriage prove

Thee base, which should make  
blest?

A maid to stain,

A bed profane

With an incestuous lust,

Me to deflore,

My sister's whore,

What can be more unjust !

LXXXIV

If there be gods, they'll be reveng'd ;

If not, even I (as far estrang'd 1330

From shame, as thou from grace)

This heinous action shall proclaim,

Notorious shall be thy name,

Hateful in every place.

If here detain'd, with mirthless  
moans

The mountains I'll acquaint :

My cries shall cause the trees and  
stones

To pity my complaint :

To heaven I vow

I shall strive how 1340

To taint him me betray'd ;

The world shall know

I was not slow

To wreck a wrongèd maid."

LXXXV

These words the monster so com-  
mov'd,

He hates her now he lately lov'd,  
For sin hath this farewell ;  
It relish'd, straight a loathing breeds,  
A minute's pleasure pain succeeds  
That lastingly doth dwell. 1350  
Though Conscience he cannot calm,  
Which restless now is rent ;  
Whose sore to salve he knows no  
balm,

Yet seeks he to prevent,

Lest I to Fame

Should blaze his shame,

He minds with more mischief

Still to go on,

Regardless grown,

So name may find relief. 1360

LXXXVI

Thus arm'd with hate my hands he  
bound

Behind my back, my hair he wound

About a stubborn tree,

He drew his sword, I hopèd death,

Detesting a distainèd breath,

My soul I sought to free :

Yet he proves not so pitiful,

But to be out of doubt

That I should blab, his pinchers pull

My tongue with torment out :

Thus joy-bereft, 1371

No comfort left,

He loos'd and left alone

To tigers wild,

Then he more mild,

With worthless speech to moan.

LXXXVII

Then to my sister he returns,

She asks for me, therewith he mourns,

Sighs, sorrow suits his face.

He feigns my funeral, which drew

The tears, which made his tale seem

true, 1381

None doubting my disgrace.

*Progne* her precious garments gay,

That daintily did deck

Her joyful, now she lays away,

And d'ons the mournful black :

A sable veil

To ground did trail,

1380 Orig. 'fains.'



# Philomela

A tomb for me did make,  
 There incense burns, 1390  
 And for me mourns,  
 That needed no such wake.

LXXXVIII

His flaming chariot 'bout the world,  
 Posting through signs the Sun had  
 hurl'd

And yearly course dispatch'd  
 While there I stay'd. No hope of  
 flight,

My careful keeper day and night  
 So warily me watch'd ;  
 I dumb could not the cause delate  
 Of this my strict restraint ; 1400

*But subtle wit on woe doth wait,  
 Cunning's to caitifs lent :*

I cast about  
 How to bring out  
 His lewdness to the light ;  
 Which while I mind,  
 Occasion kind  
 Doth offer to the sight.

LXXXIX

The blissless briers the coat had torn  
 The fleecy flock had lately worn,  
 And still retain'd that spoil : 1411  
 Of party-coloured wool there was  
 Store sticking on the stalks, on grass  
 Some lay, some on the soil :

A web I wrought of colour white,  
 Letters with blood distain'd  
 I interweav'd, which his despite,  
 And my care's cause contain'd.

Thus brought to end,  
 By signs I send 1420  
 Unto my sister-Queen ;  
 Nor did he know  
 To her did go,  
 What these mixt marks did mean.

XC

This petty present she o'erviews,  
 And narrowly doth note the hues,  
 As she doth it unfold.  
 These careful characters express'd,  
 How doleful I was so distress'd,

She blush'd for to behold, 1430  
 O'er her proud cheek no tear  
 distill'd,

No bitter word brake out,  
 With vengeance and with hate she  
 fill'd,

Like fury flies about :  
 She meditates  
 To move the Fates

To further her intent :  
 To take revenge

By means most strange,  
 Her mind is fully bent. 1440

XCI

The hellish hags, hatchers of ill,  
 That can seduce a doubtful will,  
 Finding her thus inclin'd,  
 Rejoic'd, and with the Furies join'd  
 To mould a mischief yet uncoin'd,  
 So to content her mind.

The crime (admitting no excuse)

These imps do aggravate,  
 They malice in the mind infuse  
 That is at height of hate ; 1450

Thus do these elves  
 Busy themselves  
 To banish from the mind  
 Pity that pleads  
 For the misdeeds  
 Of a dear friend unkind.

XCII

Thousand ideas in her brain  
 They stamp of distinct sorts of pain,  
 To punish each doth press.  
 She's loath the least of them should  
 perish, 1460

Pitiless passion doth them cherish,  
 Till grown to excess  
 They long for birth, the time in-  
 vites,

Swoll'n *Bacchus'* feast drew near,  
 Which *Thracian* dames with solemn  
 rites

Should celebrate that year.  
 Both old and young,  
 In confus'd throng,

1419 One feels rather inclined to read 'This' : but Hannay is so fond of elliptic constructions that 'Thus,' with 'it' remembered after 'send,' is possible.

1462 Till] 'Until' or 'unto' probably written.



# Patrick Hannay

Do raving run about ;  
 Like beldams mad 1470  
 That day they gad,  
 No danger then they doubt.

XCIII

When *Phoebus'* fiery Car withdrew,  
 The Queen with a selected crew  
 Her princely palace left :  
 The sounding brass so beat the walls,  
 Glib Echo answering the calls,  
 The crystal covering cleft.

A hair-lace of a leafy vine,  
 About her temples twin'd, 1480

A hart's hide was her habit fine,  
 Which 'bout her she did bind,  
 A small short spear  
 Her shoulders bear :

Thus arm'd away she hies  
 To search the wood,  
 Rites of that god

She counterfeits with cries.

XCIV

She with disordered fury roves  
 Through coverts, dens, and shady  
 groves, 1490

With whoops and hollows loud.  
 "So ho!" she sounds: ascarce-pac'd-  
 path

Her prying eye discovered hath,  
 Which seem'd as stain'd with  
 blood :

Her mind that mus'd on my mis-  
 chance,

Seeing the withered knops  
 Of parch'd grass, her sudden glance  
 Doth deem them bloody drops.

*What first the brain*

*Doth entertain,* 1500

*There such impression takes,*

*That oft the sight*

*It changeth quite,*

*And false resemblance makes.*

XCV

So was 't with her, which makes her  
 more

Long for revenge then theretofore,

She hastes, she thinks she hears

My woful plaint, she presseth on,

My prison door, a moss-grown stone,

She breaks, and bushes tears ; 1510

She takes me out, she hides my face

With blooming heather sweet :

She doth with *Bacchus'* livery grace

Me, as the time was meet :

She leads me home,

Where when I come,

My panting breast bewray'd

That my poor heart

With bitter smart

And sorrow was assay'd. 1520

XCVI

She having found a fitting place

To vent her woe, unveils my face,

Off *Bacchus'* tokens takes ;

She stares on me, I on the ground,

A guiltless shame did me confound,

My face aflame it makes :

With scalding tears she strives to  
 stench

The fervour of my face,

Yet could not her eye-conduits  
 quench

My fires, fed by disgrace. 1530

If I had had

A tongue to plead,

I had apologiz'd,

And sworn, constrain'd

I had been stain'd,

She 'gainst my will displeas'd.

XCVII

My eloquence did so prevail,

Which in sad silence told my tale,

It deep impression took :

She reads the story in my face 1540

Of her wrong, and of my disgrace,

Pointed with pity's look.

My tears that trickled down amain

She blames, "That's not the way

(Says she in anger and disdain)

My fury to allay :

It's fire and sword

Must means afford,

To take a sharp revenge ;

Or if aught else 1550

Their force excels

In torment ne'er so strange."

1478 'Crystal covering,' strictly the crystalline sphere of Ptolemaic astronomy : but of course here used loosely for 'welkin' or 'heaven' generally.

# Philomela

## xcviii

While thus she speaks, her pretty  
child

*Itys* came, whom with looks unmild  
She eyes: "How like his sire  
He looks!" (her heart could not  
afford

Her woe-tied tongue another word,  
Swelling with inward ire)  
Yet comes he nigh, and 'bout her  
neck

He winds his wanton arms, 1560  
He toys, he kisses, wrath doth check  
His childish snaring charms,  
Against her will  
Her eyes distil,  
She (mov'd with pity) mourn'd,  
But when on me  
She set her eye,  
Her tears to traitors turn'd.

## xcix

"See I my sister thus defil'd?  
And toy I with the traitor's child?  
Doth he with prating sport, 1571  
And sits she silent? calls he dame,  
And cannot she her sister name,  
Distress'd in such sort?

First let him die; I gave him breath,  
And what hath he deserv'd?  
His sire gave what is worse than death,  
Should his seed be preserv'd?

What, shall she grieve?  
And shall he live 1580  
Still to upbraid our shame?  
I'll not dispense  
With such offence  
For a kind mother's name."

## c

Thus reason'd she, thus wrath pre-  
vail'd,

A parent's part in pity fail'd,  
Sister she prov'd too dear,  
Rudely the tender boy she hales,  
Who flatteringly, *kind mother* calls,  
Her fury made him fear: 1590  
Remorse and pity from her fled,

Fell fury took the place;  
She in his bosom bath'd a blade,  
As he would her embrace;

Nor so content,  
She cut, and rent  
Him piece-meal, part she boils,  
Some part she roasts,  
And thereof boasts,  
Blithe of her proper spoils. 1600

## ci

She hereof makes a dainty feast  
For him that it suspected least;  
Her husband she invites,  
Feigning the custom did permit  
But one man at the most, to sit  
At *Bacchus'* bless'd rites:  
He set in state, that food before  
Him plac'd, thereon he feeds,  
Too dear a dish he doth devour,  
Yet nothing thereof dreads: 1610  
He says "Bring here  
My darling dear,

*Itys* my lov'd lad:"  
*Progne* could nought  
More hide her thought,  
Revenge made her so glad.

## cii

"Thou seest him" (says she);  
"Where?" (he said).

I that no more could hide his head  
Which quietly I kept, 1619  
As it was stain'd with bark'ned blood,  
Did hurl at him; as he were wood,  
He from the table leapt;  
He wails, he weeps, he mad doth  
run,

Full fraught with fury's fits,  
"My infant's herse, his tomb, un-  
done

I am, bereft of wits,"  
(He said). O'erjoy'd  
To see him 'noy'd  
We were; Revenge did smile,  
With naked blade 1630  
He doth invade  
Us, authors of this guile.

1606 bless'd] Orig. 'blissed.'

1607 'set' is participial, as is 'plac'd.' Hannay likes these absolute combinations.

1620 bark'ned] 'clotted': cf. Scott's *Guy Mannering*, where Dandie Dinmont uses it. It is Northern English, and not merely Scots.

# Patrick Hannay

## CIII

He eagerly doth us pursue  
 So swift, as featherèd we flew,  
 Thereto enforc'd by fear,  
 Soft pens sprout out, our arms turn  
     wings,  
 New shapewe take, (who'll trust such  
     things ?)  
 Soft plumes our bodies bear :  
 We become birds, *Progne* to town  
     Doth take a sudden flight, 1640  
 I wand'ring to the woods did bowne  
     To wail my woes by night :  
     Some bloody stain  
     We still retain,  
 The mark of that misdeed,  
     Such crimson taint  
     Our feathers paint,  
 As they seem still to bleed.

## CIV

Nor he who us pursu'd doth 'scape  
 For his foul fault, he loseth shape,  
     He to a Tewghet turns ; 1651  
 His blade is turn'd into a bill  
 To exercise his angry will :  
     His voice still sadly mourns,  
 'Cause once a King, a crown-like crest

He bravely yet doth bear ;  
 His issue hatch'd, away do haste,  
 Their father they do fear.

*Pandion* heard

These news and barr'd 1660  
 All comfort, fed on care,  
     Before his day  
     Grief made a way  
 To death, by dire despair.'

## CV

So far sweet *Philomela* sung,  
 But here sad sorrow staid her tongue,  
     Her throbbing breast did bound,  
 Whereby I well might guess her grief,  
 And 'cause I could not yield relief,  
     Her woe my heart did wound. 1670  
 Pity with passion so me pierc'd,  
     I press'd her how to please,  
 Her legend if it were rehears'd,  
     I deem'd would do her ease :  
     Not knowing well  
     How she could tell  
 Her tale so well agen,  
     Returning back  
     I was not slack,  
 Thus her complaint to pen. 1680

FINIS

1651 Tewghet, teuchit, &c. = 'peewit.' This seems to be pure Scots.



## SHERETINE AND MARIANA

To the truly Honourable and Noble Lady Lucy  
Countess of Bedford<sup>1</sup>

IT is a continued custom (Right honourable) that what passeth the Press, is Dedicated to some one of eminent quality: Worth of the personage to whom, or a private respect of the party by whom it is offered, being chief causes thereof, the one for protection and honour, the other for a thankful remembrance. Moved by both these, I present this small Poem (now exposed to public censure) to your Honour: first knowing the fore-placing of your Name (for true worth so deservedly well known to the world) will not only

be a defence against malignant carpers, but also an addition of grace. Secondly, the obligation of gratitude (whereby I am bound to your Ladyship's service) which cannot be cancelled, shall be hereby humbly acknowledged. If it please (that being the end of these endeavours) I have my desire. Deign to accept thereof (Madam) with a favourable aspect, whereby I shall be encouraged, and more strictly tied to remain

Ever your Honour's, in

all humble duty,

PATRICK HANNAY.

### A brief collection out of the Hungarian History for the better understanding of this ensuing poem

AFTER the loss of the battle of Mohacz, Lewis (the second of that name, King of Hungary and Bohemia) found dead in a rift of the earth half a mile above Mohacz; the Turk invests John Zappoly (chosen at Albe Regalis) King of Hungary. The Arch-Duke Ferdinand pretending to be heir of Ladislas, is elected King of Bohemia, and growing great thinks of the conquest of Hungary; alleging it did appertain to him by right of Prince Albert, and Anne his wife, sister to King Lewis: He gathering together a strong army, enters therewith into Hungary. King John unprovided of forces, retires to Transilvania: Ferdinand pursues and overthrows him: he flees towards Polonia, and Ferdinand is crowned King of Hungary. Jerome Lasky (a man of great power) receives John, and practiseth with the Turk for his restitution. Solymán undertakes his

defence, and brings him back. Many hostilities past twixt John and Ferdinand: Fortune now favouring the one, now the other; at last (wearied, and their forces weakened) they agreed: The conditions were, that John should enjoy all he then possessed during his natural life; and at his death it should descend to Ferdinand: John's children (if he left any) to be honourably maintained. Within short time after this agreement John dieth, leaving a son (named Stephen) of eleven days of age. Isabella (wife to John, and daughter to Sigismund King of Poland) together with a Friar named George (who had been a follower of John's fortunes) are left tutors to this young Prince. John dead, Ferdinand requires performance of the agreement; which (by the Friar's means) is denied. The Queen with her son and George retire to Buda, which Ferdinand (by his Lieutenant

<sup>1</sup> Lucy Harington, wife of the third earl, d. 1627, one of the most famous and favourite patronesses of men of letters in the first half of the seventeenth century.



## Patrick Hannay

Raccandolph) straitly besieges. Mahumet Basha succours the Queen, Solyman himself coming to Andriopolis. Mustapha Basha is sent into Transilvania against Malliat Ferdinand's Lieutenant there. Raccandolph is quite defeated at Buda by Mahumet, who takes Pesth and divers other fortresses.

Malliat hearing of this overthrow (and despairing of succours from Ferdinand) retires to Fogare, a strong Castle, which by a thousand assaults of the Turks could not be taken. He comes to a parly with Mustafa<sup>1</sup>, who sends into Fogare four principal Captaines of the Cavalry<sup>2</sup> as hostages; Malliat on this assurance coming forth is betrayed in a banquet, seized on as a prisoner, and sent to Constantinople, where he remained prisoner till his death. Solyman (having thus driven Ferdinand's forces out of Hungary) cometh to Buda, from whence he sends Isabel and her son with the Friar to govern Transilvania, depriving her of Hungary against his passed faith. The Friar (of an insolent and haughty spirit) governeth all in Transilvania as he listeth, little regarding the Queen: She (disdaining to be curbed by one risen from so mean a quality) complaineth to Soliman. The Friar (fearing the Turk's force) sendeth privately to Ferdinand, enticing him to a new attempt, promising him the aid of the Transilvanians, with divers fortresses. Ferdinand (glad of this offer) sends to his brother Charles the Fifth, then warring in Germany: He (jealous of Frederick Duke of Saxon, and Philip Landgrave of Hess, whom yet he detained prisoners) sends him only John Baptista Castalde to be his Lieutenant, who comes to Vienna for his instructions. With him came divers Gentlemen, amongst whom was John Sheretine, who there becomes enamoured of Mariana, daughter to Lazare Ardech, and is requited with like affection: friends willingly consent, and they are contracted. Castalde (with instructions) leaves Vienna, whom Sheretine (after a sad farewell of Mariana) doth accompany. While they are in journey to Hungary, Maximilian son to Ferdinand returns from

Spain, having wedded Mary, daughter to Charles the Fifth, in honour whereof divers triumphs are done. Nicholas Turian (a young Nobleman) coming with Maximilian to Vienna, and seeing Mariana, falls in love with her; by means of her father's kinsman (his entire friend) he comes acquainted with Mariana's parents: he sues for Mariana: Her parents better liking his present and better means than Sheretine's, (which most depended on hope) force her against her will and plighted faith, to wed Turian.

Castalde (come into Hungary) causeth Agria (a town of great importance, yet neither strong by site nor Art) to be strongly fortified, committing the charge thereof to Erasmus Tewfle. Castalde proceeds on his journey to Transilvania. Arriving at Tiss or Tibiscus, (a large and deep river, which taketh his beginning in Poland, at the foot of the hill Carpatus, and thwarteth Hungary towards the South till it fall in Danubius, between Belgrad and Cenedin, where it loseth the name. It is in some places eight miles broad, by reason of quagmires) and having passed the river, they marched in battle till they came to Debrezen: there he met with two of the greatest and richest Lords of Hungary, Andrew Buttor, and Thomas Nadasdy, who joined with him. By the way Dalmas, holding for the Queen, is besieged, and taken by John Baptista of Arco. The Queen hearing of Castalde his approach, calleth a Diet at Egneth, which (by the Friar's cunning) is dissolved without anything concluded. She retires with her son to Albeiuila with such force as she had. The Friar pursues her, and she fearing the weakness of the town, retires to Sassebess (a place by situation far stronger than Albeiuila:) George besiegeth Albeiuila. The Queen hearing of the approach of ten thousand Spaniards to his aid, seeks an accord, which George easily grants, knowing Castalde was not nigh. The Queen yields the Town on condition to have her movables saved. George consents thereto, not suffering one of his soldiers to enter, till her goods were brought

<sup>1</sup> The variation is orig.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'Cavallarie.'

## Sheretine and Mariana

out and carried to her. Castalde and George meet soon after at Egneth; they go to seek the Queen to Sassebess: there they sit in council: Castalde declares his charge: that the Queen should render the kingdom according to the former agreement made with her Husband John. He adds also, that the Infanta Joan (youngest daughter to Ferdinand, with 100,000 Crowns for a Dowry) should be given to her son Stephen in marriage: with other offers, all seeming good to that assembly. They send her that message by George; whereupon she (knowing the impossibility to keep it by force, being destitute of all aid) yields herself to Ferdinand. The Friar (fearing lest this agreement might eclipse his greatness) seeks to dissolve it; but she (jealous of his inconstancy and cunning, and not able longer to suffer his insolencies) accuseth him to Castalde; seeketh to confirm the agreement, and at a Diet held at Egneth in presence of her son and Nobility, delivers up the kingly Ornaments, which were a Crown of plates of gold mounting on high in form of a high-crowned hat, enriched with Pearl and stones, with a small golden Cross on the top, a Sceptre of Ivory, a Mantle of cloth of gold set with stones: a Gown and a pair of shoes of gold: The Friar would have had the Crown in keeping, which she with disdain denied him, saying, 'She would never consent that a Friar should be King of that king-

dom, whereof she dispossessed herself and son.' Then (with great effusion of tears) delivers Castalde the Crown; earnestly imploring Ferdinand's relief to her and her son (whose grief showed he disliked the surrender) considering they were sprung from a noble stock. The next day after she took her journey towards Cassovia with her sickly son, manifesting the great sorrow and discontent she felt to see herself deprived of her Kingdom; and by agreement to leave her own, which (in time) small help of friends could still have kept. At Cassovia she stays, with patience expecting a change of Fortune. At last is made Vayvod of Transalpinia, seeketh aid of the Turk. The Transilvanians (wearied with the Austrian oppression) practise her return. She coming, drives out Ferdinand's forces; is re-established, and rewardeth those who had still stuck to her. Castalde after receipt of the Crown diligently kept it. At last finding fit opportunity sends it to Ferdinand by John Alphonse Castalde Pescaire (his nephew) whom Sheretine (longing to see Mariana) accompanieth to Vienna; there seeing the inconstancy of Mariana (who had promised never to yield to any other) and the ill dealing of her parents, within short time he falleth sick with extreme sorrow, and dieth; whose death bringeth on their tragic ends, as in this Poem more at large doth appear.

### Canto I

#### THE ARGUMENT

Marian's Ghost her birth doth tell,  
How Sheretine her lov'd:  
And how requited; how both griev'd  
When he to war remov'd.

#### I

ONE evening 'twas when the declining Sun  
Wearied, gave place to the ensuing night:  
And silver *Phoebe* had her course begun

( 645 )

To cheer the world with her more feeble light:

To rest myself upon a bed I cast,  
Till gentle sleep seiz'd on me at the last.

#### II

As soon as sleep me wholly had possest,  
And bid sad cares a time for to depart,  
I thought to me a lovely maid address,

Whose sight might pierce the most  
obdurate heart : 10  
Soft was her gate, and heavy was  
her cheer,  
Ghostly, yet mild, her visage did  
appear.

III

Her golden tramels trailèd down  
her back,  
And in her hand a gory knife she bare :  
Down from her breast streamèd a  
bloody track ;  
A sable sarsenet was all that she ware,  
Thoro' which that blood appear'd,  
as I on lawn  
Have seen with crimson silk  
a currant drawn.

IV

Then gently did she by the hand  
me take,  
Saying, ' Fear not, with me vouch-  
safe to go, 20  
Even for thine only Saint fair *Coelia's*  
sake,  
Where thou shalt all my forepast  
fortunes know' :  
Then to a flow'ry green she forth  
me led,  
Which was in *Flora's* finest livery  
clad.

V

The Sun nor Moon there never  
show their face,  
Nor yet doth horrid darkness there  
appear ;  
Nor nights, nor days, nor seasons  
there take place,  
One night, one day, one season  
serves the year.  
Such light as when the early  
lark doth sing,  
Such season as 'twixt summer and  
the spring. 30

VI

Down by this field there runs a  
deep black lake,  
O'er which a ferry-man doth steer  
a boat  
So smear'd with blood, that doubt-  
ful it doth make,  
Or black or red, with gory pitchèd coat,  
With twisted long black hair, and  
blue lips side,  
Lamp-burning eyes, mare-brows  
and nostrils wide.

VII

To him there flock'd of every sort  
and fashion,  
Over that river waftage for to have ;  
But he devoid of all love and com-  
passion,  
Would none transport, but such as  
passport gave : 40  
Here would she fain have past,  
but back he held  
Her with his pole, and churlishly  
repell'd.

VIII

Then back she brought me to that  
flow'ry green,  
And set me down, then pitifully said,  
' Thou seest how fain I would trans-  
ported been ;  
But churlish *Charon* hath my pas-  
sage staid :  
Nor ere can I pass o'er this grisly  
lake,  
Unless thou deign pity on me to  
take.

IX

For still I'm stay'd till one do write  
my story,  
Whose infant Muse is by a maid  
inspir'd, 50  
To write her worth, and to set forth  
her glory,

13 'tramels' = 'chains,' or rather 'network' of hair.

23 flow'ry] Orig. 'floorie,' which might possibly, though not probably = 'level,' if it were not for stanza viii, where it is 'flowry.'

35 'side' in this engaging picture seems to have the old Scots sense of 'long,' 'trailing.'

36 'mare-brows' are penthouse-eyebrows.

49 I keep the variation of 'staid' and 'stay'd' in four lines only, for the moral.



Who for her parts deserves to be  
 admir'd ;  
 Such is thy fairest *Coelia*, such  
 the Muse  
 Which her rare beauty bred and  
 did infuse.

## X

By thy sweet *Coelia's* name I thee  
 conjure,  
 My rueful legend that thou wouldst  
 relate,  
 This may from her some pity thee  
 procure,  
 For as hers now, such once was my  
 estate :  
 I bid her say, and I would do  
 my best  
 To please my mistress, and procure  
 her rest. 60

## XI

Then thus. At *Vien* first I drew  
 my breath,  
 And at my birth I *Mariah* was nam'd,  
 I at *Vienna* gave myself my death,  
 For that alone not worthy to be  
 blam'd ;  
 My parents had not base, nor  
 noble blood,  
 But betwixt both in a mean  
 order stood.

## XII

At my wretch'd birth appear'd no  
 ominous star,  
 Which might my future misery  
 divine ;  
 None opposite, they all according  
 were  
 To show my rise, but not my sad  
 decline : 70  
 All did agree to grace my infant  
 years  
 With happiness, but drown mine  
 age in tears.

## XIII

Kind *Nature* freely her best gifts  
 bestow'd,  
 And all the *Graces* join'd to do me  
 grace :  
 In giving what they gave, they  
 nothing ow'd,

( 647 )

Which well to those appear'd, who  
 saw my face ;  
 There was no maid who durst  
 with me compare,  
 My beauty and my virtues were  
 so rare.

## XIV

My parents plac'd in me their whole  
 content,  
 I was their joy, they had no children  
 more, 80  
 Kin and acquaintance all of me  
 did vaunt,  
 And bragg'd to see my youth produce  
 such store  
 Of budding blossoms, fairest  
 fruit presaging,  
 All which were nipp'd by adverse  
 fortune's raging.

## XV

My parents' care was chiefly how to  
 train  
 Me up in virtue from my tender years,  
 They us'd all means, sparing nor  
 cost nor pain,  
 Nor day nor night, me to instruct  
 forbears,  
 So in short time my virtue had  
 such growth,  
 As age whiles brings, but is not  
 seen in youth. 90

## XVI

Like as the rising Sun with weaker  
 light,  
 Steals from the bed of bashful  
 blushing *Morn*,  
 Permitting freely to the feeblest sight  
 Him to behold, but such beams him  
 adorn  
 Mounting our height, as who him  
 then beholds,  
 Is blinded, with the brightness  
 him enfolds.

## XVII

So I an Infant at the first appearance,  
 With hop'd beauty did but weakly  
 shine ;  
 But as in years I further did ad-  
 vance,  
 Perfection's pencil so did me refine,



As my accomplish'd beauty at  
the height 101  
Dazzled the bold beholder's dar-  
ing sight.

XVIII

ABOUT this time th' Hungarian state  
distrest,  
(King *John* being dead) by civil  
discord torn,  
Some *Ferdinand* would in the state  
invest,  
The Friar for young *Stephen* others  
doth suborn;

He with Queen *Isabel* calls in  
the Turk,  
Who seems her friend, but for  
himself doth work.

XIX

*Buda* by sieging *Ferdinand* is girt,  
By *Solyman* his Army's there  
defeat;

110

Who taketh *Pesthe*, *Mustafa* doth  
hurt,  
On *Malliat* wars: The *Transilvanian*  
state

Swears homage unto *Stephen*;  
*Malliat* betray'd

To *Stambol's* sent, where till he  
died he staid.

XX

*Solyman* having *Ferdinand* o'er-  
thrown,  
To *Buda* comes; deprives the  
woful Queen

Of *Hungary*, seizing it as his own:  
Sends her distressèd with her Infant  
*Stephen*

To *Transilvania* with the crafty  
Friar

Her coadjutor, for to govern there.

XXI

You easily may guess her heart was  
sorry, 121  
Being depriv'd of what she held  
most dear:

Robb'd of her state, degraded of her  
glory

By th' injust Lord she call'd to free  
her fear:

*Buda* bears witness of her sad  
complaint,

Which mine own woe permits me  
not to paint.

XXII

To *Transilvania* come, no sorrow  
ceaseth,

Th' ambitious Bishop governs as  
him listeth:

The Queen he curbs, command in  
her decreaseth,

Whilst he grows greater and in  
pride persisteth: 130

Till her abusèd patience cannot bear  
More the demeanour of the saucy  
Friar.

XXIII

Her Father *Sigismund* no comfort  
sends her,

He was but careless, though she  
thus was crost:

Not one of his confederates befriends  
her,

Seeing him leave her should relieve  
her most.

Ah, wretched Queen, what help  
can moaning make thee,

When father, friends, kin, and  
allies forsake thee?

XXIV

Her sorrows now she can no more  
support,

(Yet peremptory *George* was great-  
est grief:) 140

Since who should love, had left her  
in such sort,

Her discontented mind hopes small  
relief:

To *Solyman* she sends; O woful  
wight,

To seek an injurer to do thee right.

111 *Pesthe*] The orig. spelling 'Pesthe' is required here *met. grat.*

118 The evident scansion of this line is 'distressèd,' with 'Stephen' pronounced 'Ste'en' as in 'Steenie,' to rhyme to Queen. This pronunciation may also save 1. 113: but of the versification of these historical parts perhaps the less said the better.

132 Friar] = 'Frere': but Frier in orig.

## XXV

The *Turk* commiserates her sad estate ;

*George* knowing this, to *Sassebess* retires,

Scours ditches, heightens walls debas'd of late,

Lays in munition that a siege requires :

Then raiseth forces. *Isabel* provides

Force 'gainst his force, which the whole land divides. 150

## XXVI

The *Turk Chiauss* in *Is'bel's* favour sent

Threatens the *Friar*, and those to him adhere ;

Which did no good but ill, it from her rent

Most part of those that erst her fautors were :

Such inbred hatred to the *Turk* they bore,

They hate her cause, 'cause he would her restore.

## XXVII

The Queen (misdoubting of the *Turk's* supply)

Seeks an agreement, which is lightly granted :

For the *Friar* knew that the *Turk's* force drew nigh,

Intelligence there to her hurt she wanted : 160

Agreed, the *Friar* forceth the *Turk* retire,

Still misregards her, still doth high aspire.

## XXVIII

She once again the Nobles doth incite,

(Disdaining his neglect) and they once more

In a firm league to her do reunite.

The crafty *Friar* thinks to provide therefore :

To *Ferdinand* he sends, his aid doth proffer,

Which *Ferdinand* accepts, glad of that offer.

## XXIX

To *Charles* the Fifth his brother he doth send,

In such affair to have his present aid, 170

Yet knowing no great succour he could lend,

(In *Germany* his whole force being staid :)

Yet at the least an expert Captain brave

For his Lieutenant he doth press to have.

## XXX

*Charles* weighing what this enterprise importeth,

*John Baptist Castald*, Count of *Piaden*,

Doth single out, and to this charge exhorteth ;

He willingly accepts, but with few men

He takes his leave, and unto *Vien* comes,

Where he is welcom'd with the pressing-drums. 180

## XXXI

One of his train, (and what concerns me most,

With that she sigh'd) was one in *Vien* born,

*John Sheretine*, his kin of him did boast,

As if his stock he chiefly did adorn.

And those who have no int'rest in his blood,

Honour him more, the more he's understood.

## XXXII

From native home he long time had remain'd,

In *Padua* ten years at school he staid,

And in that time he so much learning gain'd,

169 Fifth] Orig. here and elsewhere 'Fift,' *Scotice*. These survivals in the Anglicized Scots of this period are perhaps worth noting.

As virtue's firm foundations sure were  
laid : 190

His father hereof knowing, him  
commends

To *Castald*, who on bloody *Mars*  
attends.

XXXIII

He willingly his father's hest obeys,  
And in short time made to the  
world appear

That learning ne'er the haughty  
spirit allays,

Which honour'd glory for his badge  
doth bear.

And though that *Envy* still doth  
hate brave deeds,

Yet his worth even in *Envy*  
liking breeds.

XXXIV

He with *Castalde* to *Vien* comes  
back,

Where hungry expectation longs to  
see him, 200

Kin and acquaintance to the case-  
ments make,

They think him happiest that first  
can eye him :

Yet when they see, they know not  
whom t' affect,

All-changing *Time* had alter'd his  
aspect.

XXXV

To see these soldiers in the town  
received,

The confus'd multitude in clusters  
throng :

The better sort, (yet novelty that  
craved)

In spacious windows ranged were  
along ;

There was I plac'd, I clothèd was  
in green,

Embroider'd o'er with flowers  
like Summer's Queen. 210

XXXVI

As each did pass, he did our censure  
pass,

Whom one did like, another did  
disdain :

*Sheretine* came, and none knew  
what he was,

Yet each one's approbation he did  
gain,

Each one him prais'd, and I  
amongst the rest,

Of all that pass'd said he deservèd  
best.

XXXVII

Nor was this favour forcèd from  
affection,

It was desert that drew this verdict  
fra me,

Love had not then inflam'd me  
with infection,

No object had had hap from me to  
draw me ; 220

Though love had found me fit to  
show his power,

Yet did I live at liberty that hour.

XXXVIII

Though mine eyes were the arsenal  
where he hid

His choicest arms, from whence he  
might take fires,

(Which in continual lightning from  
them slid)

To kindle in cold hearts most hot  
desires ;

Yet I not knowing what their  
power meant,

My youth's sweet spring, free from  
disquiet spent.

XXXIX

Some noble thought possessing still  
my mind,

Whilst gold on canvas ground my  
fingers place, 230

Or nimbly on a lute light notes out find,  
Which with sweet airs my charming

voice did grace :

These gave no leave to Love to let  
mine ease,

Which disrespect did the Love-  
god displease.

199 *Castalde*] The addition of the *e* to get an extra syllable is interesting.  
218 fra me] Note Hannay's utilizing of a Scots form for rhyme and the evidence  
for 'draw' as 'dra.' But he drops into it again *infra*, stanza xlix, where no rhyme calls.



## XL

He languish'd that the flames which  
 in mine eyes  
 Were plac'd, had yet but darted  
 feeble rays :  
 Now did the bruit of *Sheretine* him  
 please,  
 Of him all speak, all listen to his  
 praise ;  
 He thinks him only worthy of  
 those fires  
 Which had not kindled others'  
 deep desires. 240

## XLI

Whilst at *Vienna* they for dispatch  
 stay,  
 They're visit'd by their country  
 gallantry,  
 Which to express affection doth assay :  
 They with requital quit their curtesy ;  
 For *Sheretine* the *Fates* do lay a  
 train,  
 My father woos, he may him enter-  
 tain.

## XLII

He willing to his suit doth con-  
 descend,  
 To be eye-witness (to his house  
 resorted)  
 Whether that *Fame* me falsely did  
 commend,  
 Or if I were such as I was  
 reported : 250  
 For she had blaz'd my beauty  
 everywhere,  
 Call'd others fair and fairer, me  
 most fair.

## XLIII

The day did seem to break even at  
 the noon,  
 My coming so eclips'd the former  
 light,  
 Small stars are dimm'd so, by a  
 rounded moon  
 Which from a cloud comes suddenly  
 to sight :  
 My beauty blaz'd so at the first  
 appearing,  
 He thinks report my worth had  
 wrong'd by bearing.

( 651 )

## XLIV

What learned Padua could not  
 effect,  
 Nor spacious Germany where he  
 had stayed, 260  
 That Vien doth, one beauty there  
 respect  
 Bred, which all theirs conjoin'd in  
 vain assayed :  
 His heart from their attracting  
 baits left free,  
 At Vien he doth offer up to me.

## XLV

My father his affection to express,  
 Bids him kind welcome as his dear-  
 est friend,  
 Vows lasting love, meanwhile *Love*  
 doth address  
 His surest shaft, his golden bow  
 doth bend ;  
 Mine eye the quiver whence he  
 took the dart  
 With unavailing stroke, that hit  
 his heart. 270

## XLVI

One might have seen mid-day of his  
 desires,  
 Even from the East of their new-  
 taken birth :  
 He strove to hide the new flame of  
 his fires,  
 But grounded passion is not masqu'd  
 with mirth :  
 His mirth to melancholy sighs  
 redoubled,  
 Did well bewray, his musing mind  
 was troubled.

## XLVII

Thus was he first enamoured, yet  
 he strove  
 To hide his passion ; but we did  
 perceive  
 Some unaccustom'd accident did  
 move  
 These sudden fits, yet we no cause  
 would crave : 280  
 He takes his leave, unto his home  
 returns,  
 Whilst in his heart, that new fire  
 hotly burns.



XLVIII

He careless casts himself upon his  
bed,  
And 'gins to reason with his restless  
thought :

He curseth Chance that first him  
thither led,

He straight doth bless it 'cause it  
there him brought,

He blames it for the breeding his  
unrest,

Loves it for showing what could  
make him blest.

XLIX

"How did I live with unperturbèd  
mind,

Passing the day with joy, the night  
with sleep,

(Saith he) where wakerife cares I  
now do find,

And new disquiet for my late de-  
light :

Are these th' effects of Beauty and  
of Love?

Heaven Love and Beauty fra me  
then remove.

L

Ah, hateful tongue, recant this foul  
amiss,

Love is the God that first gave life a  
being :

Beauty's the breeder of this greater  
bliss,

How dar'st thou then profane their  
power weying?

Beauty breeds Love, Love beauty  
doth requite

With the attractive lines of sweet  
delight.

LI

Then welcome Love, I now will  
entertain thee,

Beauty, I'll thee with reverence  
adore;

But what if beauteous love should  
now disdain me,

Since love and beauty I have brav'd  
before?

Nay, they will not take that as a  
disgrace,

I saw nor knew not them, till first  
her face.

LII

Her face where wanton love keeps  
residence,

He takes no progress but when she  
removes :

Beauty projects from thence unto  
the sense

Such beaming glances, as their  
brightness proves

Young Eaglets, pardon Love, for I  
had been

Sooner your subject, if she sooner  
seen."

LIII

Thus passed he the night withouten  
slumber,

Longing for day, nor did I take such  
rest

As theretofore, new thoughts 'gan me  
to cumber,

Making me wakerife whilst my sleep  
decreast.

Nor could I think what did pro-  
cure that change,

'Cause unaccustom'd I did hold  
it strange.

LIV

Whilst sleep remov'd, on *Sheretine* I  
thought,

(The mind must still be busied) I  
his shape

Did think that Nature curiously had  
wrought,

On which the Graces did their  
blessings heap ;

And Virtue that she part of him  
might claim,

Had deck'd with rarest ornaments  
his frame.

LV

"Why should I think on him more  
than another?"

(I say:) And straight begin my  
thought to blame,

I would forget his shape, his virtues  
 smother,  
 Place where he sate, the time he  
 went and came :  
 Yet still the more I wish him out  
 of mind,  
 Him livelier represented there I  
 find. 330

## LVI

I sleepless spend the night, I early  
 rise,  
 Herestless longeth for to leave his bed,  
 Ev'n then our thoughts began to  
 sympathize ;  
 Abroad he walk'd as Morn the East-  
 heaven clad :  
 To put him out of mind I did repair  
 T' a Garden, yet in thought I  
 found him there.

## LVII

Ere noon he came (acquaintance  
 loath to lose)  
 To visit and give thanks ; I joy'd to  
 see him,  
 As he to be with me of all did  
 choose ;  
 So I was well contented to be nigh  
 him : 340  
 Thus did the *Destinies* draw on our  
 fate,  
 I knew not *Love*, fear'd not his  
 hidden bait.

## LVIII

After we often walk'd into the fields,  
 Passing the time with sport and harm-  
 less mirth,  
 Where nought did want, that fairest  
*Flora* yields,  
 Or *Tellus* from her treasure bringeth  
 forth :  
 But discontented minds seld find  
 relief  
 By outward show for inward  
 hidden grief.

## LIX

For in his countenance we might  
 behold

Some hidden grief, though gilded  
 o'er with gladness, 350  
 Sudden abortive sighs unto us told ;  
 His pensive mind was seiz'd with  
 inward sadness ;  
 Ignorant of the cause, I thought  
 to please him,  
 The more I cherish'd, more I did  
 disease him.

## LX

*Sheretine's* love still more and more  
 increast,  
 The more he did my company  
 frequent :  
 His beating breast bewrayed his  
 heart's unrest,  
 Yet could not (though he strove) my  
 sight absent.  
 So doth *Farfalla* dally with the  
 flame,  
 Till, his wings sear'd, he sinks  
 down in the same. 360

## LXI

Oft would he strive to look another  
 way,  
 And still endeavour'd me for to  
 neglect :  
 Yet did his eye more steadfast on me  
 stay,  
 Endeavouring to dislike bred more  
 respect.  
 Now look'd he pale, now red, cold,  
 straight in fire,  
 Merry, soon sad ; *how changing*  
*is desire !*

## LXII

Yet his desire he strove to cover still,  
 And each way to conceal his passion  
 tried,  
 But love resisted, like a close-pent  
 kill  
 Most hotly burns, when least the  
 flame's espied, 370  
 He thought it would have kill'd it  
 to conceal it,  
 The salve hurt most, which most  
 he thought should heal it.

340 nigh] 'nigh' and 'see' rhymed as above, st. xxxiv : 'see' and 'eye.'

359 *Farfalla*] 'butterfly,' 'moth.'

369 kill] = 'kiln.'

LXIII

Within short time his hid fire out  
doth blaze,  
His strength no longer able to sup-  
press it :  
He woos *Occasion*, then blames her  
she stays  
To fit him *Time* when he might well  
express it :  
*Time* soon befriends, we to a  
garden walk,  
Unseen, unheard, where we might  
freely talk.

LXIV

"How comes it, Sir," taking him by  
the hand,  
Thensaid I, "that grief taketh on you  
seizure : 380  
(Without presumption if I might  
demand,)  
Where nothing is intended but your  
pleasure?  
For in your visage *Care's* idea's  
plac'd,  
Which hath your late-joy sem-  
blance clean defac'd."

LXV

"Love-worthiest *Maiden*, blameless  
if I durst  
(Saith he) lay ope my heart and  
thought reveal,  
I would tell how my sobbing sighs  
were first  
Conceiv'd, took birth, and why they  
still do dwell."  
Then finding me willing to hear  
inclined,  
He thus begins to tell his troubled  
mind. 390

LXVI

"Fair(ifthatfairbenottoobaseaname  
Forthee,sweetdeityofmyaffection,)  
Before this boldness receive check,  
or blame,  
(My tongue is free from flattery's  
infection :)  
Vouchsafe to hear, (and hear  
without offence)  
My rude, yet love-enforcèd  
eloquence.

( 654 )

LXVII

Love now the sole commander o'er  
my soul,  
Elsewhere that could not by his  
craft or might  
Captive my thought, or liberty  
control,  
Hath brought me here (using that  
cunning slight) 400  
To see thy face, which in an hour  
hath gain'd  
Love conquest o'er him, who erst  
love disdain'd.

LXVIII

'Gainst his assaults, hitherto as  
defence,  
A constant resolution I prepar'd :  
His beauty-batteries poorly beat my  
sense,  
Beauty's neglect 'bout me kept  
watch and ward.  
Ne'er could love gain till thy com-  
manding look  
Surpris'd my fort and guard, me  
captive took.

LXIX

I am thy prisoner, but no freedom  
seek,  
In this captivity I joy to bide, 410  
Only I crave my heart's keeper be  
meek ;  
Dear, let not this desire be me  
denied :  
For it's my joy, since *Love doth*  
*conquer all*,  
That I had hap to be thy beauty's  
thrall.

LXX

And thy sweet look (if I do right  
divine)  
Doth promise, thou wilt not so cruel  
prove,  
Nor pitiless to make thy captive  
pine  
By base disdain, and so requite his  
love,  
Which is not touched with least  
part of folly,  
My aim is honest, my pretension's  
holy. 420

LXXI

Then dear (but dearer far if thou  
wer't mine),  
Let pity (the companion of sweet  
beauty)  
Move thee to love him, whom *Love*  
hath made thine :  
Love to requite with love is but love's  
duty.  
Grant love ; if not, say thou scorn'st  
my desires,  
That death may quickly quench  
my loving fires."

LXXII

As doth a prisoner at the bar expect  
With pity-moving look the doubtful  
doom,  
And by the judge's more severe  
aspect,  
Doth rather fear than hope what is  
to come : 43°  
So *Sheretine* torn betwixt hope and  
fear,  
His joy or sorrow so awaits to  
hear.

LXXIII

A purple blush with native tincture  
dyed  
My cheek's late lily in a deepest red,  
Whilst I (abashèd) to his speech  
replied,  
Whose fainting eyes still on my face  
do feed :  
I was amaz'd, I musèd what to  
say,  
Love seeks consent, modesty bids  
deny.

LXXIV

At last "Brave Sir (said I), I am not  
train'd  
So in love's school as make a quaint  
reply, 44°  
Nor think I lovers can be so much  
pain'd  
As they make shew, but thereby  
only try  
Their wit on woman's weakness,  
to ensnare  
That harmless sex before it be  
aware.

( 655 )

LXXV

Or if they be, it's by some rarer  
beauty.  
My poor perfection cannot passion  
move,  
Your courage should propose else-  
where that duty ;  
Vain-glory cannot so puff me with  
self-love  
As to believe mine such ; the  
looks I scatter  
Are feeble, ne'er inflame, nor such  
I'll flatter." 45°

LXXVI

"My speech (saith he) of flattery  
cometh not,  
Love brings it from the oracle of  
truth :  
I cannot flatter, I, nor fain God wot,  
Nor doth it need where beauty hath  
such growth :  
With cunning I would not com-  
passion move,  
Nor try my wit with an imagin'd  
love.

LXXVII

My protestations whence they do  
proceed,  
Will soon be seen by sighing out  
my breath,  
Unless my martyrdom thy mercy  
meed,  
Thou'lt know thy beauty's force by  
timeless death : 46°  
Then shall you see character'd on  
my heart  
True holy love, not flattery nor  
art."

LXXVIII

"I must not enter in intelligence  
Of such love-passion, gentle Sir (I  
said),  
If I have answer'd (prompt with  
innocence)  
Seek not the rather to entrap a  
maid.  
Th' access which my simplicity  
doth give,  
Hence I will bar, unless such suit  
you leave."



LXXIX

My father's coming hindered his  
reply,  
With him the residue of the day he  
spent, 470  
Then to his chamber went, there  
down did lie,  
Bathing his bed with tears of  
discontent;  
Accompanied with every kind of  
care  
He tumbling lay, *Hope* yielding  
to *Despair*.

LXXX

My mind no less than his was sore  
perplex'd,  
It griev'd me that I granted not his  
suit:  
It vex'd my heart to know that he  
was vex'd,  
I reason'd, and my reason did  
confute.  
Should I have yielded? no, who  
soon are won,  
Are soon disdain'd, then I had  
been undone. 480

LXXXI

Yet who doth love, and can torment  
her lover:  
Yield then, unask'd? may be he'll  
sue no more.  
Alas, how shall I then my love  
discover?  
Oh! would to God I granted had be-  
fore.  
His love's extreme; if it kill, or  
take flight,  
Or turn to hate, then, all my joys,  
good night.

LXXXII

May be it was not serious that he  
said,  
Oh! I am lost if that he only tried me;  
Then my own self I seriously survey'd,  
And saw that loving Nature nought  
denied me: 490  
Yet priz'd I not my parts, 'cause  
they were rare,  
But 'cause they could my *Sheretine*  
ensnare.

( 656 )

LXXXIII

Yet being doubtful of his back  
returning,  
I call myself too cruel, too unkind:  
And he that could not hinder inward  
mourning,  
Absents not long, returns to know  
my mind.  
He vows, protests, thereto adds  
sighs and tears,  
Which sweeter than sweet'st  
music pierc'd mine ears.

LXXXIV

I was well pleas'd that he came  
again,  
(But better far his love was not  
decay'd) 500  
I thought it folly longer to detain  
With doubtful *Hope*, lest *Love* should  
die deny'd:  
I (seeming loath) granted all that  
he crav'd,  
Mine honour and my reputation  
sav'd.

LXXXV

Those who have felt the fits of  
fervent Love,  
Which hath the strength decay'd,  
and vigour wasted  
With strongest Passion, and in end  
did move  
Their Saint to pity, and some  
comfort tasted:  
Such and none else, can tell if he  
were glad,  
When of my love, this overture I  
made. 510

LXXXVI

My hands he kisses, doth not speak  
a word,  
(Joy chaining fast the passage of his  
speech)  
His gesture did more eloquence  
afford  
By moving signs, than Rhetoric can  
teach:  
Therewith o'ercome, I open laid  
my heart,  
And all my loving-secrets did  
impart.

## LXXXVII

I told him that I did no less affect  
 His virtuous parts, than he admirèd  
 mine,  
 How I delay'd not 'cause I did  
 neglect,  
 Or joy'd to see him for my sake to  
 pine :  
 But only love's continuance did  
 doubt,  
*The soonest kindled fire goes soonest  
 out.*

## LXXXVIII

No more we then on ceremony  
 stand,  
 Each unto other firmly plighteth  
 troth,  
 In sign whereof I took his, gave my  
 hand,  
 Call'd *God* to witness with religious  
 oath :  
 He unto me vow'd a ne'er-bating  
 love,  
 I vow'd my fancy ne'er should  
 other prove.

## LXXXIX

Our next care was, to gain our  
 friends' consent,  
 Who heard no sooner we did other  
 like,  
 But they did yield, and are so well  
 content,  
 They joy and thank the heavens,  
 that so did strike  
 Our hearts with equal heat, they  
 hop'd to see  
 Honour and joy of our wish'd-  
 progeny.

## XC

We sometimes after walk'd to take  
 the air,  
 Sometimes to see them hunt the  
 fearful roe :  
 Sometimes we to the Temple did  
 repair :

Sometimes to the Theatre we would  
 go.

Thus did we banquet still with  
 fresh variety,  
 Yet ne'er did cloy or surfeit with  
 satiety. 540

## XCI

Methinks the sweet remembrance  
 yet me glads,  
 How in my father's flore-perfumèd  
 garth,  
 Where leafy tops chequer'd out  
 motley shades,  
 And *Flora's* minions diaper'd the  
 earth :  
 How we have walk'd discoursing of  
 our love,  
 With kindest appellations *Dear*  
 and *Dove*.

## XCII

An arbour there, fenc'd from the  
 southern Sun  
 With honeysuckle, thorn, and  
 smelling brier,  
 Which intermix'd through others  
 quaintly run,  
 Oft hath had hap our loving lays to  
 hear :  
 There hath he laid his head down  
 in my lap  
 To hear me sing, feigning to steal  
 a nap. 550

## XCIII

There sitting once, I told him how  
 I dream'd,  
 And wish'd my dream were true !  
 he long'd to know it :  
 And then most eager for to hear it,  
 seem'd ;  
 Yet shamefastness would never let  
 me show it  
 Before our plighted-faith ; then I  
 it read,  
 It was how I was first enamourèd.

538 Theatre] Note the accent (of course in strictness justifiable, like so many vulgarisms) 'Theayter.'

542 flore-perfumèd] 'flore-perfumèd garth' is good, methinks.

557 read] = 'expounded.'

XCIV

There have we talk'd, chaste kisses  
 interrupting  
 Our kind discourse, which every  
 word did point : 560  
 I from his lips, he from mine nectar  
 supping.  
 Mix'd tears of *Pity* oft our cheeks  
 anoint :

There have we spent long time in  
 such like sport,  
 And that long time, we still  
 thought very short.

XCV

Such happiness we had, we none  
 envied,  
 We counted *Keasars* caitiffs match'd  
 with us.  
 But permanent felicity's denied  
 To mortals here, none can enjoy that  
 bliss :  
 Our joy soon turns to sorrow, we  
 must part,  
 Which with grief's sharpest prickles  
 pierc'd each heart. 570

XCVI

Now *Ferdinand* had everything  
 prepar'd  
 Was necessary the war to maintain :  
*Castalde* who for conduct thereof  
 car'd,  
 Was ready, and gave warning to his  
 train  
 To be in readiness him to attend  
 To *Hungary* to make their valour  
 ken'd.

XCVII

Young *Sheretine* prepareth for to go,  
 Though all his friends persuade him  
 stay behind,  
 Yet he will forward, though even I  
 say no :  
 "Sweet," (saith he) "*Love* doth not  
 debase the mind. 580  
 What! shall I now obscure my  
 former worth?  
 No, no, thy love doth no such fruit  
 bring forth.

XCVIII

Weep not," (for then the tears stood  
 in mine eye)  
 "Life of my Life, for so my sorrow's  
 doubled,  
 Although thereby signs of thy love  
 I see  
 Which it assureth, yet therewith I'm  
 troubled :  
 If thou wouldst have me to enjoy  
 content,  
 Leave, dearest Love, with sorrow  
 to lament."

XCIX

The hapless day being come that  
 must us sunder,  
 All such persuasions he pour'd out  
 in vain, 590  
 That my heart broke not then it was  
 a wonder,  
 Swift scalding tears out o'er my  
 cheeks did rain,  
 "What, wilt *thou* go? and meanst  
*thou* thus to leave *me*?"  
 (Said I) "And wilt thou of all bliss  
 bereave me?"

C

Thou saidst thou wouldst my prisoner  
 abide,  
 Is this thy craft thy keeper to  
 betray?  
 What, wilt thou, cruel now, my soul  
 divide?  
 I know thou wouldst not kill me,  
*Dear*, then stay;  
 Ah, wilt thou go? and must I stay  
 behind? I  
 Oh! Is this *Love*? Is this it to be  
 kind?" 600

CI

No more could *Passion* suffer me  
 produce,  
 To whom my grieving *Sheretine*  
 replied,  
 Each eye a tear-evacuating sluice ;  
 "My *Heart*, my *All*, my *Star* that  
 doth me guide,

Leave now to grieve, my chiefest  
care shall be  
Soon to return, then still to stay  
with thee.

## CII

Nor mean I now to leave thee  
altogether,  
With its affection I leave thee my  
Heart,  
Let Destiny or Fortune draw me  
whither

They will, yet from thee that shall  
never part : 610  
In nought I'll joy deprived of thy  
sight,  
Except the minding of thee breed  
delight.

## CIII

Dear, let the hope of a soon joyful  
meeting,  
Better to bear this separation move  
thee,

Think of the joys that will be at our  
meeting,  
The *Fates* do force my absence but  
to prove thee :

Hence from my thoughts all else  
shall be debarr'd :

(I said) *My constancy may chance  
be heard.*

## CIV

Passion no more permits, we did  
embrace,

Each other wringing in our winding  
arms, 620

With mixed tears bedewing other's  
face,

One's heart the other's rous'd with  
love-alarms :

Oh ! none but such as have felt like  
distress,

Can think how sorrowful this sever-  
ing was.

## CV

I think *Ulysses* (feigning to be  
mad,

Loath to depart from lov'd *Penelope*)  
No such distracting fits (through  
fancy) had,

As had my *Sheretine* going away ;  
*Ulysses* had reaped the longèd  
crop,

*Sheretine* in the blade had bloom-  
ing-hope. 630

## CVI

Thus did we part, he with *Castalde*  
goes ;

Yet while in sight he still did look  
behind him,

I stay'd, steeping mine eyes in seas of  
woes :

Oft unawares I look'd about to find  
him :

Imagination did delude my sense,

I thought I saw him, who was far  
from thence.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Turian Mariana loves,  
She's forced by her friends  
To marry him : This luckless match  
With blood and sorrow ends.

## I

OF all the Passions which perturb  
the mind,

Love is the strongest, and molests it  
most ;

Love never leaves it as it doth it  
find ;

( 659 )

By it some goodness is or got, or lost :  
None yet ere lov'd, and liv'd in  
like estate,

But did to Virtue add, or from it  
bate.

## II

Sometimes it makes a wise man  
weakly dote,

And makes the wariest sometimes to  
be wild,

Sometimes it makes a wise man of a  
sot,



Sometimes it makes a savage to be  
mild : 10

It maketh Mirth to turn to sullen  
Sadness,  
And settled brains it often cracks  
with Madness.

III

By cursed all-suspecting Jealousy,  
Faint doubtful Hope, and ever-shak-  
ing Fear,  
(Whom pale-fac'd Care still keepeth  
company)

It is attended: These companions are  
No minute's rest who let the lover  
find,  
But with their several thoughts do  
rack his mind.

IV

So was't with me: I everything did  
fear 19

That might unto my *Sheretine* befall;  
Sometimes I thought I clatt'ring  
arms did hear,

Sometimes for help I thought I heard  
him call:

Sometimes I fear'd new beauty him  
allur'd,

Sometimes my hope his honesty  
assur'd.

V

Now (absent) I did love him more  
intearly,

It taught me deprivation was a hell,  
The parting pangs did touch my  
heart but nearly;

But now in centre of the same they  
dwell:

I oftentimes lov'd to consult with  
Hope,

And of his swift return propos'd the  
scope. 30

VI

But now the Fates with Fortune do  
conspire,

To cross the kind intendements of  
Love;

And with salt tears to quench his  
kindled fire,

Not satisfied with my dear friend's re-  
move:

My Joys are in the wane, daily  
grow less,

My Sorrows waxing, daily do in-  
crease.

VII

To Vien back comes Maximilian,  
(King of Bohemia) Ferdinand hisson,  
With Mary daughter unto Charles of  
Spain,

In honour whereof divers sports are  
done; 40

Tilting and Turnay, Feasts to  
entertain

(With pomp) the coming stranger  
they ordain.

VIII

'Mongst others who to Vien then  
resorted,

*Nicholas Turian* (a brave youth) was  
one;

Most of his friends him from the  
feast dehorted,

Yet he from it will be detain'd by  
none:

Such warnings oft the unknown  
Fate forerun,

Yet misconceiv'd, by those must  
be undone.

IX

His straying eyes which wander'd  
every way,

('Mongst the rare beauties that assem-  
bly bred) 50

Seeking fit subject their roving to  
stay,

At last unto my firing looks were led;  
Which with one glance (that *Cupid*

fra them prest)

Dazzl'd his sight, and did his eyes  
arrest.

X

He thinks he ne'er such fairness saw  
beforn,

It did eclipse the beauty that was by,  
As doth the fresh-forth-streaming

ruddy Morn

25 intearly] I keep this form intact because of the rhyme. Hannay would  
doubtless have justified himself from the Fr. *entier*.

Put out the lesser-lights of nighted sky.  
 He thinks there is not any of such  
 prize,  
 If inward worth do outward  
 equalize. 60

## XI

He longs to know, and presseth to  
 be near,  
 The nearer he his courage did  
 abase :  
 Approach'd he speaks not, seems to  
 quake for fear,  
 He shames so to be daunted in that  
 place :  
 Shame him encourag'd, prick'd  
 him on to prove,  
 The more my mind was known,  
 it more did move.

## XII

"I thought not, Lady" (said he) "if  
 in one  
 The rarest beauties of the world had  
 been  
 By Nature plac'd, that that one  
 could have shown 69  
 So great perfection as in you is seen :  
 Whose lustre doth exceed each  
 beauty else,  
 As lively diamond dull glass  
 excels."

## XIII

"The beauty which you speak of"  
 (I reply)  
 "Is pale, but by reflex is fairer made :  
 If it receiv'd not light by those are by,  
 It should be veiled with an obscure  
 shade."  
 Some time thus spent in talk he  
 doth depart,  
 Leaving his freedom with a fettered  
 heart.

## XIV

Then home he goes with new-bred  
 thoughts turmoiling  
 The late-sweet quiet of his beating  
 brains : 80  
 His heaving heart with bitter anguish  
 boiling,

He Love with his effects now enter-  
 tains :

He's pensive, musing, company  
 absents,  
 With frequent sighs his smoulder'd  
 fire forth vents.

## XV

One of my father's kindred very near,  
 (In whom much trust my parents  
 did repose.)

True friendship did to *Turian* en-  
 dear,

Secrets were common, he by grieving  
 shows

Perceives his friend's distress,  
 demands the cause :

*Turian* tells all, compell'd by  
 Friendship's laws. 90

## XVI

My kinsman told him who, and how  
 I was

To *Sheretine* by solemn oath con-  
 tracted.

No sooner *Turian* heard but cries  
 "Alas,"

(By loving frenzy well-nigh dis-  
 tracted :)

"Now see I" (said he) "that the  
*Fates* pretend

To bring my wretched life to wo-  
 ful end."

## XVII

My cousin was astonish'd that to hear,  
 Knowing how hard the enterprise  
 would be

To undo what was done, wills him  
 forbear,

Instantly urges it, letting him see too  
 The stopping lets, which would  
 his love disturb,

Therefore whiles young, he wishes  
 it to curb.

## XVIII

But he (whom no dissuasive argument  
 From that resolve had force for to  
 withdraw)

Unwilling hears, to go on still is  
 bent,

Though likelihood of no good end he  
saw :

"In things difficult" (saith he)  
"worth is shown,  
By light achievements courage is  
not known."

XIX

His friend (whose oratory was in  
vain)

Doth condescend to aid him to his  
power : 110

He vows to lose his life, or to obtain  
Help for the ill that did his friend  
devour :

Hence my mishap, hence had my  
grief first breeding,

Hence my successive sorrows still  
had feeding.

XX

No more I afterward in public go,  
(Loath to bewray my beauty to his  
eyes :)

I shun all that might trouble or  
o'erthrow

The order I propos'd to eternize  
My constant love, unto the Love  
that hath

My Hand, my Heart, Affection,  
and my Faith. 120

XXI

He cannot brook delay, spurs on  
his friend

To know the issue, *Danger's in  
deferring :*

Though it prove bad, yet best to  
know the end,

*Protraction is the worst of all love-  
erring :*

*To know the worst of ill is some  
relief,*

*Faint hope and feverish fear are  
food for grief.*

XXII

The agent (that his cause had under-  
taken)

Doth first address himself unto my  
mother :

He thinks if that weak fortress were  
shaken,

He with assurance may assail an-  
other : 130

With doubtful speeches he doth  
try her mind,

Meaning to prosecute, as she's  
inclin'd.

XXIII

He him commends, with best praise  
tongue affords,

(Yet in no commendation did belie  
him)

He had *Youth, beauty, virtue, winning-  
words,*

*Behaviour* from *detracting hate* to  
free him :

So well he mov'd, my mother was  
content,

*Turian* (if 't pleas'd him) should  
her house frequent.

XXIV

He seeks no more, goes, tells his  
friend, who's glad,

So soon he looked not for free  
access : 140

No more he can forbear ; he came,  
did shade

His deep Desire, his Passion did  
suppress :

Acquainted, he comes more than  
compliment

Requir'd, but cunning Love did  
cause invent.

XXV

He in my father's good opinion  
grows,

My mother 'gins him well for to  
affect :

As time permits his friend his worth  
out throws,

With poison'd words, he doth their  
ears infect :

Himself to me imparteth still his  
love,

And languisheth 'cause it did no-  
thing move. 150

122-6 I keep the italics in such passages as this because, as noted above in regard to *Philomela*, they seem to represent a sort of proverbial *aside* rather than part of the text.

## XXVI

In his pale cheek the lily loseth  
white,  
The red, the rosy livery off did  
cast :  
His favour lately that did so de-  
light,  
With ardour of his hot desire did  
waste.  
In inapparent fire he now con-  
sumes,  
His beauty fades, as forward frost-  
nipp'd blooms.

## XXVII

I grieve because I cannot help his  
grieving,  
His pain relenting pity in me bred :  
I do accompt him worthy of reliev-  
ing,  
That he deserv'd to speed if none  
had sped. 160  
I blame my beauty 'cause it breeds  
his woe :  
I cherish it 'cause *Sheretine*  
would so.

## XXVIII

His friend (perceiving what such  
signs portend)  
Knows if he salve not suddenly his  
sore,  
Protraction with a perfect cure must  
end  
His woes in death : he doth provide  
therefore.  
My mother now he plainly doth  
assail,  
And by preferment thinks for to  
prevail.

## XXIX

*Women by Nature are ambitious,*  
With *Turian's* titles tickles first her  
ear : 170  
She of her daughter's state solicit-  
ous,  
That honour is her aim, doth gladly  
hear.  
He tells to her his riches and his  
land,  
And then for wealth she more  
than worth doth stand.

## XXX

*Ah, that base earth, and baser excre-  
ment*  
(*Placed by Nature underfoot,*) should  
move  
*The mind of greedy age with more  
content*  
*Than Love, the life of things that's  
from above !*  
*Wealth for their Summum bonum  
oft is taken,*  
Loving it most when it must be  
forsaken. 180

## XXXI

My serpent-seduc'd mother, *Eva-*  
like,  
Tempts and entraps my self-affect-  
ing sire :  
Judge ye what pensive pangs my  
soul did strike,  
Seeing parents, friends, and furious  
love conspire  
To work my ruin, and their power  
bend  
To prostitute my Faith, and wrong  
my friend.

## XXXII

My Father with authority commands,  
My Mother with enticing blandish-  
ment  
Allures, for *Turian* my kinsman  
stands,  
With kind persuasions, *Turian* doth  
vent 190  
With sobs and sighs his too  
apparent love,  
All join my faith and fancy to  
remove.

## XXXIII

Yet I resist : my Father 'gins to  
rage :  
"How now, you minion, must you  
have your will ?  
Becomes it you to cross us in our  
age ?  
It is thy due our pleasure to fulfil :  
Is this the way for to requite the  
pain  
Which for thy education we have  
ta'en ?



XXXIV

Thou canst ne'er that repay, thou'lt  
still be debtor,  
Yet still we travail to have thee  
preferr'd : 200  
Wants *Turian* worth? deserves *He*  
not thy better?  
Reform thyself, acknowledge thou  
hast err'd.

*The law divine* (which you so  
much pretend,)

*Commands thee to thy parents' will  
to bend.*

XXXV

What though that *Sheretine* be  
gentle, free?

Yet he hath left thee languishing  
alone :

*Turian* is no less courteous than  
he,

He flies not from thee, gives no cause  
of moan :

Had *Sheretine* but half so dearly  
lov'd,

He had not from thy sight so far  
remov'd. 210

XXXVI

Nor are their fortunes equal : near  
our friends,

Is *Turian's* state, fair lands and  
signories :

*Sheretine's* most on doubtful war  
depends,

It is by others' ruins he must rise :  
Who would such Worth with

Certainty forgo,  
For Worth and Likelihood, with

fairest show?

XXXVII

Then, foolish lass, leave off and con-  
descend,

It is my will and I must have it so."  
My mother follows on, as he doth

end,

"Ah, daughter, I beseech thee by  
that woe, 220

By the sore throbs I did for thee  
endure,

Whilst (yet unborn) these sides  
did thee immature;

( 664 )

XXXVIII

By these lank breasts at which thou  
oft hast hung,

And lookèd in mine eyes with child-  
ish toys,

Oft fallen asleep whilst I have to  
thee sung,

Do not now strive to stop our  
coming joys :

Who now can be more tender,  
wish thee better,

Than she, whom Love to such  
kind work did set her?

XXXIX

Shalt thou, the only pledge of ancient  
Love,

The sweet-expected comfort of mine  
age, 230

Thathopèd happiness fra me remove,  
Which thy ne'er-disobeying did  
presage?

I know thou wilt not, dear  
child ; then incline,

Scorn to be his that left for to be  
thine."

XL

My kinsman urges, adds to what  
they said,

*Turian* extols, detracts my *Sheretine*,  
Lessens his means, affirms he is

unstaid,

Hath wand'ring-thoughts : if his love  
had not been

Quench'd—with my beauty if he  
still had burn'd,

He had not gone, or sooner had  
return'd. 240

XLI

*Turian* himself (with tears) doth tell  
his woes,

He needeth not protest to move  
belief.

Passion is soon perceiv'd, his out-  
ward shows

Did well bewray great was his inward  
grief,

He doth not feignèd (for the  
fashion) mourn,

As widows oft, and rich heirs at the  
urn.

## XLII

"Children obedience to their parents  
owe,  
I grant," (said I) "but in a lawful thing;  
This is not, you me freely did  
bestow,  
I did submit; fra *Sheretine* to wring  
Me now were wrong, in me a foul  
offence: 251  
To disobey here, is obedience.

## XLIII

Parents give being, noble benefit,  
If with't content, if not, better un-  
born:  
Yet even the best doth oft-times  
bring with it  
A misery whereby the mind is torn,  
For making children capable of  
woe,  
Must they *free Choice*, the best  
of bests, forgo.

## XLIV

Our Minds must like, none by  
attorney loveth,  
If Love decay, we cannot grieve by  
friends: 260  
From Marriage, Love Misery re-  
moveth,  
On Love all wedlock's happiness  
depends.  
'*Twixt those ne'er lik'd, what hope  
is love will last,  
When 'twixt those dearest lov'd  
oft falls distaste?*

## XLV

If *Turian* than he is more noble were,  
More virtuous, more rich, of higher  
degree:  
*Sheretine* more mean, more poor, less  
worthy far,  
Yet he hath that, that more con-  
tenteth me.  
*It's not in us to love or to despise,  
They love by Fate, whose souls do  
sympathize.* 270

## XLVI

I grant his worth is worthy of  
respect,

Tears for his grief, my cheeks have  
often stain'd:

Yet with that love I cannot him  
affect,

Wherewith a husband should be  
entertain'd.

'*Twixt those who wed, if wooing  
love be cold,*

*The married friendship can no long  
time hold.*

## XLVII

Yet do suppose I could affect him  
dearly,

How might I with my plighted faith  
dispense?

Oh, how my conscience is touch'd  
nearly,

Even with the thought of such a  
foul offence. 280

*How can that prosper, or have  
happy end,*

*Which sin begins, and still must  
God offend?*

## XLVIII

For I cannot be lawfully his wife,  
*It's not the act that ties the marriage  
knot,*

*It is the Will;* then must I all my  
life

Be stain'd with *Unchastity's* foul  
blot.

O grant me then my choice be  
either free,

Or an unstain'd Virgin let me  
die."

## XLIX

All would not do, my father so  
austere

Commands, and must not, will not,  
be deny'd. 290

My mother and my kinsman will not  
hear;

*Turian* still urgeth, they must be  
obey'd:

"O Heaven, bear witness, since  
you force me do it,"

(Say I) "my heart doth not con-  
sent unto it."

L

Thus 'gainst my will I give myself  
away,  
They (glad they gainèd) every thing  
do haste :  
Fearing disturbance by the smallest  
stay,  
They think them not secure till it be  
past.  
I to my chamber go, on bed me  
threw,  
Which my moist eyes do suddenly  
bedew. 300

LI

With these complaints I entertain  
the time :  
"Ah, must I now my hopèd joys  
forgo ?  
Must pleasure perish with me in the  
prime ?  
Must I be wedded to a lasting woe ?  
Must I my settled fancy now  
remove,  
And leave a lawful for an unjust  
love ?

LII

Must I recall my promise freely  
given,  
And falsify my faith unto my friend ?  
Is not my oath now register'd in  
Heaven ?  
Is not my Promise to its power  
ken'd ? 310  
Ah, ah, it is, and therefore they  
decree  
To tie my life to lasting misery.

LIII

Ah, *Sheretine*, if thou but now didst  
know  
In what a case thy *Mariana* is :  
How she's surpris'd and taken by thy  
foe,  
Left comfortless, debarrèd of all  
bliss :  
Would not relenting pity make thy  
heart  
To melt with sorrow for thy sweet  
love's smart ?

LIV

Free from their forcing to thee shall  
remain,  
Do what they can, my best, most  
noble part, 320  
Which they shall want power and  
skill to gain,  
Reserv'd for thee shall be my Love,  
my Heart,  
Farewell, dear love, and as much  
joy possess,  
As doth thy *Marian* unhappiness."

LV

The day is come, we solemnly are  
wed,  
That part displeasing I do over-  
pass :  
You easily may think my heart was  
sad,  
When forcèd thus against my will I  
was.  
Vain were their wishes, who did  
bid us joy ;  
Sad grief my nuptial pleasure did  
destroy. 330

LVI

*Castalde* in *Hungaria* arriv'd ;  
*Agria* in haste commands to fortify,  
A town of great import, but yet  
depriv'd  
Of natural strength, or artful industry.  
There was his *Rendez-vous*, his  
men there met,  
For *Transilvania* forth by *Tyss* they  
set.

LVII

They in battaillie march *Tibiscus*  
past,  
Till they arrive at small, weak  
*Debrezen*,  
While *Castald* with the Friar to  
meet doth haste,  
A *Diet's* held at *Egneth* by the  
*Queen*. 340  
The *Friar* with craft hinders her  
enterprise,  
By fear or flattery makes the Lords  
to rise.



## LVIII

The *Diet* thus dissolv'd, the *Queen's*  
design

Is overthrown, vanisheth to smoke :  
To *Albeiuila* with her son, in fine,  
She doth withdraw ; there fearing  
sieging shoake,  
And weakness of the place, to  
*Sassebess*  
Makes her retrait, which more  
strong sited was.

## LIX

*Albeiuila George* besiegeth strait,  
To take it fairly, or to throw it  
down, 350  
Is bent ; it kept the *Queen's* jewels  
and plate,

The Gown, the Mantle, Sceptre,  
Shoes and Crown.

The cannon vomiting forth fiery  
balls,

In divers places shakes the  
mould'ring walls.

## LX

With braver courage than the *Priest*  
expected,

The valiant besieged did defend :  
To *Castald* letters *George* in haste  
directed,

Post after post with diligence doth  
send,

Wills him to speed, yet 'cause he  
saw small haste,

T' accord with *Isabel* he thinks it  
best. 360

## LXI

Ten thousand *Spaniards* thither to  
his aid

Were coming (and now nigh) *Fame*  
did report :

Whereby the *Queen* was troubled,  
sore afraid,

Accords with *George* to render in  
such sort,

As she might have her movables  
of worth

From *Albeiuila* safely brought her  
forth.

## LXII

The *Friar* at *Egneth* with *Castalde*  
meets,

*Albeiuila Dalmas* being ta'en :

With joyful semblance one the  
other greets,

Yet craft and jealousies in heart  
retain. 370

*Ferdinand's* letters *George* chief  
guider made,

Whereof th' ambitious *Bishop's*  
very glad.

## LXIII

To *Sassebess* they come to find the  
*Queen*,

And there arise at third hour of the  
night :

Within two days the Lords they do  
convene,

They sit in counsel, *Castald* to their  
sight

Shows his Commission, wills the  
*Queen* restore

That Province as it was agreed  
before.

## LXIV

He many arg'ments to this end doth  
urge,

It was concluded by her late *Lord*  
*John* : 380

The *Turk* (the Christian's common  
foe and scourge)

Could not be daunted with so weak  
a one.

She held it but with trouble and  
unrest,

At the *Turk's* pleasure might be  
dispossest.

344 overthrown, vanisheth] Orig. 'overthrowne, vanisheth' may be 'overthrown, vanisheth,' and so save the metre.

346-8] The poet, who, from his little doggerel mottoes downwards, shows various signs of acquaintance with Spenser, has taken an extreme Spenserian liberty with 'shock' to get the rhyme, though *Scotice* it is fairly phonetic. 'Retrait' is actually Spenser's, though he usually spells it 'retrate.'

372 Hannay does not often rise high : but he seldom sinks as low as this.



LXV

Not only *Hungary* thereon depends,  
But the whole good of all the  
Christian state,  
Her Power weak, she wanted help  
of Friends,  
Unable his encroaching force to bate:  
A mighty *Prince* was meeter him  
to curb,  
If he the common peace durst to  
disturb. 390

LXVI

To the old offers, he now addeth more.  
Th' Infanta *Joan* to her young son  
*Stephen*  
With crowns a hundred thousand  
to her dower,  
By *Ferdinand* should faithfully be  
given.  
All like this well, all willingly it  
hear,  
And send to her this message by  
the *Friar*.

LXVII

Whilst, unresolved, things thus doubtful  
hung,  
She with *Castald* hath private con-  
ference:  
Bitterly plaineth of the Prelate's  
wrong,  
Wherewith her patience can no  
more dispense. 400  
Constrain'd by need, she yields  
to *Ferdinand*,  
*George* thereof knowing, seeks it  
to withstand.

LXVIII

He thinks if settled peace were surely  
plac'd,  
And all the civil broils were fully  
ceas't:  
His plumes were pluck'd, he should  
be disgrac'd,  
Whom now is most, should be regarded  
least.

*Often a gold-affecting Prelate proud,  
For private ends hinders a public  
good.*

LXIX

The *Queen* unto *Castalde* him  
accuseth,  
(Inconstancy and cunning she did  
doubt :) 410  
To ratify th' agreement rather chuseth,  
*Castalde* labours how to bring't about:  
There is a *Diet* call'd at *Colosvar*,  
The States from all sides to it do  
repair.

LXX

The day come, and the regal oma-  
ments  
Produc'd, the Priest desires the  
Crown in keeping:  
With sobs and sighs her inward  
sorrow vents;  
*Scorn* and *Disdain* detain her eyes  
from weeping:  
"What, shall I to a base Friar give  
the Crown,  
Whereof I dispossessed myself and  
son?" 420

LXXI

She said. Then in her hand the  
*Crown* she took,  
In presence of *Castalde* and her *Son*,  
And all the *Lords*, her eyes tears  
cannot brook;  
In pearly torrents o'er her cheeks  
they run.  
The tears which from her *Son's*  
eyes did distil,  
Show'd the surrender was against  
his will.

LXXII

"Since froward *Fortune* (that in  
change delights,  
Wherewith her fickleness infects the  
world,  
Hath us subverted loaded with  
despights,

392 *Joan*] 'Jo-an,' as in 'Joanna.'

429 despight] The influence of Spenser, which is often strong in the earlier seventeenth century, appears again in this context with the present 'eye-rhyme-spelling,' the rhyme of 'entreat' and 'estate' below, and 'Mutability' lower still. Each separately would prove nothing: but they are all Spenserian.

And all her mischiefs on our heads  
have hurl'd :) 430  
Makes me this woful resignation  
make,  
My Mates, thy father's Kingdoms  
to forsake ;

LXXIII

Yet shall She not amidst all these  
annoys  
Let us but that in this we'll take  
content,  
Since we must leave them, that he  
them enjoys  
Who is a Christian ; Here I them  
present  
To thee, *Castald*, for *Ferdinand*,  
tell we  
Not by constraint, but yield them  
to thee free.

LXXIV

Now we submit ourselves unto his  
Grace,  
With all our fortunes, humbly him  
entreat 440  
(Since sprung of princely blood and  
royal race)  
To take some pity of our poor estate :  
Let not his bounty now deny  
relief,  
Nor breach of promise add unto  
our grief.

LXXV

And thou (sweet *John*) my dear and  
tender son,  
Since now our fortune's not sufficient  
That to repair, that malice hath  
o'erthrown  
Without the aid of others : be con-  
tent ;  
Midst of such miseries, I thought  
it best  
With private loss to gain a public  
rest. 450

LXXVI

Like to a Prince (though not like to  
a King)  
Yet thou mayst live with some good  
certainty,  
When *Destiny's* disgrace on Kings  
do bring,

( 669 )

There they govern with Mutability :  
Dear Child, of friends, of aid, of  
hope forsaken,  
For thy repose this course is  
undertaken.

LXXVII

Yet 'mongst these troubles let us not  
despair,  
Nor doubt but thou art kept for  
more command ;  
Think it not strange, nor be dismay'd  
with care,  
Where thou didst first take breath  
to leave that land, 460  
Love *Virtue*, *Virtue's* dignity's so  
great,  
*Fortune* cannot debar it long from  
state.

LXXVIII

I grant there's cause of grief, to  
give away  
This Crown thy father's temples did  
adorn,  
And if false *Fortune* had not put  
a stay,  
Had now upon thy Kingly head  
been worn :  
But now with *Patience* we must be  
content,  
*Each state doth change, no king-  
dom's permanent.*"

LXXIX

Thus spoke she with such penetra-  
ting words,  
(And therewith did deliver up the  
Crown) 470  
As they did pierce the hearts of all  
the Lords,  
But chiefly *George*, in tears his eyes  
did drown.  
*Castalde* with kind words strives  
to appease  
Her sorrow, and to 'swage her  
swelling seas.

LXXX

Within few days she doth from  
thence depart,  
With painful travel and in habit poor,  
Dissembling not the anguish of her  
heart,

She manifests it to her utmost power ;  
Towards *Cassovia* she doth take  
the way,  
Where a steep hill enforceth her  
to stay. 480

LXXXI

The roughness hinders her in coach  
to ride,  
She 's fain with labour on her foot to  
go,  
Her tender child and ladies by her  
side,  
The only now-copartners of her woe,  
Whilst they're on foot, a sudden  
storm doth rise,  
Black pitchy clouds enveloping  
the skies.

LXXXII

The wind and rain them boister-  
ously did beat,  
She blameth *Fortune* that is not  
content  
To be her opposite in matters great,  
But even in trifles, thus her spite to  
vent. 490

She attributes it to her Destiny,  
That she is subject to such misery.

LXXXIII

Therefore a little for to ease her  
mind,  
Under a tree for shelter she took  
seat:

*Sic fata volunt* carvèd in its rind,  
*Regina Isabella* under-wrait.

Ah, wretched Queen, no wonder  
thou wast sorry

To fall so low, from such a height  
of glory.

LXXXIV

She to *Cassovia* comes, and bears it  
out

With patience, till *Fortune's* fury's  
past: 500

With *Time*, her rolling wheel doth  
come about,

And she is of her country repossess.

*God grant her soon her state, and  
kingdom lost,*

*Who with more courage bears it,  
though more crost.*

LXXXV

*Castalde* having what he would  
obtain'd,

*Lord John Alphonse Castald* with  
the Crown

He sends to *Ferdinand*: my Lover  
pain'd,

With ling'ring-stay for *Vien's* ready  
boun.

*Castald* (though unwilling) con-  
descends,

Loath for to part at once with two  
such friends. 510

LXXXVI

In journeying every hour he thinketh  
two,

The nearer, he doth think the  
leagues the longer:

His love increases, and he knows  
not how,

The nearer to Me, his Desire is  
stronger.

Long-look'd-for *Vien* he beholds  
at last,

Spurr'd by *Desire*, he to it hasteth  
fast.

LXXXVII

Thinks with himself, "O what a joy-  
ful greeting

Will't be when *Marian* sees her  
*Sheretine*!

How shall we bear ourselves at  
this wish'd meeting?

Can the joy be express'd we shall be  
in?" 520

Ah, *Sheretine*, how little didst thou  
know,

How far from joy thou wast, how  
near to woe.

LXXXVIII

No sooner he in *Vien's* come, but  
hears

The sad news of the thing he least  
suspected:

He thinks them mandrake-sounds,  
he stops his ears,



He trows each tongue with poison  
is infected :

He none believes, he thinks that  
each tongue lies,

Longing to see me, to my home  
he hies.

LXXXIX

He came, in *Turian's* arms me  
lockèd found,

He could not trust his eyes (though  
still he gazed) : 530

No doubt his heart receiv'd a deadly  
wound,

Long ere he spoke, he was so much  
amazed.

At last, "Is this the constancy"  
(he said)

"Should be heard of?" that  
spoke, no longer staid.

XC

My heart was no less cut with *Care*  
than his

Because he staid not to hear my  
excuse,

I know he deem'd I willing did amiss,  
Which did more sorrow in my soul  
infuse :

Taking no leave, he fair *Vienna*  
leaves,

Accompanied with care-increasing  
griefs. 540

XCI

All woe-begone, he wanders here  
and there,

Looks most for rest when furthest  
from resort,

Submits himself solely to sad *Despair*,  
With cheering comfort he cannot  
comport :

At last he came unto an obscure  
shade,

Where mirthless *Melancholy* man-  
sion had.

XCII

Low on the ground grew Hyssop,  
Wormwood, Rue,

The mourning mounting trees were  
Cypress green,

Whose twining tops so close together  
grew,

They all seem'd as they but one  
bough had been : 550

Covering a spacious tomb where  
cursèd *Care*

Herself had sepulchriz'd with  
dire *Despair*.

XCIII

No wanton bird there warbled loving  
lays,

There was no merry Merle, Gold-  
Finch, or Thrush ;

No other hopping bird in higher  
sprays,

No mourning Nightingale in lower  
bush :

The carcass-craving Raven, Night-  
Crow, Owl,

In this dark grove their hateful  
notes did howl.

XCIV

This sullen seat doth suit well with  
his soul,

There throws himself down in the  
bitter weeds ; 560

His heart did thrust out sighs, his  
tongue condole,

His wat'ring eyes with bitter moisture  
feeds

These hapless herbs, there 'gins he  
to lament,

With interrupting sighs his woes  
to vent.

XCV

"Ah, cursèd *Time*," (and there a  
sigh him staid)

"That ere I saw" (that scarcely he  
had spoken

When that a groan his fainting speech  
allay'd,

With such abound as if his heart had  
broken ;

When sighs and groans had got  
some little vent,

He 'gins anew his sorrows to  
lament.) 570

550 bough] Orig. 'Bow,' perhaps for 'bower.'



XCVI

"Ah, cursed *Time*," (said he) "that  
ere I saw  
The light, and that my Nurse did  
not o'erlie me ;  
Ah, cursed *Time*, that first I breath  
did draw,  
Ah, cursed *Time*, that did not *Time*  
deny me :  
Ah, cursed *Time* ! Ah, cruel cursed  
*Time*,  
That let me pass the springtide of  
my prime.

XCVII

Was it for this I was so sung and  
dandled  
Upon the knee, and watchèd when  
I slept ?  
Was it for this I tenderly was  
handled ?  
Was it for this I carefully was kept ?  
Was it for this I was so neatly  
nurst, 581  
That I of all should be the most  
accurst ?

XCVIII

Did *Fortune* smile in my young  
tender years,  
To make me better relish now my  
pain ?  
Then pour'd I out no bitter briny tears,  
That I should now have store my  
cheeks to stain ?  
Did *Fortune* and the *Fates* strive  
to content me,  
That they might now with sorrow  
more torment me ?

XCIX

Did cruel *Love* yield unto my *Desire*,  
To know his pain by being dis-  
possest ? 590  
And did my *Marian* with *Love*  
conspire,  
Did all agree to rob me of my rest ?  
Since it is *Marian's* will, welcome  
*Despair*,  
Farewell all *Joy*, welcome *Woe*,  
*Grief* and *Care*.

C

Welcome, since it's her will, now  
wishèd *Death*,  
Long may she live, and happy with  
her choice :  
I will wish that so long as I have breath,  
Nay, even in death I will therein  
rejoice.  
Dear (though disloyal) Thou art  
still to me,  
So once (if thou not fain'dst) I  
was to thee. 600

CI

If that one spark of thy old love  
remain,  
When thou shalt chance my timeless  
death to hear ;  
Let that so much favour for me obtain,  
As offer at my hearse a sigh, and tear.  
And if some chance be by when  
them you spend,  
And ask the cause, say *You have*  
*lost a friend*."

CII

Sorrow suffers no more, his tongue  
there stays,  
Heart-killing *Care* prepares to stop  
his breath :  
His strength and colour by degrees  
decays,  
*Grief* seems to grieve, and for his  
help calls *Death*, 610  
Who much displeasèd so to see  
him languish,  
Soon with his surest cure doth  
help his anguish.

CIII

No sooner heard I how my dear  
*Friend* died,  
(Soon it was known, for his friends  
had sought him :)  
And that his destiny was so descried,  
That to his timeless death my deeds  
had brought him :  
But that my ill-divining hapless  
heart  
Was suddenly assail'd with unseen  
smart.

614 A syllable seems missing : perhaps another 'soon' after 'for.'

## CIV

Now *Turian* I will no more come  
nigh,  
His flattering blandishments I now  
disdain : 620  
He is despis'd, yet grieveth more to  
see  
The mistress of his soul thus seiz'd  
with pain :  
He with my sadness such a con-  
sort bears,  
Sighs as I sigh, doth weep when I  
shed tears.

## CV

Sad discontent so wholly me possess,  
I seem'd not she that late I was be-  
fore :  
My woe that was by fits, is an unrest  
Which with a still increase grows  
ever more.  
From mirthful company I now  
absent,  
And melancholy walks alone  
frequent. 630

## CVI

Thus many days only heart-killing  
*Grief*  
Me still accompanied and did attend  
With black *Despair*, which told me  
no relief  
On earth could my least discontent-  
ment end :  
The days I spent in heavy plaints  
and moanings,  
In night I tire the answering  
walls with groanings.

## CVII

Yet never could I sit, or walk, or lie,  
But still I thought I saw my  
*Sheretine*,  
With pale and meagre face standing  
me by,  
With wrathful look upbraiding me of  
sin, 640  
Saying his soul could yet obtain  
no rest  
Amongst the souls in sweet  
*Elysium* blest.

## CVIII

Twixt *Fear* and *Love* my heavy heart  
distract,  
Knew neither what to follow, what to  
flee ;  
*Love* bids me for my *Sheretine* to act  
A part that might me ease and set  
him free ;  
Persuades me and affirms I shall  
remain  
With my *Love* after in *Elysian*  
Plain.

## CIX

Fear 'fore my face makes horrid  
*Death* appear  
In ugly shape seiz'd with smarting  
pain, 650  
Making to tremble as he draweth near ;  
Yet I with scorn his terror do disdain :  
*Love* doth prevail, I am resolv'd  
to fly,  
By death to keep my Lover  
company.

## CX

Thus mourning, on my bed myself  
I threw,  
Saying, "Sweet *Sheretine*, behold and  
see,  
For thy sweet sake I bid the world  
adieu ;  
And now, dear *Love*, I come to live  
with Thee :"  
Then out I drew this blood-  
begor'd knife,  
Therewith to cut the fatal thread  
of life. 660

## CXI

Thrice was my hand heav'd up to  
give the stroke,  
Thrice down again my fearful hand  
did fall ;  
Still fear dissuades, and love doth  
still provoke,  
Courage her forces to my heart did call ;  
Then gave this death's wound,  
whilst my latest cry  
Was, *Sheretine*, behold thy *Marian*  
die.

665 death's wound] Cf. 'deathsman,' &c.

CXII

My Mother (with my latest shriek  
affrighted,  
Come in and finding me in such a  
guise)  
With sudden fright is lastingly  
benighted ;  
Fear-forcèd *Death* seals up her aged  
eyes : 670  
My Father rages, his gray hairs he  
tore,  
*Turian* (though still amazèd),  
grievèd more.

CXIII

Pull'd out the blade, pans'd the  
blood-weeping-wound,  
Findeth it mortal, saw my soul de-  
part ;  
A frantic fury did him clean  
confound,  
He stroke himself on sudden to the  
heart ;  
Our blood doth mix in death, yet  
mine would run  
From his ; what life dislik'd e'en  
death would shun.

CXIV

My Father now doth find (though all  
too late,)  
The misery forc'd marriage doth  
ensue : 680  
Unto the poor he gives his whole  
estate,  
The world (with his delights) he bids  
adieu.  
He as a pilgrim from *Vienna* goes ;  
Where, when, or how he died, yet  
no man knows.

667 shriek] Orig. 'srike.'

CXV

Then to these fields my sad Soul did  
descend,  
With my sweet *Sheretine*, abode to  
make :  
But when I came, I found my  
faithful friend  
With *Charon* passing o'er this grisly  
Lake:  
For my *Death* had his wrongèd  
Ghost appeas'd,  
So that He might pass over as he  
pleas'd. 690

CXVI

I followed fast, thinking with Him  
to go,  
That I might still enjoy his company :  
But I was stay'd as I before did show  
Until thy *Muse* should pity taken on  
me :  
And now by thy sweet *Caelia's*  
name once more  
I thee conjure, keep promise past  
before.'

CXVII

Then back She brought me, and no  
longer stay'd,  
But with more cheerful looks did  
thence depart,  
With confidence she could not be  
denay'd  
What she desir'd, for her sake, hath  
my heart : 700  
For *Caelia's* sake my sole-adored  
saint,  
The world with *Marian's* woes I  
thus acquaint.

FINIS

673 pans'd] Another Gallicism.

A Happy Husband:  
OR  
DIRECTIONS FOR  
A MAID TO CHVSE HER  
MATE.

Together with  
*A WIVES BEHAVIOUR*  
*after Mariage.*

---

The second Edition.

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By PATRICK HANNAY Gent.

---

PROPER.  
*Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in amore columbæ,  
Masculus & totum fœmina coniugium.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter*,  
and are to be sold at his shop at *S. Austins*  
gate. 1622.





To the virtuous and noble lady, the Lady Margaret Home, eldest daughter to the Right Honourable Alexander Earl Home, Baron of Dunglas, &c.

THINKING with myself (Noble Lady) what I might present some way to express my love in remembrance of those not to be requited favours, which have wholly obliged me to your House: It came into my mind, that what is offered to Gods, or great ones, ought rather to be apt, than equal: and that it was held absurd in old time to offer an Hecatomb to the Muses, or an Ivy wreath to the God of War. I thought no offering could be more conformable to your virtues

than this Husband, which of due doth challenge a maiden-Maecenas: and none so fit as yourself, who even in these years by your budding virtues, do well bewray what fruit your riper years will produce. Accept it then (Madam) as an acknowledgement of what is due by me to your deservings, which have bound me to abide ever yours

In all dutiful observance,  
PATRICK HANNAY.

## TO WOMEN IN GENERAL

IN things of weight and moment, care and circumspection are to be used, with a truly grounded judgement before resolution. Now in human actions none is of more consequence than marriage, where error can be but once, and that never after remedied. Therefore in it is great caution required before conclusion, the sequel of staid deliberation, or unadvised rashness, being a happy, or a wretched life. And therein is another's counsel most necessary (though through the whole course of man's life it be safer than the self-conceived): for affection,

which in other affairs doth oft overrule reason (even in the wise) doth in this ever hide the faults of the affected under the blinding veil of love. This hath caused me for the weal of your Sex to produce this *Husband* to the light, not gain, or glory; knowing well the vulgar and critic censurers in this age do rather detract, than attribute: but I care not much for their opinion: who dislike, may freely abstain: if any give better, I shall willingly assent; take it as it is meant, for your good, to displease none, and to content all.

P. Hannay.

## To Overbury's Widow, wife of this Husband

LEAVE, worthy Wife, to wear your mourning weed,  
Or bootless stain your cheeks for him that's dead;  
But rather joy, and thank this Author's pen,

Hath so well match'd thee with this matchless man:  
For *Overbury's* Ghost is glad to see His widow such one's happy wife to be.

R. S.

Overbury's Widow] Allusions to Overbury's poem of *A Wife*, complicated or not with others to his miserable fate, are abundant at the time.

## Patrick Hannay

### To his Friend the Author

THY happy Husband shows thy high  
ingine,  
Whose muse such method in her  
measures can,  
The matter shows thy manners are  
divine;  
Thy practis'd virtues shows thou art  
this Man :  
I half envy that highly blessed Maid,  
Whose happy lot shall be to link with  
thee,  
And well-nigh wish that Nature had  
me made

A woman ; so I such one's wife might  
be :  
Detraction is distraught thy lines to  
see,  
And swell'd with envy, can no words  
bring forth,  
Her baseness cannot parallel thy  
worth,  
Which still shall live unto eternity :  
For after Ages reading of thy verse,  
Shall deck with Laurel thy adorèd  
herse.

P. S.

### To his Friend Mr. Patrick Hannay

FRIEND, I am glad that you have  
brought to life  
A Husband fit for *Overbury's* Wife ;  
Whose chastity might else suspected  
be,  
Wanting too long a Husband's com-  
pany :

But now being match'd so well by your  
endeavour,  
She'll live a chaste *Penelope* for ever,  
And you brave *Overbury* make to be  
Your brother-in-law by act of  
ingeny.

W. Jewell.

### To the Author

WHEN I behold the Author and his  
book,  
With wonder and delight on both  
I look ;  
Both are so like, and both deserve so  
well,  
Were I not friend, I in their praise  
would dwell,  
But since I should seem partial, I think  
fit

To leave their praises to a better wit :  
Yet Husband like to this I wish God  
send  
To those are chaste, and to me such a  
friend.  
Live each in other, be each other's  
praise,  
Time shall not end your glory with  
your days.

Edward Leventhorpe.

### The Argument

MARRIAGE ordain'd ; the man made  
head,  
That kind may be, like like doth  
breed :  
God blest it ; youth it best befits :  
The Author will not try his wits  
To make one man of many parts,  
Painters do so to show their Arts :  
His birth and breeding first he shows,  
Equal, and good ; the wants of those  
What ills they breed, yet self-gain'd  
glore

He doth prefer both these before. 10  
His shape must not deformèd be,  
*Nature makes house and guest agree.*  
His stature neither low, nor tall,  
*The mean in each is best of all :*  
Not curious to be counted fair,  
It's womanish to take that care ;  
Free from affecting gifts of others,  
That self-weakness still discovers.  
Such one found, then next is shown  
What vice he s'd want, what virtue  
own : 20

20 he s'd] 's'd' for 'should' is, I think, one of the rarest of these contractions.  
The absence of 'h' *Scotice*.

## Commendatory Poems

Wealth must be set aside to try,  
(It is a beam in judgement's eye.)  
What ill doth haunt her weds for gold,  
Is told : with the content of old,  
When virtue and simplicity  
Did choose : then he doth let her see  
The Worthies that the World brought  
forth,  
Woo'd ne'er for wealth, but still for  
worth.  
With virtue this man should be nurst,  
If't be deprav'd, he's worse than  
first : 30  
Drunkenness, gaming, he must want,  
He shows what ills such unthrifths  
haunt ;  
He must not haunt another's sheets,  
With grace, foul whoredom never  
meets ;

He must have spent well his time  
past,  
A wicked crime's bruit long doth  
last :  
His humours must with hers agree,  
Or else true friendship cannot be ;  
He must fear God, for on that fear  
Wisdom doth her building rear, 40  
It's that makes honest ; Honesty  
In show, not deed, is policy.  
He must propose a certain end,  
Where to his actions all must bend ;  
He must have unfeign'd piety,  
And serve in truth the Deity :  
The four chief virtues, in some mea-  
sure,  
Must hoard up in him their treasure,  
Whereon the lesser do depend :  
Age and behaviour do him end. 50

### Another

To keep him good, his wife must be  
Obedient, mild, her huswifery  
Within doors she must tend ; her charge  
Is that at home ; his that at large :  
She must be careful ; idle wives  
Vice works on, and to some ill drives :  
Not toying, fond, nor yet unkind,  
Not of a weak dejected mind,  
Nor yet insensible of loss,

Which doth with care her Husband  
cross : 10  
Not jealous, but deserving well,  
Not gadding, news to know, or tell ;  
Her conversation with the best,  
In Husband's heart her thought must  
rest :  
Thus if she choose, thus use her mate,  
He promiseth her happy state.



# A HAPPY HUSBAND :

OR,

## Directions for a Maid to choose her Mate

IN Paradise God Marriage first  
ordain'd,  
That lawfully kind might be so  
maintain'd ;  
By it the Man is made the Woman's  
head,  
And kind immortalizèd in their  
seed :  
For like produces like, it so should  
be,  
God blest it with *Increase and  
multiply.*  
Nature requires it, nothing is more  
just,  
Who were begot, beget of duty must.  
It Youth becomes, Age is unapt to  
breed,  
*Old stocks are barren, youthful plants  
have seed.* 10  
Then, virtuous Virgin, since such  
blessing springs  
From wedlock (which earth's greatest  
comfort brings)  
Compell'd by love, which to thy  
worth is due,  
How to choose well thy mate, I will  
thee shew ;  
Whose sympathizing virtues may  
combine  
Your hearts in love, till death life's  
thread untwine.  
It's not my mind the rarities to glean  
Of blest perfections I have heard or  
seen ;  
And take the best, where bounty  
doth abound,  
And make a Husband, (nowhere  
to be found :) 20  
The painter so from boys, and girls  
did take

Best of their beauties, Helen fair to  
make ;  
No, I will paint thy mate in such a  
hew,  
As *Care* may find : *Discretion* must  
allow.  
To choose aright, know from what  
stock he's grown ;  
The birth suits best, is nearest to  
thine own :  
Dislike makes higher Birth deem  
lower base,  
Lower will never by thy Birth take  
place :  
In Man the fault is more to be  
excus'd,  
Who of low birth (for beauty) hath  
one chus'd ; 30  
His lightness therein ever love is  
deem'd,  
Yet as his place, his Wife shall be  
esteem'd.  
But when a Woman of a noble race  
Doth match with Man of far inferior  
place,  
She cannot him ennoble, he is still  
In place as she first found him, good,  
or ill :  
His breeding will his birth still to  
thee tell,  
*For as the Cask, the liquor still  
doth smell.*  
A crab, though digg'd and dung'd,  
cannot bring forth  
A luscious fruit ; so hardly man of  
worth 40  
Doth from base stock proceed : still  
like itself  
Nature produces ; force of golden  
pelf

23 hew] In the general sense of 'character,' 'quality.' The rhyme of 'aloo' is of course Scots.

# A Happy Husband

To alter that's not able, yet we know  
Oft Men of worth have come of  
Parents low :

For Parents' place is not the Children's  
merit,

Yet it adds grace, if they their worth  
inherit ;

If not, it adds to shame : for from  
high race

Virtue's expected due to such a  
place :

*For undegenerate heroic minds*

*They should possess, are come of noble  
kinds :* 50

What man's own worth acquires with  
virtuous ends,

Is truly his, and not that which  
descends.

Cicero brags (and justly) that his  
line

He did in glorious virtue far out-  
shine,

Which was his honour : They no  
honour have,

Who (idle) add not to what they  
receive ;

It is his own worth every Man doth  
grace,

Less or more eminent, as is his place :  
For Virtue (though aye clear) yet  
clearest shines

When she doth dart her lights from  
noble lines. 60

A glorious flame blazing in valley  
low,

Is soon barr'd sight, nor doth it far  
way show,

Obscur'd with neighbour objects :  
but on high

A little Beacon to both far and nigh  
Shows like a bearded Comet in the  
air,

Admir'd of some, of most accounted  
rare.

Choose thou a Husband equal to thy  
race,

Who's grac'd by virtue, and doth  
virtue grace ;

*Things different do never well agree,  
True liking lodges in equality :* 70

Better than birth his Parents' virtues  
know,

*From poison'd springs no wholesome  
waters flow.*

As for his shape, I would it should  
be free

From (Nature's note of spite) De-  
formity :

Deform'd shape is of so bad a nature,  
That it's dislik'd even in a noble  
creature ;

Where comely shape with love at-  
tracts the eyes,

By secret sympathy of all it sees.  
England's third Richard, and the wife  
of Shore,

The one deform'd, the other grac'd  
with store 80

Of bounteous Nature's gifts, do show  
th' effects

Of Love and Hate, to good and bad  
aspects ;

She (when she bare-foot with a taper  
light,

Did open penance in the people's  
sight)

Went so demure, with such a lovely  
face,

That beauty seem'd apparell'd in dis-  
grace :

But most when shame summon'd the  
blood too high

With native stains, her comely cheeks  
to dye

In scarlet tincture. She did so  
exceed,

That e'en disgrace in her delight did  
breed ; 90

Firing beholders' hearts that came to  
scorn her,

So Beauty cloth'd in baseness did  
adorn her,

That e'en the good (who else the  
vice did blame)

Thought she deserv'd pity more than  
shame :

85, 86 A couplet not quite unworthy of Dryden, yet unborn.

## Patrick Hannay

Condemning cunning Richard's cruel  
 mind  
 Who caus'd her shame, the multitude  
 to blind,  
 Lest it his greater mischief should  
 behold,  
 Which his ambition-plotters had in  
 mould :  
 So in them was the force of feature  
 seen,  
*Who, if less famous, had more happy*  
*been.* 100  
 Thus Nature makes each body with  
 the mind  
 Some way to keep decorum : for we  
 find  
 Mark'd bodies, manners cross accom-  
 pany,  
 Which in well-shap'd we seld, or  
 never see :  
 For she doth, builder-like, a mansion  
 frame  
 Fit for the guest should harbour in  
 the same.  
 No stature choose too low, for so in  
 time  
 Thy offspring may prove dwarfs ;  
 yet do not climb  
 To one too tall : *for buildings mounted*  
*high,*  
*Their upper rooms seldom well*  
*furnish'd be :* 110  
 Herein observe the mean, it's best  
 of all,  
 Let him not be observ'd for low nor  
 tall.  
 Fresh, lively colours, which fair  
 woman grace,  
 Modest, effeminate, alluring face,  
 Is not so much in Man to be  
 respected,  
 As other graces are to be affected :  
 The bloom of beauty is a fading  
 flower,  
 Which *Age* and *Care* consumeth  
 every hour ;

It blasted once, is ever after lost,  
 Like to a rose nipt with untimely  
 frost. 120  
 A manly face in Man is more com-  
 mended  
 Than a fair face from sun and wind  
 defended.  
 A *Carpet Knight*, who makes it his  
 chief care  
 To trick him neatly up, and doth  
 not spare  
 (Though sparing) precious time for  
 to devour,  
 (Consulting with his glass) a tedious  
 hour  
 Soon flees (spent so) whiles each  
 irregular hair  
 His barber rectifies, and to seem  
 rare,  
 His heat-lost locks to thicken closely  
 curls,  
 And curiously doth set his misplac'd  
 pearls. 130  
 Powders, perfumes, are then profusely  
 spent,  
 To rectify his native nasty scent :  
 This forenoon's task perform'd, his  
 way he takes,  
 And chamber-practic'd craving curt-  
 sies makes  
 To each he meets ; with cringes, and  
 screw'd faces,  
 (Which his too partial glass approv'd  
 for graces :)  
 Then dines, and after courts some  
 courtly dame,  
 Or idle busy 'bout misspending  
 game ;  
 Then sups, then sleeps, then rises for  
 to spend  
 Next day as that before, as t'were  
 the end 140  
 For which he came : so womaniz'd,  
 turn'd Dame,  
 As place 'mongst *Ovid's* changelings  
 he might claim.

130 pearls] Orig. 'purles' = 'pearls'? Or is it in the sense of 'purling'? Cf. 'purling billow' in 'On the Queen' *inf.*, and 'purling Zephyr' in the second *Elegy*.

138] Orig. 'busy-bout.' But the subst. 'bout' would make no sense, and my alteration seems pretty certain.



## *A Happy Husband*

What? Do not such discover their  
weak mind

(Unapt for active virtue) is inclined  
To superficial things, and can embrace  
But outward Habits for internal  
Grace?

*The mind's gifts do the body's grace  
adorn,*

*Where that's defective, to affect is scorn.*  
For Action's hinder'd by too much  
observing

Of decency : but where a well-de-  
serving 150

And settled reputation is ; then there  
Each thing becomes, and is ac-  
counted, rare :

Where that's defective, striving to  
affect

Another's worth, their weakness doth  
detect.

Let thy Mate be what such do strive  
to seem,

Thou must the substance, not the  
shade esteem :

When thou hast found this well-form'd  
cabinet,

Try what rich jewels are within it set :  
Set wealth apart, thou shalt more  
clearly see

His Virtues (*Riches dazzle judgement's  
Eye.*) 160

Who weds for wealth, she only wealth  
doth wed,

Not Man which got, and in posses-  
sion had,

Love languishes : yet till one's death  
she's forc'd

To live with him ; though wealth fail,  
yet divorced

They cannot be ; so is she all his life  
His riches' Widow, though she be his  
Wife.

That golden Age when sullen Saturn  
reigned,

For Virtue's love, not gold's, the glory  
gained ;

To be so styl'd, it was not then de-  
manded

How rich in gold, or how that he  
was landed : 170

When they did woo, simplicity had  
wont

Be first, which now is last, in least  
account ;

With *Virtue* leading *Love*, be Wed-  
lock's aim,

And greatest wealth, a pure unspotted  
name :

They liv'd and lov'd, then joying  
each in other,

Not fearing that their *Mate* should  
love another,

Seduc'd by tempting Gold ; their  
time they spent

Free from distrust, or open discon-  
tent.

But the next Age, when as our  
mother Earth

(Fertile before in voluntary birth)  
Was sought into, and had her bowels

torn 181

For hidden wealth : then when the  
keel was worn,  
Ploughing the Ocean for his hidden  
store,

The sweet Content did vanish was  
before ;

The silly Maid (then ignorant of ill)  
Having no Wealth might live a  
Maiden still,

And die (except seduc'd) so ; the  
poor swain

(Though virtuous) was straight held  
in disdain.

But yet the Worthies that the world  
brought forth

Since that blessed Age, postponed  
wealth to worth. 190

Great Alexander did disdain the  
offer

Declining Darius with his Child did  
proffer,

192 Darius] Hannay is guilty either of 'Darius' or of bad metre. 'Declining' is of course to be taken with D., not A., and equals 'falling.' In the next line 'Maced's' is textual and short for 'Macedon's,' but I do not know whether the genitive with 'full' as a noun or the plural with 'full' as an adjective is the more likely.



## Patrick Hannay

Nor Maced's full of Gold, nor Euphrates' brim,  
To bound his Empire, could inveigle him :

But he for that rather contemn'd his foe,  
For thinking he could have been conquer'd so.

*True worth doth wealth as an addition take,  
Defective virtue's wants of weight to make :*

Virtue's best wealth wherewith he should be nurst,

*That smell stays long, a vessel seasons first.* 200

Yet build not there, for good natures depraved,

Are still the worst, so thou may'st be deceived.

See that he have so spent his forepast time,

That he be free from censure of a crime.

Youth's apt to slip : but a notorious deed

From Nature, not from Age, doth still proceed ;

And though that Fortune herein oft hath part,

Yet th' actions still are judg'd from the heart.

Adrastus thinking to revenge the harms

Of his dead Love, his naked weapon warms 210

In his brother's bosom (too dear blood to spill)

Instead of his that did his Lady kill :

Fleeing to Croesus, he him entertain'd,

Where his behaviour so much credit gain'd,

As Lydia's hope, young Atis, Croesus' heir,

He got in charge ; whom, hunting, unaware

His hapless hand unfortunately slew,  
Whiles at a boar his dismal dart he threw :

( 684 )

Yet was it thought intention, and not chance,

Till being freely pardon'd the offence,  
Lest more disastrous chances should fall out, 221

His own self-slaughter clear'd them of that doubt :

Thus when opinion hath possessed the mind,

It leaves a deep impression long behind ;

*And they must do much good, that have done ill,*

*Ere they be trusted, wer't by fate or will.*

See Drunkenness (from which all vices spring)

Do no way stain him ; for that still doth bring

Contempt, disgrace, and shame : *Circe made swine*

Of wise *Ulysses'* fellows, drunk with wine. 230

The Macedonian Monarch (lately nam'd)

Is not for worth so prais'd, as for that blam'd ;

He in his drink destroy'd his dearest friend,

That did fore him his Father's deeds commend :

Nor could his after-tears wash off that stain

Which doth to blot his actions still remain :

For if one would his glorious actions show,

How strong, chaste, valiant, mild to captiv'd foe ;

With such brave deeds though he the world hath fill'd,

Yet this still stays, He drunk, dear *Clytus* kill'd. 240

No Gamester let him be : for such a *Man*

Shall still beloser, do the best he can ;

His mind and money it frets, and destroys

And wastes the precious time he here enjoys :

## A Happy Husband

Some in less time unto some Art  
 attain,  
 Than others spend in play ; some's  
 pleasing vein  
 Will seem so mild, in this dear  
 double loss,  
 They outwardly not take it for a  
 cross :  
 But when all's gone (for they but  
 then give over)  
 Their smother'd anguish they at last  
 discover ; 250  
 Whereof man's foe, the Fiend,  
 advantage takes,  
 Whiles on self-slaughter'd rooks, he  
 gathers wrakes.  
 Examples hereof we may daily see,  
 How some by halter, some by poison  
 die ;  
 And who go not so far yet their  
 last ends  
 Contemned need, and misery attends :  
*For this ill haunts them, who to play  
 are bent,*  
*They seldom leave till their estate be  
 spent.*  
 With other's sheets let him not be  
 acquainted,  
*( They are still stain'd, whom once that  
 sin hath tainted )* 260  
 And never hope to have him true to  
 thee,  
 Who hath oft prey'd on chang'd  
 variety :  
*Be sure who hath had choice, will  
 ne'er digest  
 To feed on one dish, ( though of sweet-  
 est taste )*  
 And whoso strays, loves not, but  
 lusts ; in one  
 Doth Love delight, when that leaves,  
 Love is gone ;  
 For Grace and Lust ne'er harbour  
 in one Inn,

And where Lust lodges, ever lodgeth  
*Sin :*  
 Which Sin when it is to a habit  
 grown,  
 Not fear of God (but Man, lest it be  
 known) 270  
 Doth stay the execution : but be  
 sure  
 Though the act be hinder'd, yet the  
 heart's impure,  
 Whose lusts will predomine in time  
 and place,  
 Not over-rul'd by God's preventing  
 Grace.  
 Besides, he will be still suspecting  
 thee,  
 Though thou beest pure as spotless  
*Chastity :*  
*For vice is ever conversant in ill,  
 And guilty as itself thinks others still.*  
 Upon this Earth there is no greater  
 Hell,  
 Than with suspecting Jealousy to  
 dwell. 280  
 See that his humours (as near as  
 may be)  
 Do with each humour of thy mind  
 agree ;  
 Or else contention, and dissension  
 still,  
 Will bar your sweet content ; while  
 the one's will  
 The other's doth resist, Love cannot  
 be,  
 'Twixt fire and water, they will ne'er  
 agree.  
 True friendship must express 'twixt  
 man and wife,  
 The comfort, stay, defence, and port  
 of life,  
 Is perfect, when two souls are so  
 confus'd,  
 And plung'd together (which free-  
 will hath chus'd) 290

246 vein] Orig. 'vaine' ; but this is a very usual spelling of 'vein,' and I do not think 'vain' makes sense.

252 rooks] 'pigeons' rather ; but the birds often interchange parts. There is a complicated play on words in this line. 'Wrake' is properly in Scots = 'wrack' = 'sea-weed,' with which sense 'rook' has to suggest 'rock.' But it may also mean 'anger,' 'revenge' : cf. *wreak*.

## Patrick Hannay

As they can never sever'd be again,  
But still one compound must of both  
remain :

From which confusèd mixture, ne're  
proceeds

Words of good turns, requitals, helps  
of needs ;

For it is ever after but one soul,  
Which both their wills and actions  
doth control ;

And cannot thank itself for its  
own deeds,

( *What is done to itself, no self-love  
breeds :* )

But this holds not where humours  
disagree,

*There's no concordance in disparity.*

See he fear God, then will he fear  
to sin ; 301

Where Vice doth leave, there Virtue  
doth begin :

*Sin* is nipt in the bud, when we do  
mind

That God's all light, and can in  
darkness find

What we can hide from Man ; the  
reins and heart

He searches through, and knows  
each hidden part,

And each thought long before ; we  
cannot hide

Our faults from Him, nor from His  
censure slide.

The Wiseman saith, it's Wisdom's  
first degree,

To have a true fear of the Deity ;

For that makes Honest : Honesty's  
commended, 311

Whether sincere, or for a cloak  
pretended.

The vulgar *Honesty*, servant to  
Laws,

Customs, Religions, Hope and Fear  
it draws,

Be more or less according to the  
times,

It still is wavering, difference of climes  
Makes it unequal, rather Policy

I may call such respect, than  
Honesty :

Which still aspiring, quickly oft  
mounts high,

And in short time unto that mark  
comes nigh 320

At which it aims : but builded on  
false grounds,

A sudden fall it unawares confounds.  
But Honesty doth always go upright,

With settled pace ; not wavering for  
the night

Of winds, times, nor occasions : it  
goes slow,

But still attains the end, towards  
which doth go.

Now such an Honest man I wish  
thee find

As still is Honest, out of Honest  
mind :

That's Wisdom's first ground : next  
is to propose

A certain form of life ; for ever  
those 330

(Who divers in themselves) aim at  
no end,

But as occasion offers, each waytend,  
Never attain the mark. *If Hawk*

*assay*

*To truss two Birds, she doth on  
neither prey :*

These grounds being laid, an un-  
feign'd Piety

Must build thereon, and though  
that divers be

Religions, Laws ; yet ours amongst  
them all

Is truest, purest, most authentical.

Religion true, loves God, and quiets  
us, 339

And rests in a soul free and generous :  
Where superstition is a frantic error,

A weak mind's sickness, and the own  
soul's terror :

293 ne're] Sic in orig. : but 'never,' which is the usual expansion of 'ne're,' does not seem to suit. 'There' is possible ; and no doubt there are other possibilities.

313-6 This passage is a mere *jam* of ellipses, &c.—expansible, but perhaps not worth expanding.



## A Happy Husband

Religious men do still fear God for  
 love,  
 The superstitious, lest they torments  
 prove.  
 Let thy Mate be a man, whose  
 settled faith  
 In true Religion sure foundation hath:  
 For 'twixt those bodies love doth  
 best reside,  
 Whose souls no self-opinions do  
 divide :  
 The four chief Virtues next in order  
 go,  
 From which the rest as from four  
 fountains flow ; 350  
*Prudence* the first place hath, to see  
 and choose,  
 Which is so needful, and of so great  
 use,  
 That with it weighty things do seem  
 but light,  
 Without it nothing can be done of  
 weight ;  
 By it things even 'gainst Nature are  
 achieved,  
*A wise mind gains what many hands  
 hath grieved.*  
 Just he must be himself first to  
 command,  
 For sensual things at *Reason's* Law  
 must stand,  
 The *Spirit's* power keeps the *Passions*  
 still in awe,  
 And strictly bounds them with an  
 austere Law, 360  
 With *Moderation* it guides our desires  
 (We must not all condemn Nature  
 requires)  
 To love things neat and needful,  
 base things hate.  
 It's wantonness to live too delicate :  
 But it's mere madness to condemn  
 the things  
 Which needful use, and common  
 custom brings.  
 Next, to his Neighbour he that right  
 must do

Which he expects, (freely, not forc'd  
 thereto ;)  
 Whom Law constrains, they falsify  
 all trust,  
*It's conscience, not constraint, that  
 makes men just.* 370  
 As just, so valiant would I have him  
 be,  
 Not out of rashness or stupidity,  
 It is a constant patient resolution  
 Of bashless *Courage* 'gainst the  
 revolution  
 Of times and fortunes : it regards  
 not pains,  
 Where *Honour* is the Hire, *Glory*  
 the gains :  
 It's sensible careful man's self to save,  
 Not daring offer wrong, more than  
 receive.  
 As *Prudent, Just, and Valiant*, so he  
 must  
 Be *Temperate*, this *virtue* hath foul  
 lust, 380  
 And pleasure for its object : it  
 commands,  
 Laps, and reforms our sensual  
 thoughts ; it stands  
 'Twixt a desire, and dullness of our  
 nature,  
 And is the spurrer on, or the abater  
 Of ill or good, shamefast in refusing  
 Things filthy, honest in things  
 comely choosing.  
 Though with perfection these no  
 one man fits,  
 Yet let him be free from their  
 opposites :  
 He must be sober, not given to excess,  
 It cures, and keeps in health, *mind*  
 it doth dress ; 390  
 Making it pure, and capable of good,  
 Mother, and good counsel is  
 the Brood :  
*Excess* doth dull the spirits, and  
 breeds disease,  
 So after punish'd by what first did  
 please.

362 I have shifted the bracket from 'condemn' to 'requires.'

385 One might suggest 'is' before 'shamefast.'



## Patrick Hannay

Learn'd let him be, his learning  
 general,  
 Profound in none, yet have some  
 skill in all ;  
 Who's deeply learn'd,<sup>4</sup> his Book is  
 most his Wife,  
 Conversing still with it, so of his Life  
 His Wife not half enjoys, for most  
 is spent  
 In study, so what should yield most  
 content, 400  
*Society's* debar'd ; I do wish then  
 Who are mere Scholars, may live  
 single men :  
*Learning* besots the weak and feeble  
 mind ;  
 But polishes the strong, and well  
 inclin'd :  
 The one *Vain-glory* puffs with self-  
 conceit,  
 The other's brain is settled *Judge-  
 ment's* seat.  
 Then so learn'd let him be, as he  
 may choose  
 Flowers of best Books, whose sweet  
 scent he may use  
 To rectify his knowledge, and distil  
 From thence life-blessing precepts,  
 which so will 410  
 Temper his understanding, that the  
 frown  
 Of fickle *Fortune* never shall cast  
 down.  
 Not bold in speech, no man of many  
 words  
 Choose thou a Husband, leafy tree  
 affords  
 The smallest store of fruit : *Both  
 words and deeds*  
*Seldom or never from one man  
 proceeds.*  
 Who guides his words, he in a word  
 is wise :  
 Yet let him not be sullenly precise,  
 But gentle, pleasing, not crabbed, or  
 tart,  
 The wise man's tongue is ever in his  
 heart ; 420  
 The fool's heart's in his tongue : *it  
 is great gain*

( 688 )

*For to be silent, and one's self contain :*  
 And see with whomsoever he  
 converse,  
 (Lest he be thought ill-nurtur'd, or  
 perverse)  
 That he be kind, obsequious,  
 affable ;  
 To fit himself unto their humours,  
 able  
*To change condition with the time,  
 and place,*  
*Is wisdom, and such levity doth grace :*  
 So Aristippus each face, each  
 behaviour  
 Did still become, and was a gracing  
 favour. 430  
 Choose thou a Husband older by  
 some years  
 Then thou thyself art, Man age  
 better bears  
 Then Women : for bearing of child-  
 ren makes  
 Their strength decay, soon beauty  
 them forsakes :  
*Many crops make a field soon to be  
 bare,*  
*Where that that bears not long con-  
 tinues fair.*  
 Now, Lady, such a man I wish you  
 find,  
 As here I have describ'd, with whom  
 to bind  
 Yourself, is to be blest, leading  
 a life  
 Full of content, free from conten-  
 tious strife. 440

### *A Wife's behaviour.*

BUT to find good, is not enough to  
 show,  
 But having found him, how to keep  
 him so ;  
 Then since I have advis'd you how  
 to choose him,  
 I will give some advice how you  
 should use him.  
*Obedience* first thy will to his must  
 fit,  
 (He is the pilot that must govern it)  
 It man condemns of inability,

## A Happy Husband

When women rule, that are born to  
obey :  
Nor is it honour to her, but a  
shame  
To be match'd with one only man  
in name : 450  
But if imperious he should more  
desire  
Than due respect doth of a *Wife*  
require,  
Think not harsh stubbornness will  
e'er procure him  
To be more mild (it rather will  
obdure him) ;  
*The whip and lash the angry horse*  
*enrages,*  
*Mild voice and gentle stroke his ire*  
*assuages :*  
From steel-struck flint we see the  
lightning flies,  
But struck 'gainst wool, the flashing  
flame none spies ;  
Nor is the clangour heard : the one's  
soft nature  
Is to the other's hardness an aba-  
ture. 460  
Win thou thy mate with mildness :  
for each cross  
Answer'd with anger, is to both  
a loss :  
Like as the sea which 'gainst a  
churlish rock  
Breaks braving billows with a boi-  
trous stroke,  
Seeking by raging force to throw  
on sands  
The stiff resisting rock, which  
unmov'd stands,  
Repelling his bold billows with like  
scorn,  
As th' others' bravery had bounced  
them before ;  
Thus both still strive, and striving  
are o'ercome,  
The rock is worn, the billow's crush'd  
in foam : 470  
Whereas the sea calmly the sand  
embraces,  
And with smooth forehead lovingly  
it graces :

( 689 )

Being content that it should bound  
his shore,  
Yielding to mildness where force  
fail'd before.  
So let thy mildness win thy Husband  
to it,  
If that do not, then nothing else will  
do it :  
Beware you (willing) to no anger  
move him,  
If he perceive't, he cannot think you  
love him :  
If anger once begin to twixt man and wife,  
If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to  
strife : 480  
Which still will stir on every light  
occasion,  
What might have ceas'd in silence ;  
then persuasion  
Of friends will hardly end : *for every*  
*jar*  
*Is ominous presaging life-long war :*  
And where two join'd do jar, their  
state decays,  
*They go not forward, who draw*  
*divers ways,*  
*Being yoked together :* your first care  
must be,  
That with your husband you in love  
agree.  
As far from fondness be, as from  
neglect,  
Mixing affection with a staid re-  
spect : 490  
If toying fondness were man's only  
aim,  
Not reason, but his lust should choose  
his dame ;  
Where whores lascivious, that can  
ways invent,  
Should equalize thee, nay, give more  
content :  
No, these are not the joys he hopes  
to find,  
The body not so much he weds, as  
mind.  
Be never fond, nor without cause  
unkind,  
These are the fruits of an inconstant  
mind :

Y Y

## Patrick Hannay

Thou must not if his fortunes do  
decline,  
Be discontented, or seem to repine,  
But bear a constant countenance,  
not dismayed, 501  
As if you were of misery afraid :  
His fortunes you must good or bad  
abide,  
With chains of mutual love, together  
tied.  
The loss of that which blindfold  
chance doth give,  
Cannot a worthy generous mind  
aggrieve :  
For it will never take it for a cross,  
Which cannot make one wicked by its  
loss,  
Nor by the gaining good. Both fool  
and knave  
Are often rich : if such afflictions  
have, 510  
They drive them to despair ; but  
draw the wise,  
With elevated thoughts, such things  
despise.  
Seneca saith, the gods did take  
delight  
To see grave Cato with his fate to  
fight :  
O ! what should we, whose hopes  
do higher rise,  
If heathens thus could worldly things  
despise ?  
Affliction oft doth mount the wiser  
high,  
Joseph and Job rose by adversity :  
It's sign of a weak mind to be  
dejected  
For worldly loss (such never are  
respected). 520  
If thou wouldst not be irksome  
to thy mate,  
Be cheerful, not succumbing with  
his fate :  
Yet if that anguish doth afflict his  
mind,  
You must not seem so from the  
world refin'd  
As to disdain what human cross  
brings forth,

( 690 )

Pride to be singular, that is not  
worth :  
Nay, thou must be a mirror, to  
reflect  
Thy husband's mind : for as is his  
aspect,  
So should be thine. Pale Phoebe  
yields no light,  
When th' interpos'd earth bars her  
Phoebus' sight : 530  
But when no object intercepts his  
streams,  
She decks herself with light-rebat-  
ing beams.  
Even so as is thy husband's joy, or  
pain,  
So must thy joy and sorrow wax  
or wane :  
Be not too curious in his ways to  
pry,  
Suspicion still makes the suspected  
try  
Jealousy's fear : for why should she  
suspect  
That knows herself guilty of no  
defect ?  
If he perceive thee of thyself de-  
spair,  
He will think sweeter joys are other-  
where, 540  
Which thou dost want ; so thou  
thyself shalt give  
The first occasion to what may  
thee grieve :  
Thy own desert must him unto thee  
bind,  
*Desert doth make a savage to be  
kind :*  
It is an adamant chain to  
knit  
Two souls so fast, nought can them  
disunite ;  
Where that most sweet communion  
of the minds  
Save each in other, no contentment  
finds ;  
And whatsoever the one touches  
near,  
Jealous, the other ne'er conceals  
for fear. 550



# A Happy Husband

Brutus his honour (dearer priz'd  
than life)  
Concredited to Portia his wife ;  
What fear from dearest friends  
caus'd him conceal,  
Worth and desert made him to her  
reveal.  
Great Caesar's death, and who his  
consorts were,  
With their designs, he did impart  
to her ;  
Nor is their birth, or beauty of such  
might,  
To alienate their hearts, or give  
delight :  
Who had more beauty than that  
captiv'd Queen,  
The fair Statira, when in grief was  
seen 560  
The pearly hail blasting her beauty-  
fields,  
Which seemliness even cloth'd in  
sorrow yields ?  
Being grac'd with modesty, and  
unstain'd faith,  
*More force still fairness with such  
fellows hath :*  
Yet could not her fair beauty move  
the thought  
Of Alexander (though less fair have  
brought  
Oft captains to be captives), nor her  
state  
(She being married) did affection  
bate :  
For then her virgin daughter yet  
unstain'd,  
(Whose beauty all comparison dis-  
dain'd, 570  
Going her lovely mother so before,  
As she did all the rest of Asia's  
store)  
Should quickly have entangled his  
desire,  
Whose heart all one, Roxane's love  
did fire :

For if proportion, colour, wealth, or  
birth,  
Could have captiv'd the Monarch of  
the Earth ;  
These should have won : but he  
did her prefer,  
Whose only merits pleaded *love* for  
her.  
Deserve then not in show, but from  
the heart,  
*Love is perpetuated by desert.* 580  
As it befits not man for to embrace  
Domestic charge, so it's not woman's  
place  
For to be busied with affairs abroad :  
For that weak sex it is too great  
a load,  
*And it's unseemly, and doth both  
disgrace,*  
*When either doth usurp the other's  
place :*  
Leave his to him, and of thine own  
take charge,  
Care thou at home, and let him  
care at large :  
Thou hast enough thyself for to  
employ  
Within doors, 'bout thy house and  
huswifery : 590  
Remember that it's said of *Lucrece*  
chaste,  
When some dames wantoniz'd,  
others took rest,  
*She* with her maidens first her task  
would end,  
E're she would sleep : she did not idle  
spend  
Swift-running *Time*, nor gave allur-  
ing pleasure  
The least advantage, to make any  
seizure  
On her rare virtues. *A soul vacant still  
Is soon seduced to do good or ill :*  
For like perpetual motion is the mind,  
In action still, while to this flesh  
confined ; 600

552 Concredited] This rare English derivation from the not unclassical *concredo* might have been made common with advantage, for it expresses in one word what requires a long periphrasis without it.

590 huswifery] I keep this as well as 'housewifery.'



## Patrick Hannay

(From which soul-prison it takes  
often stains,  
*For absolutely good no man remains.*)  
Employ'd if not 'bout good, about  
some ill,  
Producing fruits which do discover  
still  
How it is labour'd like a fertile field,  
Which fruit, or weeds abundantly  
doth yield,  
As it is manur'd ; be not idle then,  
Nor give vice time to work upon  
thy brain  
Imagined ill : for what it there  
conceives,  
It oft brings out, and in dishonour  
leaves : 610  
*The purest things are easiest to be  
stain'd,*  
*And it's soon lost which carefully  
was gain'd.*  
Penelope did wheel and distaff  
handle,  
And her day's work undid at night  
by candle ;  
Nor labour-forcing need compell'd  
that task,  
Which toiling days, and tedious  
nights did ask :  
(For she was Queen of Ithacke)  
'twas her name,  
Which virtuous care kept spotless,  
free from blame ;  
One of so many suitors of each sort,  
As for her love did to her Court  
resort, 620  
Not speeding, would have spoke  
that might her stain,  
(*The greatest hate, when love turns  
to disdain.*)  
If colour could have made their  
knavery stronger,  
But Envy could not find a way to  
wrong her.  
Be thou as these, careful of house-  
wifery,  
With *Providence* what's needful still  
supply ;  
Look thy Maids be not idle, nor yet  
spend

( 692 )

Things wastingly : for they so oft  
offend,  
When careless is the Mistress ; yet  
with need  
Ne'er pinch them, nor yet let them  
e'er exceed : 630  
The one doth force them seek thee  
to betray,  
The other makes them wanton, and  
too gay ;  
It is no shame to look to every  
thing,  
The Mistress' eye doth ever profit  
bring.  
Salomon saith, *the good Wife seeks  
for flax*  
*And wool, wherewith her hands glad  
travail takes :*  
*She's like a ship that bringeth bread  
from far,*  
*She rises ere appear the morning  
Star ;*  
*Victuals her household, gives her  
maidens food,*  
*Surveys, and buys a field, plants  
vines, with good* 640  
*Gain'd by her hands : what merchan-  
dise is best*  
*She can discern, nor doth she go to  
rest*  
*When Phoebus hides his head, and  
bars his sight,*  
*But by her lamp, her hands do take  
delight*  
*To touch the wheel and spindle ; she  
doth stretch*  
*Her hand to help the poor and needy  
wretch :*  
*Her words are wisdom, she o'ersees  
her train*  
*That idle none do eat their bread in  
vain ;*  
*Her children rise and bless her, sweet  
delight*  
*Her husband takes still in her happy  
sight.* 650  
Be thou this careful goodwife, for to  
lend  
Thy helping hand, thy husband's  
means to mend.

## A Happy Husband

Last, let thy conversation be with  
     such,  
 As foul-mouth'd malice can with no  
     crime touch :  
 I cannot but condemn such as  
     delight  
 Still to be sad and sullen in the sight  
 Of their own husbands, as they were  
     in fear,  
*(Sure guilty of some crime such women  
     are)*  
 But when they gossip it with other  
     wives  
 Of their own cut, then they have  
     merry lives,                      660  
 Spending, and plotting how they  
     may deceive  
 Their husbands, rule themselves,  
     and mastery have ;  
 O let such women (for they make-  
     bates be  
 'Twixt man and wife) never consort  
     with thee :  
 But shun them, as thou dost see one  
     that's fair  
 Flee the small pox ; both like infec-  
     tious are.  
 The grave, staid, blameless, and  
     religious dames,  
 Whose carriage hath procur'd them  
     honest names,  
 Are fit companions ; let such be thy  
     mates,

When wearied with affairs, thou  
     recreates                      670  
 Thyself with harmless mirth : yet  
     do not walk  
 Often abroad, that will occasion talk ;  
 Though thou hast store of friends,  
     yet let none be  
 (Saving thy husband) counsellor to  
     thee :  
 He's nearest to thee, and it will  
     endear him,  
 He is thyself, thou needest not to  
     fear him :  
 Be free with him, and tell him all  
     thy thought,  
 It's he must help, when thou hast  
     need of ought ;  
 And constantly believe he'll love  
     thee best,  
 When he sees thou preferr'st him  
     'fore the rest.                      680  
 Thus, lady, have I show'd you how  
     to chuse  
 A worthy mate, and how you should  
     him use ;  
 So choose, so use, so shall you all  
     your life  
 Be in a Husband blest, he in a Wife ;  
 And when death here shall end your  
     happy days,  
 Your souls shall reign in heaven, on  
     earth your praise.

FINIS

654 touch] Orig. 'tutch.'



ELEGIES  
ON THE  
DEATH OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN  
QUEEN ANNE  
WITH  
EPITAPHS





## To the most Noble Prince Charles

*Disdain not, Sir, this offering which  
I make,  
Although the incense smoke doth tower  
so black;  
Nor think my fires faint, 'cause they  
darkly shine,  
Tapers burn dim, are set before a  
shrine.  
Some better hap to have their first  
fruit glad,  
This Common woe masques mine in  
mourning shade:  
And's strange, You (solely left for our  
relief)  
For salve, do prove a cor'sive to our  
grief:  
Weigh what is it to add to those  
opprest.*

*Then by Your woe, ours shall not be  
increast: 10  
I grant, nor Son nor Subject good,  
can smother  
Grief, for so great, and good, a Queen  
and Mother.  
Yet moderate this sorrow; as you're seen  
To use in joy, so use in grief a mean,  
O'ermatch thy matchless self, that all  
may see  
Her courage, worth and love, do live  
in Thee:  
Then may this pen, which with tears  
draws my plaint,  
In gold Thy glorious actions after  
paint.  
Your Highness' most humble servant,  
Patrick Hannay.*

## The First Elegy<sup>1</sup>

*As doth a Mother, who before her  
eyes,  
Her age's hope, her only Son espies  
Butcher'd, and bathing still in bloody  
strands,  
Ravish'd with sudden grief amazed  
stands;  
Nor weeps, nor sighs, nor lets one  
tear distil,  
But (with fix'd eye) still gazeth on her  
ill:  
But when with time her smothered  
grief forth vents,  
She wastes her eyes in tears, her  
breath in plaints:  
So we astonish'd could not tell our  
woe;  
Who do grieve most, least signs of  
grief do show, 10*

*Yet time to those, in time, a time  
affords,  
To weep and wail, and show their woe  
in words.  
Time grant us now in time, lest of  
her praise  
Our offspring hearing, and when  
her swift days  
Had run their course, they hear none  
of our plaints,  
Do either think some Poet's pen her  
paints,  
Or that they are of the same stones  
all sprung,  
Which backward Pyrrha and Deuca-  
lion flung.  
So that will seem no fable, but a story,  
If we do leave no witness that we're  
sorry, 20*

<sup>1</sup> This poem, in the original (as well as its companion) is a sort of debauch of italics, which the poet or his printer has showered on every line, for the most part with no discoverable excuse of emphasis or anything else. They have been most troublesome to alter: but unaltered they would have been still more troublesome to read.

## Patrick Hannay

Each senseless thing shall us upbraid  
to them,  
And as less sensible (than they)  
condemn :  
Since in each object offer'd to the  
eye,  
Signs of sad sorrow settled there we  
see :  
The Heavens (tho' grac'd with her)  
for us are griev'd,  
And weep in showers for that we  
are bereav'd  
Of her : in, and for whom the World  
was blest,  
In whom her kind's perfection did  
consist.  
Aquarius seems to have a solemn  
feast,  
And that each other sign's his house-  
hold guest. 30  
Not one of them now influence down-  
pours,  
But what distils in liquid weeping  
showers.  
The Skies of Clouds now make  
them mourning weeds,  
And general darkness all the world  
o'erspreads :  
What? hath the Sun for a new  
Phaeton  
Abandon'd the Heavens, and  
beamy throne?  
Is the cause theirs? or doth it touch  
us nigh?  
(Since with their sorrow we so  
sympathy :)  
No, it's because our Cynthia left  
this sphere,  
The world wears black, because she  
moves not here : 40  
Her influence that made it freshly  
flourish,  
Leaves it to fade, and will no more  
it nourish.  
Leaves it? hath left. How can it  
then subsist?  
Can that be said to be, which,  
disposset

38] Note 'sympathy' as a verb.  
the second person. Cf. *A Happy Husband*, l. 670.

Of soul, wants vigour? this Queen  
was the soul,  
Whose faculties world's frailties did  
control ;  
Corrected the ill humours, and  
maintain'd  
In it a wholesome concord, while  
she reign'd :  
But now (she gone) the world seems  
out of frame,  
Subord'nate passions now as Princes  
claim 50  
Seignory o'er the soul, which do  
torment  
The whole with anguish ; make the  
heart to faint,  
Whose sad infection generally's so  
spread,  
Grief's character on every brow is  
read.  
Our eyes so drop (wer't not God  
frees those fears)  
The world might dread a new deluge  
of tears.  
Dread? (thus distress'd) we rather  
should desire  
With the world's dissolution to  
expire  
Our latest woes, 'twere better have  
no being,  
Than live in woe, so as we are still  
dying. 60  
Leave foolish passion, dares thou  
thus repine  
'Gainst what's enacted by the powers  
divine?  
Humbly submit, yet passion were a  
word,  
Useless, a nothing's name, speech  
should afford  
No place for it, if it should not now  
show  
It's being by our grieving in this  
woe :  
Yet the woe's short, which on each  
soul hath seiz'd,  
It and the cause can ne'er be  
equaliz'd :

61 dares] Hannay often uses this form for

## The First Elegy

I will not blaze her birth, descent or  
 State,  
 Her princely progeny, her royal  
 mate : 70  
 They are known best, and greatest,  
 yet these are  
 But accidental honours : but this  
 star  
 With proper beams was so resplen-  
 dent here,  
 Others (though bright) yet when she  
 did appear,  
 Did lose their lustre : she honour'd  
 her place,  
 Her place not her : she Queen, was  
 Queen's sole grace.  
 'Twas she the Antique Poets so  
 admir'd,  
 When with prophetic fury they  
 inspir'd,  
 Did feign the heavenly powers they  
 did see,  
 (As in a dream) that such a one  
 should be : 80  
 And for each several grace, she  
 should contain,  
 One Deity they did for that ordain,  
 Not one for all, for that too much  
 had been,  
 To feign her like, whose like was  
 never seen.  
 Nor is their number equal to her  
 merits,  
 For she afar off was show'd to those  
 spirits ;  
 Now had they liv'd her virtues to  
 have seen,  
 The Goddesses sure numberless had  
 been,  
 But's well they did not, for then she  
 should be  
 (Though guiltless) yet cause of  
 Idolatry, 90  
 For they who honour'd her shade  
 before,  
 Seeing her substance needs must it  
 adore.  
 The Moralists did all of her divine,  
 When they made every virtue  
 feminine ;

( 699 )

And but they knew that such a one  
 should be,  
 Doubtless with them virtue should  
 have been HE.  
 Peruse all stories are compil'd by  
 Man,  
 Or Poets' fictions since the world  
 began,  
 You shall not find (true or imaginary)  
 Like worth in one, whose all in  
 nought doth vary. 100  
 Nay, take the abjects in these books  
 revil'd  
 For basest parts, so vicious and  
 defil'd,  
 As they seem Nature's monsters,  
 made in scorn,  
 As foils, her other fair works to  
 adorn,  
 (*Contrar's oppos'd do others best set  
 forth*)  
 They serve not all, to parallel her  
 worth.  
 They are deceiv'd, who say the world  
 decays,  
 And still grows worse and worse, as  
 old with days :  
 For then this Age could never that  
 have shown  
 Which was long since to *Salomon*  
 unknown, 110  
 A woman : but had he lived in our  
 times,  
 He might have found one so devoid  
 of crimes,  
 That her own merits (if merits could  
 save)  
 Might justly (as of due) salvation  
 crave.  
 I rather think the world's first  
 infancy  
 Growing more perfect with antiquity,  
 (As younglings do) travail'd till now  
 at height,  
 Big of perfection brought this birth  
 to light :  
 This second to that Maiden-Mother-  
 Daughter,  
 She only was before, this only  
 after : 120



## Patrick Hannay

For on this Grace and Nature spent  
 such store,  
 As after her we need expect none  
 more.  
 And those who read her praise  
 when we are gone,  
 Would think we but describ'd a  
 worthy one,  
 Not that there was one such, but  
 that she here  
 Left part of her, which and its seed  
 shall bear  
 Successive witness to all doubtful  
 ages,  
 Of her rare virtues, which in those  
 dear pledges  
 Still live : they'll say our praise came  
 short, we dull,  
 With speech defective, could not to  
 the full 130  
 Set forth her worth, which she at death  
 did give :  
 Others may goods, not goodness' off-  
 spring, leave.  
 But she bequeath'd her goodness,  
 for her merit  
 Obtain'd her issue should that  
 wealth inherit,  
 Which we possess in them, while  
 they do prease  
 (As usurers) that stock still to  
 increase :  
 Only ambitious to augment that store,  
 Robbing the world, which either is  
 but poor,  
 Or seems so, set by them, beggars  
 may boast,  
 But they alone have all that wealth  
 ingrossed : 140  
 And though that God the world's  
 gold hath refined,  
 And took the tried, He left this vein  
 behind,  
 Pitying the dross the lustre should  
 obscure,  
 Of her bright soul, while flesh did it  
 immure.

Yet did He not with it of all bereave  
 us,  
 But with her offspring, happiness  
 did leave us.  
 For her preferment, why then should  
 we toss  
 Our souls with torment ? or grieve  
 that our loss  
 Hath Heaven enrich'd ? or 'cause  
 we held her dear,  
 Wish we her punished, to be living  
 here ? 150  
 We rather should rejoice she thus  
 did leave us,  
 And nought but Heaven alone of  
 her could reave us.  
 O ! since that Cedar fell so right at  
 last,  
 Which way it standing lean'd, may  
 well be guessed.  
 And since the End doth crown the  
 actions still,  
 How lived she, who dying, died so  
 well !  
 For asked, if she did willing hence  
 depart,  
 Said (rapt with heavenly joy) WITH  
 ALL MY HEART.  
 Though flesh be frail, yet hers so  
 void of fear  
 (For Death did not in his own shape  
 appear) 160  
 Did entertain so kindly its own foe,  
 (Who came to Court, but un'wares  
 killed her so)  
 As she esteem'd it only one hard  
 thrust  
 At that strait gate by which to life we  
 must :  
*Faith, Hope, and Love* possess'd her  
 heart and mind,  
 Leaving no place for fearful thoughts  
 to find :  
 Troops of white Angels did her bed  
 impale,  
 To tend the soul's flight from the  
 fleshly jail,

135 'prease' = 'press.'

167 impale] Orig. 'impaile,' in the sense apparently of 'surround like a paling.'

168 jail] Orig. 'gaile.'

## The First Elegy

It to conduct unto that heavenly  
 throne,  
 Which Christ prepared, with gloire  
 to crown her on. 170  
 O! how my flesh-clogg'd soul would  
 scale the sky,  
 And leave that dear companion here  
 to lie,  
 To see her entertain'd, with glory  
 crown'd,  
 While troops of Angels her arrival  
 sound  
 To that new kingdom : they all God  
 do praise  
 For her translation, and their voices  
 raise,  
 In sign of joy, but yet that joy  
 comes short  
 Of what they make for most to them  
 resort,  
 For, for the greater sinner, Christ  
 hath said,  
 That doth repent, the greater joy is  
 made : 180  
 Yet that's made up in gloire, for she  
 so far  
 Doth those exceed, as one another  
 star :  
 What may we think unto her soul is  
 shown,  
 When from her baser part such  
 virtues flown  
 As a sad reverent fear their senses  
 pierce,  
 Who sighing see her sorrow-suited  
 hearse :  
 What would they do, if their veil'd  
 soul could spy  
 Her sitting crown'd above the starry  
 sky?  
 Sure they would do (nay in their  
 hearts they do)  
 Even at the thought thereof with  
 reverence bow. 190  
 But leave to speak, nay, not so much  
 as think,  
 Least of those joys which ne'er in  
 heart could sink.  
 Let's not envy her, but inveigh 'gainst  
 our Fate,

That we behind her are staid here  
 so late :  
 And let's not mourn for her, that  
 she's gone hence,  
 But for ourselves, that we are kept  
 from thence  
 Whither she's gone : yet let no tear  
 o'erflow,  
 (*Sorrow soon ceaseth that's disbur'd ned  
 so*)  
 Let them strain inward, if they'll  
 needs distil,  
 And with their drops thy heart's sad  
 centre fill, 200  
 And when it's full, it can no more  
 contain,  
 Let the cask break, and drown thee  
 in that main.

## On the Queen

*The World's a Sea of errors, all must  
 pass,  
 Where shelves and sands the purling  
 billow blinds :  
 Men's bodies are frail barks of brittle  
 glass,  
 Which still are toss'd with adverse  
 tides and winds,  
 Reason's the Pilot that the course  
 directs,  
 Which makes the vessel (as it's hight)  
 hold out.  
 Passions are partners, a still-jarring  
 rout :  
 Succumbing thoughts are life-invading  
 leaks.  
 How built her body ! such a voyage  
 made ;  
 How great her reason ! which so  
 rightly sway'd ; 10  
 How pliant passions ! which so well  
 obey'd ;  
 How dauntless thoughts, vain doubts  
 durst ne'er invade.  
 Her body, reason, passions, thoughts  
 did 'gree,  
 To make her life the Art to sail  
 this Sea.*

## The Second Elegy

EACH Country now contributes to the  
*Thames*,  
 Which a support of every current  
 claims :  
 Why dost thou so, sweet *Thames* ?  
 Is not thy sorrow  
 Sufficient for thyself, but thou must  
 borrow ?  
 Or wants thy waters worth for such  
 a charge,  
 As to conduct Great ANNE's last  
 body'd barge ?  
 Or is it 'cause so just and kind thou  
 art,  
 Thou'lt not encroach that, wherein  
 each hath part ?  
 Sure that's the cause ; the loss is  
 general,  
 And that last Office must be help'd  
 by all. 10  
 Yet wonder not they come not now  
 so sweet,  
 As they do use, when they to solace  
 meet :  
 They're not themselves, they are com-  
 pounded things,  
 For every one his latest off'ring  
 brings,  
 And sends it by these brooks, unto  
 Her Shrine,  
 Whose waters with their tears are  
 turnèd brine :  
 Each subject's cheek such falling  
 drops distain,  
 As if to dew, sighs had dissolv'd  
 the brain :  
 Which from their eyes still in abun-  
 dance pour,  
 Like a moist hail, or liquid pearly  
 shower : 20  
 Which in such haste, each one an-  
 other chases,  
 Making swift torrents in late torrid  
 places,  
 Disgorging in these brooks, making  
 them rise,

So's sovereign *Thames* almost fear  
 a surprise :  
 Fear not (fair Queen) it is not their  
 ambition,  
 But swelling sorrow, that breeds thy  
 suspicion :  
 Its sorrow feeds those currents and  
 those rills,  
 Which thy vast channel with an  
 ocean fills,  
 Which eye-bred humour so hath  
 chang'd thy nature,  
 Thy fishes think they live not in thy  
 water : 30  
 It or their taste is alter'd, for they  
 think  
 For thy sweet streams they briny  
 liquor drink :  
 How wearied is thy Sister, famous  
*Forth*,  
 Bringing sad Scotland's sorrows  
 from the North ;  
 Who comes not out of duty, as the  
 rest  
 Who unto *Thames* their careful  
 course address ;  
 She comes, her equal will not yield  
 in tears,  
 In subject's sorrows nor in country's  
 cares.  
 Great *Neptune's* self doth fear  
 invasive wrong,  
 Seeing her strange waves through his  
 waters throng ; 40  
 And causeth *Triton* to found an  
 alarm  
 To warn the Sea-Gods in all haste to  
 arm ;  
 Who bringing billows in brave battle-  
 'ray,  
 Do mean *Forth's* fury with their force  
 to stay :  
 But when they see her thus all wrapt  
 in woe,  
 And the sad cause of her just sorrow  
 know ;  
 They lay not their defensive arms  
 aside,  
 But as a guard, her through their  
 gulfs do guide ;



## The Second Elegy

Striving with all the pleasures of the  
Main,  
This grieving stranger-*Queen* to enter-  
tain, 50  
Out through their bowers of clear  
transparent waves,  
Crystalline-wainscot pearl the bottom  
paves :  
Her they conduct, and to abate her  
woe,  
Their Sea-delights and riches all they  
show,  
Which *Neptune* (now in love) would  
gladly give her  
For love, yet dares not offer lest he  
grieve her ;  
*Who loves and would not have his  
love unkind,*  
*Must woo a pleasant humour, vacant  
mind :*  
This makes him stay his suit, and  
strive to please  
With all the love-allurements of the  
Seas. 60  
Yet all do not so much as move one  
smile,  
*An anxious sorrow soon discover' th  
guile ;*  
Yet he will guide and guard her  
grieving streams,  
Whom at her entry in the wish'd  
*Thames*  
He leaves, and vows in discontent  
to mourn ;  
Till fairest *Forth* back to the Sea  
return,  
Her sister her receives with kind  
embrace,  
Their liquid arms clasping, they in-  
terlace  
In love so straight, they cannot be  
untwined,  
They seem both one, in body and in  
mind. 70  
O happy union ! labour'd long in vain,  
Reserv'd by God to James his joy-  
ful reign,  
And *Anne's* ; O blessed couple, so  
esteem'd

By all fore-knowing Jove, that He  
them deem'd  
Worthy each other, and to wear that  
Gem,  
Blest *Britain's* now united-Diadem.  
He esteem'd none worthy to wear't  
before them,  
But kept it still in store, for to decore  
them.  
How did He suffer those two King-  
doms try  
All open power and private policy, 80  
Yet still increased discord, other's  
force  
Made separation greater, sued di-  
vorce.  
How did one tear the other, spare no  
toil,  
To bath[e] in blood the neighbour's  
fertile soil ;  
Wrath, discord, malice, envy, rapine,  
strife,  
Thefts, rapes, and murderous mis-  
chiefs were so rife,  
None liv'd secure, while each King  
did protect  
The other's fugitives, (for his respect)  
Thus looking for no rest, or end of  
hate,  
But with the ruin of the adverse  
State. 90  
God, He effects it (that to Him alone  
We might ascribe the honour ; and  
being one,  
We might love better : ' *Twixt united  
foes,*  
*And separated friends, love and hate  
grows*  
*To greatest heights :*) And for this end  
doth raise,  
(Using the means) the honour of his  
days.  
Great JAMES, the joy-presaging North-  
ern Star,  
Whose radiant light illuminates so far,  
As it doth warm with its all-quick'ning  
beams  
The frozen love betwixt the *Tay* and  
*Thames* ; 100

59, 60] A couplet nearly as early as Waller's earliest of the same style.



## Patrick Hannay

With wonder and delight, drawing  
 all hearts  
 And eyes, to love and see his Princely  
 parts.  
 And (what is strange) who hated  
 most before,  
 With admiration, most his worth  
 adore,  
 Wishing they were his subjects : He  
 is King  
 Already of their hearts ; the poison'd  
 sting  
 Of rancour is remov'd, for love they  
 call him,  
 And with their Kingdom's ornaments  
 instal him.  
 Great confidence his virtuous life  
 must bring,  
 Whom, such old foes, love forces  
 make their King. 110  
 Where was e'er heard, of emulating  
 foes,  
 (Rooted in hate with others, over-  
 throws  
 Such and so long) that did their  
 wrath appease,  
 And yield (won but by love) to right,  
 as these ?  
 Yet do they not repent, they find  
 report  
 Sometime is wrong'd, and may in-  
 deed come short  
 In commendations ; yet it's rare (as  
 here)  
 For she's a woman, and (by kind)  
 will bear  
 More than she should : but his last  
 subjects find  
 Themselves with *Saba's Queen* of  
 self-same mind, 120  
 That fame (though saying by belief)  
 had wrong'd  
 Two Kings, not telling half to each  
 that long'd.  
 For *England* heard not, nor could  
 it have thought,  
 That *Scotland's king* such wonders  
 could have wrought.  
 Long may he live, and die well, full  
 of years,

( 704 )

And when his death shall draw us  
 dry with tears,  
 On *Britain's* throne may his seed  
 ever reign,  
 Till *Christ* do come (to judge the  
 world) again.  
 Who would have thought from the  
 Scot-hated Dane,  
 Whom vanquish'd England so much  
 did disdain, 130  
 (Oppress'd with base subjection) they  
 did turn,  
 (Being freed) *Lord-dane* to *lurdane*  
 for a scorn ;  
 Who would have thought (I say) from  
*Dane* should spring  
 One, who from *Scots* and *English*  
 eyes should wring  
 Such hearty tears ; must not her  
 worth be much,  
 Since we do find its love-effects prove  
 such,  
 How great that worth (in such, such  
 love could breed) ?  
 O let it live for ever in her seed :  
 And let that love in our hearts never die,  
 But ever live to her Posterity : 140  
 And those sweet streams her mate  
 and she combined  
 In love, O let their arms be ne'er  
 untwined  
 From kind embraces, and though  
 now their greetings  
 Be not so joyful as at other meetings ;  
 Yet is their love all one, they take  
 one part,  
 The one joys not, the other sad at  
 heart :  
 They surfeit now in sorrow, then in  
 pleasure ;  
 Joy then exceeds, grief now is above  
 measure.  
 To honour *Charles* (our hope) when  
 they met last,  
 How did they rob each meadow as  
 they past, 150  
 Of sweets, each bank a posy did be-  
 stow,  
 Of fairest flowers, that on his brim  
 did grow :

## The Second Elegy

These and such like, they brought  
 from every part,  
 And gratulations from each subject's  
 heart :  
 They swell'd with pride, rising in  
 lofty waves,  
 And all the neighbour bord'ring  
 banks outbraves :  
 Their fishes frolick'd, showing joy by  
 gesture,  
 The waters (wantonizing) woo'd their  
 Master ;  
 So fast their billows 'bout his blest  
 barge throng'd,  
 They hurt themselves oft, oft their  
 fellows wrong'd : 160  
 Each would be first, on others' backs  
 some ride,  
 Some under others' slipp'ry shoulders  
 slide,  
 Though beat with oars, yet will they  
 not turn back,  
 For they their humble prostrate  
 homage make :  
 The Sun then gild each glistening glassy  
 coat  
 Those marine-masquers wore, danc'd  
 'bout his boat,  
 Who by the music measur'd not  
 their paces ;  
 Deaf'd with a confus'd cry from  
 divers places,  
 Of maidens, matrons, aged men and  
 boys,  
 Which from each quarter made a  
 confus'd noise 170  
 Of hearty *Aves*, welcoming their  
 Prince,  
*Echo* (with answering tir'd) was mute  
 still since.  
 The City with the suburbs did  
 appear  
 Like a large Theatre when he came  
 near :  
 Each window, wall, each turret-top  
 and steeple,  
 Was fill'd with every age, sex, sort  
 of people :

So as some thought (who erst had  
 never seen  
 Such numbers) that the buildings  
 all had been  
 Of Imag'ry contriv'd, by cunning  
 Art :  
 For on the ground, the brewer in  
 his cart, 180  
 The sculler, carman, and the baser  
 sort,  
 Seem'd strong and rudely carv'd  
 clowns, to support  
 The stately frame : maids, prentices  
 and grooms,  
 Made shop-door, window-stale, and  
 lower rooms :  
 The battlements, house-coverings  
 and the leads,  
 As tiles or slates, young boys and  
 girls o'erspreads.  
 The middle rooms all round about  
 the *Thames*,  
 Which ladies held, and choicer city  
 dames,  
 Such took for spaces, which fair  
 statues held,  
 Where carver and the painter both  
 excell'd ; 190  
 So pure complexions these seem'd  
 made by Art,  
 As *Nature* never did the like im-  
 part  
 To lovely youth ; the large, low,  
 open breast,  
 Full, white, round, swelling, azure-  
 vein'd, increast  
 The error, for they thought none  
 living would  
 Lay out such parts, for all eyes to  
 behold :  
 So curious were the colours which  
 were shown,  
 As *Nature* hardly could from *Art*  
 be known :  
 So that they could adjudge them due  
 to neither,  
 But participles, taking part of  
 either ; 200

184 stale] in the sense of 'sill.' It occurs dialectically as 'stool,' &c., and is of  
 course a form of 'stall.'

## Patrick Hannay

Yet all by voice and gesture seemèd  
glad,  
Wonder it was to see a thing look sad.  
Now it's not so, the off'ings are but  
tears,  
The sighs and groans of *Britain's*  
blest-reft sheres  
Are now the acclamations; these  
two streams,  
Compounded waters of mix'd sorrow  
seems;  
Yet walk *they* hand in hand with  
equal pace,  
T'wards that late pleasant, but now  
pensive place  
Where sorrow suited in a sable  
weed,  
Doth with a mourning veil each heart  
o'erspread, 210  
And *Phoebus* for to make the world  
and mind  
To wear one livery all his beams  
confined,  
Dimming each eye in darkness of  
the night,  
Either ashām'd to mourn in open  
sight,  
Or loath to alter with his brighter  
streams,  
Our late obscurèd *Cynthia's* lesser  
gleams;  
For her fled soul which doth with  
glory shine,  
Left with its lodging something that's  
divine,  
Which with reflection smileth on  
these rays,  
Which her bright soul now from the  
skies displays. 220  
And these light orbs which with such  
swiftness roll  
About the Heavens, acquainted with  
her soul

To light her corpse do set in every  
porch  
Of the damantine *Heaven*, a starry  
torch,  
Which dark'nèd with the weeping  
Earth's moist vapours,  
Are her last lamps and never-dying  
tapers.  
*Thames* trembles, *Forth* doth feverize  
for fear,  
Both roar to see their sovereign thus  
appear:  
Their billows break their hearts  
against the shore.  
Their fishes faint (yet cannot tell  
wherefore), 230  
But when they float upon the water  
crop,  
And see the tears from eyes and  
oars which drop,  
They think them all too few, and add  
their own  
And swim in proper *waters* (erst  
unknown);  
The water-Nymphs now round about  
her boat,  
Cloth'd in sad sable mourning habits  
float,  
The Hamadryads, and the Silvans all  
To bear a part in this complaint they  
call,  
Who since her death had practis'd in  
their tears,  
Streams deep enough: none now  
the water fears. 240  
They brought with them sweet camo-  
mile and rue,  
Mint, spikenard, marjoram, her way  
they strew,  
With flowers of choicest colour and  
of scent,  
Which from the slender weeping  
stalk was rent.

204 'blest-reft' = 'bliss-reft'? Of 'shere' for 'shore' I do not know any other instance; but it is etymologically defensible, and the form 'shear' is actually used in senses very close. Of course it *may* be for 'shire,' not 'shore.'

224 'damantine' for 'adamantine,' if H. wrote it, is a particularly agreeable instance of the almost insane terror of hiatus or trisyllabic foot—for it happens to reverse the meaning.

231 'crop' for 'top' is quite conceivable.



## The Second Elegy

Her Exequies these Nymphs together  
sing,  
Till with this consort, Heaven and  
Earth doth ring :  
*Heaven's envying our waters, walks,  
and woods,*  
*Hath 'rest our joy, and plac'd her  
'mongst the Gods.*  
No more our wand'ring waves shall  
wantonize,  
No more shall swelling billows brave  
the skies, 250  
No more shall purling *Zephyr* curl  
our head,  
No more we'll foamy powders there-  
on spread,  
No more shall now Meandrian walks  
delight us,  
No more Despair with Death shall  
now affright us,  
*Since Heaven envying our late happy  
floods,*  
*Hath 'rest our joy, and plac'd her  
'mongst the Gods.*  
We'll take no sport now to pursue  
the fawn,  
We'll no more tread light measures  
on the lawn,  
We'll deck our heads no more with  
*Flora's* flowers,  
We'll woo no more our woody para-  
mours, 260

We'll bear no part hereafter with  
the birds,  
We'll weep for woe, and teach them  
wail in words ;  
*Since Heaven envying our late happy  
woods,*  
*Hath 'rest our joy, and plac'd her  
'mongst the Gods.*  
We'll hide our heads within our  
shores and shelves,  
We'll dwell in darkest cypress groves  
with elves,  
No more we'll solace in great  
*Neptune's* halls,  
No more we'll dance at *Sylvan's*  
festivals,  
*Because she's gone, whose glory grac'd  
our floods,*  
*Because she's gone, who honour'd  
walks and woods.* 270  
Thus sung they her along, but  
come to shore,  
Where she must leave them, they  
ne'er see her more ;  
They sink to bottom, either in a  
swoon,  
Or else themselves (now loathing life)  
to drown ;  
The *Forth* and *Thames* losing their  
so lov'd sight,  
Vow, yearly to renew their woes,  
that night.

## An Epitaph

*Power to do ill, and practise only  
good,  
Humblest in heart, highest in place and  
blood,  
Fairest, and freest from loose desires  
in thought.  
Pleasures to tempt, yet not disdain'd  
in aught :*

*With anxious care, in courage ne'er  
dejected ;  
Though cause of joy with no vain  
joy affected,  
Know Reader, whensoever these  
lines you scan,  
Such (and none such but she) was  
our Queen Anne.*

247, 248] The italics here and later are kept because they seem to indicate not merely the poet's usual asides, but a sort of stanza-burden to the unitalicized couplet-blocks behind them.



# *Patrick Hannay*

## *An Epitaph*

<i>A Wife, a Daughter, Sister to a King, Mother to those, whose hopes do higher spring, Chaste, fair, wise, kind; first, Crown- United wore,</i>	<i>We knew her such, and held her for no more. That she was more, God's daughter and Heaven's heir, We know, since parted hence He crown'd her there.</i>
--	---

# SONGS AND SONNETS



To the Right Honourable Sir Andrew Gray, Knight,  
Colonel of a foot regiment, and General of the  
Artillery to the high and mighty Prince Frederick,  
King of Bohemia

IF of these labours I did none direct,  
Brave sir, to you for offering or for  
shield,

Since you so fatherly did me affect,  
When first you did conduct me to the  
field :

I justly might be taxèd as ingrate,  
Deservedly your love might turn to  
hate.

Let shriller Musket, Cannon, Culvering,  
(Part of thy charge) with the sky-  
tearing balls,

Which treble, base, mean, tenor rudely  
sing

To bloody Mars, forcing the dancing  
walls, 10

Give place a space, while I do enter-  
tain

Your ears with Music of a milder  
strain.

Stern Mars himself hath oft-times  
danc'd a measure,

(Arms laid aside) his Minions most dear  
Have woo'd the Muses, and have  
taken pleasure

To tune their own, and others' notes  
to hear :

Thou art a proof hereof thyself most  
plain,

Who in their Art hast had so sweet  
a vein.

To none more aptly can I then direct  
These lines than thee, who both hast  
skill to prove, 20

And worth (more than their errors) to  
protect,

To none I'm so indebted for such love.  
Accept them as they're sent with  
love sincere,

With kind construction read them  
whilst you're here.

I know thy haughty spirit much disdains  
This loath'd detention, for I have been by  
When thy hot courage well-nigh crack'd  
the reins

Of strict command, (when the fierce  
foe drew nigh)

That to thy valour freedom was not  
given,

Those Popish hirelings might by  
thee be shriven. 30

Nor was it wage or want that spur'd  
thee on,

No hope of spoil nor thirsting after  
blood :

But worth-bred love of that rare Para-  
gon,

Thy dear King's daughter, whose cause  
doubtful stood.

Had doubted Mansfelt led, you had  
your will,

Pylsen prevented had this hap'n'd ill.

Yet shrinks He not, nor thou, you  
both earn more,

(That cross your courage rather doth  
inflame)

With sharp revenge the lost state to  
restore

To that most worthy, best deserving  
Dame, 40

Whom even her enemies so much  
do honour,

As women's rarest praises they  
throw on her.

There are nine Worthies hitherto of men,  
But of all women, I not read of any :

I know not then, whether she makes  
them ten,

Or of her sex first number unto many :

In spirit, courage, valour, to those nine  
She's equal ; Women none yet so  
divine.

Go in Her cause, success crown thy  
desires,

Soon may I change this softly tunèd  
song, 50

Inflam'd with new and unacquainted  
fires,

To sing the Enemies' revengèd wrong :

Oh how I long in high heroic verse,  
Their ruin and Her rising to rehearse.

Ever yours most affectionate in  
all humble duty,

PATRICK HANNAY.



# Patrick Hannay

## Song I

SAD *Sheretine* was seiz'd,  
 And wounded so with woe,  
 Fra he fair *Mariana's* faith  
 Was falsified did know.  
 Fra time he knew that her  
 Another did possess,  
 Whom in his heart he had propos'd  
 His height of happiness :  
 His tongue was sorrow-tied,  
 His passion inward pent, 10  
 His woes no passage could procure,  
 Forth from his heart to vent.  
 He scarce believes it so,  
 Although himself it sees :  
 To free her of so foul a fault,  
 He blames his blameless eyes :  
 But when he found her false,  
 Her vows and oaths untrue,  
 As after he could joy in nought,  
 He bids the world adieu. 20  
 His woes to aggravate,  
 He causes doth invent,  
 Though cause of care he had enough,  
 How he might more lament,  
 A woful banishment  
 He willing undertakes :  
 And comfort-causing company  
 He utterly forsakes.  
 In a care-cloth'd shade,  
 From eye and ear removed, 30  
 He thus with woe begins to wail  
 The loss of his beloved.  
 'Ah, *Mariana*, ah !  
 Is thus my love repaid ?  
 Do my fires still so freshly burn :  
 And are thy flames decayed !  
 How constant have I proved !  
 Though many baits there were  
 Where I have been, yet none had force  
 My fancy to ensnare. 40

Nor since thy favour first  
 Kindled my quenchless fire,  
 Did I see beauty that could breed  
 A dram of dear desire ;  
 Or if 'mongst fairest fairs  
 I thought one did excel :  
 My love was jealous of that thought,  
 And straight did it repel :  
 Wherein then did I fail ?  
 My heart doth hold it strange,  
 That seeing I have lov'd so well, 51  
 I should find such a change.  
 No doubt the gods were griev'd,  
 That I did thee adore ;  
 'Cause therein I idolatriz'd,  
 Have plagu'd me therefore.  
 Yet should not that in thee,  
 Least alteration mov'd :  
 It rather should thy love endear  
 To be so dearly lov'd : 60  
 Hadst thou with proud disdain  
 My favour first refus'd,  
 I might have blam'd my hapless fate,  
 But not thy crime accus'd.  
 My love with time had died :  
 Or if it still had liv'd,  
 My care this comfort yet had had,  
 That I for worth had griev'd.  
 But thou by granting love,  
 Didst bring me to such height  
 Of hop'd joys, to such a low 71  
 Hast cast me with despoight,  
 That the sad souvenance  
 Of such a love so lost,  
 Is now my greatest cause of grief,  
 And doth molest me most.  
 For if I ne'er had gain'd,  
 My grief had not been such,  
*The once-rich poor man grieveth more  
 Than he that ne'er was rich.* 80  
 Whom Nature with her gifts  
 'Bove others did indue ;

3 'Fra' = 'from' as usual : but, as shown by l. 5, in sense of 'from the time when.' It may be worth observing that in the *Songs and Sonnets* the pitiless rain of italics ceases. These are quite rare and generally justifiable. In the First Song the keeping of the old 'Poulter's Measure' (Alexandrine and Fourteener, divided or not into a quatrain of 6, 6, 8, 6), which had given so much dreary work in the middle of the sixteenth century, may be worth noticing.

73 souvenance] Again a Gallicism.

79, 80 The, &c.] A somewhat vulgarized variant of *Nessun maggior*, but to be noted with others.

## Songs and Sonnets

O ! that adds woe unto my woe,  
 That she should prove untrue.  
 If whilst on bloody *Mars*  
 I boldly did attend,  
 By some brave hand had I exhal'd,  
 Before thy crime was kend,  
 Then had my wrong'd Ghost  
 (Not conscious of this) 90  
 With joy expected thy approach,  
 To thy *Elysian* bliss.  
 Or if it there had griev'd,  
 The sole cause of its moan  
 Had been lest that thou shouldst  
 have griev'd  
 To hear that I was gone.  
 But now methinks I hear  
 Thy *Turian* with scorn  
 Upbraid thy crime as my disgrace ;  
 Fond *Sheretin's* forlorn. 100  
 Methinks thou seconds him,  
 Not sensible thereof ;  
 And thy true loving *Sheretine*  
 Rememberest with a scoff.  
 Another being wrong'd  
 By such a deep disdain,  
 Enrag'd might count it greater good  
 To lose such than obtain.  
 But that the world may see, 109  
 My first fires were not feign'd,  
 They shall not therefore be extinct,  
 'Cause I am thus disdain'd.  
 No, *Turian* whom I most  
 Do hate and least respect,  
 'Cause thou dost love and honour  
 him,  
 I'll honour and affect.  
 By that (still dear !) thou'lt know  
 By leaving me what's lost,  
 If love disdain'd can do so much,  
 What had it ne'er been crost ?  
 But now since it's thy will 121  
 That I do suffer woe,  
 I do endeavour for thy sake  
 The greatest grief to know.  
 Bear witness with me, woods,  
 Weeds water'd with tears,

How I do live devoid of joy,  
 But you there's none me hears :  
 Nor e'er shall more content  
 Seize on my heavy heart, 130  
 Witness with me while from this clay  
 My sad soul do depart.  
 And *Mariana* fair,  
 My first and latest love,  
 My last words shall be that the  
 heavens  
 May bless thee from above :  
 That thou may'st still enjoy  
 The best of sweet content ;  
 And let my death (since love could  
 not)  
 Move thee this fault repent. 140  
 That when from hence thou fleet'st,  
 Thy unafflicted spirit  
 May with of like fault guiltless souls  
 A joyful peace inherit.  
 That said he and no more,  
 But on the bitter weeds  
 His flesh-forsaken feeble limbs  
 He languishingly spreads.  
 His weary soul removes, 149  
 Death seiz'd him by degrees ;  
 So true Love's Martyr (not so wrong'd  
 As he deem'd) thus he dies.

### Sonnet I

EYE, beauty, admiration, love, desire,  
 Did join in one to set my heart on  
 fire.  
 My eye did see that beauty did sur-  
 pass,  
 That boundless beauty made me  
 much admire :  
 With admiration love conceiv'd was,  
 And love brought forth and nourish'd  
 my desire ;  
 Which now is grown unto so great  
 perfection,  
 It sees, admires, conceives, feeds  
 sans direction.

Sonnet I] That this is not strictly a sonnet at all is an almost unnecessary observation. It is less so that the printing illustrates the wholly *unprincipled* character of this typography. Italics, or at least initial capitals, would have been quite in place here : and there is not one in the original.

## Patrick Hannay

### Sonnet II

EXPERIENC'D nature in this latter age,  
Willing her masterpiece should then  
    be wrought,  
Such my fair *Coelia* set on earth's  
    large stage,  
As all the Gods in emulation  
    brought;  
For they did think, if Nature only  
    might  
Brag of her worth, she should insult  
    o'er them.  
Wherefore they 'greed to have an  
    equal right,  
That they of her perfection part  
    might claim.  
*Pallas* gave wisdom, *Juno* stateliness,  
And the mild Morning gave her  
    modesty :  
The *Graces* carriage, *Venus* loveli-  
    ness,  
And chaste *Diana* choicest chastity :  
    Thus heaven and earth their  
    powers did combine  
    To make her perfect ; kind Love !  
    make her mine.

### Sonnet III

WHILST wand'ring thoughts unsettled  
    in desire,  
Did rove at random in the fields of  
    love,  
Where fancy found fair objects fit  
    to fire  
Frozen affection, choice did choice  
    remove :  
*Cupid* contemn'd taking it much at  
    heart,  
For spite his dame's loose darling  
    made delight me ;  
She, leaving *Venus*, taking *Juno's*  
    part,  
With new chaste thoughts and fires  
    'gins to requite me.  
Proud *Cytherea* angry with her wench,  
Seeks in my heart a hate of her to  
    breed,

10

( 714 )

So blaz'd her faults, which soon my  
    fires did quench,  
*But Malice still lights on the owner's*  
    *head :*  
For this the ill that all her envy  
    wrought ;  
It made her chaste, me author of  
    that thought.

### Sonnet IV

ONCE early as the ruddy bashful  
    *Morn*  
Did leave *Dan Phoebus'* purple-  
    streaming bed,  
And did with scarlet streams East-  
    heav'n adorn,  
I to my fairest *Coelia's* chamber sped :  
She Goddess-like stood combing of  
    her hair,  
Which like a sable veil did clothe  
    her round.  
Her ivory comb was white, her hand  
    more fair !  
She straight and tall, her tresses  
    trail'd to ground ;  
Amaz'd I stood, thinking my dear  
    had been  
Turn'd Goddess, every sense to sight  
    was gone.  
With bashful blush my bliss fled, I  
    once seen,  
Left me transformed (as it were) in  
    stone.  
Yet did I wish so ever t' have re-  
    main'd,  
Had she but stay'd, and I my  
    sight retain'd.

### Sonnet V

WHILE I do hope my thoughts do  
    high aspire,  
In deep Despair these hopes are  
    quickly drown'd ;  
Sometimes I burn with an *Etnean*  
    fire :  
Sometimes I freeze : I swim, straight  
    sink to ground.



## Songs and Sonnets

O since such changes in my love  
I find,  
Death change my life; or Love my  
*Coelia's* mind.

### Sonnet VI

*Alluding to Hope*

HOPE makes the Sea be plough'd in  
furrows white,  
That in the end sweet gain may  
thence arise;  
Hope makes the toiling tradesman  
take delight  
To labour ear' and late with watch-  
ful eyes.  
Hope makes the shepherd in the  
Winter care  
To tend his flock, and lodge them  
from the cold.  
Hope makes the Soldier fight, sense-  
less of Fear  
'Mongst hot alarms, both watch and  
ward to hold.  
The seaman's hope rich merchandise  
repays:  
The tradesman's hope is answer'd  
with his hire, 10  
Young lambs and wool, the shep-  
herd's charge defrays,  
The soldier's wage is that he doth  
require.  
I do for *Hope* more than all these  
sustain,  
Yet *Hope* with no reward repays  
my pain.

### Song II

*Amantium irae amoris redintegratio  
est.*

I

*Coelia* jealous (lest I did  
In my heart affect another)  
Me her company forbid,  
*Women cannot passion smother.*

VI. 4 ear'] This abbreviation must be very rare: yet it is etymologically defensible, without the apostrophe.

VIII. 4. This line in the original is another interesting example of the elision- and apostrophe-mania of the time. It is printed 'Th'one th'other,' thereby quite falsifying the metre.

II

The dearer love the more disdain,  
When truth is with distrust re-  
quited;  
I vow'd (in anger) to abstain,  
She found her fault and me invited.

III

I came with intent to chide her  
( 'Cause she had true love abus'd ),  
Resolv'd never to abide her, 11  
Yet her fault she so excus'd,

IV

As it did me more entangle,  
Telling, *True love must have fears*;  
They ne'er lov'd that ne'er did  
wrangle,  
Lovers' jars but love endears.

### Sonnet VII

WHEN as I wake I dream oft of my  
dear,  
And oft am serious with her in my  
sleep;  
I am oft absent when I am most near,  
And near whenas I greatest distance  
keep:  
These wonders love doth work,  
but yet I find  
That love wants power to make  
my Mistress kind.

### Sonnet VIII

I LOV'D, was lovèd, and joy'd in con-  
tent,  
Our souls did surfeit on the sweets  
of love;  
While equal heat our hearts affec-  
tions lent,  
The one the other to content did  
prove.  
Thus 'bove the pitch of other hap-  
less wights,  
Whose sweets are sunk still in a sea  
of sour,



## Patrick Hannay

Our hearts swam in the depth of  
dear delights,  
Pleasures seem pains, not equalizing  
ours.

But love's not love, wherein are no  
disasters,  
Time tried my trust was by my love  
betray'd, 10  
And she (for state) had got for me  
some tasters,  
Which lovers like not, so our love  
decay'd.

Though she lov'd others; hereof  
I may boast,  
I lov'd, was lov'd chastely first and  
most.

### Sonnet IX

*Lover, Mistress*

*L.* HENCE loose alluring looks, no  
more of Love,

No more thy seeming virtues shall  
deceive me.

*M.* Come, come my dearest, speak  
not thus to prove

How well I love; thou think'st it  
doth not grieve me.

*L.* Thy beauty was a bait to draw  
mine eye.

*M.* And with thy blink my heart was  
set on fire.

*L.* I thought to find a suiting soul  
in thee.

*M.* Thy love's the limit that bounds  
my desire.

*L.* Thy looseness makes my love's  
date now expire.

*M.* Where then thy vows? *L.* Gone  
with thy seeming worth. 10

*M.* And made to me? *L.* No, virtue  
brought them forth.

Which failing now no fuel feeds my  
fire.

VIII. 10 Time tried] Orig. 'try'd.' The construction is ambiguous: 'time-tried' with 'trust' would be, perhaps, most poetical; but I think 'Time tried my trust [and it] was' more Hannayish.

Song III. 31 waring] = 'spending,' *Scotica*.

( 716 )

*M.* My heart's the harbour where  
thy hopes must stay.

*L.* Where ground's not good, an  
anchor drags away.

### Song III

I

I CAN love, and love entirely,  
And can prove a constant friend :  
But I must be lov'd as dearly,  
And as truly to the end :

For her love no sooner slaketh,  
But my fancy farewell taketh.

II

I cannot endure delaying,  
I must have her quickly won :  
Be she nice (though not denying)  
By her leave I then have done :  
For I am not yet at leisure, 11  
To dwine for a doubtful pleasure.

III

My eyes shall not still be wailing,  
Where I'm answered with neglect ;  
My hurt is not at her hailing,  
Who my pain doth not respect :  
He's a fool that seeks relieving,  
From her glories in his grieving.

IV

With beauty I will not be blinded,  
Yet I will none foul affect : 20  
With wealth I will not be winded,  
If in behaviour be defect ;  
Beauty stained such love dieth,  
Wealth decayed such love flieth.

V

Gifts do good, yet he is silly  
That therein expendeth store,  
If he win not, tell me, will he  
Not be meetly mock'd therefore ?  
It is better to be keeping  
Than to sow not sure of reaping.

VI

As I would not words be waring 31  
Where there's no assurance had ;

## Songs and Sonnets

So I would not gifts be sparing,  
Where I woo and know shall wed.  
Giving so is no decreasing,  
I have hers in her possessing.

VII

Be she rich, and fair, and gained ;  
If I fickleness do find,  
My desires are quickly waned,  
I can steer with other wind. 40  
For Virtue, I have vow'd to  
chuse her,  
When that fails I will refuse her.

### Song IV <sup>1</sup>

I

Now do the Birds in their warbling  
words  
Welcome the year ;  
While sugared notes they chirrup  
thro' their throats,  
To win a fere :  
Sweetly they breathe the wanton love  
That Nature in them warms :  
And each to gain a mate doth prove,  
With sweet enchanting charms.

II

He sweetly sings, and stays the  
nimble wings  
Of her in th' air, 10  
She hovering stays, to hear his loving  
lays  
Which woo her there :  
She becomes willing, hears him woo,  
Gives ear unto his song :  
And doth as *Nature* taught her do,  
Yields, sued unto not long.

III

But *Coelia* stays, she feeds me with  
delay,  
Hears not my moan :  
She knows the smart in time will kill  
my heart  
To live alone : 20  
Learn of the birds to choose thee a fere,  
But not like them to range :  
They have their mate but for a year,  
But sweet, let's never change.

IV

The *Turtle-dove* let's imitate in love,  
That still loves one :  
Dear, do not stay, youth quickly flies  
away,  
Then desire's gone.  
Love is kindest, and hath most length,  
The kisses are most sweet, 30  
When it's enjoy'd in heat of strength,  
Where like affections meet.

### Sonnet X

As doth *Solsequium*, lover of the light,  
When *Sol* is absent lock her golden  
leaves,  
And sealed mourns, till it regain his  
sight,  
Whose flaming rays soon counter-  
vail its griefs—  
Far more thy absence me of rest  
bereaves.  
The hopèd-morn the Marigold doth  
cherish :  
But when my Sun this blest horizon  
leaves,  
Hopeless of light my joys in darkness  
perish.  
Stay then, my Sun ! make this thy  
*Zodiac*  
And move, but make my arms to be  
the sphere : 10  
Make me thy West, with me thy  
lodging take,  
Move to my breast, and make thy  
setting there.  
So shall I be more glad of thy  
decline,  
Than *Phoebus*-flower when he be-  
gins to shine.

### Song V

I

SERVANT, farewell ; is this my hire,  
Do my deserts no more require ?

<sup>1</sup> There is some music in this.

## Patrick Hannay

No, do not think to cheat me so,  
I will have more yet ere you go.

### II

Thy lov'd *Idea* I'll arrest,  
And it imprison in my breast :  
In sad conceit it there shall lie,  
My jealous love shall keep the key.

### III

The drops my wounded heart shall  
bleed, 9  
Shall be food whereon it shall feed :  
The tears are shed when I do think  
On thee, shall be its only drink.

### IV

My restless thoughts shall range  
about,  
My cares shall care it come not out :  
And when these fail their watch to  
keep,  
I'll chain it fast in leaden sleep.

### V

Nor think it ever shall part thence,  
Or that I will with it dispense :  
Thy love alone can me avail,  
Thyself alone I'll take for bail. 20

## Sonnet XI

SWEET is the Rose and fair, yet who  
the same  
Would pluck, may wound his finger  
with the briar,  
So sweet, so fair is my beloved  
Dame :

Her darting eye wounds those that  
come her near.

They both are fair, both sweet,  
they both make smart ;  
The rose the finger ; *Coelia* the  
heart.

## Sonnet XII

My love is such as I can ne'er obtain,  
Nor can I think which way to ease  
my pain :

If I conceal 't, there's no hope of  
relief,

( 718 )

If I bewray 't, scorn will increase my  
grief ;

Grief hid brings soonest death, there  
help remains,

Reveal'd life lingers, languishing in  
pains :

Since my love's hopeless, and with-  
out relief,

I scorn her scorn should add unto  
my grief,

Therefore my thoughts I'll bury as  
they rise,

And smother in my soul my infant  
cries : 10

So hasten death : then if she chance  
to hear

I died for love of her I held too  
dear,

And say 'twas pity with her heavenly  
breath,

That shall requite me well even after  
death.

## Sonnet XIII

WHEN I do love, let me a mistress  
find,

Whose hard repulse doth me small  
hope procure,

Not yielding *yielding-no* : the con-  
stant mind

Is long in gaining, but obtain'd is  
sure :

The diamond is cut with care and  
pains,

But being cut, it still one form  
retains.

That which is lightly got is valued  
least,

'The memory of care sweetens con-  
tent' :

Most feelingly we do those pleasures  
taste,

That are procur'd with pain, made  
known by want : 10

It's better never any comfort taste,  
Than relish sorrows by the plea-  
sures past.

# Songs and Sonnets

## Song VI <sup>1</sup>

I

A MAID me lov'd, her love I not  
respected,  
She mourn'd, she sigh'd, nay sued,  
yet I neglected:  
Too late, too late, alas, I now repent,  
For *Cupid* with her love hath me  
infected.

II

As erst *He* hers, so love my heart  
now burneth,  
As I at her, she laughs at me that  
mourneth:  
Too late, too late, alas, I now repent,  
Since her disdain'd love to hatred  
turneth.

III

On her alone doth health and hope  
rely,  
Yet still she scorns and doth me love  
deny: <sup>10</sup>  
Too late, too late, alas, I now repent,  
Since she joys in my death, I for her  
die.

## Sonnet XIV

THE loving *Lizard* takes so much  
delight  
To look upon the face of living man,  
As it seems for to feed even by the  
sight,  
And lives by looks which it enjoyeth  
than.  
But when that pleasing object leaves  
the place,  
(As wanting that which only did it  
cherish)  
It fainting dies, deprivation of that face  
The only cause is why it so doth  
perish.  
Even so my *Coelia's* love hath lately  
proved,

It joy'd, it liv'd to me, while I was  
eyed <sup>10</sup>  
It vigorous was, but I from sight  
removed,  
It fainted, soon grew weak, and  
quickly died.  
My *Coelia's* love thus prov'd a  
lizard right,  
I seen, it lived; it died I out of  
sight.

## A Paradox

I LOVE my *Love* the better she doth  
change,  
(Which some may chance hold a  
position strange)  
Women's extreme, if <sup>2</sup> love were still  
at height,  
Like ever-shining sun 't could not  
delight.  
A still-fruition dulls; respite relieves:  
An intermission still new relish  
gives.  
A changing favour puffs not up  
with pride,  
Because uncertain how long 't shall  
abide;  
It lets not languish with a long dis-  
dain,  
No sooner ebb'd but it doth flow again.  
Then in my turn I shall be well re-  
spected, <sup>11</sup>  
Late favourites as much shall be neg-  
lected.  
I love her 'cause she's woman (if her  
mind  
Not wavering were, she were none  
of that kind);  
The more she's woman I the more  
do love her,  
The more inconstant, I more woman  
prove her.  
The more a woman's of a woman's  
mind,  
The better, (best degener least from  
kind:)

<sup>1</sup> Did Hannay know *Robens* and *Makyns*?

<sup>2</sup> 'If women's extreme'?



## Patrick Hannay

The most inconstant they degenerate  
least,  
The most inconstant therefore are  
the best. 20  
The best I vow'd to love, therefore  
none else  
I'll love but whose inconstancy  
excels.

### Sonnet XV

WHILST Fortune's fondlings dandled  
in her lap,  
Swim in the depth of undeserv'd  
desires,  
Careless of cross, unmindful of mis-  
hap,  
Still floating higher than their hope  
aspires :  
Poor hapless I, whose hopes soar'd  
lately higher,  
(With promise-pens plum'd which  
ne'er fail in flight)  
Defer'd, disdain'd, heartless dare(s)  
not draw nigh her,  
My wearied wand'ring wing can no-  
where light.  
And Fortune, still the more to show  
her spite,  
The nearer that my hope seems to  
obtain, 10  
With unexpected crosses curbs them  
quite,  
Which nigh gain'd good makes me  
but taste my pain.  
Yet, fickle Fortune, I disdain thy  
frown :  
'Baseminds thou may'st, but never  
brave cast down.'

### Sonnet XVI

THEY Fortune much do wrong that  
call her blind ;  
And that she knows not how to give  
her gifts ;

That she's inconstant, wavering as  
the wind,  
Which in a minute many corners  
shifts.  
That she delights in nought but  
turning states,  
The misers raising, mighty ones o'er-  
throwing ;  
She loves not long, and long she  
never hates,  
At random (as it lights) her gifts  
bestowing.  
If she were blind, some gift I might  
have got  
By chance : if loving chance, I had  
rise higher, 10  
If long to love or hate inclining not,  
I once had found her friend ; but I  
will free her.  
She sees, can give, is constant,  
long can hate,  
Too well I know 't, she still hath  
cross'd my state.

### Sonnet XVII

WHEN I consider well how *Cupid*  
kind  
First did inflame my heart with lov-  
ing fires,  
And did remove the quiet of my  
mind,  
And for it plac'd wakerife (yet dear)  
desires :  
And how the friend I truly did affect  
With like sincerity repaid my love :  
How we did strive each other to  
respect,  
And no contention else did ever  
prove :  
How that our souls so nearly sym-  
pathiz'd,  
We oft did think and oft did dream  
the same, 10

XV. 7. If dares is what H. wrote, he had either forgotten 'I' or, more probably, was thinking of 'hopes,' and gave them a singular verb—as he and his contemporaries so often do.

XVI. 1. 'Say' must be understood from 'call.'  
10 rise] 'rose' for 'risen,' or 'ris'n' itself?

## Songs and Sonnets

What one approv'd the other highly  
priz'd,  
What one dislik'd the other's heart  
did blame.

O how thy envy, *Fortune*, makes  
me wonder,  
Whom *Love* so join'd, thou  
shouldst have kept asunder.

### Song VII

*Horac. Car. lib. 3, Ode 9.  
ad Lydiam.*

I

*Ho.* WHILST I was welcome, and  
thy chief delight,  
And no youth else more wishèdly  
did bring  
His arms about thy neck so lovely  
white,  
I liv'd more happy than the *Persian*  
King.

II

*Ly.* Whilst thou didst not burn with  
the love of other,  
And *Lydia* no less grace than *Cloe*  
found :  
*Lydia* was famouser than any other ;  
Liv'd more than Roman *Ilia* re-  
nown'd.

III

*Ho.* But *Thracian Cloe* now com-  
mandeth me,  
Skilled in sweet Music, cunning on  
the Lute :  
For whom I would not be afraid to  
die,  
To save her life, so that my death  
could do't.

IV

*Ly.* *Calais Ornith's* son with loving  
fire  
Burns me, and I affect him with  
like strife :  
For whom I willingly would twice  
expire,  
If so the fates would spare my  
youngling's life.

V

*Ho.* What if our ancient love should  
come about,  
And join us jarring with a lasting  
chain :  
Were fair-hair'd *Cloe* fra my heart  
cast out,  
And cast-off *Lydia* receiv'd again.

VI

*Ly.* Though *Calais* fairer than a blaz-  
ing star,  
Lighter than fleeting cork although  
you be :  
And than the *Adrian* sea more  
testy far,  
With thee I'd love to live and  
willing die.

### Sonnet XVIII

WHY dost thou doubt (dear *Coelia*)  
that my love,  
(Which beauty bred, and virtue still  
doth nourish)  
That any other object can remove,  
Or faint with time? but still more  
freshly flourish.

No, know thy beauty is of such  
a force,  
The fancy cannot flit that's with it  
taken :  
Thy virtue's such my heart doth  
hate divorce  
From thy sweet love, which ne'er  
shall be forsaken.

So settled is my soul in this re-  
solve,  
That first the stars from crystal sky  
shall fall :  
The heavens shall lose their influence,  
dissolve,  
To the old Chaos shall be turn'd  
this all,

Ere I from thee (dear *Coelia*)  
remove,  
My true, my constant, and my  
sincere love.

# Patrick Hannay

## Song VIII

I

WHEN curious *Nature* did her  
cunning try,  
In framing of this fair terrestrial  
round :  
Her workmanship the more to  
beautify  
With chang'd variety made it abound,  
And oft did place a plot of fertile  
ground  
Fraught with delights, nigh to  
a barren soil,  
To make the best seem better by  
a foil.

II

Thus first were made by *Thames*  
the motley meads,  
Wearing the livery of the Summer's  
Queen :  
Whose flowery robe o'er them she  
freely spreads, 10  
With colours more than are in *Iris*  
seen,  
And all the ground and hem of  
grassy green,  
Whereon the silly sheep do fear-  
less feed,  
While on a bank the shepherd  
tunes his reed.

III

Next shady groves where *Delia*  
hunteth oft,  
And light-foot *Fairies* tripping still  
do haunt :  
There mirthful *Muses* raise sweet  
notes aloft,  
And wanton birds their chaste loves  
cheerly chant :  
There no delightful pleasure e'er  
doth want ;  
There *Sylvian* with his Satyrs  
doth remain, 20  
There Nymphs do love and are  
belov'd again.

IV

This place doth seem an earthly  
Paradise,

20 *Sylvian*] Note the unnecessary *i*. It is probably a misprint, as the form is correct below.

( 722 )

Where on fit object every sense may  
feed ;  
And fill'd with dainties that do  
thence arise,  
Of superfluity help others' need ;  
Yet no satiety that store doth breed.  
For when the sense nigh surfeits  
on delight,  
New objects the dull'd appetite  
do whet.

V

This place, I say, doth border on  
a plain,  
Which step-dame *Nature* seems  
t' have made in scorn, 30  
Where hungry husbandmen have  
toil'd in vain,  
And with the share the barren soil  
have torn ;  
Nor did they rest till rise of ruddy  
morn :  
Yet when was come the harvest  
of their hopes,  
They for their gain do gather  
gainless crops.

VI

It seems of starv'd *Sterility* the seat,  
Where barren downs do it environ  
round :  
Whose parch'd tops in Summer are  
not wet,  
And only are with snow in winter  
crown'd,  
Only with bareness they do still  
abound ; 40  
Or if on some of them we rough-  
ness find,  
It's tawny heath, badge of the  
barren rind.

VII

In midst of these stands *Croydon*  
cloth'd in black,  
In a low bottom sink of all these  
hills :  
And is receipt of all the dirty wrack  
Which from their tops still in abun-  
dance trills.  
The unpav'd lanes with muddy mire  
it fills.



## Songs and Sonnets

If one shower fall, or if that blessing stay,  
You may well smell, but never see your way.

### VIII

For never doth the flower-perfumèd Air, 50  
Which steals choice sweets from other blessed fields,  
With panting breast take any resting there,  
Nor of that prey a portion to it yields :  
For those harsh hills his coming either shields,  
Or else his breath infected with their kisses,  
Cannot enrich it with his fragrant blisses.

### IX

And those who there inhabit, suiting well  
With such a place, do either negroes seem,  
Or harbingers for *Pluto*, Prince of hell,  
Or his fire-beaters one might rightly deem, 60  
Their sight would make a soul of hell to dream,  
Besmear'd with soot, and breathing pitchy smoke,  
Which (save themselves) a living wight would choke.

### X

These with the demi-gods still disagreeing,  
(As vice with virtue ever is at jar)  
With all who in the pleasant woods have being  
Do undertake an everlasting war,  
Cuts down their groves, and often do them scare,  
And in a close-pent fire their harbours burn,  
While as the *Muses* can do nought but mourn. 70

### XI

The other *Sylvans* with their sight affrighted,  
Do flee the place whereas these elves resort,  
Shunning the pleasures which them erst delighted,  
When they behold these grooms of *Pluto's* court,  
While they do take their spoils and count it sport  
To spoil these dainties that them so delighted,  
And see them with their ugly shapes affrighted.

### XII

To all proud dames I wish no greater hell,  
Who do disdain of chastely proffered love,  
Than to that place confin'd there ever dwell ; 80  
That place their pride's dear price might justly prove :  
For if (which God forbid) my dear should move  
Me not come nigh her for to pass my troth,  
Place her but there : and I shall keep mine oath<sup>1</sup>.

## Sonnet XIX

FOND doubtful *Hope*, *Reason* deprav'd, false fires,  
Deceiving thoughts and complaints proving but wind :  
Ill-grounded grief, springing from vain desires,  
Have led me in a maze of error blind.  
But *Thou* whose eye surveys this earthly ball,  
And sees our actions ere they be begun :  
High and Eternal Mover of this all,  
Whose mercy doth man's misery fore-run :

58 negroes] Orig. 'Nigro's.'

<sup>1</sup> The *Collier* (charcoal-burner) of *Croydon* illustrates this song.



## Patrick Hannay

Now in the right way turn my  
 wand'ring heart,  
 Teach me to bid farewell to fond  
 desire. 10  
 Deceiving *Error* and *Vain-joy* de-  
 part,  
 With Thy all-quick'ning spirit my  
 soul inspire.  
 Grant, Lord, I may redeem my  
 mis-spent time,  
 And (if I sing) to Thee I praise  
 may chime.

### Song IX

I

O HOW my sin-clogged soul would  
 soar aloft,  
 And scale the crystal sky to seek  
 remeéd  
 But that foul Sin (wherewith I stain  
 it oft)  
 Makes it to sink through doubt of  
 my misdeed :  
 In scroll of guilty conscience I  
 read  
 The rueful legend of my passèd  
 life,  
 The thought whereof maketh my  
 heart to bleed,  
 Finding my foul offences are so rife.

II

*Fear* makes me faint to find such,  
 and so many  
 As there are ranked in that ragged  
 roll : 10  
*Despair* doth say there was ne'er  
 such in any,  
 Weeping cannot them wash nor  
 heart condole.  
*God's Wrath* and *Justice* showeth to  
 my soul,  
 For every sin that must be satis-  
 fied :  
 What will become of me with such  
 a scroll,  
 Since *Death* the wage of Sin is sure  
 decreed ?

( 724 )

III

Never to blooming virgin truest  
 mirror,  
 Did represent beauty with more  
 delight  
 Than subtil *Satan* with affrighting  
 terror,  
 My guiltiness doth show me with  
 despight. 20  
 What erst as trifles seemèd to my  
 sight  
 Now are death-worthy ; my late-  
 liking sin  
 Is now displeasing ; and would bar  
 me quite  
 All hope of help, since such I  
 wallowed in.

IV

*Hope* to my heart my *Saviour* doth  
 present,  
 With all His *Passions* prov'd for  
 sinners' sake,  
 Yet none but he that doth from  
 heart repent,  
 Can use of that great satisfaction  
 make :  
 I hold of Him by a firm faith must take,  
 And all His sufferings to myself  
 apply : 30  
 If penitence want not, nor *Faith* be  
 weak,  
 Of *Heaven* I know He cannot me  
 deny.

V

But where's *Repentance* for so foul  
 a stain ?  
 Why stint you, eyes, continually to  
 shower ?  
 The humid liquor of your moist'ning-  
 rain  
 Doth make to sprout the fair *Repent-  
 ing-flower*.  
 Give tears no respite, nor no truce  
 an hour,  
 And since with wand'ring looks you  
 did offend :  
 With still-distilling drops your can-  
 ker scour,  
 With coming-care your passèd 'scapes  
 amend. 40

## Songs and Sonnets

VI

Ah, hapless heart, why rend'st not  
with remorse?  
For quick conceiving what the flesh  
hath wrought :  
Hast thou (depravèd) bent to ill thy  
force ?  
And knows thy *Maker* thy most  
secret thought ?  
And wilt thou yet be negligent in  
aught  
Thee may reclaim, or with contrition  
wound ?  
Bleed, bleed to think that who so  
dear thee bought,  
Thou 'st crucifi'd *again*, with thorns  
hast crown'd.

VII

And thou, frail *Flesh*, shame not now  
to begin,  
Thee to submit to the reforming  
spirit : 50  
Think of the by-ways thou hast  
wander'd in,  
Which lead to Hell, and Death-  
deserved merit.  
Why art thou proud ? Thou canst  
not heaven inherit ;  
Lie down in dust, do no works of  
thine own ;  
But what the soul commands, oh !  
willing hear it,  
By thy obedience let its rule be  
known.

VIII

But, *Lord* ! without Thy sweet assist-  
ing grace,  
I can do nought, all my attempts  
are vain :  
I cannot come without Thou call, alas !  
Grant me this grace, and bring me  
home again ; 60  
Let Thy blest *Spirit, Faith, Hope,*  
and *Love* remain  
Still in my soul : the *Flesh*, the *World*  
and *Devil*,  
Deprive of power ; let them no more  
reign,  
Or if they tempt, deliver me from  
evil.

( 725 )

IX

Thou 'rt not desirous that a sinner  
die,  
But that he may repent his sins and  
live :  
Thou bidst the heavy laden come to  
Thee,  
And Thou wilt ease the weight that  
doth him grieve.  
Thou bidst him knock, and Thou  
wilt ope the leave  
Of that strict gate that leadeth unto  
bliss ; 70  
Grant I repent, do come, do knock,  
receive  
Life, lightning, entrance where no  
anguish is.

X

Lord ! grant me grace my coming  
days to number,  
To wisdom then I shall my heart  
apply :  
Roll me out of this lethargy and  
slumber,  
Of sin and sloth wherein I now do  
lie.  
Sinners (that seeing) soon shall  
draw Thee nigh,  
Shunning base thoughts, their *souls*  
to Thee shall raise,  
And with a sweet consort shall  
pierce the skies,  
Of Thy great mercy, and eternal  
praise. 80

### Sonnet XX

O *Father-God*, who by Thy word  
didst make  
The Azured-vault, and all the host  
of heaven,  
The hills, vales, plains, fresh streams,  
and briny lake,  
And unto each inhabitants hast  
given :  
O *Word* which (for our sakes) didst  
flesh become,  
With sinners to purge sin hadst  
habitation :

## Patrick Hannay

Crimeless accus'd, condemn'd, the  
Cross Thy doom,  
Suff'redst Death, Burial, rose for  
our salvation.

O *Holy Ghost*, which dost from Both  
proceed,  
Sweet soul-inspiring Spirit, with  
peace and love,<sup>10</sup>  
Comfort to all, cast down for sinful  
deed,  
Lessening their woes with hopes of  
Heaven above.

O *Trinal-one*, one *God* and *Persons*  
three,  
Reform my ways, and draw me unto  
*Thee*.

FINIS

To his singular friend

MR. WILLIAM LITHGOW<sup>1</sup>

THE double travail (*Lithgow*) thou  
hast ta'en,  
One of thyfeet, the other of thy brain,  
Thee, with thyself do make for to  
contend,  
Whether the Earth thou 'st better  
pac'd or penn'd :  
Would *Malaga's* sweet liquor had  
thee crown'd,  
And not its treachery ; made thy  
joints unsound,  
For Christ, King, Country, what  
thou there endur'd,  
Not them alone, but therein all  
injur'd :

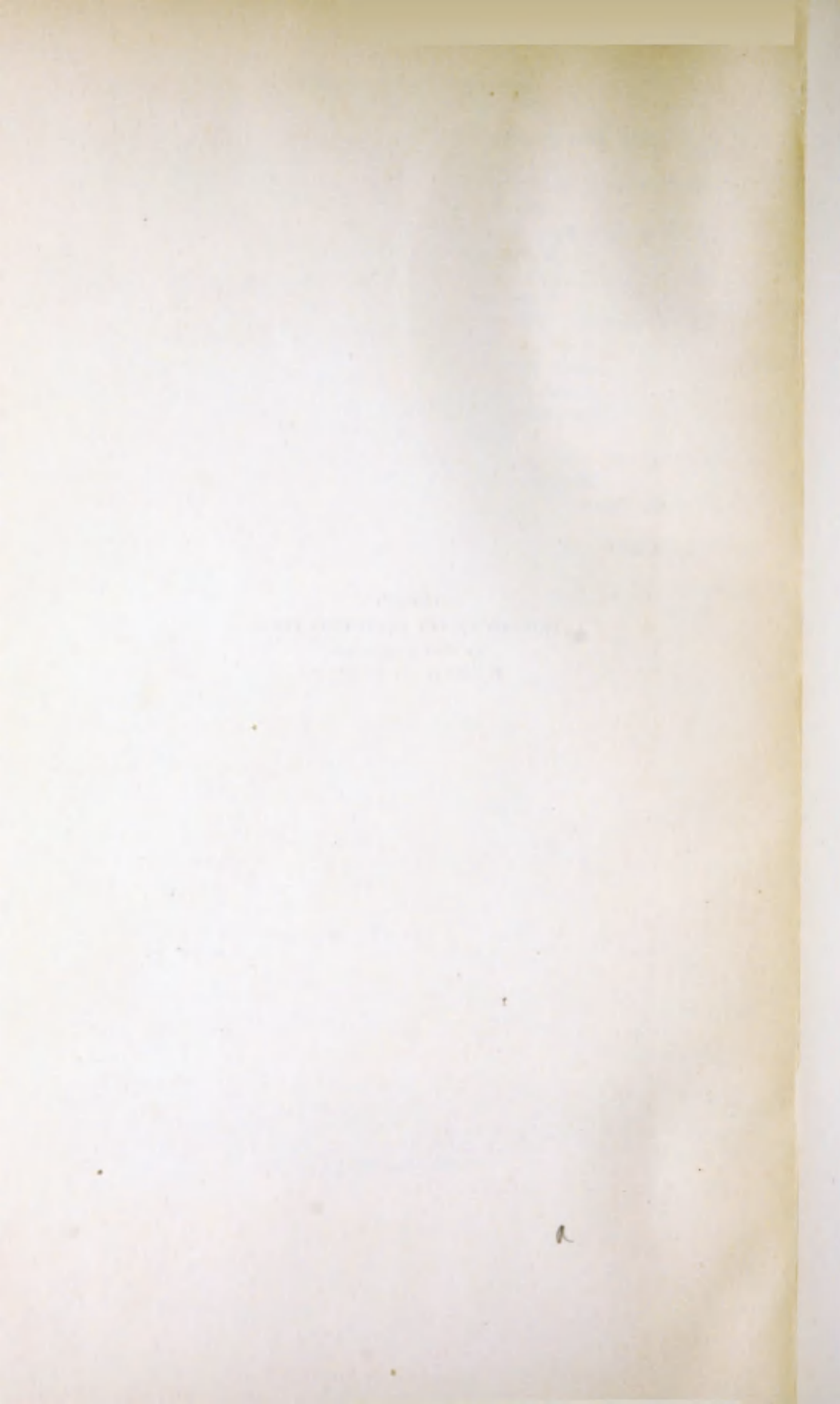
Their tort'ring rack, arresting of thy  
pace,  
Hath barr'd our hope of the world's  
other face :<sup>10</sup>  
Who is it sees this side so well  
express'd,  
That with desire, doth not long for  
the rest ?  
Thy travail'd countries so describ'd  
be,  
As readers think they do each  
region see :  
Thy well-compacted matter, ornate  
style,  
Doth them oft, in quick-sliding  
Time beguile,  
Like as a maid, wand'ring in *Flora's*  
bowers,  
Confin'd to small time, of few  
fitting hours,  
Rapt with delight, of her eye-pleas-  
ing treasure,  
Now culling this, now that flower,  
takes such pleasure,<sup>20</sup>  
That the strict time whereto she  
was confin'd  
Is all expir'd : whiles she thought  
half behind,  
Or more remain'd. So each attract-  
ing line  
Makes them forget the time, they  
do not time :  
But since sweet future travail is cut  
short,  
Yet lose no time, now with the  
Muses sport ;  
That reading of thee, aftertimes may  
tell,  
In Travel, Prose, and Verse, thou  
didst excel.

Patrick Hannay.

<sup>1</sup> Printed by Laing, in his Introduction, from the third edition of *Lithgow's Travels*, 1623. The torture referred to in the poem is rather well known from the passage describing it in these *Travels*, which has found its way into books of 'Selections.' 'To his singular friend' seems not to occur till the fourth edition of 1632 : but it would be unsafe to infer that the writer was still alive.

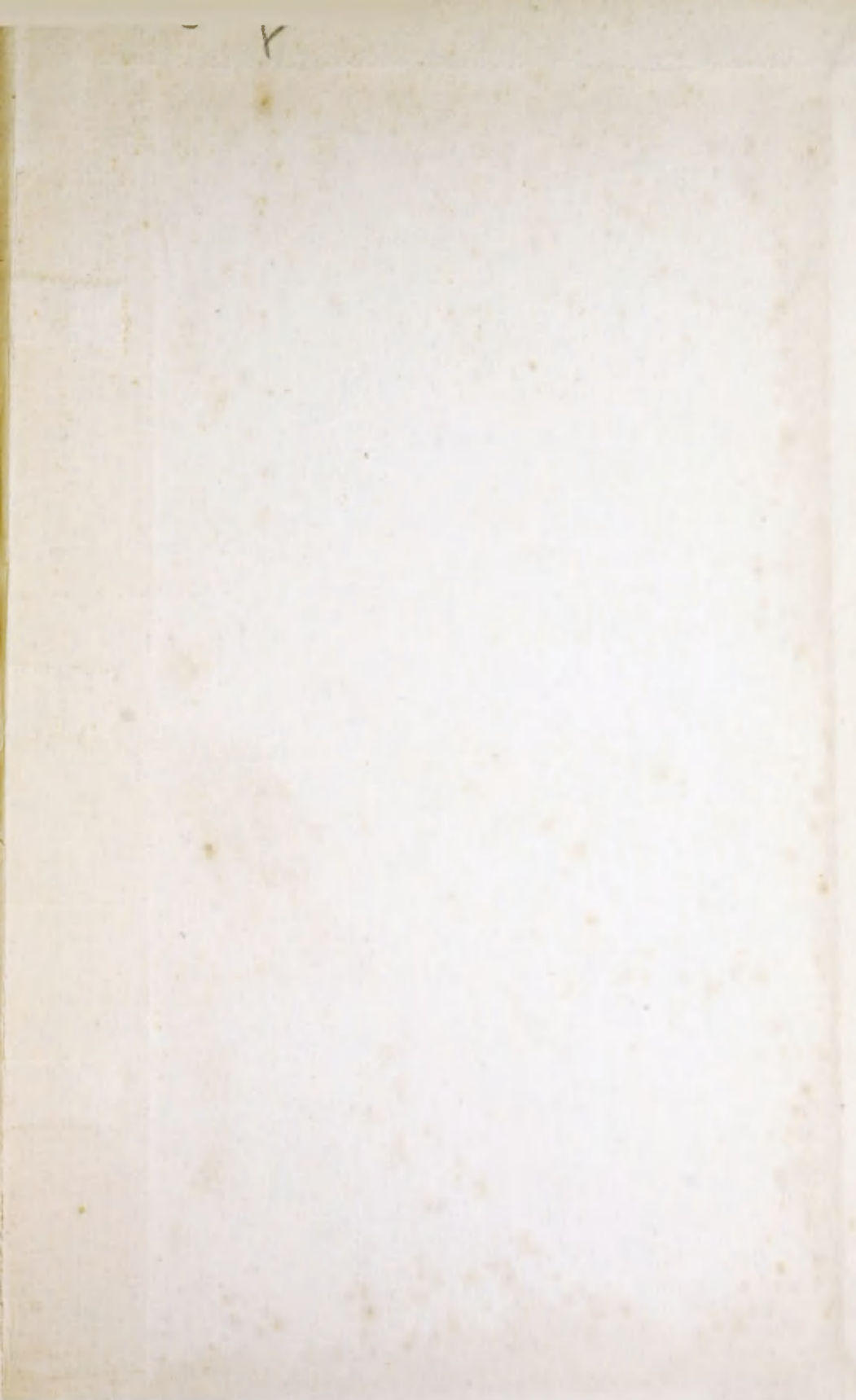
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